

PLATT FAMILY RECORDS CENTER LETTERS

Volume 2.1

compiled

by

Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D.

Platt Family Records Center

The Redwoods, New Harmony, Utah

2008

The Platt Family Records Center

Copyright © 2008

The Lyman D. Platt Family Protection Trust

All Rights Reserved

Manufactured in the U.S.A.

2

INTRODUCTION

Over many years the collections that comprise the Platt Family Records Center (PFRC) have been gathered from a diversity of sources and locations. These have been cataloged as they have been received, or in the order that they were initially organized. It was not felt in preparing this final version that a re-cataloging was necessary due to the versatility of the indexing systems used. The index to these collections begins with Volume 12.1.

Sometimes an individual referenced in a letter can't be identified by their full name; therefore, they are indexed by that part of the name that is available, or not at all depending on the importance of the entry. Women are indexed under the maiden name, or if not known, under the married name.

There has been no attempt made to retain the spelling of originally misspelled words. Sometimes they are allowed to remain because of the flavor of what is being said; other times they are corrected so as not to detract from the tone and meaning of the letter. Most grammar has been left as in the originals to show how our ancestors or relatives thought and spoke. It has been corrected for the most part in modern letters.

The letters have come from a variety of sources: 1) research done by others; 2) correspondence with me regarding the family; 3) family letters; 4) letters of ancestors and others about them; 5) miscellaneous sources. Some letters were received as collections and are numbered consecutively within that set of letters as part of the whole. Other letters were numbered consecutively as they were received or cataloged and have no order except the arbitrary assignment of a number. Copies of these volumes have been given to: 1) Special Collections, Marriott Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; 2) The Church Historical Library, Salt Lake City, Utah; 3) Special Collections, Southern Utah University, Cedar City, Utah, where the original letters will be placed at my death; and 4) The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Additional copies have been given to each of my siblings and to our children.

There are twelve divisions to the PFRC: 1) Documents; 2) Letters; 3) Notes; 4) Family Histories; 5) Diaries & Journals; 6) Manuscripts; 7) Photographs; 8) Maps; 9) Books; 10) Genealogies; 11) Bibliography; and 12) Indexes. The collection that follows - Letters - is divided into several volumes, 2.1, 2.2, 2.3, etc.

For a chronological index to the letters, see **Time Line of Letters** (next). The date of the letter, the letter number, and who wrote the letter are included. Thus, if you are doing research on a particular person, you can see everything they wrote that is contained in this volume. A full index will appear with the **Indexes**: 12.1, 12.2, etc., that will be compiled after all of the other collections are published.

Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D.

The Redwoods, New Harmony, Utah

3

TIME LINE OF LETTERS

BPR = Barbara Perkins Rowe

BPV = Bertha Paula Vega

BSA = Boy Scouts of America

DHL = D. Henry Leavitt

EPFA = Edw. Partridge Fam. Assn.

EPL = Edward Partridge Lyman

ERS = Eliza Roxey Snow

FCS = The First Council of the Seventy

GAP = George Alma Platt

GAS = President George Albert Smith

GBM = Gwyn Bronson Meador

GLP = Gordon Leavitt Platt

IPL = Irene Perkins Lyman

IVTM = Iris V. Tomney McCoy

JFS = President Joseph F. Smith

LS = President Lorenzo Snow

MAW = Mary Ann Whetten

MEH = Mary Ellen Huntsman

OPF = Office of the First Presidency

KSL = KSL Radio

MEB = Marvel Etoile Bailey

NKK = Nephi K. Kezerian

PEZ = Pedro Ernesto Zeballos

RPM = Ruth Perkins Mathews

SUU = Southern Utah University

SWK = President Spencer W. Kimball

TMB = Elder Theodore M. Burton

UofU = University of Utah

WBG = World Book of Generations

1843, Feb. 16 Letter 442, Sallie

1843, Feb. 16 Letter 443, Betsy

1856, July 12 Letter 181, Amasa

1867, Oct. 6 Letter 536, Amasa

1869, Mar. 20 Letter 262, Platte

1874, Mar. 8 Letter 543, Robison

1874, Sept. 10 Letter 544, Robison

1874 (abt. Dec.) Letter 545, Robison

1880, July 24 Letter 535, ES

1880, Aug. 5 Letter 534, Silas S.

1880, Aug. 11 Letter 533, Marion

1880, Aug. 16 Letter 532, ERS

1880, Aug. 18 Letter 531, Marion

1886, Nov. 28 Letter 157, Adelia

1886, Dec. 10 Letter 158, Adelia

1887, Apr. 10 Letter 159, Adelia
1887, Dec. 20 Letter 160, Platte
1887, Dec. 26 Letter 161, Platte
1888, Jan. 2 Letter 162, Platte
1888, Jan. 2 Letter 163, Platte
1888, Jan. 18 Letter 179, Platte
1888, Apr. 3 Letter 164, Platte
1888, Apr. 16 Letter 165, Platte
1888, Apr. 16 Letter 166, Platte
1888, May 16 Letter 177, Platte
1888, May 28 Letter 178, Platte
1888, July 18 Letter 167, Platte
1888, Aug. 15 Letter 168, Platte
1889, Jan. 1 Letter 170, Platte
1889, Jan. 18 Letter 171, Platte
1889, Feb. 2 Letter 172, Platte
1889, Feb. 3 Letter 173, Platte
1889, Feb. 16 Letter 174, Platte
1889, Mar. 10 Letter 175, Platte
1889, Apr. 9 Letter 176, Platte
1889, Dec. 3 Letter 169, Platte
1895, Aug. 27 Letter 10, EPL
1896, July 25 Letter 325, W. Jarman
1898, Apr. 12 Letter 351, Adelia
1898, Oct. 5 Letter 326, G. Gibbs
1898, Oct. 5 Letter 327, Marion
1898, Nov. 3 Letter 328, LS
1898, Nov. 3 Letter 329, Spence
1899, Jan. 11 Letter 330, McMurrin
1899, June 11 Letter 308, Sarah
1899, June 1 Letter 324, Platte
1899, July 3 Letter 323, Marion
1900, Jan. 5 Letter 156, Platte
1900, Mar. 6 Letter 309, Marion
1900, Mar. 16 Letter 310, Marion
1900, Apr. 17 Letter 311, Marion
1900, June 7 Letter 263, Platte
1900, June 11 Letter 312, Marion
1900, June 12 Letter 265, Platte
1900, June 13 Letter 264, Platte
1900, June 29 Letter 266, Platte
1900, July 5 Letter 267, Albert
1900, July 5 Letter 268, Platte
1900, July 9 Letter 313, Marion
1900, July 24 Letter 314, Platte
1900, July 28 Letter 269, Platte
1900, Aug. 1 Letter 270, Albert
1900, Aug. 4 Letter 271, Platte
1900, Aug. 18 Letter 272, Albert
1900, Sept. 29 Letter 273, Platte
1900, Oct. 2 Letter 275, Platte
1900, Oct. 2 Letter 315, Marion
1900, Oct. 6 Letter 276, Platte
1900, Oct. 7 Letter 278, Adelia
1900, Oct. 10 Letter 316, McMurrin
1900, Oct. 11 Letter 277, Platte

1900, Oct. 16 Letter 288, Platte
1900, Oct. 17 Letter 279, Albert
1900, Nov. 2 Letter 280, Adelia

4

1900, Dec. 16 Letter 281, Albert
1900, Dec. 26 Letter 282, Ship
1901, Jan. 11 Letter 274, Platte
1901, Jan. 24 Letter 283, Platte
1901, Feb. 8 Letter 317, Marion
1901, Feb. 11 Letter 284, Albert
1901, Feb. 19 Letter 285, Albert
1901, Feb. 21 Letter 319, Matthias
1901, Feb. 26 Letter 318, Wm Halls
1901, Mar. 22 Letter 286, Platte
1901, Mar. 26 Letter 287, Albert
1901, Apr. 29 Letter 320, JFS
1901, June 18 Letter 289, Platte
1901, June 23 Letter 290, Platte
1901, June 25 Letter 321, Marion
1901, Sept. 9 Letter 291, Adelia
1901, Sept. 16 Letter 292, Adelia
1901, Oct. 25 Letter 322, Marion
1901, Nov. 18 Letter 293, Wm Halls
1901, Nov. 19 Letter 296, Rydalch
1901, Nov. 19 Letter 331, Marion
1901, Nov. 25 Letter 294, Frank A.
1901, Nov. 25 Letter 295, Isabella
1901, Dec. 8 Letter 297, Lillis A.
1901, Dec. 10 Letter 298, Willis E.
1901, Dec. 24 Letter 332, Marion
1903, June 22 Letter 69, EPL
1904, June 6 Letter 300, Adelia
1905, Feb. 26 Letter 335, Marion
1905, Apr. 2 Letter 336, Marion
1906, Mar. 9 Letter 301, Adelia
1906, May 20 Letter 77, Ben Platt
1906, June 17 Letter 302, Adelia
1906, June 23 Letter 304, Albert
1906, June 26 Letter 303, Adelia
1907, Mar. 24 Letter 305, Albert
1908, Mar. 18 Letter 208, Adelia
1908, July 24 Letter 333, Marion
1909, Feb. 25 Letter 307, Mary
1910, Sept. 30 Letter 182, EPL
1910, Oct. 1 Letter 210, EPL
1910, Dec. 30 Letter 337, Marion
1911, July 2 Letter 338, Marion
1919, June 21 Letter 55, Albert
1923, June 11 Letter 203, DeAlton
1925, Jan. 11 Letter 339, Albert
1927, Jan. 23 Letter 340, Albert
1927, May 20 Letter 341, Albert
1927, June 17 Letter 82, Albert
1928, Nov. 17 Letter 81, Albert
1929, Jan. 24 Letter 95, Albert
1929, Feb. 28 Letter 350, Albert

1930, about Letter 211, EPL
1930, Jan. 20 Letter 342, Albert
1930, Jan. 25 Letter 86, Albert
1930, Mar. 13 Letter 343, Sarah
1931, Nov. 17 Letter 234, RPM
1931, Nov. 21 Letter 344, Albert
1936, Mar. 23 Letter 345, Albert
1936, Apr. 21 Letter 4, Sarah
1936, July 13 Letter 346, Albert
1937, Apr. 9 Letter 347, Albert
1938, Oct. 28 Letter 22, KSL
1941, Jan. 4 Letter 3, Sarah W.P.
1942, July Letter 120, Norma
1942, July 29 Letter 119, GLP
1942, Aug. 6 Letter 217, EPL
1942, Aug. 6 Letter 218, IPL
1942, Aug. 8 Letter 5, GLP
1942, Aug. 8 Letter 6, GLP
1942, Aug. 8 Letter 352, GLP
1942, Aug. 8 Letter 353, GLP
1942, Aug. 9 Letter 219, Almon
1942, Sept. 7 Letter 225, MEH
1942, Sept. 10 Letter 354, GLP
1942, Sept. 20 Letter 118, GLP
1942, Oct. 3 Letter 220, Almon
1942, Oct. 13 Letter 355, GLP
1942, Nov. 30 Letter 356, GLP
1943, Feb. 24 Letter 452, Sarah
1943, May 26 Letter 456, Sarah
1943, June 2 Letter 453, Sarah
1943, June 12 Letter 455, Sarah
1943, June 21 Letter 454, Sarah
1944, Sept. 16 Letter 121, GLP
1944, Sept. 17 Letter 122, GLP
1944, Sept. 24 Letter 123, GLP
1944, Dec. 20 Letter 124, GLP
1944, Dec. 25 Letter 125, GLP
1945, Jan. 1 Letter 128, GLP
1945, Apr. 10 Letter 185, GLP
1945, May 10 Letter 186, GLP
1945, May 13 Letter 129, GLP
1945, May 17 Letter 130, GLP
1945, Sept. 26 Letter 184, Rene
1945, Nov. 10 Letter 187, GLP
1945, Dec. 10 Letter 131, GLP
1945, Dec. 26 Letter 132, GLP
1946, July 14 Letter 189, Rene
1946, Nov. 5 Letter 188, Rene
1946, Dec. 4 Letter 201, GAS
1948, July 15 Letter 190, Rene
1948, Aug. 13 Letter 200, S.E. Flake
1948, Dec. 10 Letter 212, IPL
1949 Letter 1, Clessa
1950 Letter 543, Robison
1951, Aug. 2 Letter 87, Albert
1951, Oct. 25 Letter 183, Albert

1951, Dec. 7 Letter 30, NKK
1953, Jan. 30 Letter 88, Albert
5
1953, Feb. 7 Letter 348, Albert
1953, June 9 Letter 89, Albert
1953, Sept. Letter 205, Wales
1953, Sept. 21 Letter 204, Wales
1954, Dec. 15 Letter 349, Albert
1954, Dec. 30 Letter 113, Albert
1955 (about) Letter 541, Munford
1955, Jan. 10 Letter 29, NKK
1955, Oct. 5 Letter 28, NKK
1957 Letter 195, Albert
1957, Feb. 20 Letter 90, Albert
1958 Letter 191, GLP
1958, Feb. 20 Letter 98, Albert
1958, Oct. 9 Letter 202, Fowler
1960, Dec. 16 Letter 115, Albert
1961, June 13 Letter 114, Albert
1961, June 15 Letter 43, YMMIA
1961, Aug. 19 Letter 96, Albert
1961, Dec. 22 Letter 116, Albert
1962 Letter 21, BPR
1962, May 11 Letter 38, Kirk
1962, June 21 Letter 42, OFP
1962, July 2 Letter 240, S.E. Flake
1962, July 8 Letter 580, M. Andina
1962, July 27 Letter 579, St. George
1962, Aug. 1 Letter 44, BSA
1962, Sept. 14 Letter 241, S.E. Flake
1962, Sept. 18 Letter 243, Sylvan
1962, Nov. 5 Letter 242, Kirk
1962, Nov. 7 Letter 581, M. Andina
1962, Nov. 26 Letter 46, Kirk
1962, Dec. 10 Letter 47, Kirk
1963, Jan. 7 Letter 542, Kirk
1963, Feb. 28 Letter 582, M. Andina
1964, Jan. 28 Letter 214, EPL
1964, May 15 Letter 27, MEB
1964, May 31 Letter 58, IPL
1965, Jan. 1 Letter 7, S.E. Flake
1965, Mar. 16 Letter 15, EPL
1965, Apr. 30 Letter 546, Lyman
1965, May 3 Letter 547, Lyman
1965, May 7 Letter 19, Lyman
1965, May 7 Letter 548, Lyman
1965, May 9 Letter 549, Lyman
1965, May 10 Letter 550, Lyman
1965, May 13 Letter 551, Lyman
1965, May 16 Letter 20, Lyman
1965, May 16 Letter 552, Lyman
1965, May 21 Letter 553, Lyman
1965, May 22 Letter 554, Lyman
1965, May 24 Letter 104, Albert
1965, May 30 Letter 555, BPV
1965, May 30 Letter 556, BPV

1965, May 30 Letter 557, Lyman
1965, June 1 Letter 558, Lyman
1965, June 4 Letter 105, Albert
1965, June 5 Letter 559, Lyman
1965, June 6 Letter 560, Lyman
1965, June 10 Letter 106, Albert
1965, June 10 Letter 561, Lyman
1965, June 14 Letter 564, Lyman
1965, June 15 Letter 562, Lyman
1965, June 15 Letter 563, Lyman
1965, June 18 Letter 23, Lyman
1965, June 20 Letter 107, Albert
1965, June 20 Letter 565, Lyman
1965, June 21 Letter 566, Lyman
1965, June 24 Letter 567, Lyman
1965, June 24 Letter 568, BPV
1965, June 30 Letter 569, BPV
1965, June 30 Letter 570, Lyman
1965, June 30 Letter 571, Lyman
1965, Summer Letter 32, GLP
1965, July 1 Letter 108, Albert
1965, July 3 Letter 572, Lyman
1965, July 6 Letter 573, Lyman
1965, July 7 Letter 574, Lyman
1965, July 11 Letter 109, Albert
1965, July 12 Letter 24, BPV
1965, July 12 Letter 575, Lyman
1965, July 15 Letter 576, Lyman
1965, July 19 Letter 25, S.E. Flake
1965, July 23 Letter 110, Albert
1965, Aug. 22 Letter 26, Kirk
1965, Aug. 31 Letter 111, Albert
1965, Sept. 2 Letter 577, BPV
1965, Sept. 16 Letter 112, Albert
1965, Oct. 20 Letter 36, S.E. Flake
1965, Dec. 25 Letter 37, Almon
1966 Letter 213, EPL
1966, May 1 Letter 33, Cretia
1966, May 31 Letter 369, GLP
1966, July 30 Letter 370, Almon
1966, Aug. 24 Letter 578, BPV
1966, Sept. 23 Letter 371, Almon
1966, Oct. 28 Letter 334, S.E. Flake
1966, Nov. 16 Letter 372, Kirk
1966, Nov. 16 Letter 374, Joy
1966, Nov. 28 Letter 376, LaRee
1966, Nov. 29 Letter 585, Lyman
1966, Nov. 30 Letter 586, Lyman
1966, Dec. 1 Letter 375, GLP
1966, Dec. 5 Letter 587, Lyman
1966, Dec. 5 Letter 588, Lyman
1966, Dec. 6 Letter 384, Almon
1966, Dec. 6 Letter 385, Allie
1966, Dec. 7 Letter 373, Klar (Ky)
1966, Dec. 10 Letter 589, Lyman
1966, Dec. 26 Letter 590, Lyman

1966, Dec. 27 Letter 591, Lyman

6

1966, Dec. 28 Letter 592, Lyman

1966, Dec. 28 Letter 593, Lyman

1967, Jan. 3 Letter 396, Allie

1967, Jan. 8 Letter 594, Lyman

1967, Jan. 9 Letter 595, Lyman

1967, Jan. 10 Letter 31, Roy C.

1967, Jan. 13 Letter 596, Lyman

1967, Jan. 17 Letter 386, Joe

1967, Jan. 19 Letter 597, Lyman

1967, Jan. 22 Letter 598, Lyman

1967, Jan. 23 Letter 599, Lyman

1967, Jan. 26 Letter 387, Bob

1967, Mar. 30 Letter 153, Lyman

1967, Mar. 30 Letter 215, IPL

1967, Apr. 14 Letter 398, Almon

1967, Apr. 25 Letter 152, Lyman

1967, May 21 Letter 399, Almon

1967, June 1 Letter 403, Lyman

1967, June 13 Letter 390, S.E. Flake

1967, June 26 Letter 394, June/Eva

1967, June 29 Letter 199, Lyman

1967, July 21 Letter 388, Wilbur

1967, Aug. 5 Letter 404, Lyman

1967, Aug. 8 Letter 391, Almon

1967, Nov. 21 Letter 91, Albert

1967, Dec. 12 Letter 405, LaRee

1967, Dec. 17 Letter 395, Rene

1967, Dec. 17 Letter 400, Lyman

1967, Dec. 19 Letter 419, J. Rose

1967, Dec. 22 Letter 402, S.E. Flake

1967, Dec. 29 Letter 392, Edith

1967, Dec. 29 Letter 393, Minerva

1967, Dec. 31 Letter 401, Edith

1968 Letter 250, Gene

1968 Letter 450, Allee

1968, Jan. 1 Letter 458, Carolyn

1968, Jan. 1 Letter 459, Allie

1968, Jan. 3 Letter 460, Almon

1968, Jan. 5 Letter 461, Emma/Ira

1968, Jan. 9 Letter 462, Allie

1968, Jan. 11 Letter 92, Albert

1968, Jan. 13 Letter 463, Karl

1968, Jan. 14 Letter 464, Gladys

1968, Jan. 14 Letter 465, LaRee

1968, Jan. 15 Letter 466, Bob

1968, Jan. 17 Letter 467, Kay

1968, Jan. 23 Letter 468, Almon

1968, Jan. 25 Letter 469, Allie

1968, Jan. 26 Letter 470, Allie

1968, Jan. 28 Letter 471, Minerva

1968, Jan. 29 Letter 472, Lyman

1968, Jan. 29 Letter 473, Rene

1968, Jan. 31 Letter 474, Casse

1968, Feb. 8 Letter 145, Gladys

1968, Feb. 25 Letter 146, Gladys
1968, Mar. 13 Letter 244, IPL
1968, Mar. 17 Letter 397, Almon
1968, Apr. 11 Letter 245, Gladys
1968, Apr. 11 Letter 246, IPL
1968, Apr. 27 Letter 446, Ed
1968, Apr. 28 Letter 447, Allie
1968, May Letter 252, Michelle
1968, May Letter 93, Albert
1968, May 1 Letter 428, Allie
1968, May 6 Letter 425, Joe
1968, May 20 Letter 448, Joe
1968, May 23 Letter 426, Joe
1968, May 24 Letter 253, Oral
1968, May 25 Letter 254, Iris
1968, May 26 Letter 255, Joy
1968, May 26 Letter 256, Grant
1968, May 27 Letter 424, Ed
1968, May 27 Letter 427, Allie
1968, June Letter 259, RaeLeen
1968, June 2 Letter 94, Albert
1968, June 4 Letter 258, Ben Lewis
1968, June 14 Letter 56, Lyman
1968, Sept. 10 Letter 99, Albert
1968, Oct. 17 Letter 299, Ruth L.P.
1968, Nov. 22 Letter 147, Gladys
1969 Letter 482, Joe
1969, Jan. 10 Letter 583, Rene
1969, Jan. 23 Letter 519, Rene
1969, Feb. 23 Letter 389, Allie
1969, Feb. 24 Letter 584, Rene
1969, Mar. 7 Letter 35-1, Lyman
1969, Mar. 7 Letter 35-2, Lyman
1969, Mar. 9 Letter 35-3, Lyman
1969, Apr. 12 Letter 35-4, Addie
1969, Apr. 17 Letter 35-5, Irene O.
1969, May 13 Letter 35-6, Lyman
1969, June 7 Letter 35-7, Josiah
1969, July 13 Letter 35-8, Lyman
1969, July 18 Letter 35-9, Josiah
1969, July 23 Letter 35-10, Josiah
1969, Aug. 4 Letter 208, Ed
1969, Aug. 4 Letter 260, Gene
1969, Aug. 20 Letter 306, Gene
1969, Oct. 21 Letter 216, EPL
1969, Dec. 15 Letter 41, Melvin
1970, Dec. 16 Letter 180, Gen. Soc.
1971, Jan. 9 Letter 449, Karl
1971, Feb. 8 Letter 192, Allie
1971, May 22 Letter 126, Lyman
1971, Aug. 21 Letter 207, Elaine
1971, Sept. 1 Letter 100, Albert
1972, July 16 Letter 83, Albert
1972, Aug. 20 Letter 84, Albert
1972, Aug. 28 Letter 257, Caroline
1972, Aug. 29 Letter 193, Albert

1972, Sept. 5 Letter 251, Paul
1972, Sept. 18 Letter 101, Albert
1972, Sept. 24 Letter 85, Albert
1972, Oct. Letter 247, Ellen
1972, Oct. 12 Letter 194, Albert
1972, Oct. 18 Letter 248, Casse
1972, Oct. 31 Letter 2, Chas. Sipe
1972, Nov. 2 Letter 97, Albert
1972, Nov. 2 Letter 102, Albert
1972, Nov. 28 Letter 53, DHL
1972, Dec. 10 Letter 249, Kirk
1973 Letter 8, GLP
1973, Feb. 19 Letter 14, GBM
1973, May 18 Letter 13, Dixie Ryan
1973, June 15 Letter 80, Albert
1973, July 28 Letter 103, Albert
1973, Aug. 24 Letter 127, Lyman
1973, Dec. 10 Letter 9, GLP
1973, Dec. 31 Letter 138, IGHL
1974, Jan. 8 Letter 155, Bob
1974, June 27 Letter 11, TMB
1974, July 12 Letter 62, MAW
1974, Oct. Letter 59-2, Casse
1974, Oct. Letter 59-3, Erik J.
1974, Oct. 23 Letter 59-1, Gary
1974, Nov. 2 Letter 57, McKay
1974, Dec. Letter 54, IVTM
1974, Dec. 11 Letter 12, Roy Spjut
1975, Feb. 11 Letter 18, TMB
1975, Feb. 18 Letter 61, McKay
1975, Feb. 20 Letter 16, GAP
1975, Mar. Letter 17, GLP
1975, Mar. 29 Letter 34, EPFA
1975, Apr. 15 Letter 60, Karl
1975, May 7 Letter 137, IGHL
1975, May 25 Letter 49, Ed
1975, May 26 Letter 48, Ed
1975, May 27 Letter 65, Gene
1975, June 7 Letter 50, Valerie
1975, June 9 Letter 52, McKay
1975, June 18 Letter 51, Lyman
1975, July 14 Letter 66, Ed
1975, July 21 Letter 64, Joe
1975, July 28 Letter 63, Ann Lyman
1975, Aug. 18 Letter 70, Lyman
1975, Sept. Letter 71, McKay
1975, Sept. 15 Letter 72, McKay
1975, Sept. 16 Letter 73, Lyman
1975, Sept. 18 Letter 68, FCS
1975, Oct. 10 Letter 67, Lyman
1975, Oct. 23 Letter 39, PEZ
1975, Dec. 7 Letter 196, Rene
1975, Dec. 14 Letter 197, Aunt Sade
1975, Dec. 13 Letter 133, Rene
1975, Dec. 25 Letter 527, Lyman

1976, About Letter 45, Patty
1976, Jan. 22 Letter 74, Enone
1976, Feb. 18 Letter 40, Lyman
1976, Feb. 21 Letter 226, Lyman
1976, Apr. 10 Letter 76, Suz
1976, Apr. 14 Letter 75, Hist. Dept.
1976, Aug. 18 Letter 78, Gene
1976, Sept. 22 Letter 135, Veterans
1976, Sept. 23 Letter 79, Ellen
1976, Sept. 27 Letter 136, Loan
1977, Jan. 14 Letter 483, Clair
1977, Jan. 16 Letter 141, Clessa
1977, Mar. 19 Letter 142, Bob
1977, Apr. 4 Letter 143, LaRee
1977, Apr. 9 Letter 144, Rene
1977, Apr. 13 Letter 149, Dian
1977, Apr. 22 Letter 150, Dian
1977, May 24 Letter 117, Dian
1977, June 10 Letter 148, Gene
1977, Dec. 7 Letter 237, Val G.
1978, Feb. 2 Letter 504, Dian
1978, Feb. 5 Letter 134, Beverly
1978, Mar. Letter 140, Dian
1978, Apr. 27 Letter 139, Dian
1978, Aug. 2 Letter 503, Dian
1979, Aug. 7 Letter, 514, Arlene
1979, Sept. 10 Letter 502, Dian
1979, Sept. 16 Letter 481, Juanita
1979, Oct. 4 Letter 507, Dian
1979, Dec. 6 Letter 505, Dian
1980 (about) Letter 485, Dorothy
1980, Apr. 3 Letter 509, Dian
1980, Apr. 4 Letter 484, Carney
1980, Apr. 13 Letter 510, Dian
1980, May 20 Letter 506, Dian
1980, July 24 Letter 508, Dian
1980, Aug. 4 Letter 512, Dian
1980, Oct. 30 Letter 498, Dian
1981, Jan. 28 Letter 491, Rene
1981, Feb. 1 Letter 238, Lyman
1981, Feb. 7 Letter 239, SWK
1981, Mar. 23 Letter 493, Dian
1981, May 4 Letter 457-2, Lyman
1981, May 26 Letter 457-1, Allie
1981, May 26 Letter 513, Dian
1981, June Letter 457-3, Joe
1981, July 9 Letter 409, GLP
1981, July 14 Letter 499, Dian
1981, Aug. Letter 457-4, Valerie
1981, Aug. Letter 457-5, GLP
1981, Aug. 16 Letter 500, Rene
1981, Sept. 2 Letter 457-6, Gene
1981, Sept. 19 Letter 457-8, Roberta
1981, Oct. Letter 457-9, Irene
1981, Oct. 10 Letter 515, McKay

1981, Nov. 3 Letter 457-10, McKay
1982, Jan. 21 Letter 501, Dian
1982, Feb. Letter 486, Joyce
1982, Feb. 13 Letter 487, Nina Beth
1982, Feb. 15 Letter 490, Lindaas
1982, Apr. 15 Letter 488, Lyman
1982, Apr. 18 Letter 492, Rene
1982, Apr. 19 Letter 511, Dian
1982, May 27 Letter 497, McKay
1982, Aug. 20 Letter 495, Dian
1982, Nov. 2 Letter 494, Dian
1984, Aug 25 Letter 366, Lyman
1984, Dec. Letter 365, Rene
1984, Dec. 18 Letter 367, McKay
1985, Dec. Letter 421, Roberta
1986, Feb. 4 Letter 420, Gene
1986, Mar. 15 Letter 408, McKay
1986, Apr. 15 Letter 489, Lyman
1987, Dec. Letter 407, Roberta
1987, Dec. 16 Letter 416, Cynthia
1987, Dec. 18 Letter 417, Cynthia
1987, Dec. 20 Letter 418, Cynthia
1987, Dec. 23 Letter 406, Rene
1988, June Letter 496, Julie
1988, June 13 Letter 410, Patty
1988, June 16 Letter 411, Patty
1988, Dec. Letter 423, Debbie
1988, Dec. 8 Letter 422, Gene
1989, Feb. 21 Letter 415, Julie
1989, Apr. 12 Letter 377, Gene
1989, Dec. Letter 414, Julie
1990, Aug. 19 Letter 451, McKay
1990, Nov. 24 Letter 362, Dian
1991, Dec. 13 Letter 383, Gene
1992, Jan. 11 Letter 379, Gene
1992, Jan. 28 Letter 206, Eliz. Allen
1992, Feb. 2 Letter 381, Gene
1992, May 6 Letter 380, McKay
1992, Oct. 28 Letter 226, Wales
1993, Jan. 24 Letter 440, LaPreal
1993, Mar. 1 Letter 441, Lyman
1993, Mar. 12 Letter 436, George
1993, May 9 Letter 439, LaPreal
1993, May 24 Letter 364, State
1993, June 9 Letter 382, Ed
1993, July 25 Letter 363, Dixie C.
1993, July 28 Letter 378, Ed
1993, Oct. 27 Letter 476, Gale Inc.
1993, Nov. 13 Letter 477, Lyman
1993, Nov. 30 Letter 478, Gale Inc.
1993, Dec. 16 Letter 235, McKay
1993, Dec. 17 Letter 359, Valerie
1994 Letter 198, Ellen
1994, Mar. 30 Letter 368, Norma
1994, Sept. 30 Letter 479, Gale Inc.
1994, Nov. 28 Letter 480, Gale Inc.

1995, Jan. 16 Letter 357, LaPreal
 1995, Mar. 6 Letter 358, Gene
 1995, Apr. 10 Letter 360, LaPreal
 1995, Apr. 12 Letter 361, Julie
 1997, Jan. 20 Letter 412, Debbie
 1997, Apr. 6 Letter 429, David
 1997, Aug. 11 Letter 430, Lena
 1997, Nov. 13 Letter 438, Ellen
 1997, Dec. Letter 229, Cathy
 1997, Dec. 6 Letter 437, Alberta
 1997, Dec. 9 Letter 433, Valerie
 1997, Dec. 19 Letter 431, Holly
 1997, Dec. 19 Letter 432, Ed's Ben
 1998, Feb. 17 Letter 236, UofU
 1998, June 10 Letter 230, Karen
 1998, June 28 Letter 232, Dixie
 1998, Aug. 24 Letter 231, WBG
 1998, Aug. 29 Letter 413, Lena
 1998, Oct. Letter 221, Bonnie
 1998, Oct. 6 Letter 224, Richard
 1998, Oct. 12 Letter 222, Seegmiller
 1998, Oct. 13 Letter 223, Verna
 1998, Nov. 13 Letter 233, Irene
 1998, Nov. 19 Letter 435, Lyman
 1998, Nov. 29 Letter 445, Lyman
 1998, Dec. 16 Letter 434, Noelle
 1999, Jan. Letter 475, Heather
 1999, Dec. 1 Letter 444, Dixie
 1999, Dec. 17 Letter 518, GLP
 2000 Letter 517, Patty
 2000, Jan. 11 Letter 522, Lavina
 2000, Jan. 30 Letter 520, Elaine
 2000, Oct. 1 Letter 516, Irene
 2000, Dec. 19 Letter 524, Irene
 2001, Jan. 19 Letter 526, Bruce
 2001, Mar. 9 Letter 521, Bruce
 2001, Apr. 6 Letter 529, Gwen
 2001, Apr. 21 Letter 523, Bruce
 2001, Apr. 28 Letter 528, Gloria
 2001, May 1 Letter 530, Bruce
 2001, June 7 Letter 525, Bruce
 2001, Aug. 30 Letter 540, SUU
 2002, June 20 Letter 151, Nauvoo
 2003, Aug. 28 Letter 537, Joy
 2004, Jan. 30 Letter 261, Patty
 2004, June 15 Letter 154, Rene
 2004, June 18 Letter 228, Arlene
 2004, Oct. 13 Letter 538, Ruth
 2004, Oct. 31 Letter 538a, Lyman
 2005, Jan. 5 Letter 539, Nicolle
 9

LETTER 1

Clessa Black Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, ca. 1949, Kay Perkins Lyman,
 Blanding, Utah, Dear Kay and all, Guess I'd better write a few lines and tell you what
 little I know. They are going to start penicillin and streptomycin treatments about

Tuesday - unless they postpone it again - and they will take about ten days. I hope by then we can come home.

Both a doctor and the nurse have asked Perkoff about a physiatrist [sic] for DeAlton but he thinks that as long as there really is an organic disorder that it would be of little help. He says as long as he knows that, that he would keep on blaming everything onto that trouble. They can find no reason at all for him refusing to eat and for his vomiting. Every time they bring his food he says: Why do they bring me stuff like that;" and shoves it away. It certainly is embarrassing the way he acts when they all try so hard. Sometimes I feel like I'd walk out and go home. I'm sure the kids would appreciate me a little more. It seems like time wasted because as long as he enjoys his self pity he'll never get out of bed anyway. If I didn't see it all day everyday I'd never believe he could have gotten to such a state. Hope Velma is feeling fine and that all is well at home. Hope this doesn't sound too bitter. It's mild compared to how I actually feel. Love to all, Clessa

LETTER 2

Charles L. Sipe, Blanding, Utah, October 31, 1972. Allie L. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Sister Platt, Pertaining to your Father, Edward Partridge Lyman, I first met him on the way to Elk Mountain about August 28, 1926 between Brush Basin and Cottonwood Creek. He was driving a freight team with others. Our truck was getting hot and we had other engine troubles and he stopped to see if he could be of any help. The man with me was not as polite as a gentleman should be and I was somewhat embarrassed and spoke to your father in a more appreciative tone, which he appreciated.

I do not recall how we met the next time as I was out on the Dark Canyon drilling rig for about a year and did not get to town very often. We must have met in Blanding sometime later, because I would call upon him up at his home sometimes when I was in town. I got to asking him questions about the Church and the scriptures and he always had a good answer. He knew the scriptures and the doctrine and I was a greenhorn so to speak. I recall years later he told me he was called to go to the Manti Temple for either two weeks or a month's mission. I forget which. He had built a house affair on the platform of his flatbed truck out of some kind of black ply or wall board. He said he had spent all his money but was certain he was leaving for Manti on the following morning. About dusk, Clarence Frost from Monticello called and said he heard Edward had a heifer (milch) for sale. He said he had not advertised any but would sell one of his heifers. Clarence chose one and said I will give you seventy dollars for that one and your father said that was a fair price and accepted. So Clarence wrote him a check for seventy dollars and said he would call sometime during the week and pick the heifer up. Your father said: "I knew I

10
was leaving for the temple in the morning." The Lord came to his rescue about the last moment. Your father had a lot of faith.

He told me of a very interesting dream he had a short time after it occurred. He said he retired for the night and sometime during the night he found himself standing in the middle of a field looking towards woods not too far away. He said he knew he was dreaming and his senses were highly alert. Soon he noticed something very white moving around in the distant woods. It was a white he had never seen before, whiter than anything he thought was upon the earth. So as he watched the object came out of the woods and was moving in his direction. And soon he could see it was a human being all dressed in white. And as it came closer he could see it was a very beautiful woman. Such

beauty he had never seen. And he said his heart was touched. He thought how wonderful it would be to have such a beautiful woman for his own, to love and cherish. And the woman came close to him and looked up into his face, and behold it was his own wife. He then realized that in the body of his sweetheart lives a most beautiful spirit and that in the resurrection the body would be as beautiful as the spirit that occupies it. This I believe with all my heart.

So we never know about the beautiful spirit that may be living in a body faded with age and tired from life's labors. As I mentioned to some sisters recently, when we are younger we see people through our physical eyes, but when we are blessed with a testimony of the Gospel and the Gift of the Holy Ghost, we see people through our spiritual eyes and they all are beautiful. Your father and I enjoyed a few sessions in the Manti Temple together in the not too distant past. We enjoyed each other's companionship very much.

I often think of him as the man who took the pains and trouble to take my sweetheart, three little girls, and me to the temple for our own endowments, and to be sealed for time and all eternity. This was a real act of love and friendship, one never to be forgotten throughout all eternity. I can still hear Brother Young, the president of the temple who married Viola and me, speaking. He gave the ceremony all he could put into it. He would say "Most Holy" with all the emphasis he could give. It is a wonderful feeling and joy to know one's sweetheart has been sealed and received her own endowments and her children sealed to her and their father. I feel we have roots in the earth never to be torn up or displaced.

I know the dead live because I have seen them, and have been talked to by them from the Spirit World. Their visits, with one exception, pertained to genealogical research and temple work. The Lord moves in mysterious ways. I was much interested in a testimony of Dr. Creed Haymond which I read in one of the old time *Era* magazines. They were much smaller years ago and somewhat thicker. A woman lost her mother and she grieved so much over the passing of her mother that she was visited by her and her mother told her to stop it as it was not necessary, and she said: "Now I must hurry and attend a lecture in the Spirit World. I did not know how to properly care for my body when I was upon the earth and the Lord will not give it back to me until I learn how to properly care for it." This I think is food for much thought.

11

We all yearn for the ones who have passed on [whom we] loved very much. That is part of the trial and tribulations we must suffer in this life. We just have to live with it. The most terrible thing I have ever passed through is when I had to lay my earthly sweetheart to rest. It was terrible. I wanted to go with her. But my time was not yet. Hope all are well. Sincerely, Charles L. Sipe.

LETTER 3

Sarah Williams Perkins, 37 North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, January 4, 1941,
Beatrice P. Nielson, Dear Beatrice, Rye, and all. Happy New Year to all. Hope all is well and that you have enjoyed the holidays. The first thing I want to thank you all for your lovely gifts and greetings. Beatrice, you do not know how much we appreciate your lovely chickens. They put the finishing touch on our dinner. And believe me you have me spoiled. Christmas don't seem complete without your good chicken anymore. We had them for New Year's this time and we were all going to eat dinner at my place. But Ione has been in bed since the 26th of December. She has had the flu and a very bad sore

throat, but is a little better today. So Gladys kept one chicken and cooked dinner for them and Ione's folk and Minerva and us had dinner at my place. Ralph was also with us. Santa Claus has certainly been good to us all and we have received many nice things. Gladys said she was suppose to get me a sweater with some money you sent but that she would wait until I could go with her.

Thanks a million but sure don't want you to be doing so much for me. The picture of Kent's little girl and Inez's baby are very good I think and cute as can be. My goodness Inez's baby is certainly a big, fine boy. Please thank them for me. I would love to have Nenna and Clyde's baby picture now. Sade sent me the picture of the Blue Mountain with the horse head on and it's very good and worth framing. Thora sent some pictures of her little ones and I think they are as cute as can be. Gladys and Albert give me a beautiful knitted cape to wear in the temple. Erma and Elaine sent me a fountain pen, stationary, bloomers, and cloth for a dress. It's silk and very pretty. Ray sent me a box of hanker chiefs; Ione a pretty pot of flowers. Doyle give me stockings and a nut cake. One of the girls from K.S.L. give me a beautiful pepper plant; box of candy from Mr. Sharp, one from the Relief Society and one from Oral. Carrie and family, Enone, Klar, and Cassie all give me nice things; also Min [Minerva] and Freeda's family; and, oh dear me the cards. For all I was so well remembered and blessed in so many ways and indeed I have a lot to be thankful for. I couldn't help having a longing and a lonesome feeling, for Elaine, Rene and Allie went home for a few days and I did miss them, but they are both back and working again. Edward and Irene sent in a nice box [of] eatables.

Dan sent me 15 dollars on what he was owing me. Received a nice letter from Kate Ryan. Said they were all well and that her boys and girls had been very good to her. I had Doyle with us for about ten days but went back the day before New Year's. He intended to go and see Erma and John and stay a few weeks and get work if he could. But I discouraged him all I could so he decided he had better not go. The poor boy I feel sorry for him. No place he can call his own. I am so glad Dave and Freeda are so good to him. I think the country is the best place for him. He thinks he will be drafted in the spring and I believe he is anxious to go.

12

I think Elaine's boy friend will soon be also. He and Elaine spent three days together during the holidays. I hope our dear missionary boys had a good time. Oh, but isn't this war getting awful and closer to us all the time. We have been having a lot of snow for over a week and it's still coming down. So I am staying in pretty close. I don't have to get out unless I feel like it. We are very comfortable now since we have this other room. Last Sunday I went to the Tabernacle and heard the Messiah and believe me it was good. Well, I must quit and get this in the box so you will be sure and get it Monday. How is dear uncle Kumen and his wife? Remember me to them and that I hope they are well and I wish them a very happy new year. With loads of love and happiness to all. Mother. [Sarah Williams Perkins].

P.S. Rene and Allie give me a table lamp and believe me I enjoy it. They both send their love. Thanks again to all.

LETTER 4

Sarah W. Perkins, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 21, [1936], Allie Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My dear sweet Allie: Guess you think I am never going to answer your letter, but I have thought about you every day and I did enjoy your nice letter and also your mother's. I am still in the hospital but expect to be out tomorrow or the next day. Aunt Min [Minerva] will move tomorrow and just as quick as they get straightened around, they will come and get me. We will only be about half a block from where we live now and just a few houses below where Thora is, so Aunt Lell will know just about where that is. Enone and Klar came to see me for

a few minutes Sunday and was telling me a little about Sara [Lyman's] funeral and how wonderful it was. I sure would have liked to be there. Bless the dear girl. I think she is better off to be out of her misery. I hope dear Aunt Lell won't have a breakdown for she sure looked hard when she left here. And it was so hard on her while she was here but oh, how glad I was that she came up and I have certainly missed her dear face and visits. But I am getting along fine and they let me get up a little every day and I also visit the bath room every day and some time I have to go to[o] early in the morning. But the knock comes at my door so I have to answer the call. I am in a very nice room and by a big window and have a very nice view. I am right on State Street and on a corner of a block and it's certainly a busy corner. There is from fifty to a hundred cars pass my window every five minutes through the day and half of the nite. And just across the street there is a big market and it's lit up so beautiful at nite so I don't get very lonesome.

There is four of us in the room and two of them are so jolly and not too sick to talk. The three of us leave the hospital this week. The nurses and all the doctors are also very kind and pleasant to us and we get plenty of good food to eat. But be it ever so good there is no place like home. Elaine is home from school this week. Had some of her teeth out last Saturday and the dear girl is having quite a time. Aunt Min says her face is as big as a bucket. Aunt Min was here yesterday and was telling me Patsy went to the drawer before she went to school to get some stockins to put on but couldn't find any with[out] holes in and said: "D..m it I wish Grandma would hurry and come back and fix my stockins." Elaine has quite a time with Jackie and Patsy. They fight so and are into everything. Jackie was eight years old this month so guess she will be baptized right away. She don't see but very little of Kent and his wife. They are both busy. I would love to see you all once more but don't know when that will be. I hope you and Rene are just as sweet and good as ever. Grandma

13

LETTER 5

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Apt. 164 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, August 8, 1942, Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lyman. I feel it the proper thing for me to do in writing to you and thanking you with all my soul for being so kind and descent and in accepting me as you have. As I have told Allie, I think you are the finest people I have been privileged to associate with.

In becoming acquainted with Allie and Rene, I could see in them some training right from the start of their childhood that makes them what they are.

I truly love Allie, and I think she is the grandest person I have ever met.

As to our decision for the future, we both have sat sometimes for hours discussing different angles of it, and trying to do the right thing by each other. We have prayed about it. We have discussed it as completely as we know how.

We went up and talked with Allie's Uncle Albert, and he was so inspiring and anxious to do the right for us.

I know of a surety that the steps we take in the future will be for our greatest benefit and happiness. We haven't decided a definite course to take as yet, but as soon as we do, we will inform you.

I again thank you both for the kindness shown to me. I hope I can become worthy some day of the one grand person I am privileged to know.

Hope to hear from you soon. As Always, Gordon.

LETTER 6

Gordon L. Platt, Apt. 164 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, August 8, 1942, Kay Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Hello Kay: How is the old brother? I'll bet 100%. At least as

long as I have known him he has been just that. I truly enjoyed every minute I was privileged to spend with you.

I hope to in the future become more closely associated with you. Maybe not too much more before the war, but after there will be a few short years of friendship and then a continuation forever.

I have found Allie (your little sister) one of the grandest, most appreciative and sincere persons I have ever met.

It will take me forever to be worthy of her and her family. As always, Gordon.

14

LETTER 7

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, January 1, 1965, Edward P. and Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brother and Sister Lyman, it was good to hear from you. We think of you often. You are just simply our kind of people.

The dog story is kind of a sad one to tell. Two of them took kind of a dog pneumonia after they had lost nearly all their hair from ring worms. That trouble they had that you thought was mange was ring worm and our kids all had a siege of it from playing with the pups. Well one little female was the only survivor of our pups.

Brother Evans, of Safford (Sherry's father-in-law) begged for that one and he has her at his cattle ranch and likes her very much. Vance Rogers gave Spunk and her pup to Brother Porter at the ranch northeast of here at Hay Hollow. I shouldn't have recommended him to you as some of our neighbors told me later that he wouldn't keep them. But the Porters are good folks and I'm sure they will appreciate them.

Brother Lyman, I recall that you were somewhat amazed that we had no inactive High Priests in our group. I mentioned that to one quorum secretary and he said: "Well why didn't you tell him that we had only one inactive one in the whole quorum. If that's a good record I'm glad of it."

I just finished reading the Book of Mormon. As I heard President N. Eldon Tanner ask the priesthood to read it before the end of the year (that was in priesthood meeting of General Conference in October). I enjoyed the reading of it more than at any previous time. I think because I was conscious that all the priesthood was reading it.

Glen just phoned me last night that he was through. Busy as he is he accomplished it. He just got back from a trip to Georgia where he went for a prisoner, then picked up another one as they came back through Oklahoma City. He said that while his deputy would drive he would read the Book of Mormon and while he drove, the deputy would read in it. And they wouldn't let their prisoners smoke in the car. This combination: Book of Mormon and no smoke was rather annoying to the "guests."

Sanford just returned last night from a fishing trip in Mexico, in the Sea of Cortez. Our bishopric took fifty members of our Melchizedek Priesthood down there on an outing. I went two different times before, but didn't think I'd ought to leave Lillian this time.

Our daughter Sherry has a new son. Born November 3rd, election day, named Jordan (for William Jordan Flake) Holiday (for his grandmother Evans maiden name). We went down for the blessing of the baby and the Thanksgiving holiday. That makes us twenty-five grandchildren. While we were there we took time to enjoy the extensive Gila Valley: farms, irrigating systems and their feed lots and quarter horse ranches.

Oh, I should tell you that our brown colt won the race meet in Denver, and is graded triple A. That's the highest score now and was given a registration of merit certificate voluntarily by the Association. We have him at home now. Now that he has made his name, it will cut down

15

on expenses and just keep him here to breed to. We hope the money will be coming in instead of going out as it has been. Our winter has been mild up to date. We haven't had to cut ice. We could stand some moisture to insure spring feed.

Hope all is favorable with you and your family.

Plan to come and visit with us. We will go into the White Mountains and fish for trout and have a good time. Best of wishes and love from the Flakes.

LETTER 8

Gordon L. Platt, Salt Lake City, about 1973 [while working], My Precious Family, In line with the proposals of Lyman and Ed on the establishing a family organization which has as its philosophy and welfare and continuity of this most precious family, here are some basics I would like to see accomplished and some worthwhile goals we ought to have as we initiate this organization.

The total welfare of the individual – physical, spiritual, emotional and economic.

The binding together of families into one family organization. As a child becomes of age, they should carry their own weight and have a vote as to policy and direction, and also to share in the wealth and economy within the organization.

An earthly vehicle through which can be demonstrated the higher purpose of man and to family solidarity and exaltation.

A communal bank for the purpose of offering at reasonable rates of interest, capital to anyone who is a member of the organization, but restricted to the extent that a survey board, consisting of some three or four members, would determine the feasibility of said loan, and its possibility of being sound.

In the immediate future, a determination on the part of each member of the organization as to what percent of such income as is being made could be re-directed into a communal bank for the purpose of obtaining a working capital.

The welfare of every member of the organization as to his or her own personal situation, and to how the group can best improve that person, a situation, for instance: say an individual was planning a mission. If he had been a member of the group, paying into the bank, he would be given full consideration as to the cost of his mission, and its financing fully through the bank, or, if a newly married couple were interested in buying a home, they, being members of the group could come to the committee for a loan at a low rate of interest to make a down payment, or perhaps should the bank have working capital enough, perhaps buy the house outright, and then make their payments to the family bank. Or, perhaps a member wanted to do genealogical research in an area way from the central location, say England or Wales.

This person could present his proposals and needs to the committee and the committee could vote as to the worthy nature of the project, and whether monies should be directed to that end. Or, say a parcel of ground should come up for sale, and there could be envisioned a real

16

value to the organization for this land, but we weren't united in our views on the advisability of obtaining the land, then the proposals would go into committee, or before the whole organization, and every detail and weakness explored to determine the wisdom of said purchase.

Say a death should occur which left a member in a situation which would require the full attention of the family – death, a sting could be lessened in this way far better than if that member had to go it alone.

All of us are concerned about high prices. This type of an organization could purchase for the family in far less costly allotments than could be done by an individual. Also, where real bargains became available, a phone call to the committee could make the whole family

immediately aware of this.

Now, though I haven't made clear all of the possible advantages, this much will give food for thought. Dad

LETTER 9

Gordon L. Platt, Provo, Utah, December 10, 1973, Dear family and friends, It is that time of year that begins to stir within me, and I'm sure you also, the spirit and attitudes that accompany this festive season. I am sure we are all of the opinion that we spend too much of hard-earned and needed money on Christmas presents and tokens, parties and festivities and do not consider really what the season's attentions and thoughts should turn to, that of contemplations of Christmas for the sake of recapturing in our thinking the Christmas story and the life and death and impact of the Savior. In thinking of this letter in terms of a Christmas message to you, I wanted to say something that was of worth and value, but not something that has been said too oft that might be considered staid or trite or of little worth. But in attempting to do this, I find there is really nothing that hasn't been said or that might carry the impact on you that I wish. Therefore, I can only fall back on the words and terms that are familiar to you and so here is my Christmas to you:

There are some truths that we can hold to, some things that will stand in spite of anyone's determination to break them down, and one of those truths is that Jesus Christ did live. He did walk the countryside of Galilee and did accumulate on His feet and robe the dust of the streets of Jerusalem, Capernaum, Bethany, Nazareth, etc., and did in very deed teach and live the way He taught. He did proclaim lasting acquaintance with our Eternal Father, and assiduously attempted to reveal Him to us. He did eagerly pursue His Father's will in our behalf, and He did recognize the need of a sacrifice of His life for us and did willingly give it. I know that He arose and was glorified and sanctified in His Father's presence, and I know that He now lives and moves and has His being and is working for the welfare of the human race, including you and me.

I know also that this doesn't leave me any less than duty bound to offer the very best I have in terms of conviction and service in His holy cause. I am under solemn and grave obligation to attest this truth and espouse this cause to the degree that there cannot be the slightest doubt that I have.

17

What a complete waste is the Christmas season to me and all that I proclaim, if we journey through this season and it produces nothing more than the giving and acquiring of a few paltry earthly possessions. I have determined this season to give to my immediate family, and anyone else that will take my firm testimony and witness that the Gospel of the Son of God means more to me than just passing considerations. If you were to ask what I want from life, I could answer much more convincingly today than ever before – that I want my children, my brothers and sisters, infused with my testimony. I would desire to pass to them my determination to fight vigorously and tenaciously every human weakness that has tended to cause me to stray from the firm and constant testimony of the realities of life beyond. I will work long and vigorously to drive home the point that I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He and I shall stand at the last day and I shall be judged for my works in mortality.

In other words, what I am trying to say was once said much better by Peter when he was attempting to help a beggar on the steps of the temple: "Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have, I freely give." Such as I have, I freely give you, not holding back anything. I know what I am and what is expected of me, and to this I have grudgingly given anything that I have given, but today that is to stop, I will freely give from this point forward. I have not been a proper husband, father, brother or friend, neighbor or saint. But I now invite you to

trust me in my desire for your good and welfare, for I will do anything for you that I am convinced under inspiration from Heaven that will be sanctified to your good. I am tired of buying bubbles at a whole soul's tasking. I'm tired of wasting my substance in unprofitable living, and I'm tired of each day's sun rising on a Gordon Platt not one whit better prepared than the day previous. God is in His heaven, and I know it, and begging your indulgence with me, I'm going to start acting like I know it. In fact I am acting now like it is true, because it is true. Merry Christmas to all, Gordon Platt

LETTER 10

Edward P. Lyman, Bluff, Utah, August 27, 1895, Adelia Robison Lyman, Fillmore, Utah, O Ma it seems so lonesome. Pa has went to conference and took Eva and Mary with him. You must come home if Lucretia is homesick I am too.

We have got 4 cows to milk. Pa and Albert brought two from the lake one is a spotted one that we got up Cottonwood and one is old line.

From Edward to Adelia Lyman

LETTER 11

Elder Theodore M. Burton, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 27, 1974, Re: Records Preservation, to Lyman D. Platt, Publications Specialist, Dear Brother Platt. I am indeed grateful to you for your thought-provoking letter of June 27, 1974, regarding records preservation.

I agree with you that the rate of records preservation is very slow, but the funds at our disposal are limited by the other needs of the Church and this has to be correlated with the overall needs of the Church. That is why the Committee on Expenditures goes over our 18

budget very carefully and why the Church has now appointed a Records Administrator, who works directly under The First Presidency to see that there is a proper distribution of funds according to need. We have asked for the present funds and have been granted them, but we have to struggle vigorously each year to maintain the funds we receive. The overall expenses of Church grow, particularly during these inflated times and the increases that we asked for this year were granted to us, recognizing the inflated needs, but though more money was given to us, it does no more than meet the costs of the inflated economy under which we are living. It stands to reason, however, that as the Church grows, more money will be made available for record gathering purposes. This is shown in the increases in our budget over and beyond that which we would normally expect covering the ten years in which I have been with the Genealogical Society. I am sure that our funds will increase as the number of Church members increase.

As you state, our facilities for handling the present volume of records is stretched to the limit of our budget. But again, as our budget money increases we can expand this area. It may be that we will have to expand our Library facilities.

As far as your suggestion that we are to microfilm approved records throughout the whole world, regardless of demand because of our responsibility that the blood of Israel is among all nations, we are governed directly by a First Presidency decision that we should concentrate our record-gathering in those areas where the demand is greatest. This we have done. As the missionary work expands into other areas, we will gather the records from there also. Thus it would be rather foolish to gather the records from Yugoslavia, or to gather the records from Romania, or from Turkey, or from Greece at the present time when there is very little, or practically no demand for such records. When we do see, however, that inroads are being made and that members of the Church are coming in, then we will try to expand our operations into those areas. This we have done in South America, as an example, and are trying to do so in Spain and Portugal. Regardless of what anyone's opinion is, I must follow

the directions given me by The First Presidency, to concentrate our efforts where the membership of the Church is greatest. I think this is a very wise decision and am happy to follow their direction.

In your suggestion for a fund-gathering section, we have been directed not to do this. A specific fund-gathering committee has been established by the Church as a whole and we have been advised, as the Genealogical Society, not to rock the boat and interfere with the fund-raising projects of the Church as a whole. Many funds do come in to the Genealogical Society and we have established an endowment fund, which is growing month by month. In time this will amount to a sizeable sum. We could get more if we would allow that money to be used for individual purposes. We have refused to accept many gifts and bequests given to us, amounting to tens of thousands of dollars, because of the ties they have attached to the gift which would actually put us into a business [situation]. We have avoided all such gifts, but gladly accept funds with no strings attached, which we can use for any purpose within the Society. You state that "millions of dollars going to less important areas, which could be obtained for records preservation." I think, perhaps, we could do more than we have done and I shall direct a letter to the appropriate authorities, asking that contributions be requested for records preservation purposes, and I thank you for this suggestion.

19

Your suggestion regarding an archival liaison section is an excellent one and I believe we ought to follow through with that. I appreciate your suggestion. I hadn't thought of it, but I believe it is an excellent suggestion. I will act on this.

May I again express my appreciation to you for your thoughtfulness and your courage in coming forward with these good ideas. I am grateful for the spirit of devotion you have and thank you for your letter. Sincerely your brother, Theodore M. Burton, President, The Genealogical Society. TMB: rr

LETTER 12

Roy A. Spjut, Salt Lake City, Utah, December 11, 1974, Lyman D. Platt, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah, 84601, Dear Brother Platt: your accreditation in the area of Mexican research is now scheduled for review as outlined on pages five and six of the revised accreditation policy.

If you desire to retain your accreditation, please submit a copy of a report which you have prepared within the last six months for one of your clients. This report should:

Cover a minimum of twenty hours' research.

Cover the evaluation of several records.

Explain in detail the records searched, the reasons for searching them, and the results of the searches.

Contain specific recommendations for future research.

Monetary statements may be excluded from this report.

If at present you are not actively engaged in patron research but wish to retain your status and privileges as an Accredited Genealogist, you may do so by submitting a report written to yourself (as though you were reporting to a client), or to your family organization concerning research performed on one of your own lines. The research must pertain to the geographical division in which you are accredited.

As an alternative, you may request that a problem be assigned to you by the Accreditation Committee which you will evaluate and, in report form, outline the research steps you would take to solve the problem, explaining the reason for each step.

The report is to be submitted to the Accreditation Coordinator, The Genealogical Society, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150. After examining your report, he will contact

you and make arrangements for a brief oral review, if deemed necessary.
Upon satisfactory completion of this review, a Certificate of Accreditation will be issued to you.

20

If we do not hear from you by February 17, 1975, we shall assume you are not interesting in retaining your accreditation.

May I take this opportunity to thank you for your participation and cooperation in this program. Sincerely, The Genealogical Society, Roy A. Spjut, Accreditation Coordinator.

RAS:mjt

LETTER 13

Delia Dixie Ryan Allen, Red Bluff, California, May 18, 1973, Lyman D. Platt, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah, Dear Lyman, I hope you will pardon my presenting this on a yellow note pad, but I have developed arthritis in three of my fingers and typing is difficult for me. I assume all you want are statistics on us.

We were all born in Cedar City, Utah, where we lived until my father's death in 1921, when we moved to Los Angeles. Although my father was a Catholic, we were all baptized in the Mormon Church, but I have no idea of the dates.

The children of Edmond H. Ryan and Kathryn Perkins Ryan:

Ellen Avey Ryan, born March 9, 1902. Attended grammar and high school in Cedar City. Received higher education at the University of Utah in Salt Lake and the University of California, at Berkeley. Died at the age of twenty-two in Monrovia, California, at which time she was engaged to marry William C. Roche, a Salt Lake City attorney.

Edmond Benjamin Ryan, born September 20, 1906. Received higher education at Boston, University of Boston, Massachusetts; Shawnee Baptist University, in Shawnee, Oklahoma; and the University of California, at Berkeley. After college went to Panama, where he worked as a newspaper reporter and also for the U. S. Government. At the break of World War II, he returned to the U.S. and joined the Navy. His is married to Christine Marcon and lives in Escondido, California. While in Escondido he had his real estate brokerage office, which he has recently sold and retired. He had no children.

James Vermont Ryan, born January 21, 1910. Soon after high school, in Hollywood, he went to work for Southern California Edison Co. He left this to go into the real estate business in Hollywood and Los Angeles. He joined the Army Air Corps at the break of World War II, and after the war returned to his real estate office. He married Vivian Katerndahl before the war. He died at the age of fifty-nine in La Crescenta, California. There were no children.

Delia Dixie Ryan, born February 4, 1912. After high school attended the University of the West in Los Angeles and became a legal secretary. Married Morrill Allen, Jr., in 1933 and there are two daughters, Judy and Calista Dickey. Now living in Red Bluff, California, where husband is retired.

Kathryn Ryan, born July 1, 1915. After high school attended business college and became a legal secretary. Married Philip M. Girard, a Los Angeles attorney, later with the State Supreme Court. Marriage dissolved, and she joined the WACs during the war. Later married

21

Pierce Butler, Jr. of Natchez, Mississippi and lived there. She was killed in an automobile accident in Natchitoches, Louisiana, while on her way to visit relatives in California, at the age of fifty. There was one child, Pierce Butler III, also injured severely in the accident and since his father had died three years earlier, he was raised by me and my husband in La Crescenta.

I know this is brief, but if there are 101 grandchildren, not too much space can be allotted to

each one. From time to time I have given Elaine Walton some facts on the family, especially Mother and Dad.

We are planning a visit to Monticello and Moab early in June. It will be the first time I have been there since 1925 and my husband has never been in that part of Utah.

Hope this information will be useful and is what you want. Sincerely, Dixie Allen.

LETTER 14

Gwyn Bronson Meador, Moab, Utah, February 19, 1973, Enone Lyman Hardman, Provo, Utah, Dear Enone: well at last I have these, but I am ashamed at the way they are put together. I don't type, and Carroll's secretary has been gone for about two weeks, so I thought I'd get this gal to do them; she's supposed to be good I guess, but these are a mess. I'm sending them anyway because if I keep them for Gen Sec to do, it may be another week or so. Her daughter is ill and don't know when she'll be back.

I've numbered the sheets and the family. I told her to put them as they came, but she got mixed up somehow. Hope when you print your book, you can put them right. Some of the boys only have initials with their first name – just as printed.

I was such a long time hearing from the boys. Guess it's hard for them to get at it. Then Carroll and I both got the flu and we've been really down for about three weeks. You think you are better one day, the next it starts all over. I can't believe it.

I was glad to hear about your Dad and the wonderful family gathering you had. I can tell you feel about him like I felt about my Dad. There is such an empty space since he and mother left us.

We never had much in worldly goods, but I wouldn't trade my childhood memories for any one else's in all the world. We had something as a family [that] few families ever achieve. You can use as much or as little of these stories as you want. I can think of much, much more, but the boys and Vonda wrote these themselves. So, guess it's what stands out for them.

Verde had another heart attack the other day. He probably won't live to see this in print. Bless him.

Don's new address in case you want it, is:

Don L. Bronson

22

1402 Park Rose

Duarte, California 91010

Surely hope all is well with you. I see I have really scribbled. I'm kind of shaky. Love Gwyn. [Grandchildren 18-25 in *The Perkins Family History*]

Wilmer Verde Bronson, eldest son of Naomi Perkins Bronson and Wilmer Bronson, lives in Whittier, California with his wife Emily Espitallier. He has three daughters – Betty, Dawn and Peggy – and nine grandchildren. He has been for many years a buyer and draftsman for a large building concern in Los Angeles.

Gwyn Bronson Meador, lives in Moab, Utah, where she and her husband Carroll J. Meador moved shortly after their marriage. They have two sons: Junior Meador, cattleman; Bill Meador, school teacher; one daughter Donna Meador Reid; twelve grandchildren; one greatgrandchild.

Gwyn has been active in music in the Church all of her life. Leads the Moab 2nd Ward choir and singing mothers now.

Eural J. Bronson lives with his father at present in his father's home; has been there with Dad since mother passed away. Eural is an interior decorator and much in demand. He has two daughters, Euraleen and Sharon and three grandchildren.

Rex D. Bronson with his wife Lenore Ekhert and two children Denise and Sally, live in Azersa, California. Rex has been foreman of a sash and door factory for over twenty years. Last year his wife Lenore was baptized into the L.D.S. Church.

Karel C. Bronson lives in Sunland, California, with his wife Bernie Burash Bronson and three children, Carol, Robert and Barbara. K.C. has been with the same company of moving vans for eighteen or twenty years.

Don L. Bronson lives in Duarte, California, where he has just gone into business for himself. He is a professional glazier. Don has two children Linda and Bill, by a former marriage, and this month was married to Peggy. I don't remember what her name was.

Vonda Lee Bronson Wise lives with her husband Alan Wise and two children Mark and Karen in Encino, California. Vonda worked for Walt Disney and M.G.M. before going into the Waves in World War II where she met Alan who is also an artist. Alan has his own studio now. Their daughter Karen was just baptized this spring.

Rex, K.C., Don and Vonda served their country during the 2nd World War.

LETTER 15

Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, March 16, 1965, Theral Burns Lyman, Chino, California, Dear son Burns, we read your recent letter, with the questions, and I will answer them gladly. Before we came into mortality we were spirits, our spirits were the children of our Father in Heaven and we were in his kingdom with Him. We lived there for a long time
23

and advanced along the lines we chose, but we had never come in contact with evil, so we never knew the difference between good and evil. We could not reach the perfection of our Father without a body like His and like the body Christ rose with, so our purpose in coming here, which we chose to do, was to do three things: to come in contact with evil, where we had our free agency to choose; we can have either one we want; we can choose what our Father in Heaven chose and can be like Him, or we can choose some other (any other) course; if we want to return to His kingdom, we naturally choose to accept and follow the course of righteousness (right) or we would not fit in His kingdom and would be very much out of place there, we would be better off anywhere but there; now if we choose to follow some other course, we naturally fall into the course of unrighteousness which is controlled and conducted by the evil one (Satan) and of course we must be assigned to the kingdom we belong in. If we follow a river we will get to the sea, but there are many rivers and many seas, we must follow the river that reaches the sea we want to arrive at. There is no complete happiness outside of the Father's kingdom. For one thing there are no family ties outside of His kingdom – no fathers, no mothers, no wives, no husbands, no brothers, no sisters, no family ties or groups, so we naturally look for the best and highest.

Another one of these reasons for wanting to come here and pass through mortality is to receive a body. The body we have here is ours for eternity. We must lay it down for a while but all are resurrected and our bodies are similar to the body Christ raised from the tomb, but they are raised to the glory and kingdom they are prepared to receive, and are raised in accordance to the kingdom they will receive, the highest kingdom first and the lower kingdoms later. That is what the Gospel of Christ is for: to prepare us for the highest kingdom, where God and Christ and all righteous men and women go. And the Gospel (the plan of righteousness) is the only thing that will prepare us for that (the celestial) kingdom. As we follow the teachings, the plan of Jesus Christ, we become more like Him, so we can fit into His kingdom.

The third purpose in coming here is to receive a wife for not only time, but for eternity, which must be by the authority of the Priesthood, then our children are ours also and the ideal

condition can be realized, that is to be saved in the Celestial Kingdom with our family. These things are made possible only through the atonement of Christ, and He has a perfect and just plan. If we find ourselves on the wrong course, or the wrong river, we can change our course if we wish to do so before we have gone too far, and through the atonement of Christ can receive a forgiveness of our sins, but we must choose when we learn what is right and what is wrong, because we love righteousness and wish to be selected with that group. God is the God of righteousness and the Devil is the god of all evil or unrighteousness. If God our Father is a God of justice and mercy and truth, which are all included in righteousness, the evil one lacks and opposes all these things and all things found in righteousness; he has nothing that we want while the Father has everything that we want and He wants us to have it. If one follows the path of righteousness he can not arrive any place except in the Kingdom of God with the righteous. In the spirit world we looked beyond this earth life, for our goal was beyond mortality and death, but we chose to follow this course for there was no other way to attain our goal, which was salvation and exaltation in our Father's kingdom. Keep and read this occasionally, and ask God to help you understand it. This and this only, brings us happiness, even from the time we resolve to follow this course. May our Heavenly Father help us to learn and follow His course. Your grandfather, Edward Partridge Lyman.

24

LETTER 16

George Alma Platt, Thora Hansen Platt, Laurel Jane Platt Van Orman, Richfield, and Bountiful, Utah, February 20, 1975, Dear family, we are planning a Platt Family Reunion at Fish Lake on Friday and Saturday, July 26 and 27, 1975. If you have a holiday on the 24th, it will give you a four day weekend. We suggest you use our home in Richfield as a focal point since it will be easier to locate for you who are not familiar with our area. The address is 456 North 200 West, Richfield, Utah 84701.

Highway 89 makes a right angle turn in Richfield at the City Park, continue or turn West at this point whether you enter town from North or South for two blocks then make a right turn (North) for one and a half blocks. We live in the first house north of the Church. There is plenty of off-street parking at our home and the Church if you bring camper or trailer.

We have two large parks within our city which could be available for us but we felt that you would enjoy the mountains more since it is pretty warm in the valley that time of year. It is about forty-five minutes to Fish Lake on oiled road and the (frying pan) campground is north of the lake about five miles. Johnson Reservoir is within a mile and there is plenty of stream fishing for those interested.

Since it is prohibitive to reserve any of these forest facilities we felt to take our chances at getting them. There are many such camps in the area so we should have little trouble. If you desire to put up a tent, that can be done near the reservoir or lake.

There will be a least one opportunity for you to demonstrate your talents so we hope that each family, and hopefully, each individual, will come prepared to entertain us. Let's make it something our young people will want to repeat.

There are at least three alternatives open to those who wish to spend the Sabbath with us. We can have our own Sunday service. I am suggesting a testimony meeting. Or we can swell the ranks at services in Fish Lake, where you can usually meet people from all over the world. Or you can bolster the attendance at our ward here in town where I am in the Sunday School Presidency and Thora has a teaching assignment. If you wish to come early and spend the 24th with us we would invite you to do so. There will be a day of local parades and festivities. I have a large gas-fired griddle and plan to fix breakfast for those who dare live dangerously enough to eat it. If you haven't had a chance to try one of George Platt's family-sized flap

jacks you have an experience awaiting you which you may not live long enough to brag about. The rest of our meals will be taken pot luck unless you prefer feeding your own separately.

We would like to hear from you to have an idea of how many to plan for, but if you find you haven't let us know, come anyway. Love to you all, George, Thora and Laurel.

LETTER 17

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Provo, Utah, March, 1975, Dear family, "And I will pour upon the House of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of

25

supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. (11) In that day shall there be great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo. 13:6: And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thy hands? Then he shall answer "those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." Zechariah 12:10-11: 13:6.

"And it shall be said: Who is this that cometh down from God in heaven with dyed garments; yea, from the regions which are not known, clothed in his glorious apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? (47) And he shall say: I am he who spake in righteousness, mighty to save. (48) And the Lord shall be red in his apparel, and his garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat. (49) And so great shall be the glory of his presence that the sun shall hide his face in shame, and the moon shall withhold its light, and the stars shall be hurled from their places. (50) And his voice shall be heard: I have trodden the winepress alone, and have brought judgment upon all people; and none were with me; (51) And I have trampled them in my fury, and I did tread upon them in mine anger, and their blood have I sprinkled upon my garments, and stained all my raiment; for this was the day of vengeance which was in my heart. (52) And now the year of my redeemed is come; and they shall mention the loving kindness of their Lord, and all that he has bestowed upon them according to his goodness, and according to his loving kindness, forever and ever." D&C 133:45-52.

I think I read into the two quotations above, the conviction that a jealous God will destroy the wicked because they would not hearken to counsel, but went the way of the world not being willing to recognize His hand in all things – not willing to be grateful. The message I would like to convey to each of you then, is the need for us as a family to show our sincere gratitude to God for the blessings that have come upon this family.

We are approaching a very momentous period in our family history; a period, within just a couple of months, when four of the families will be separating themselves from the immediate vicinity of the parental home. Joe and Suz to France; Ed and Val to Madrid; Gene and Arlene to Portland; and Robbie and Kent to their new little nest. That, and with McKay away, is bound to leave Mother and me with feelings of emptiness and of being lost, on our part; however, [we will be resigned to this] because we have strong convictions that the Lord is active in the lives of each of you, and will take care of you, if you will bow to his will and keep his commandments.

This is only one little period in the procession of the future in our lives, and I am positively convinced that we are going to have to have a strong fortification of the conviction of the right of gospel principles and standards in our lives if we are to remain true to the faith. We can not see what is ahead, at least too clearly, but I am confident we can and will come off victors and conquerors if we but set ourselves a course in righteousness. Why should not we be the victims with those mentioned above, if we refuse to follow the way pointed out to us by that all-loving Savior? The message, then, that I ought to leave for this month and hope it

would remain with you everlastingly is “Hold to the faith, never slacking.” The way to do this is when you have a responsibility or obligation fill it, fully. When you are asked to take a job or position, do it fully. We love each of you for your integrity and determination in the faith. Your Dad.

26

LETTER 18

Elder Theodore M. Burton, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 11, 1975, Lyman De Platt, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah 84601, Dear Brother Platt: The Accreditation Coordinator has informed me that you have requested to have your accreditation, with its associated privileges, withdrawn.

I regret that you do not wish to renew your accreditation in Mexican research, but I realize that personal interests and situations change. Be assured that your efforts in this field have been greatly appreciated, and I express my personal thanks for your contribution in this specific phase of the Society’s programs.

If, in the future, you desire to renew your accreditation, please contact us for further instructions. Sincerely, The Genealogical Society, Theodore M. Burton, President. TMB:mjt

LETTER 19

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Military Training Center, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 7, 1965, Edward P. and Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandma and Grandpa, well, I’m seven days into basic training now, and it’s getting better. We are here for thirty training days and then we’ll go to different technical schools.

How are you both getting along? I hope you, grandma, go through your next operation okay! The weather here is sultry and getting hotter and we have some pretty stiff physical work to do before it’s over.

I’m enjoying being disciplined and hope to be formed into a man in a better way. Well, I’ll write more later. Love always, Lyman De.

LETTER 20

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Military Training Center, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 16, 1965, Edward P. and Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandma and Grandpa. First of all Grandpa, I want to apologize for not coming to Blanding. The reason was a girl. Her name is Beth Arnold. She was a missionary with me in Peru. I had felt strongly attracted towards her then and only just in that last week [that I was in Provo] was I able to date her and I’m happy I did. She is very sweet. We went to the temple once with our parents and had several dates together. She is working on her teaching degree and will have it soon.

Things here in Texas are pretty “basic.” We are coming through it pretty well, though, and I hope to be somewhere else sometime after the first part of June. I’ll probably go to technical school for three months and then be assigned a permanent base. I’m enjoying the Air Force. It is providing me with some basic things needed in my character.

How is everything going at home? I keep pretty much up on Grandma’s activities through the folks. How are you Grandpa?

27

The chance to do missionary work here is good and I’m glad for the chance, as it provides me the opportunity to help others know as I [do] the truth about our Father in Heaven. These weeks have been filled with many wonderful experiences.

I’m hoping to be home for the reunion but if I go right to technical school I won’t be able to be there. My first leave would be several months away.

Well, I guess that’s about the lowdown. I miss the family but that’s to be expected.

Texas weather is humid and hot here and not very appealing. It will be nice to be in a dryer

area or at least one with less humidity.

May the Lord bless you both with health and the strength you need during these times and help you to keep the faith at all times. I love you very dearly and pray for your constant protection. Your loving grandson, Lyman De.

LETTER 21

Barbara (Minerva) Perkins Rowe, Palmdale, California; Blanding Utah; Monticello, Utah, 1962, Dear kindred: we, Barbara (Minerva), Irene, Sarah and Gladys, the only living children of Benjamin and Sarah Perkins, send greetings and love to each of you, and we want you to know that we are proud of our heritage, proud of our kindred and proud that we were born of goodly parentage and taught the principles of truth and righteousness. We give thanks and praise to a kind providence for these blessings and for the fact that we were born and live in America, the Land of the Free. We pray for strength and wisdom to be able to live and do our part in helping to preserve this freedom and to honor our heritage.

Our Parents: Benjamin Perkins, 1944-1926; Sarah Williams, 1860-1943.

Did you know that Benjamin means blessed or blessing and that Sarah means princess? Did you know that Benjamin's father and family suffered great tribulations because of their religious beliefs; that Ben at the age of six suffered a broken arm while working in a coal mine; that as a young man he left his dearly loved Wales to come to America to help earn fare that the rest of the family might also come? And did you know that before he departed this life he wrote a letter to his family saying, "It is one of my greatest desires that my families be united and loving and kind to each other." And did you know that a cousin of Sarah Perkins wrote from Australia to Gladys Lyman, saying, "My father told his family time and time again, 'never lose contact with the home folks; always keep in touch with your relatives.'"

We, too, desire to keep in touch with all of you. We wondered about a letter written quarterly or semi-annually, with data about births, marriages, achievements; interesting events. That would give us a chance to know who is and who and what is taking place in the Ben and Sarah Perkins family. And [this would] help us to keep our family records up to date.

28

How do you like the idea? Will you cooperate with us? We might have a page entitled "Did you know?" and one of New Nuggets. How about a name for our circular? Do you like either of these "Ben's Benedictions," or "Perkins Percolator?"

We three girls in San Juan could get out the first issue or two and then others could take a turn. Will you send us your information? Please send your reactions, your criticisms, your ideas. We would be happy for any help from all your fertile brains, and would like your names on our mailing lists.

New Nuggets. Harold, Ray, Larry, Clay, Gordon D., Steven, Gayle, Michael, Karl, Casse, Kirk, Edith, Ellen, Irene, Scott, Chad, Byron, Floyd, Edward, Dale, Trav, Oral, Jerry, are all in the mission field. They are all descendants of the above couple. Who are they, where are they? Let's find out.

Scott Thomas, Bruce, Tim Michael, are in the service of their country. Who and where are they? Then there are some of the in-laws that are way up in the service. We'll tell more of these later. Are there others?

November 17, 1962, Brent Lyman and Kathryn Stewart were married. Open house was held November 21 at the home of Brent's mother, Edith Lyman, in Monticello.

Oh, there are a lot of interesting things that could be written. One is that Albert and Gladys Lyman are flying to Florida November 5th for the rest of the winter. Then Ben Perkins has another family we'd like you all to meet.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all. Sincerely, Barbara Rowe, 921 E. Ave., Q10, Palmdale, California; Irene P. Lyman, Box 341, Blanding, Utah; Gladys P. Lyman, Box 136, Blanding, Utah; and Sarah E. P. Barton, Monticello, Utah.

LETTER 22

Salt Lake City, Utah, KSL, October 26, 1938, The bouquet of the day, Sarah Williams – in these two words, in that name, if we examine the life behind it, we will find the true story of a woman who has lived bravely day by day, who has met unflinchingly life's trials and misfortunes and who has triumphed over them, and molded her character into a thing of loveliness. A princess among women – and indeed, that is what her name means. The significance of the word "Sarah" is princess.

I am going to tell you about her – to relate some of the incidents that have made her outstanding in the communities where she has lived. She was born in Llantwit, Verdure, Wales, on May 23rd, 1860, the daughter of Mary Davies and Evan Williams. She lived in that country, surrounded by the vivid beauty of that territory, until she was eighteen years old. At that particular time, her father's ill health made it imperative for them to come to America to live. And they arrived in Cedar City, Utah on July 1st, 1878. In 1879, the head of the L.D.S. Church issued a call for volunteers to go to San Juan and make a settlement there, and so when Sarah's sister and brother-in-law, in answer to this request, went south, she accompanied them, to care for the children.

29

She married Benjamin Perkins in 1881. The trials and hardships she had to face in those days were a severe test for her. Their life was a rugged one of the pioneer and added to that was the care of her ten children, which kept her busy, as we can well imagine. But she conquered all the trials and hardships and became one of the most beloved and respected women in the state. She is, as I said, the devoted mother of ten children – children who have received every advantage and blessing it was in the power of loving and truth-abiding parents to bestow upon them.

And now at 80 years of age, Mrs. Perkins has sixty grandchildren, and forty greatgrandchildren.

We are happy and proud to be able to salute this dear, loveable woman this morning. And at this time we say to her – to Mrs. Sarah Perkins –

There's loveliness in youth

No one knows that better than I,

A breathless sort of beauty

That sweeps one off his feet,

And plants gay daffodils within the heart,

Much loveliness I grant,

But oh! The depth of character in the face

Of one whose lived a long full life.

Behind the peace and wisdom in that countenance

The shallow brilliancy of youth, the tender,

Oh so fragile winsomeness,

Pales, and flutters, then to die away.

Beauty, in an aged face, is truth,

It has been fought for,

And been won.

You'll never know my dear,

How much we love your patient face,

How each deep line has taught to us a lesson,
We will not forget,
And in our hearts a song is born,
To sing to you, and what you've brought to us
"We'll not forget – my dear, we'll not forget."

LETTER 23

Lyman D. Platt, Keesler Air Force Base, Mississippi, June 18, 1965, Edward P. and Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest grandparents, I really do appreciate the letters you find time to write. It means a lot to know you're loved. I hope you are both feeling well and that the Lord is watching over you as he always has.

The Air Force is really a good thing for me and I've not regretted the decision I made to join. It hasn't been easy and yet it hasn't been hard enough to worry me any. We are treated well here at Keesler. We have three excellent meals a day, work six or seven hours and have a
30

good bed and place to stay. There is quite a bit of time right now before school starts that is leisure time and I'm reading Church history, Shakespeare, doing genealogy, studying the Gospel, and enjoying myself thoroughly.

There is a branch just right close here with about 500 members. They have a nice chapel. There are four missionaries here, also. Next Sunday one or two General Authorities are coming down here to organize a Stake. I'm hoping I'll be able to go. I've never seen a stake organized yet.

There are many exciting possibilities awaiting me in the Air Force. We'll be starting school soon, I hope. Our course as Ground Radio Operators lasts about eighteen weeks, so I won't be home until December. I hope you all enjoy the reunion. It sounds like it will be fun as it was three years ago. Please give my love to everyone. Maybe I'll be on better ground for the next one.

Well, I suppose that's about it for this time. I do love all of you very much and pray for you each night and day. Give my love to Uncle Albert and Aunt Gladys and all the old friends you meet that might remember me. Love always, your grandson, Lyman De.

LETTER 24

Bertha P. Vega, Lima, Peru, July 12, 1965, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear grandparents, I feel very happy for the opportunity of writing and wishing the blessings of our Lord to be with you.

I know by way of Lyman of your second operation, grandmother, and I am grateful to my Father in Heaven for the protection that he gave you and it's my desire that he continues to bless you until you are completely well.

I know, grandfather, that you are fine, always with your good character and happy way of being.

When I was with you I enjoyed a great deal your spirit. I didn't remember much of what you said, but I could feel that you are wonderful people.

I'm sure you know that Lyman and I are engaged to be married but I want to be the one to tell you that we will be married and probably pretty soon.

I am very happy, grandparents; I love Lyman and all his family. I couldn't have received greater blessings than to form part of such a wonderful family that is so close to the Lord. I hope to see you soon and when this opportunity comes I hope to be able to understand you better. I am studying English but as yet I don't know much. It's not as easy as I thought but some day I will learn, don't you think? May the Lord guard and protect you always. Your granddaughter, Bertha.

LETTER 25

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, July 19, 1965, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brother and Sister Lyman, we left a message telling of our love and esteem for you folks with Brother Albert and Sister Gladys as we stopped only briefly Saturday.

We were on the road fourteen hours as it was, so I hardly had the nerve to ask all those other boys to wait to prolong the visit.

We hope Sister Irene has her eyesight fully restored and that you are both enjoying the best of health. We were pleased with apparent health of Brother Albert. He seems so strong as when I first saw him. We had a glorious experience with the Round up Riders of the Rockies, or the 3 R's as they call themselves. This enclosed clipping from our *Snowflake Herald* would indicate that they are local business men, but they are some big moneyed men from the nation and there were 150 of them on the ride. Besides the work men who were there to move the camp from one day's ride to the next. Colorado certainly has a corner on the high country of our country and water everywhere; great and small lakes and beautiful clear streams, and waterfalls.

Best of all was the contacts we made in a missionary way. You will well suppose that our Mormon boys with their examples made a great impression upon them and we had many inquire into our way of life and about the Church, and many promises that they would obtain and read the *Book of Mormon*.

Our last night's stop was at one of Colorado's famous hunting lodges. From all appearances the operator had to be a multi-millionaire. Well the owner of the lodge came to our tent and this was the conversation. "I came hunting those Mormon milk drinkers. The head cook told me I'd better rustle a supply of milk and when I asked why he said: we've got some Mormon boys from Arizona who want it for every meal. He said my ears just stood up and I wanted to see you. He said I'm one of you. I've been a member of your Church for six years, and am superintendent of the Sunday School in our branch.

I'm sending a copy of the life story of my grandfather William J. Flake to a bank president in Ann Arbor, Michigan, who came to me before leaving for his home and said "My life has been made better because of meeting you." The proprietor of Justen Boot Company of Ft. Worth, Texas made like comment. Suffice it to say our time was well spent from a missionary angle.

We love you folks and wish you could come down to our celebration. Best wishes, S. Eugene Flake.

LETTER 26

Kirk Cook Lyman, August 22, 1965, Edward Robison Lyman, Dear Dad and family, received your last letter almost three weeks ago and this is my second start to you. I won't offer a bunch of excuses, just one word: slothfulness.

Things are going fine here. We're well and happy. I'd imagine you've been very happy in the past and just want you to know that I've never been happier in my life. Myrna is really a wonderful person. She's an excellent house keeper and a good cook. She helps me in numerous ways to overcome trivial things before they turn into large one.

We are moving to Idaho Falls this week. I don't remember the address but will drop a card with it on. My work is becoming more demanding and we feel it best to be where I don't have to travel sixty miles a day on the highway.

In a sense I'll regret moving out of this ward as I hold some good responsible positions. I'm Elder's Quorum President and I teach the Investigators or Gospel Essentials class. On the

other hand it will be nice to have a few weeks or a month's rest as I'm sure there's work to do no matter where you go.

Remember the old Ford; well I finally had to get rid of it. I kept pouring money into it and finally it got hot from a broken hose and the block cracked. So now we have a '61 Pontiac. We hope we won't have any trouble with it now.

Last time I heard from Burns he was doing fine and planned on getting out in October. He's sure changed, or at least this is the impression I have now. His goals in life are much different now.

Edra is happy as a lark now that she and Aaron can be married. I just hope she does what's right for her and him. RaeLeen's family is doing fine. The kids are growing great guns and look the true part of the Lyman line.

Speaking of lines, Myrna's family is sure wonderful. They have a wonderful way of raising and instructing their children, the youngest of whom is now fourteen. They are all really close and live the gospel and just have a shine of happiness around them. I don't think I could have married into a better family anywhere in the world.

Again speaking of families, I need some information for genealogy. I'll send a sheet and you or grandma or grandpa can fill it in. I'd surely appreciate it.

It's Sunday morning and time for a bath before Church so I'll close and wish you all the best. Kirk and Myrna.

LETTER 27 [Grandchild #35]

Marvel Etoile Bailey Smith, 121 South LeSueur, Mesa, Arizona, May 15, 1964, Gladys P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Aunt Gladys, I have wanted to write and tell you for so long how wonderful it is to have received your nice letter and the newsletter number three. We surely are grateful that you have invited the Mary Ann Perkins side of the family to participate. In response to your suggestion about reorganizing, I surely feel strongly that this should be done. There is nothing that draws a family as close as an organization. I know I feel so guilty not being more active in genealogy. If we could get together, become better
33

acquainted and become actively engaged in our research, the Benjamin Perkins Family would derive great blessings.

Why couldn't we have a reunion this summer – say in August – when a great number have a vacation? Even the M.I.A. and Primary people have that month off. I suppose Monticello or Blanding would be the most practical, as there are more members of the family there.

I suggest everyone who comes be responsible for their own lodging. If we have a meal either have it pot luck or get one of the organizations to cook it and the family pay for it. We could elect officers – adopt a constitution and make other necessary assignments – dues, future reunions, the newsletter publication, etc. I will surely be willing to do all I possibly can towards this project.

We're so glad to hear you and Uncle Albert are feeling better. Uncle Albert's book sounds fascinating.

Thank you so much for your good wishes. This is a wonderful work. This is the information you asked for: Marvel's children's mates and families.

Peggy Louise Smith Hatch married Vloe (Steve) Hatch. Children: Jacqueline Hatch (she was by Peggy's first marriage, but has been adopted and sealed to Steve; Les Lee Hatch; Randy Vloe Hatch (died at birth); Steven George Hatch; Douglas Scott Hatch (born in Prescott, August 6, 1959).

Jerome Clyde (Bushy) Smith married Melba Jean Haynes. Children Jeri Jean Smith; Gordon Clyde Smith.

Ruth Smith – unmarried

Ronald Kay Smith – unmarried

Testimony about Tithing: On May 23, 1964, Jerome Clyde (Bushy) Smith and his wife Jean will be sealed in the Arizona Temple. It has been one of our fondest dreams that this event would take place. They have two lovely children, Jeri Jean (5) and Gordon Clyde (3) years old. We feel that one thing that has influenced Bush to become an Elder and go through the temple has been Ronald Kay's influence. He has stayed in their home this winter in order to graduate from High School in Snowflake after we moved to Mesa. Ronny is our youngest son.

The first time Bush paid his tithing he wrote a check for it first then paid his bills. Like most of us there usually was not much left over. He and Jean were amazed to find that this time there was a little left from the check. They thought they'd made a mistake and hadn't paid everything, but found on checking more closely the monthly bills were paid. They both testify that it has been the same story every month since. Of course there could be many reasons why – one of the blessings of the Gospel is that we become more careful and attentive to both spiritual and temporal things. We plan better – our values change – we are 34

more careful. At any rate that is their testimony and each time their check comes in, the tithing comes out first.

I hope this will be O.K. for the paper Aunt Gladys. I'll send their family group sheet (Bush's and Jean's) next week. Haven't all of their dates until they get down here. Love Marvel.

LETTER 28

Nephi K. Kezerian, M.D., 155 North First East, Provo, Utah, October 5, 1955, To: Scott Wetzel Insurance Company, 428 South Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Re: Lyman Platt, RFD #1, Santequin, Utah. Gentlemen, at your request, we are submitting the following information which we trust will help to establish financial policy in the future care of the above-named patient.

This patient requires observation at approximately two visits per year. This is to include one x-ray of one foot each year. This observation is expected to cost approximately \$30.00 per year for an expected period, ending at approximately age fifteen to seventeen.

It is possible that no additional surgical care will be required, however, the following surgical anticipation must be considered. Possible transfer of a single tendon in the tarsal area of the involved foot. The expected surgical fee for this service is \$175.00. Hospitalization may be expected to require approximately seven to ten days at ordinary rate of room care plus expected penicillin and operating room fee. In addition to this operation it is possible that "triple arthrodesis" of the tarsal area may be required. The surgical fee for the second procedure would be approximately \$200.00 and would require approximately ten days which, however, may or may not be concurrent with the first operation. The maximum surgical service may therefore be anticipated as two separate operative procedures, with two separate hospitalizations. The tendon surgery if done may be expected in approximately the range of age twelve. The fusion operation may be expected either at this period or between age twelve and seventeen.

We give this as our best present estimate at the present time. Very truly yours. N.K.

Kezerian. NKK:bc; cc: Lyman Platt.

LETTER 29

Nephi K. Kezerian, M.D., 155 North First East, Provo, Utah, January 10, 1955, To: Scott Wetzel Insurance Company, 428 South Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Re: Lyman Platt, File No. 9962, Gentlemen: thank you for your inquiry of January 5th, regarding the above

case. Our records indicate that this boy was last seen on November 19, 1954. Incident to his polio, he has had good recovery but for persistent (though now mild) drop of the right foot. This has been under observation to determine the necessity for surgery. To the present date surgery has been avoided and we have a reasonable hope now that we can permanently avoid it. It is impossible to state that this will be a successful guess, however, and observation through this boy's childhood is unavoidable.

35

X-ray films of this boy's back, incident to polio, were also required on the last date, at which time we observed a trivial though unquestionable curvature of the spine is present. This, too, is a direct result of polio paralysis and it, too, will required observation through childhood. So far as charges for the year of 1955 are expected, it is very probable that progress x-ray rechecks will be required in approximately May and November, at which time the total cost, including office re-evaluation and x-rays will be approximately \$30.00.

We do not believe that we should anticipate future years but to say that observation is unavoidable on the basis of the information listed above. Very truly yours, N. K. Kezerian, M.D. NKK:fh; enclosure; cc: Mr. Gordon L. Platt, RFD 1, Santequin, Utah.

LETTER 30

Nephi K. Kezerian, M.D., 313 First Security Bank Building, Phone 3866, Provo, Utah, December 7, 1951, To: Veterans Administration, 32 West Center, Provo, Utah; re: Gordon L. Platt, Station 1, Box 345, Provo, Utah. Dear Sirs: the above captioned individual is the father of Master Lyman De Platt who entered the Salt Lake General Hospital on 10/26/51 for severe paralysis incident to poliomyelitis.

This boy has been under intensive care which treatment disrupted family relationships severely enough to interfere with Mr. Platt's continuance of normal school activity. I earnestly suggest that this condition be considered in any problem incident to his educational program under his veteran's rights. Very truly yours, N. K. Kezerian, M.D. NKK:rlr

LETTER 31

Roy Chidester, Richfield, Utah, January 10, 1967: 1913 – Scoutmaster – 1967, Troops 1, 2, 602, 610, 600: fifty-six years. Note: a logo on the sheet, grandpa identifies as follows: Drawn by one of my assistant scoutmasters in 1915. I still have a troop of Indian Scouts. They are the finest. Richfield Boy Scout Troop No. 1: Wolf Patrol; Wild Cat Patrol; Black Bear Patrol. Dear Lyman De. I was surely glad to hear from you and know your address for sure as both you and your folks have moved a few times and I either didn't know where to write to them to get your address or to you so you would get my letter.

We are having from 10 below zero to 22 above with snow all over the ground and it is very cold in the day time except yesterday for a couple of hours and now it feels like it might moderate some during the middle of the day as the sun is shining.

My Christmas rose flower (green and red) inside is blooming and is surely beautiful. By the way, do you know why green and red are Christmas colors? Well, you go down town before Christmas and spend the greens and after Christmas we are in the red. I have been trying to go to Provo to visit your folks and your new family but bitter cold won't let me go yet, but I expect to go as soon as the snow melts and it is moderate enough to go.

36

Speaking of your baby and its mother reminds me of the baby porcupine backed into a prickly pear and said "Oh, is that you mama?" These jokes I got from Boy's Life Magazine. I am in the superintendency in our Indian branch, scout master, home teacher and they use me whenever someone is away like chorister, teacher, etc.

Well, I wish the war was over and home life could be surer so a degree of happiness could be

had. When I think your mother has had eight children and looks about thirty-five, she is a wonder and deserves a lot of credit. Your father has always tried to keep busy. He is not lazy and in Church circles especially is and has been highly thought of. He is another who has avoided tobacco, etc., and has many good qualities to his credit. You have been on a mission and as long as you pay your tithing and live as you have taught others, you won't need to worry about bombs, poverty, etc., even the Word of Wisdom says all wholesome herbs are ordained for the constitution of man to be used with prudence (wisely careful) and thanksgiving, and if we receive these things (do them) we shall have wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasure. I do this and I have received these treasures, even hidden treasures. I tell people if there is oil to be had on their land and water and have never missed. I give people herbs to get well on, etc. I send herbs from Canada to Puerto Rico, California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, etc.

I wish you were home and we could go fishing and in the hills once in a while [and I wish you] had a good job and doing well and your wife and baby keep in top condition and happy. I can hardly wait until I get to Provo to see you all again. I have a sister in Provo and my boy Evan and family live at Springville, four miles south of Provo, and he has a boy named my full name. I went up and named and blessed him David LeRoy Chidester. He is between fifteen and sixteen years old. He is president of his class, coordinator for school and seminary, and school photographer and the science teacher calls him to teach the class when the teacher can't be there. They like him as well as the teacher. His father Evan is my only boy. He now has worked [long enough] to where he has been taken off the furnace at Geneva Steel Plant and is used as a foreman until a permanent job is open, then he will be a foreman to manage one division. He in a year will get \$1,000 per month. I sure am glad he has worked up. He has been scout master, explorer leader and gets all his inactive neighbors and friends to Church. He surely treats me swell. He gave me a real good car.

Your family surely has treated me grand. There are a lot of good possibilities in your father's family. He has had hard financial trials but I only hope troubles will be blessings in disguise. Your mother is a real angel on earth. The boys and girls are in my way of thinking a model family. Sometimes I wish they had plenty of money to enjoy life a little more, but when I think when I took care of my sick father after my mother died, while he was sick eight months, seven months, two years, nine years, I had the family to keep and in my teens (16-17) to 23 years old. Then I got married when he got well. Between this responsibility and my continuous scouting I can see where it has been a blessing in disguise. I learned how to live. My patriarchal blessing among other things says, "You shall have a great blessing come to you and you won't know why but it will be through your faithfulness and I seal you up against the destroyer and you will come forth in the first resurrection with a Celestial body." I don't want to let anything hinder this. "Do what is right let the consequence follow."

37

Well, Lyman De our governments over the world generally speaking are teetering as prophesy says they will and ours being divinely inspired will stand and the Elders will save the constitution and after the destruction is over then the Church will fill the whole earth as in Daniel 44 and on (King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, etc.) How happy I am to know we are taught the truth to live by and if we do we won't need to worry but trust in our maker as he is protecting all who will live right. So leave worry away and have faith. They are opposite to each other. If a day is gloomy I just think, there is a reason but soon the sun will be out and then we will feel the urge of enthusiasm and on we go doing good to others and when we do that we too are made happy. This is the secret to happiness. We never feel good being selfish. Yes, to see we sustain ourselves is right and that makes us so we can help others.

The rich man who will not impart of his riches to the poor, his riches shall canker his soul at the day of judgment. Let us all speak kind words to each other. Never let our anger rise. Do well always. Be friendly and if we act like this and others do too we wouldn't have war or greed or selfishness and all would be as the Lord wants things to be. All would have plenty and we could do His work with joy and happiness would beam from ocean to ocean and we couldn't hate anyone if we and they were helping each other. It would be impossible. May the Lord watch over you every minute and return you to your wife and baby and family. Love Grandpa Roy Chidester.

LETTER 32

[First page is missing. Gordon Leavitt Platt. This letter refers to the Platt Family Reunion held in Alberta, Canada in summer 1965.] and camped the 4th night. Spent the next day in High River at the camp grounds. The next day was Saturday and our reunion day. Miles and Mary (Miles is Uncle Tom's oldest son) had the noon meal prepared when we got there and we had excellent Canadian beef and all the trimmings. After the meal (we fed sixty-four not including small children) we went to the ward chapel and had a meeting and a program. We felt that things were quite well done. We tentatively set Arizona for the next one, two years from now. After the reunion we went into Calgary and visited with Miles and Morgan (the next oldest). We then journeyed on our way to Banff and Lake Louise. These are beautiful areas and I look forward to going there with you some day.

From this area we traveled down to Sandpoint and showed Thora, George and family the ranch. Then we hit out for home, taking two days from there. All in all the reunion was wonderful, the countryside lush green and the whole program a success.

Arriving home, I found everyone in good health, and anxious for my return as they needed my help. This past weekend we had Joe home from Zion. He brought Kathy around for Sunday dinner and Gary Platt was here also over the weekend, visiting his newly intended bride. He gave her a ring Saturday evening. Her birthday was Sunday and they both were here to Sunday dinner also. A good time was had by all.

Gene is working in the cherries and Ed is still at J.B.'s and if mom hasn't already told you, he has made one parachute jump [and] is scheduled to make another Saturday.

38

Now a little about our desires for you. As I have hashed over and sifted out my feelings regarding you and Bertha I can't come up with any other than a glad feeling that you are going through with your plans for marriage. Lyman, a person is foolish who, when intending marriage, doesn't consider the endless hours, days, weeks, months, and years two people might spend together. When they are of a like enough nature that extreme compatibility can only result, then marriage can and should be inaugurated. I feel you and Bertha are more completely matched than anyone of the girls you have gone with. I feel Bertha also has spiritual qualities to match yours. As soon as you and she make any concrete plans for the future, we would appreciate your letting us know. Of course we will welcome her into our home whenever she wants to come; and as the home is big enough now to eliminate any situation which did develop and is bound to develop in such cramped quarters as we had at 410 North 900 West, we can expect a much smoother running household. How will she plan to support herself while going to school? Perhaps she'll have some saved up to begin on. How's Air Force code operation work? Are you enjoying it as much as I did? I was lonesome for mother (that was before you were here) but enjoyed myself otherwise. Train hard, take advantage of every situation to develop yourself and get as much travel and sight seeing in as your pocketbook will allow, and when you come out, you will say you have no regrets. We manifest our love to you in the only way we can afford, by letter and ether waves. The

Lord God in Heaven is watching over you and is concerned about you. Your family, Dad.

LETTER 33

Lucretia Lyman Ranney, 3820 Madeira Way, Livermore, California, May 1, 1966, Dear Platt Family, It seems like a dream when I think of seeing you folks in Blanding last fall – a dream that I wish had lasted longer.

How time flies, sometimes so fast I hardly have time to say, “Good Morning,” when I have to say “Good Night.” In case you don’t know it we are descended from “lairds and ladies” and here is an excerpt from English History to prove it, so you had better walk “a chalk” and behave yourselves. But as for me I am not much interested in them as I am in the good honest peasantry we have on our lines.

In March Wilbur was sustained as 2nd counselor to the bishop in the new ward. Our ward has been divided twice since I came here in December of 1962. He gave such a good talk after he was sustained and I thank the Lord for him and all the blessings I enjoy. Helen’s two boys are busy in the mission field. Lynn is in Wolf Point, Montana; he says most of the Indians are alcoholics. A Presbyterian minister wrote and warned the Indians about the Elders, said they were proselyting which in English meant “stealing sheep.” I wonder how many sheep Lynn has in his brief case.

Kenneth has answered a call to Uncle Sam, and is training at Fort Ord. It makes me heartsick but I guess all we can do is to sit tight and pray for them.

We are well, and I am still hobbling around on my walking aid and thanking the Lord for all His numerous blessings, and thanking Him that I am as well as I am.

39

Give my love to all your family, young and old; short and tall and try and find time to write me a little note once in a while.

Allie, I hope you have a pleasant Mother’s Day and lots more pleasant days, you deserve all the happiness you can get; you are certainly a wonderful person, mother, niece, and whatever you are eligible for. Be sure and tell Lyman De I am sending my love to him and his wife.

May the Lord bless all of you. Sincerely, Aunt Kiss. [Lucretia Lyman Ranney]

LETTER 34

Edward Partridge Family Association, 3993 Mercury Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117, March 29, 1975, To: Mr. Lyman De Platt, c/o The Genealogical Society, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150, Dear Brother Platt: your letter to our Association was forwarded to me as I am currently serving as President of the group.

The Association is very much interested in your offer to let us publish the diary of Edward Partridge, who was my great-grandfather; I should say is my great-grandfather.

As I am out of town much of the time, it is difficult for me to get in touch with you during office hours. As you are a Publications Specialist, could you give us some guidance as to how to go about publishing the book? We would particularly need to know the financial requirements.

I am confident that a large number of our relatives would be anxious to purchase the book.

As I write this letter, I am impressed that it would be better for me to come and see you to discuss the mechanics of publication. I will try again to call you at the office in the next two or three days. We have a goodly number of our family members who will participate by contributing money. Our greatest need is for those with the time and know how to do research.

If you could drop me a note as to what steps to take to publish the book, I feel sure that we could work it out. Sincerely, Francis M. Partridge; phone: 278-1567.

LETTER 35 [This is a series of letters on the Harrover Family.]

LETTER 35-1

Lyman De Platt, Provo, Utah, March 7, 1969, Alton Leroy Harrover, Lotton, Virginia, Dear Mr. Harrover, while in D.C. last year looking for my Harrover ancestors. I ran across your name and write you at this time in hopes that you might help me.

Our common ancestor, apparently Merryman Harrower, came into Fairfax County, Virginia about 1783. In the U.S. Census of 1790, he was the head of eleven "white souls." I am related to Thomas Harrover, apparently his son. Thomas married Sinah Ogden and they had eleven children, but both died in the 1830's leaving a young family. Their daughter Eliza was sent to D.C. to live with her Aunt Jane Richie. Eliza is my great-great grandmother.

40

This is all I know about the Harrovers. If you can help me on my line or give me reference to anyone who could, it would be greatly appreciated. This is a college assignment as well as a hobby of mine.

If you cannot help me, please write back and let me know about your branch of the Harrover family. Thank you very much for your help. Sincerely, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 35-2

Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, March 7, 1969, Addie Harrover, Lotton, Virginia, Dear Mrs. Harrover, last year when I was in Washington D.C. I looked up the Harrover names in the directory with the desire to write to several. Apparently your husband was a Harrover, but maybe you can help me anyway.

I am related to the Harrovers of Fairfax County, Virginia, but have very little information on them and desire more. Apparently all the Harrovers descend from Merryman Harrower who came to Virginia about 1783 and settled in Fairfax County, Virginia. He was the head of eleven souls according to the 1790 U.S. Census.

I assume, but need proof, that my ancestor, Thomas Harrover, was his son. Thomas was born about 1786 and died between 1821-1830. He married Sinah Ogden. Their daughter Eliza, as a very young girl, was left parentless and went to live with an Aunt Jane Richie in Washington D.C. The rest of the family of eleven children seems to have disappeared.

Any help you could give me would be so much appreciated. If any expense was incurred in getting that information I would be glad to pay for it.

Please drop a line even if you have no information and tell me of your family. If you would, check with Alton Harrover, who apparently lives next door. Thank you. Sincerely, Lyman D. Platt.

LETTER 35-3

Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, March 9, 1969, Irene Olsen, Rigby, Idaho, Dear Mrs. Olsen, in looking over the generations turned in by the Church program, I ran across the family group sheet on which you give Eliza Harrover, born August 26, in Nevertire, Fairfax, Virginia.

I have been working on my Harrover line recently, trying to break through, and haven't had too much success except in what I have been able to find in the census records for the late 1700's and early 1800's.

I would like to know where you get the name Nevertire as Eliza's place of birth so that if it is a correct entry I might put it on my sheets. I have known for a long time that Eliza was from Fairfax County, Virginia, but haven't been able to confirm a birthplace. If you have any documents to substantiate this name I will gladly pay you for a copy of them. If I can be of assistance to you, please let me know. Sincerely yours, Lyman De Platt

41

LETTER 35-4

Addie Harrover, Lotton, Virginia, April 12, 1969, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, Mr. Platt,

received your letter of last month. I had a letter from Mr. Leavitt from California asking for the same information, so I gave him all I knew. If you contact him perhaps he would tell you what I sent him. I lost my husband in 1957, his name was Charles Alton Harrover and my son lives next door to me, and his name Alton LeRoy Harrover, so I will give you Leavitt's name and you write him and tell him I told you about him.

Mr. J. P. Leavitt

11011 Morrison Street

North Hollywood, California, 91601

I'm sure he will help you. I hope you have luck. Let me know if he helped you. Addie Harrover, 8248 Silverbrook Road, Lotton, Virginia 22079.

LETTER 35-5

Irene Olsen, Rigby, Idaho, April 17, 1969, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Mr. Platt, in answer to your letter concerning Eliza Harrover, I got the information concerning Eliza Harrover's birthplace on a sheet prepared by Rose McAllister of Gunlock, Utah, a cousin. It is also recorded in a book compiled by Rose by the name *History of Josiah Leavitt and Mary Ann Bowler and Family*. She tells of getting her information from her grandfather, Josiah Leavitt before his death.

If I can be of any more help I will be glad to help you if I can. Rose probably has more information than I do. You can write her by addressing it to Rose McAllister, Gunlock, Utah. Sincerely yours, Irene Olsen.

LETTER 35-6

Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, May 13, 1969, Joseph Page Leavitt, North Hollywood, California, Dear Brother Leavitt, Last month I wrote a letter to Mrs. Addie Harrover at 8248 Silverbrook, Lorton, Virginia 22079. She wrote back and told me what information she had, she'd sent to you, and referred me to you.

Eliza Harrover was the daughter of Thomas Harrover and Sinah Ogden. She was born August 20, 1825 in Fairfax County, Virginia. Mrs. Irene Olsen of Rigby, Idaho says Eliza was born in Nevertire, Fairfax, Virginia. Her source seems good, but I am still checking it out.

I have all of the information from the Virginia censuses, plus some dates on the Leavitt line relative to the Harrovers. If you can add to this; specifically, any information on Thomas Harrover or his wife, I would appreciate it.

While I'm at it, I might say that we have a really good Leavitt Organization going now. You may have received the last bulletin. If not, and you wish to, I'll contact the secretary in Salt
42

Lake and he will send you a membership application. There are about 1,600 members and we are working on perfecting the presently known facts so as to research more knowledgeably. If I can help you in any way, let me know. Genealogy is my profession, and my hobby.

Sincerely yours, Lyman D. Platt.

LETTER 35-7

Josiah Page Leavitt, 11011 Morrison Street, North Hollywood, California 91601, June 7, 1969, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah. Dear Brother Platt: thank you for your nice letter that just came to my desk. I am Joseph Page Leavitt, the son of Josiah Leavitt, who was the son of Eliza Harrover. I have been working on the Harrover line for about a year, and have gathered information from every known source, and still I needed help from beyond the veil to complete the sheet on Thomas Harrover and Sinah Ogden.

I have completed the sheet on Thomas Harrover and his father and mother and have just sent them in. Also a sheet on Sinah Ogden and her father and mother has been sent in. The information was so skimpy and scattered in so many sources, with a hint here and a clue

there, that it was almost impossible to put the families together. No known church sources for christenings or birth was ever found for any of them except John and Alexander were in the 1850 census. Approximate dates had to be used for all. That is why I hurried them through before the new GIANT system comes into existence on July 1, 1969. After that we will have to have exact dates for all of our work. No more about dates will be tolerated.

The father and mother of Thomas Harrover were Merriman and Elizabeth Harrower, or Harrover. The father and mother of Sinah Ogden were William Ogden and Chloe. Since I have sent the sheets in to the archives for the work to be done, I have put my books away until after my vacation, and do not have the sheets available or I would send you a copy. However, if you wish a copy, let me know and when I come back from my vacation, about the 1st of July, I will send you a copy. The charge will be just what they cost me to make and mail.

There are several Leavitt organizations, to which do you refer? I belong to the Josiah Leavitt family organization. The others seemed to have passed me by. However, I would like to hear of the activities of any one or all of them. And I should like to know who your father and mother were. Perhaps I could figure out where you fit into the Leavitt family.

There are ten years difference between the death date on Lemuel Leavitt's headstone at Santa Clara, Utah, and the date shown on his death certificate. I think it would be a good activity if some of the family organizations got their heads together and corrected this error. It makes us look like a bunch of sheep herders.

I have the Addie Harrover family group sheet, but since they are a modern family, I do not see how I can get it in. Since most of them are living and not members of the Church. I would like to if I could. If I can be of further help to you please contact me at any time.

P.S. Sources on the Harrover and Ogden lines included 1830-1850-1880 censuses; personal property tax at age 21; wills and probates; marriages, births and deaths of Fairfax County.

43

Living: 1 Harrover in Fairfax Co., Va., 2 in Maryland and one in Washington, D.C.

Researcher in Richmond, Virginia, Sue Christian. Sincerely, J. P. Leavitt. [This Joseph Page Leavitt was a first cousin to my grandmother, Clarissa Josephine Leavitt. His son, Joseph Vernon Leavitt, who is the webmaster (2008) in the Western Association of Leavitt Families, is his son, and therefore, a 2nd cousin to my father, Gordon Leavitt Platt. - LDP]

LETTER 35-8

Lyman D. Platt, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah 84601, July 13, 1969, Josiah Page Leavitt, North Hollywood, California, Dear Brother Leavitt, I have waited a little longer than necessary to write again. By now you should have been back from your vacation for quite a while. My folks just went on theirs, but mine will have to wait for next year.

Enclosed is \$1.00 which should cover the costs for sending me duplicates of your sheets on Merryman Harrower and William Ogden. Also with those sheets, if you would [please send me] all of your sources of reference and any little bits of information that would go well in a history of those families.

My relationship to you is 1st cousin two times removed. My grandmother and you are cousins. She was Clarissa Josephine Leavitt Platt Chidester, daughter of Jeremiah Leavitt IV who was a brother to your father. My father is Gordon Leavitt Platt.

The Leavitt Organization here is the Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah Shannon Family Organization. We are the central organization for all the Leavitt descendants of Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah Shannon. We are divided into temple districts with presidents over each district. Once a year there is a meeting in Salt Lake for all the officers from all of the temple districts. Once a month the officers from the Salt Lake, Provo, Orem area, who are the

officers over the whole organization get together to plan bulletin distribution, organize better the temple districts, coordinate research and plan further activities. Membership dues are \$5.00 a year. This will give you three bulletins a year, Family Organization research summaries, a coat of arms, etc. At present we have about 1,800 paid members. Research is going along real fine and the organization is growing. Within the last month we have received around \$500 for dues and research.

I will greatly appreciate your assistance in sending me the sheets I have requested plus any additional information. I am one of the researchers for the Family Organization and within about eighteen months we hope to put out a 300-page book on the Leavitt family from Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah Shannon back, plus some information on their descendants.

Thank you again for your help. The Harrover and Ogden lines have given me a lot of headaches and I've spent too many hours of unsuccessful research on their problem. Your information will go a long, long way in perfecting those lines. Tradition has it that the Harrovers came from Scotland or the Shetland Islands.

Sincerely yours, Lyman De Platt.

44

LETTER 35-9

Josiah Page Leavitt, 11011 Morrison Street, North Hollywood, California 91601, July 18, 1969, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear cousin: I had to laugh when you said the Harrover and Ogden lines had given you a lot of headaches. Move over cousin, you've got company. But I had a dream before I started the research that I would be able to assemble the Thomas Harrover family if I tried. After I had spent about three hundred and fifty dollars, I began to wonder.

Then the Lord did really begin to help me in too many ways for me to put it all down. But I assembled the information that I had obtained and put it together the way that I thought it should go and sent it into the Archives for the work to be done. The sheets I am sending you are Xerox copies of the sheets I sent in. But the proof is so scattered in so many different sources that I am not sure they will accept it at the Genealogical Society. At least I have not been notified as yet that my sheets have been accepted. I dreamed the other night that you would be able to help. So I am making available any and all the information that I have that you might want. [Note: some of the information sent to me by Joseph Page Leavitt is found in *Platt Family Records Center: Notes*, volume 3.1, pages 32-34, Notes 65-69. - LDP]

You will note on page one that the will of Sinah Harrover and the guardianship of Maria, Caroline, Samuel, and Mary Harrover were listed under the Harwood name. Only by the alertness of the researcher and the help of the Lord were these three names discovered. Page two shows how Merriman first spelled his name when he first came to Fairfax County from Charlotte County. The Harroway name is given in the *Knarr Book of Marriages* for Virginia. Only in Charlotte County and in Fairfax County does this name show up spelled this way. In 1794 Merriman corrected the spelling to Harrower. I have the tax report on all Harrowers and Ogdens from 1782 when they first appeared in Fairfax County to 1852. But from what I am giving you, you can see how I have done the sheets. To give you a copy of all the research I have done on this line would be quite expensive. So I am giving you part of it to show how it was assembled.

On page four we catch Basil and Samuel married to Rachel and E. Harrover, in each case we have supporting evidence. But the support is so wobbly that a good kick would knock it all down. But in spite of all this, I believe the way I have done it is right.

Page five shows three girls that showed up to buy some of Sinah's personal belongings. Mary Harrover, Betsy Harrover and Nancy Davis. Nancy Davis was really the oldest Harrover girl

that had married a Davis. But don't ask to know how I found this out. It is too long a story, and I have to hurry if I get these sheets off in the mail today. So until I hear from you, may the Lord bless you in all your efforts. Sincerely, Joseph Page Leavitt.

LETTER 35-10

Joseph Page Leavitt, 11011 Morrison Street, North Hollywood, California, 91601, July 23, 1969, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Brother De Platt: here is a copy of another sheet that I sent in to the Genealogical Society and forgot to mail you a copy. These are all marked P.I.D. (parentage in doubt) so I did not think you would be interested but here they are for
45

what they are worth anyway. I also sent two sheets on #4 Charles. But that is not our direct line so I guess you wouldn't be interested in that.

Anyhow here is one more sheet to wrestle with. So have fun with it. I am immensely interested to find that another of my relatives has taken up our line and working on it. Anything I can do to further your work, let me know. Sincerely, Joseph Page Leavitt.

LETTER 36

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, October 20, 1965, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brother Lyman and Sister Irene, thanks for the good letter. Sanford has been as interested as I have been in the proposition of joining you some time in a hunt. And since receiving your letter we have talked about it and this is our conclusion.

He thinks it's too late to get in on the two bucks per license and if we were only allowed one deer that would be pretty expensive for an out of state license of \$40.00. Otherwise our work would be pretty well taken care of as our delivery date on our yearling steers and heifers is October 26th. Our cow and calf sales are over and your suggestion of the 27th and 28th would work just fine.

But since the price of a license is so high, if it is limited to one deer, I guess we had better forget it and hope for a reunion with you on some other terms some time in the future.

I just returned from a trip to Richfield, Provo, and Salt Lake last week when I was appointed to accompany Ramond Naukai, Chairman of the Navajo Tribe and the Vice Chairman Nelson Daymon and eight of their head councilmen to look over the welfare program of the Church; also the child placement program. They were well received by the Brethren and all who acted as guides and were given every courtesy that would have been given the Royalty from any land, so you may know that they felt good about the trip and learned a lot about our people which will bear fruit in the future when we have need of building sites, etc.

They talk of installing woolen mills and they want a soap factory. They are the ones that hold the purse, so I think there is a chance for some action.

The Brethren tell them if they want to start some industry they will help them set it up and furnish help to run it until they learn how to run it themselves. We were glad to hear of Brother Albert and wife on the trip to Palestine; that is pretty sporty for his age, and we hope for their safe return after a most agreeable trip.

Lillian don't improve any; in fact she is losing ground. Some one has to be with her all the time. I don't take her into the reservation any of the time I have an assignment where I go every Sunday to help take care of a Lamanite branch at Greasewood, so I leave her with the folks at home.

Thank you for the invitation. You have been patient with us through the years, in inviting us so many times. But under the circumstances I guess we had better decline. Love to you all. S. Eugene Flake.

46

LETTER 37

Almon Perkins Lyman, December 25, 1965, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear dad and mother: I am getting one to not want to sit down and write. Many times I think, as I am driving along, of all the things I wish to tell you. For example, George Lamphrear dropped in to see us on his way back from Los Angeles. He lives in Hood River, Oregon. And he surely wanted us to tell you hello for he and his family. He had his two youngest. He has one son at B.Y.U. now who is going to go on a mission shortly. It was good to see him. Then the other Saturday at the Oakland Temple who should show up for a couple of sessions but a whole bus load from Columbia River Stake, many from Longview. We did not of course get to visit as much as we desired but did greet many of them. Lyle LaPray is the bishop there and they now have over 900 in their ward. They are selling the chapel to the Catholic Church; plan to build another next summer.

January 10, 1966. Spent New Years Day over at Wilbur's; had a good visit with Aunt Kiss. Had to write to her and her to me, but had more of a visit this way than I have had heretofore. Grant Reeves and family came over also. He has a son in Korea on a mission. He has a nice family and is still a great guy. They had to leave as soon as dinner was over since he was to go to work. Jets fly on New Years also.

Surely appreciated your call on Christmas day. But call me collect please, any time you wish. This goes for both of you. Remember this, please.

Dad on your apparatus (for lack of a better word) we should get a letter off to *you* just as soon as we can, describing and showing by drawings what has taken place. This protects you. I am not sure when I can get down to see you; but will do so as quickly as I can. I am investigating the possibilities of outside interests to utilize your apparatus. I am going slow and not disclosing anything. To do so in final stages I must have familiarized myself with it so that I can talk intelligently to concerns that may be willing to pay for its system.

How is the weather there? Could you find out from Maureen at Flagstaff what the weather and roads are like. I am coming as soon as I can see my way clear. It may be a little while but this I will have to work out.

Thanks for keeping us posted about Mark. Your being there and me here ought to work out really good in keeping prying eyes and people from finding out what you have gotten. Keep me posted. We love you all and pray for your happiness. All our love, your son, A.P. [Almon Perkins Lyman]

LETTER 38

Kirk Cook Lyman, 5-11-1962 [Probably May 11, 1962], Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Dear Folks, Just a few lines to say I'm doing fine and enjoying it all except for knocking on doors. We've only had a couple shut in our faces but then I don't like for *anyone* to shun me. My companion is from Salt Lake City and a fine fellow. I know I'll learn a lot from him.

47

Three days after my arrival I had the privilege of baptizing a sixteen year old girl whom the Elders had taught several months ago. They receive the credit in the Lord's eyes but we do in the eyes of man.

Write if you can find time but don't expect more than one or two a month from me.

Don't worry about helping me out as I'm okay financially. I will be [okay] for better than a year and we can see what happens then. Love you all Kirk.

LETTER 39

Pedro Ernesto Zeballos, Tacna, Peru, October 23, 1975, Sr. Lyman Platt, Box 321, Spring Lake, Utah 84655, U.S.A., Recordado y respetado hermano Lyman: Deseo de todo corazón que al recibir la presente, se encuentre gozando de las bendiciones y protección de Nuestro Padre Celestial, en unión de su digna esposa al igual con sus hijitos y todos sus familiares.

La presente tiene el propósito de saludarle y hacerle recuerdo que nosotros acá en Tacna, no olvidamos al Elder Platt, sobre todo la familia Zeballos que siempre recuerda del Elder que dejó muchas enseñanzas buenas dignas de imitar y sobre todo su amistad y cariño para ellos. Hermano Platt, quisiera nuevamente molestarlo con respecto a la línea de autoridad del Hermano Marion Robinson que trabajó en Toquepala y fue quien me apartó y ordenó Elder, yo le solicité a Ud. este favor cuando estuvo de visita en Tacna, vuelvo a hacerlo, quisiera que si es posible converzar con el Hermano Robinson al respecto y enviarme su línea de autoridad, si le hace salude a la familia Robinson en nombre del los miembros de la Rama de Tacna, los cuales siempre recuerdan de la buena familia Robinson.

Ya no soy el Presidente de la Rama de Tacna. Fué llamado el Hermano Napoleón Dávila C., quien es conocido por Usted. El cargo que desempeño actualmente es el de miembro del Alto Consejo del Distrito Arequipa, y soy Supervisor de la Rama de Tacna a la vez Supervisor de Institutos y Seminarios; todo lo que soy en la Iglesia actualmente se lo debo al Elder Platt por sus buenas enseñanzas y ejemplo que adquirí cuando trabajó duro en la Rama de Tacna. Ahora tenemos el desafío de que Tacna sea un Distrito y creo con la ayuda del Nuestro Padre Celestial y de los miembros lograremos cumplir con la meta que nos han desafiado cumplir, tenemos come 126 a 130 miembros que asisten a las reunions y pronto tendremos otra Rama en Tacna, pido a Usted que nos ayude con sus oraciones para que podamos lograr lo que deseamos para Tacna.

Ruego a usted salude a su esposa y toda la familia de parte de mi esposa y de mis cinco hijitas mujeres la mayor tiene quince años y la última cinco años, también quiero que haga extensivos mis saludos a sus padres de parte de nosotros y usted reciba en un fuerte abrazo todo el respeto y aprecio que le tiene su hermano que lo recuerda siempre. Pedro E. Zeballos Flores, mi dirección: Casilla 500, Tacna, Peru.

48

LETTER 40

[Letter originally written in Spanish; translated here for benefit of the majority using this record.] Lyman D. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, February 18, 1976, Pedro Ernesto Zeballos Flores, Tacna, Peru, Dear brother Zeballos, I am pleased after months of waiting to write to you and to direct your attention to the request you made of me several times, referring to your line of authority. I have looked several times without success in various archives here to find how to begin. It was difficult to find the information but I have finally managed to do so, and I present it here as proof of my eternal friendship for you and your family.

In the first place, in case you don't have the dates for your ordinations in the Aaronic Priesthood, here they are:

Deacon January 12, 1964 by Elder Dennis Phil Harris

Teacher March 22, 1964 by Elder Gary Lee Johnson

Priest June 7, 1964 by Elder Randall L. Taylor

You received the Melchizedek Priesthood on July 5, 1964, under the hand of President Marion Carl Robinson. He was ordained an Elder on November 12, 1944 by Wilford Martindale Farnsworth who was ordained an High Priest on January 31, 1920 by John Thomas Whetten, who was ordained an High Priest March 9, 1889 by Apostle John Whittaker Taylor. Apostle Taylor was ordained an Apostle on April 9, 1884 by his father President John Taylor. President Taylor was ordained an Apostle on December 19, 1838 by Apostle Brigham Young who was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835 under the hands of the Three Witnesses Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris.

The Three Witnesses were called by revelation to choose The Twelve Apostles on February 14, 1835 and were blessed by the laying on of hands by the presidency, Joseph Smith, Jr.,

Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams, to ordain The Twelve Apostles (History of the Church, Vol. 2, pages 187-188).

Joseph Smith, Jr. and Oliver Cowdery received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James and John.

Peter, James and John were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ (John 15:16).

Brother Robinson was not ordained an High Priest until September 6, 1969, so he was an Elder when he ordained you.

Brother Zeballos, I hope that this information will be of benefit to you. Hugs and kisses to your family, to President Dávila and his family, and to all my former friends. Your faithful servant, Lyman De Platt

LETTER 41

Melvin A. Lyman, M.D., Delta, Utah 84624, December 15, 1969, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Brother Platt: Thank you for the information you sent. I am interested to note that
49

you are a genealogist and have some interest in the Lyman family. Following are the addresses of Maurine St. John and Asel Lyman: Maurine St. John, 1670 West 7525 South, Granger, Utah. Phone 255-1670. Asel Lyman, Sugar City, Idaho.

I am very anxious to talk to you about the work I am attempting to do; and hoping that I can get some help from you. Enclosed is another project I am working on which I feel needs to take more of my time, if I could find someone else to take over my job with the Lyman family.

You, I am sure, will be very interested in this Latin American project that we have started. If at all possible I would very much like to meet you and your wife, we would like to have you and your wife come down sometime in the near future to my home. We could have a steak supper and go over the details on the Lyman family history. If you are interested, please let me know when you can come, we would be happy to entertain you. If you find that you are unable to come, I would be happy to meet you in Provo sometime. Sincerely, Melvin A.

Lyman, M.D.

LETTER 42

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Office of the First Presidency, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, June 21, 1962, Elder Lyman De Platt, Springdale, Utah, Dear Elder Platt: You are hereby called to be a missionary of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the Andes Mission.

Your presiding officers have recommended you as one worthy to represent the Church of our Lord as a Minister of the Gospel. It will be your duty to live righteously, to keep the commandments of the Lord, to honor the holy Priesthood which you bear, to increase your testimony of the divinity of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, to be an exemplar in your life of all the Christian virtues, and so to conduct yourself as a devoted servant of the Lord that you may be an effective advocate and messenger of the Truth. We repose in you our confidence and extend to you our prayers that the Lord will help you thus to meet your responsibilities.

The Lord will reward the goodness of your life, and greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you serve Him humbly and prayerfully in this labor of love among His children.

We ask that you please send your written acceptance promptly, endorsed by your presiding officer in the ward or branch where you live. Sincerely yours, David O. McKay, President.

LETTER 43

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day

Saints, 50 North Main, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 15, 1961, Lyman De Platt, 409 South Pickering, Whittier, California. Dear Brother: it is with a deep feeling of pride and satisfaction that we send you through your bishop your "Duty to God Award" and the Citation which accompanies it.

50

We know that in earning this award you have been faithful in your religious duties and have supported your bishop in the Aaronic Priesthood program. Your performance in the Sunday School and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association is also a great credit to you and the Church.

Your loyalty is a source of assurance to us, to know that young men such as you are devoting yourselves to the Church and are helping to build the Kingdom of God upon the earth. We know that the Lord will bless you and we are proud of you.

We feel sure that in earning this award you have grown and developed personally, and many things have occurred to strengthen your testimony. Our earnest desire is that you continue in your effort to serve the Lord.

As you continue in your service to young manhood, may our Heavenly Father pour out his choicest blessings upon you. Sincerely your brethren, Joseph L. Wirthlin, Presiding Bishop, George R. Hill, General Superintendent Sunday School, Joseph T. Bentley, General Superintendent, Y.M.M.I.A.

LETTER 44

National Council Boy Scouts of America, August 1, 1962, Lyman De Platt, Canyon Motel, Springdale, Utah, Dear Lyman: Congratulations on becoming an Eagle Scout! This is a significant achievement and one which places you in distinguished company. I know how much real work you have done and that many people have helped you along the way and are proud and happy that you have sought higher things.

I feel sure, too, that you have met many, many people along Scouting's trail whose examples have meant much to you.

It is my earnest hope that the Scout Oath and Law have helped reinforce your own spiritual convictions and contributed to the development of a personal code of conduct and ethics that will carry into your adult life.

I am personally proud of young men who attain the rank of Eagle in the Boy Scouts of America because I believe they will be better equipped to meet the challenges which America faces today. More than ever before we need men of courage and judgment and of understanding in the things they believe to stand up and be counted. I am sure that you will continue to live in such a way that our country will be stronger because of what you believe and because of what you are willing to do.

Best wishes for continued good Scouting, Sincerely, Boy Scouts of America, Joseph A. Brunton, Jr., Chief Scout Executive. JABJr/mlb

LETTER 45

Patricia Platt, Highland, Utah [about 1976], Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, To Dad, I love you very much for all you do. This poem I'm about to tell you I know it's true.

51

My Dad is a fantastic guy,
You'll probably want to know just why,
He loves my mom and loves us too,
Obeys the Lord; lives the Gospel true.
He goes to work even when it's cold.
Provides us with food, a house, and clothes.

He takes us to Church and leads us in prayer.
He laughs and he tickles and he really does care.
He cleans up our yard and teaches us how to care
For our home and get things done now.
He shows us how to be good and true,
By the way he lives and by what he says too.
I'm proud that I have a Dad like you,
I'll love you dad my whole life through!
I hope you like this picture. Happy Easter. Patricia.

LETTER 46

Kirk Cook Lyman, November 26, 1962, Edward Robison Lyman, Dear Dad & Family, As usual it's Monday and I'm in the Laundromat doing my weekly washing. This is the only time I have to write so if it looks like hen scratching, just try to by pass it. I received a letter from Lois' mother a little more than a week ago and answered her last Monday. She asked me to come and visit her but that's impossible since we teach seven days a week.

The work here is going fine except for several things which should be corrected in the branch. We as missionaries don't have the right to tell them they can't do things right as it would only cause hard feelings.

Saturday, November 24, we baptized a family of five into the Church. They are a wonderful family and given the opportunity they can be a great asset to this branch.

The record for learning the six discussion plan we use is five weeks. I've been out four weeks now and have four and hope to tie the record. Sometimes we don't get in until 10:00 or 10:30, so it makes it hard to study. Everything is fine here and I surely hope it's fine there too. God bless you all. Has Terry K. had her baby? Love, Kirk.

LETTER 47

Kirk Cook Lyman, Monday, December 10, 1962, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear folks, again it's time to do my weekly and welcome washing and writing. This won't be too long as I don't have too much time.

52

Everything is going fine here. I'm still having pretty severe headaches but I don't guess I'll ever get rid of them as long as I live.

No baptisms since the family of five but a lot of high hopes and fine people to work with. It's really a wonderful work and I enjoy it very much.

A week ago today I took a youth missionary with me to meet a Baptist minister. He's a fine man to talk to but not to teach. It was a new experience for me too, as it was my first time on my own. I surely appreciate my Senior Companion now.

I had all six discussions learned in 5½ weeks, which is pretty good. I have to keep going over them to retain them, but I never could memorize too well.

D & C 121:45-46 are two of the biggest helps a fellow could ask for when he begins to doubt if he's doing the right things or not. Thanks.

Grandma, in answer to your question, if you want to send candy and cookies, okay, but I'm allergic to chocolate so it won't do any good to send any with chocolate in them. Okay.

God bless you all and hope you enjoy the winter spirit of Christmas. Love Always, Kirk.

[The report which follows was made while Ed was working in the Research Department and was in charge of Spain, Portugal, the Azores and Canary Islands.

LETTER 48

Edward L. Platt, Madrid, Spain, May 26, 1975, To Mr. Frank Smith, Research Department,

Genealogical Society, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150, Dear Frank: We're finally settled in our apartment. Our phone number is 458-05-10. We received the green card from Italy so the car is as legal as it can be, I think. We're going to have to take it and ourselves out of the country occasionally. That shouldn't be too difficult. However, I think before too long we should get rid of this V.W. and buy a local car.

We've been kept busy the last two weeks, running around trying to get settled. It's amazing the amount of red tape a government can come up with. In between red tape I've been trying to get the operator's manual translated and typed into Portuguese. It should be ready this week sometime. I'll send a rough draft copy to the operator on Madeira and a rough draft copy to Salt Lake City so that the translation department can go over it and check for grammatical correctness.

I received a letter containing the shipping invoice for the camera indicating that it had been shipped and then I received a telegram from John Kartchner saying "camera problems." I'll be in touch with the customs agent here to see how soon we can get the camera out of customs. I hope the problems referred to by John don't cause any delays. Kim Langdorf is already here in Madrid. I'm expecting both Jay and John to arrive on the 31st. If there are no

53
serious problems with the camera, we'll head for Ciudad Rodrigo as soon after the 1st as possible. [Camera further delayed. Frank Smith]

Communication is going to be a problem. I received a phone call from Brother Turner, branch president in Barcelona, indicating that he had received a letter from Ted Powell offering him a job. I suppose the job offer was as a camera operator. However, Lee Boam had already hired and trained Kim Langdorf for the position. I promised Brother Turner that John and I would come up and talk to him. I think things will work out for the best because I don't believe Brother Turner would have wanted to go to Ciudad Rodrigo. If we start a second project in Barcelona, he could be our operator there. He is a good possibility to replace me as supervisor since he speaks all of the languages necessary (Spanish, Portuguese, German and English) and since he has been trained as a production supervisor. When I first talked with him I got the impression that Ted had offered him the job of supervisor. He seemed quite excited about the possibility. After thinking about it, I realize that couldn't have been the job Ted had in mind. At any rate, I hope John and I can straighten the situation out without causing bad feelings.

I have received no reports yet from Jay so I called him two days ago. It seems that the 150 watt lamps I sent him were not getting the job done. Luckily he found some 300 watt lamps which he says are working fine. He told me that there was no planatrol arm included with the planatrol from Germany. I asked Lee to order one from Salt Lake. Could you follow through and make sure one is sent to Jay? [Ted: okay, sent] In the meantime Jay is improvising with a broomstick or something similar. He said the training with Julio was going fine. He is planning to leave Madeira on the 29th of May.

Val and I are doing fine. We've both had bad colds the last week. I guess the jet lag and change in climate finally caught up with us. Val has been having fainting spells. We took her to a doctor who is conducting some tests. He thinks it's either low blood pressure, anemia or both. He didn't seem too worried, so we're not either.

I'm concerned about Rolando and South America. Please let me know what is happening. Did Lyman end up going to Peru?

I'll send you a report of the number of hours Val has worked at the end of May. She is turning out to be a good assistant and secretary. I think it is helpful for her to have something to do.

Postage is so terribly expensive that I'll be sending my letters on this light-weight paper. If there are any objections, please let me know. Sincerely, Edward L. Platt. ELP/vp
REPORT OF TRIP TO PORTUGAL, April 13 – May 2, 1975, by Edward L. Platt. The trip to Portugal was undertaken with the following objectives in mind:

Retrieve the MRD-2 camera and 300 rolls of film from customs.

Set up the camera and accessories so that filming can begin immediately.

54

Hire a Portuguese citizen from the island of Madeira to be trained by Jay Davis as a camera operator.

Find a place for Jay Davis to live during the six weeks that he will be on Madeira.

Locate a company to handle our shipments of film and establish a satisfactory agreement with them.

Locate a company to handle construction of cardboard boxes for shipment of the film from Madeira.

Cement our relationship with the archivist and his staff.

Continue, if possible, research and negotiations in the Azores and Lisbon.

The results were as follows: 1 & 2: The film was in customs in Funchal when we arrived on Madeira. The camera for some reason had not yet arrived. We contacted a customs broker who suggested we wait until the camera arrived before beginning proceedings to retrieve the camera and film. The camera did not arrive in Funchal until Monday, April 21, 1975. We immediately began to gather and organize the necessary paperwork and obtain the necessary signatures. The customs broker assured us that the permit would be valid for one year. When the camera and film were released, the permit was only valid for one month and renewable for an additional two months. In other words, the camera and film are only legally on the island for a total of ninety days. We explained to the customs official that we had been promised a permit for one year. He informed us that if we wanted a permit for a greater length of time, we would have to start proceedings all over, which would have taken another two weeks. We decided to accept the situation as it was for the present time. I left instructions with Jay Davis to renew the permit at the end of the first month. At the end of the 2nd month I will have to return to Madeira to renew our permit and while there I will start the necessary paper work and proceedings to insure that the camera can remain until the filming is completed.

Due to the usual delays when working with a bureaucratic government, the camera and film were not released until April 30, 1975. The camera was immediately set up, only to discover that no lamps had been sent.

We immediately placed a telephone call to Lee Boam who informed us that he had no lamps in stock and that we should either try buying some in Lisbon or get in touch with Art Terrechorst in France who had ready access to a supply of lamps. My wife and I left Madeira the next morning and spent a good part of May 2 trying to find some lamps in Lisbon. We discovered these lamps are simply not sold in Lisbon. We then tried to call Art Terrechorst with no success. Finally, two days later, we located lamps of the type we were told to buy in Madrid and immediately had them shipped to Funchal, Madeira.

In the meantime, Jay Davis had received the planatrol from Germany and was just waiting for the lamps to arrive from Spain. He tried to use his time to good advantage by doing what

55

training was possible with the new operator, even though they did not have the use of the camera.

Item 3: Four different persons were interviewed in Funchal as possible camera operators. We

finally decided on Sr. Julio de Freitas, an employee of the archive, for the following reasons: 1) Sr. Freitas has had prior experience microfilming, even though it was done on an ancient camera; 2) The archivist, Sr. Aragão, felt better about having one of his own employees do the filming, for obvious reasons; 3) Sr. Freitas is well acquainted with the records and organization of the archive; 4) Archive hours are from 2:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Sr. Freitas only works these six hours for the archive and was very willing to work from 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. as well as some Saturdays and holidays for us as camera operator; and 5) the main reason, however, for hiring Sr. Freitas is that our contract with the archivist is only for the parish registers in his archive. This leaves out all of the post-1860 books which are still located in the eleven different civil registration archives about the island. The archivist agreed to work with Sr. Freitas as the camera operator in getting permission to bring these books (1860-1900) into the district archive for filming. It is doubtful that he would have made this concession had we hired someone else to operate the camera.

Item 4: Jay Davis decided to stay in the Hotel Calcamar where we initially had reservations. The reason for this decision was two-fold: 1) the success which we had in finding an operator ruled out the possibility that Jay would have to return to the island after going to Spain, thus leaving less than a month for Jay to remain on the island; 2) We found that it was much cheaper for Jay to cook for himself and the apartment did have a small kitchenette which made this possible.

Item 5: We located an efficient, reputable company to handle shipment of our film from Madeira to Amsterdam. The name of the company is "Blandy."

Item 6: We located a company to construct the cardboard boxes which we need to send the film to Amsterdam. We had them make a sample box for us patterned after one which we had brought from the United States. The sample box proved to be very well made and we ordered fifty boxes which cost approximately \$25.00.

Item 7: The time spent waiting for red tape to be processed was well spent in that our relationship with the archivist was greatly solidified. I think we can now consider him a friend as well as a business associate. Having hired one of his employees as our camera operator should also work to our advantage in that if problems arise in the form of retakes or camera breakdown, the archivist will be less likely to hold it against us with one of his own employees there to explain the problems. However, our need to maintain a good working relationship with the operator, has, of course, increased since he will be working very closely with the archivist.

Item 8: Elsewhere in Portugal little was done for the lack of time. I did meet with the branch president and 1st counselor of the servicemen's branch on the island of Terceira in the Azores. They both work in Intelligence work on the island and, thus, have a good knowledge of conditions there in the government and an acquaintance with some of the individuals we

56
will be dealing with there in our negotiations. They both agreed to help out in any way in which they could be of service to us.

I spent an afternoon doing research in the District Archive on the island of São Miguel. I also met once again with President Bangerter in Lisbon who renewed his willingness to help in any way he could. He promised to pay a visit to Jay Davis on his next visit to Madeira.

Edward L. Platt.

LETTER 49

Edward L. Platt, Madrid, Spain, May 25, 1975, Dearest family: I hope you won't consider me presumptuous for sending each of you, as my contribution to our monthly inspirational messages, a copy of a short story I have written.

Someone once said that “artful fiction is more convincing than artless fact.” I can only hope that this story will be considered *artful* fiction. I have, however, put a lot of time into it and if time alone were the determining factor then I’m sure this short story would be far more artful than any last minute spiritual message I might try to struggle into existence.

This story was written with a definite purpose and message in mind. I have attempted to point out a simple truth. Since the gospel encompasses all truth, I feel justified in assuming that this story can serve as an inspirational message.

If, however, you gain no inspiration from reading my story, then we must assume that it is *artless* fiction and the next time I am presented with this opportunity, I will stick with simple fact. Love, Ed.

LETTER 50

Valerie Y. Platt, Madrid, Spain, June 7, 1975, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, Dear Lyman and Bertha, I don’t have any excuse for writing you this birthday letter late except that I procrastinated. I suppose by the time you get it Lyman will have already left for Peru. I’m glad I was able to talk to you on the phone, Lyman. I hope you have or have had a good trip, depending on when you read this letter.

Bertha, today is your birthday. We want you to know that we’re thinking of you. We hope you have a happy birthday.

We’re doing fine. We enjoy Spain but miss Utah and the family. We miss most of all the simple pleasures of home: gardening, our dogs, the mountains, home cooked bread, etc., so you guys enjoy it double for us.

Give our love to Mama Lazo and the kids. Lyman, write us and tell us about your rabbits, the pigs, and the latest news from the Society. Is there a chance that you may go back to the Research Department? Let me know about Rolando. If he has to leave the Department, does Frank have anyone in mind to replace him?

57

I’m thinking seriously of going back to school after we get back. I don’t know whether Frank will approve of my working half time or not. Once I get things going well in Portugal, and if I don’t have any more luck in the future with Brazil than I’ve had in the past, I may just suggest that we try a different approach and find a John Kartchner or a local Brazilian to do the negotiating and research for us.

What I’m getting at is if you have any desires to get back into the Research Department, I don’t want to stand in your way. Depending on how things work I would probably stay another couple of years if I could go back to school at the same time. However, it might be better if I were forced to go to school full time within a year after returning. You’re the obvious choice for Department Chairman of the Latin American Department, when and if that comes into existence. If your eventual position with Derick Metcalfe and Jimmy Parker doesn’t happen for a while then it might be an obvious direction for you to turn.

Of course, most important, is that we both do what the Lord wants us to do. I feel quite strongly that I don’t have a long future with the Society. As long as I feel that I should continue where I am. I will, but I think I can sense a change in the air.

I am not capable right now of knowing what the Lord has in store for either one of us and I hope I can become close enough to Him to make the right decisions.

Lyman, if you happen to get this letter before you leave, please give my love to the family in Peru. I think of them quite often.

Valerie is doing much better now. She is quite big for how far along she is. It looks like the baby is (are) due near the end of October.

I am going to Barcelona this afternoon with John. We went to León last Thursday. Spain is

lovely. Both Val and I are really enjoying ourselves.

This letter has been a bit disjointed, but what we really want to say is that we love you all and hope both of you has a happy birthday. Love Ed.

Bertha: I do hope you have fully recovered from your operation and that everything is OK with you. Boy, you should just about have had all the operations that one can need, haven't you?

My Spanish is coming along very slowly. My goal is to be able to talk with you all in Spanish when we get home – I hope I make it. Take care – we love you all. Love Valerie.

LETTER 51

Lyman D. Platt, Lima, Peru, June 18, 1975 [Originally written in Spanish; translated for genealogical purposes], Dear family, after a few days of a lot of busy work, I have a few minutes to sit down and write to you. My trip was without incident. I arrived in Lima at 6:45 a.m. and President Bishop was waiting to take me to the hotel. He is very excited at my being here and hopes that I can help him a lot with the genealogical program here.

58

Saturday I was with the family. I have seen Lalo and family, Chabuca and family, Ezequiel, Alberto and family, Julio Mejía Vega and family, and this Saturday we are going to have a family reunion. I also saw Inéz and Catalina. Sunday I had meetings with the presidents of the two stakes and I have planned five training meetings with the leaders and members. In the evening I gave a talk in the Fourth Ward. Today I have an interview with the Cardinal and we have begun negotiations with the customs people. All appears to be going well.

I am progressing some with your genealogy, mother and Bertha. I have been busy most of each day interviewing and researching useful information. At any rate, I am going to have to go to Carhuaz. Consuelo gave me the name of a man there that knows a lot about the family. There are flights to Anta, about fifteen kilometers from Carhuaz three times a week. It would cost \$30.00 round trip. The meetings I have here in Lima won't permit me to go until Saturday, June 28th. Depending on how much information I can get between Saturday and Wednesday, perhaps I will have to stay until the 5th in Carhuaz and thus delay my return by several days. If the priest is friendly and allows me to take the books to the hotel on Monday and Tuesday, I should be able to finish in time.

I miss all of you very much, but I am involved in something here that draws me close to Don Carlitos and your ancestors. It is a beautiful feeling. I hope that you are spending your days happily and full of work so that the time will pass rapidly. I love you and pray for your well being. Your father, son, and husband, Daddy, Lyman and *cholo*.

LETTER 52

McKay L. Platt, Honolulu, Hawaii, June 9, 1975, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, Dear Lyman, Bertha and grandma. Aloha from Honolulu. I was transferred from my beautiful Big Island a week ago. I was transferred the day we challenged one of our contacts to baptism. When I left eight of our contacts were ready for baptism. That surely does a lot to give encouragement to a missionary.

The area that I'm in now is called Kaimuki. It is the Diamond Head crater area of Honolulu. It's a nice area and there are beautiful members to help.

Bertha, sounds as though you've had a rough go of things recently. I want to let you know my prayers are with you during your recuperation. If your kids get to be more than you can handle, just put them in a big box and ship them slow boat to Hawaii. I'd love to see them again.

We just recently got our *Ensign* that had the conference talks. President Kimball is certainly doing his part as Prophet to let the world know where this Church stands of the subject of

repentance. That was a beautiful conference. I thought that was outstanding President Kimball's figure of 19,000 missionaries presently which must double in five years and quadruple in ten years; that's 76,000 Elders canvassing the globe, by 1985. Amazing, simply amazing!

59

I hope you folks are doing alright. I look forward to seeing you again and relating my mission to you. I very much enjoy it here and am reluctant to return without feeling an assurance that I've given my all to the Lord. Eight months in the future sounds like awhile, but in retrospect seems altogether too short, nearly negligible. That tends to frighten me.

The other day I did something very interesting. I wrote a schedule of my life in advance. It was very sketchy and inaccurate perhaps, but it served its purpose; example: 1976 – Pau with mission – school; 1977 – married; 1980, start medical school; 1983 – start military service as married, etc. Then I considered a few prophecies and set the Savior's 2nd coming at 2000 A.D. Then I listed the events that had to occur prior to the 2nd coming; example 2000 2nd coming; 1995 10 tribes return; 1990 Armageddon; 1985 Gospel preached to the Jews; 1980 Indian suppression of American Gentiles, etc. Then I just said to myself. I hope my timetable is off or we're all bound to go through some stormy seas, and very soon. At any rate, President Kimball's directive to repent, and tolerate sin no longer, is timely.

Lyman and Bertha, I love you both very much and wish to spend the celestial eternities with you. I know that the only way any of us can hope for that is by undeviating obedience to law, readily available from the scriptures, the brethren, prayer, and the Holy Ghost. May Father in Heaven continue to bless you in each of your righteous acts. Sincerely, Mac [McKay Lyman Platt] P.S. tell the kids hi!

LETTER 53

Letterhead: Medical Dental Management Association, D. Henry Leavitt, Practice Management Consultant, Las Vegas, Nevada; 609 Financial Center, Phoenix, Arizona 85012, November 28, 1972, Lyman D. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Lyman, it was good to talk to you by phone last night.

We are interested in doing something as the family organization here in the valley with the coat of arms that we received several years ago, but thought that it would be of interest to have something along with it about the history – it adds so much in interest. I would appreciate it if you would share with us what you have found (notes, etc.). Stephan has done some on his own the past several years.

There is a firm called Halberts out of Ohio that has been doing commercial selling of coat of arms, but they are a little different than the one we have. I hope you see fit to stop on your way down so we can spend some time discussing it. Would like to put your findings in our Question of the Month.

We really would like to have you and your companions stay with us in our home as you make the trek to Mexico. We would be honored to have you. Our home is large and spacious, and we have beds, and Grace (my wife) is a gracious hostess who loves company.

As you come to Phoenix on the Interstate from Flagstaff, take the Northern Exit (first one past Dunlap Exit). Go East on Northern to 12th Avenue (12th has an 8 inch curb so come in on 11th or 13th); Go south on 12th Avenue to 7803 (5th on the left); (a Buick, Lincoln, and 1935 Plymouth are in the driveway and lights will be on for you).

60

Looking forward to your coming. If you leave at noon, you probably will not know of how tired you will really be until you get to Kanab probably. I usually stop there anyway for gas. Call me from there and let us know. Cousin D. Henry Leavitt.

LETTER 54

Iris V. Tomney McCoy, December, 1974, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear kids, have planned to write for months; guess I'll never be organized and on the ball. When I heard of the death of Lyman's baby I thought I'd sit right down and send our love, but – as usual – I procrastinated. How blessed they are to have testimonies of the Gospel. Please give them our love and sympathy.

You know I can understand now what Judge McConkie told me when I was going to marry out of the Church. He said, "If you do this you'll have trials that are far harder than losing a loved one to death!" At the time I thought nothing could be harder (it was at the time of our Daddy's death). Some of us have to learn the Lord's way and my dear kids are going to have to learn that way because they surely are not close to the Gospel except for Kelly Sue. Timmy is a bitter, bitter alcoholic. Tom thinks 90% of Mormons are hypocrites and refuses to be like them, so just doesn't go and my poor blind Judyann is beginning to awake to a realization of things as they are! Much love to you and yours, Iris.

December 1974. Greetings, time like a relentless river, has again overtaken us with the opportunity to send love to friends and kinsmen.

The business of just existing ... a few days that we might enjoy living, and giving. Surely isn't enough of either done in the McCoy family. Every one is engrossed in trying to make ends meet that we forget that "Man is that he might have joy."

The boys and Kelly Sue were home for Thanksgiving – both of them live here in the valley and Kelly is in her last year of high school. Judyann is living and working in Puerto Peñasco, Mexico. She finally met "the" man but they are having a hard time making the romance work in actual life. She loves her job with the University of Arizona experimental work in cooperation with the University of Mexico. She is doing bi-lingual secretary work. Otherwise everything is the same old grind. We are grateful for health, home, and each other. God bless you and help you to enjoy a wonderful holiday. The McCoy's.

LETTER 55

Albert R. Lyman, Provo, Utah, June 21, 1919, Mrs. Lell Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My dear Lell: Your letter, Enone's letter, and the checks arrived a few hours ago, and I have been busy trying to find out what to do for Casse's poison ivy.

Several medicines are recommended, but the best seems to be olive oil: sweet oil. If she is still bad with the complaint, have her take two ounces of oil every two hours, until she has taken half a pint a day. Also bathe the affected parts with oil, and keep the bowels open.

61

Repeat the oil treatment day after day till it brings relief. There is no danger in the use of oil, even if you use a quart a day. If there are sores, wash them out with strong potash water, keep them clean and out of the heat. These poisonous sores sometimes make scars and disfigure the face if they are neglected.

Some other things were recommended but some of them were rank poison and I believe the oil will suffice, especially if you exercise faith.

Now as to the sugar, it will cost \$13.60 to put it there from here and that saving of \$.40 is hardly enough to make up for the possible loss and probable delay.

As to sales on stockings, I can not find anything of the kind here.

You asked whether I saw your sisters; I saw Minerva only, though I made a great effort to see Vilate. I have written them since coming here, but no answer.

Your mother sent by me for lawn grass seed, and I mailed it there weeks ago: if you can remember, ask if she received it O.K.

This being Saturday, the typewriters are not accessible, so I am forced to plug along with a

pen. I have written you regularly and then some, and I wonder if you have received all my letters. I wrote to you and all the children, and about next day I wrote a twelve-page letter to you. I wrote next and sent 49 typewritten verses, and about next day I wrote to you, and sent Platte's first lesson. Let me know whether you get them all; calling this letter Number One, I shall number my letters hereafter to make sure you get them all.

I aim when I receive a letter to get paper and pencil and make note of any questions to be borne in mind for answer, and I would like you to do the same.

Begin with this: Has Brother Oliver brought Kit [one of the family's work horses] home yet? I have said nothing yet in my letters, and may say nothing until I see you, but I have my eyes open all around, and am getting a long list of enlightening facts which will no doubt be a factor in shaping my future affairs. I will say this much, however, to keep your imagination from discomfort, my stay here is not estranging me very rapidly from Blanding – still I am "seeing things."

During the last 4 days and for the next three I am in the Chautauqua, listening to speakers and artists from all over the United States, and some from beyond the Atlantic. It is interesting and profitable but hardly the stuff to tell interestingly in this letter.

That story about my shining in a basketball game is a gag; I have one class in the gymnasium but I am taking it about like Tuggie [Albert's son Mark] takes castor oil, though with not quite the beneficial results.

Ever since I left home I have intended to write you on June 26th, but I may forget or be unable to do it that day. I want to assure you however that it is in mind now as the

62

seventeenth anniversary of our marriage and I want to congratulate you on having got along with me so harmoniously during all that time. Having, as I do, a peculiarly intimate acquaintance with myself, I really believe you have done better in this matter of getting along harmoniously than anyone else I ever knew would have done under the same circumstances.

Those seventeen years no doubt represent the most strenuous part of our partnership, and perhaps the most strenuous days of our stay on earth. Surely they ought to have a sanctifying effect on our union; and the memory of what we have gone through together ought to add an element of tenderness and love to all our transactions. We have been each other's teachers, learning from each other some of the most vital principles of truth. I have had teachers in school and I have been engrossed in my own deep studies which may have led you at times to think I was estranged from you by matters more lofty and advanced. But I have been occupied with nothing more dignified or more honorable than the matters of our union as man and wife. The great truths which come to me, and the glory and exaltation as a result of my marriage to you, must ever take a leading place of importance in my earthly achievements. And for all these things I feel to bless you and recognize you as an indispensable partner to all which I look for and expect in worlds to come.

I would like to say more, but I must conclude and write to Enone, Sara, and Klar, yes and I owe Casse a letter, but maybe I can't write it now. If Platte will answer that 1st lesson I'll send another. Lovingly, A.R. Lyman.

LETTER 56

Lyman D. Platt, 147 Hamilton, Columbus, Mississippi, June 14, 1968, Dear family, sometimes it is hard to leave the dead in order to spend a little time with the living. I don't think it is that I love the living less – in fact, I gain a greater appreciation for the living by learning about their ancestors – but there are so many of the dead who have been entirely neglected for so long and demanding attention. I think as a family, on both Lyman and Platt lines, we have done exceptionally well, however.

It is hard for me to explain exactly how I feel towards you as parents, and brothers and sisters. I'm afraid it will be impossible until I can speak in the Adamic tongue. I lost a good friend today. He, his little baby girl and wife were killed in a car wreck. He had just finished four years of service and was going home. We received your letter today mother and Ed's and Joe's. It was good to know Ed arrived okay and that he is getting right into the work. I will write him soon. Hope that Joe has a chance to do some of the things he has planned to do. You told us Gene was in Reno but in the letter we received it didn't say what he was doing. That is probably a letter that's at our old address. Mother, Bertha won't receive a check anymore. Hers will pay our rent here and the rest will come in my check. Please continue to put the other in the checking account. In a few months we hope to put all of that rent into savings.

63

I have to extend for twenty months but they will give me three months off that in order to get into school in September 1970. So that is when we should be home – one month after Ed. We enjoy our new home. It will be so much easier for Bertha with automatic everything, and I don't have to drive as much. Our Church cucumber patch is doing well. We have made about \$300 and have six weeks to go. I pick ten hours a week. Patty is so grown up. Some of her sentences are six words long. She retains things for a long time. What a rebellious soul though. Lots of love, As ever, L.D.

LETTER 57

McKay L. Platt, 1373 Kolanea Avenue, Hilo, Hawaii 96720, November 2, 1974, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Platts: Aloha from the Big Island. Thought I'd better write and clear up all your questions and fill you in on the details of my new area. It's so good to be a missionary again. I really learned to love the mission home and the association that I had with the President, but it's nice to be a missionary again. What a paradise! I've been here in Hilo for the better part of a month, and I really love it. We live here behind the chapel in the upstairs of a very large house owned by the Church. Elder Hull, the Big Island Zone Leader is my companion. He is one of the finest missionaries in the mission I'm convinced. I've been very blessed with good companions thus far. I think the Lord knows who can keep me straight.

He and I cover an area which includes about 1/2 of the island. Two weeks ago we had occasion to go to Naalehu, the southernmost community in the United States. There are usually about six Elders in this area, but because of a shortage of Elders we will be covering the whole thing for a while. We stopped shortly at Volcano National Park and saw Kilaues Iki and Hale mau mau. Beautiful!

Hilo is the only town of any size outside of Honolulu in Hawaii. Hilo has about 25,000 people in it and is very spread out. We live in a very unique place; three miles from the ocean and surf, and twenty miles from Mauna Kea, the largest mountain in the world, so high in fact the people ski there. Hilo is composed of people who are mostly of Hawaiian-Japanese descent and all the people are good to the missionaries. The members just love to have the Elders over for dinner and would give the missionaries anything but a referral. Most of the people here are slow and easy-going and love to "talk story" with you but just can't get excited about the gospel. When I came here my companion had just been here a short time and the previous Elders had not been real go-getters, so, we've had a hard time getting the area going.

Now the members are starting to give some referrals and we have some real promising

contacts. We are using full advantages of the two colleges here in Hilo and have found some success there.

64

I really love the area, the “outside outmosphere” and my companion and everything about it here. My companion is a really hard worker, and does a good job keeping me straight. I can’t believe that I’ve been here for nine months, hey that’s right, nine months to the day. It scares me to death to think that my “hump” day is only three short months away. It prompts me to culminate good habits so I can make the best use of my short allotment of time.

[Next section of letter is in long hand] I thought that part of the letter should be a form letter, since I had so many to write. I feel badly that I’ve not had the time to write, but then you know how that goes.

I really have never heard about your farm. It sounds very exciting. Where is Spring Lake, anyway? Maybe in your next letter you could explain where it is and tell me about the farm. Also, Lyman, how is the family organization coming? What’s new in it?

Just thought I ought to write you folks a letter and let you know I love and support you. I just can’t express how grateful I am for being on a mission here among the Hawaiian people. And I’m so grateful for the examples of four brothers.

I love each of you very much and pray for your welfare. Got to go. Aloha, Mac [McKay Lyman Platt].

LETTER 58

Mary Frances Eaglin, born in Abilene, Texas; mother Mary Marie Eaglin; father Charles Eaglin, Julia Lynn, born December 18, 1962, Abilene, Texas; Bessie Stroope, grandmother, 209 East North 14th Street, Abilene, Texas; a brother of Charles Eaglin, lives in Orem. [The note above was on the back of the following.]

Blanding, Utah, May 31, 1964, Bishop Alexander: Here is the bill for the month of May, for milk to Sherleen Palmer. \$12.50. Thank you. Irene P. Lyman, Blanding.

LETTER 59-1

Gary & Vickie Platt, 536 Hansen, Winnemucca, Nevada, 89445, October 23, 1974, Provo, Utah, Allie, Gordon, Lyman, and Bertha Platt, Dear folks, sorry this is late, but I am still recuperating from the pregnancy. Gary and I wanted to express our sorrow for your loss. Thank heavens that the Lord will give you the opportunity to raise him later.

It seems so ironic that our blessed one came about this same time. We sent you an announcement, but sent it to the wrong address and it never got to you. For the record, his name is Eric Roland; he weighed 7 lbs 13¾ oz. and was 19” long. He is such a sweet thing. Gary is so proud of him and the little guy has really grown to be a part of our family. We wish that we could do more for you.

Love, Gary and Vicki.

65

LETTER 59-2

Casse Lyman Monson, 4483 Nantucket Rd., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 17112, October, 1974, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, To my very dear kinfolk in their lose I send my love and these sweet words. [A poem from Hallmark] Love always, Casse Lyman Monson.

LETTER 59-3

Erik Jackson, Provo, Utah, October, 1974, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Dear Platt Family: It is a difficult experience to watch as one of our loved ones leaves this earthly existence to pass beyond the veil. Not so much difficult because they have left us lonely, but because others around us, though caring about our welfare, don’t completely understand the significance of what has evolved.

I have no flowers to offer for the ceremony that will soon follow, neither will I say I am sorry. But, I do wish to share with you a very sacred experience, one that only a few members of my family have been told. I know you will take it in the right spirit.

In the 129th section of *The Doctrine and Covenants* the Lord explains the existence of two kinds of beings in heaven, namely Angels, who are resurrected personages, having bodies of flesh and bones, and secondly, the spirits of just men made perfect, they who are not resurrected, but inherit the same glory.

I never understood what was meant by a “just man made perfect,” that is until one evening just a few months ago. It is the experience of that evening of which I give full account.

As I lay asleep in bed one evening – let me say that each night upon retiring I ask the Lord to guide me in my dreams – I was suddenly awakened by a soft pleasant sound. As I opened my eyes, light unveiled itself in the room before me. There he stood, the grandfather I had loved so much because of his vigor toward life and his commitment to serving the Lord.

He had left us nearly two years ago. I, being temporally minded and ignorant to the Lord’s purposes, asked him why he was here. He told me that he had a message for the family. (I received it, being the oldest in the priesthood on my mother’s side.) He said that he was very happy with what he was doing in the Spirit World. He was doing that which he had always desired in life; to make people happy and serve a mission (he had been a convert to the Church and never had too much of monetary value). Most important was that there is a life after, he said, and he knew where he was going. The Lord had revealed it to him and he rejoiced and praised God. He said, “Tell grandma,” and then he left. Since that time the doors have been opened here on earth. We have found genealogies we had been looking to find for years. Not only that, but many in our family, not in the Church, are now being converted to the Gospel. You ask me, coincidence? No, I say!

I know there is a life beyond. I have a perfect knowledge of that for I have spoken and seen my grandfather. God, our Father is merciful and loves each one of us. Jesus Christ is our personal Savior.

66

I am sure your little son, who is full grown in Spirit, is working along with my grandfather. He’s working for your family. Oh, how wonderful it is to have a representative of your family working to save you and your relatives there. You are very fortunate as we are. Now, you understand why I cannot say I’m sorry; for you are truly blessed as is your little son.

You are special people and I thank you deeply for your example in life and the Gospel, which in you are the same. May the Lord continue to bless you and guide you. Love, Eric Jackson. Laurell and little Eric, too. [The Jacksons were members of the Rivergrove II Ward where we lived at the time of the death of our son Don Carlos Lyman Platt.]

LETTER 60

Karl Robison Lyman, 1482 East 520 North, Provo, Utah, April 15, 1975, Dear Perkins Relatives, here at last is information concerning the Perkins reunion. We hope that you are as enthusiastic about seeing all the relatives as we are.

We will meet at 2:00 p.m., July 26, 1975, in the G.R.A. Park at approximately 1400 West and 800 North in Provo. There will be games for the small children while the rest of us visit and get re-acquainted.

At 4:00 p.m. there will be a short program and installation of officers. Following this, we will have dinner, with each family bringing their own food, except for the drinks and dessert, which will be furnished by the committee. Provo has plenty of facilities such as Harmon’s takeout chicken, and markets, etc., where you can get food, if you do not care to bring it with

you. There will still be plenty of daylight time for more visiting before we have to leave. It is necessary for us to know from you how many to expect of your family. If we don't have addresses on everyone or if someone is missed, please invite anyone you know of that should be invited. Please get word either to: Karl R. Lyman, 540 South 500 East, Orem, Utah 84057, or Enone L. Hardman, 1482 East 520 South, Provo, Utah 84601. It will take each one of us to make this reunion a success. We hope we hear from you soon. Our love to each of you, Karl, Enone.

LETTER 61

McKay Lyman Platt, 1373 Kilauea Avenue, Hilo, Hawaii, 96720, February 18, 1975, Lyman & Bertha Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah, Dearest Platt Family, Hola, ¿Qué tal? or as they say here in paradise, howzit?

I felt that I ought to sit down this evening and write you a short letter, and let you know just how *mucky* is getting along. I just passed the ½ way mark last week and it quite frightens me to think they'd make me leave this place in a year. Hilo is one of the nicest places in the mission. The people are quite slow and relaxed and genuinely beautiful. The work here has really improved lately. I've recently seen four fine contacts enter the waters of baptism, and

67
we are working on two beautiful families. That would really be a blessing to this struggling ward.

During my last interview with the mission president, I told him how much I loved the area, my companion, and how well things were getting along. No sooner had I said that than Elder Johnson was shipped off and I received a new Elder. He's almost as "green" as I was.

Without going into detail I can let you know things have really gone well for me. Much of that can be attributed to your prayers. I'm sure I can't relate how much I've learned in being able to understand and communicate with people. What an unequalled opportunity a mission is.

One thing I greatly appreciate is the two uninterrupted hours of study afforded each morning. That time is priceless.

Bertha, I'll just bet you love Spring Lake. How do you like the new ward? Sorry to hear you and your mother have been ill. You're too busy to be able to afford that. I guess Patty helps out though. Lyman, I really enjoyed the letter you wrote to the family. That letter let me know all of you are in good hands. I think your proposal is a good one and one I would support. I was very impressed by your article on love. You're a wonderful brother and I love you and Bertha dearly. How privileged we all are to be able to live on the earth now, with President Kimball as our prophet. That man startles me. I can't wait to get each new *Ensign* and read his message. This proposal of yours is what we need to meet President Kimball's order for strengthening our families. I wish for you the same peace of mind and contentment the Lord has blessed me with for serving him. Aloha kako hiaka. McKay.

LETTER 62

Mary Ann Whetten, 10 B Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DX England, July 12, 1974, Lyman D. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah, Dear Lyman and family. We have been blessed to locate and be happy in London. We attend the London North Ward and enjoy the Elders in our home. It is a new experience for our family to see and know the Elders in the field. We are not holding down Church jobs but are trying to be active in missionary work.

I have been doing very little genealogy work; the family takes time and we do go see a lot.

Lynda and I went to Lichfield for two days to try to find Savage records.

I have spent one week at St. Catherine's house, formerly Somerset House. I have been working on an interesting name. John Robinson and Mary Ann Jones of Birmingham,

married 1854. I have about lost my mind over their children. It isn't that easy to go into St. Catherine's for a birth certificate. Robinson is such a common, easy name. I worked for several days finding children, with Birmingham or Aston registers. I turned in nine children and received only one correct one. That is hard on your ego. But I have met a lovely couple from Oregon – Strongs. She was there and buoyed me up. When I received my records back – Strongs third trip over; she has taught genealogy class for fifteen years; has a bad heart and had to spend most of last week here in bed – she sold me a good book for genealogy. She said the first trip over is the hardest and the Lord is schooling me in English research. Also she said you never make just one trip over. You are schooled and taught and can help others.

68

Oh, I have picked up some Latin. I can recognize months, baptism, son, daughter, wife, widow, and some of the numbers. I keep them in my book cover.

I was in Bishops of Tackbrook, Warwick and they were in Latin. Everybody was nice to say yes. I had translated it correctly – 29th of March. I did have trouble with William Savage Gen. and Sen. They were my hang ups. I've verified 25 names. I found a chart someone had worked up and left in Society of Genealogists on the Savages of Tachbrook and Morten Morrell. There are eleven Savage men's names not followed through. The spirit told me to work this sheet out. So I am.

What do you want me to do at St. Catherine's? It certainly is hard. It cost 75p. (\$1.85) per certificate, then if there are any other John Robinsons in that area and that year you add them to a search sheet at 25p. per name refundable, depending on which name is the correct one. I did the Berry name for a ward member and it was easy; also a Robinson name for a ward member. Too many Robinsons in Birmingham.

Send me the information you want me to work on. Can't promise perfect results. Everybody in Salt Lake thinks it is a snap to come and get birth certificates. But all you can see is the name and registration district. On Robinson children I should have waited for marriage and added child's father's occupation. But then they aren't always the answer.

Also I will need the money sent to me in pounds or dollars on an International Bank. Chase Manhattan will do. A personal check has to sit in our bank three weeks.

We find everything in England costs 2½ times as much [as] in the states. Everything is in small packages. Flour in 3 lbs., sugar 2 lbs., peanut butter is 8 oz at 22p. The money system is in 100's so it isn't hard. \$1,000 is only £ 400; it goes as fast in London as in [the] U.S. and buys less.

Our furnished flat is £35 per week – that is a lot of house payments back home. 10p. isn't much to ride to town and do genealogy, but then it is really \$.25. But as long as we only buy food and postcards we are doing pretty well. At times we are tempted but say it isn't just a £5 sweater; it's a \$12.50 sweater and do we want it that badly.

We are learning English History, Kings and Queens, places and lots of new names. Linda and I were at a church across the street from Tower Hill this afternoon and left one hour before the bomb was exploded. It leaves a rather strong feeling with you. We saw Tower Hill last month and it is my favorite thing. Protest out to kill tourists and school children is something else.

It has been cold for three weeks and rained all the time. We are getting very tired of it. It makes good genealogy weather. The family stays home and I go work. It is only sixty degrees Fahrenheit this afternoon. It is raining again. And the wind always blows.

Hope you are enjoying the warm hot summer. Our mare had a new colt while we were gone. It's a month old and we just received the first pictures of it. Certainly cute little feller.

69

Hope all is well with you and your family and farm. Tell your folks hello for us. We leave for Europe August 23rd for two weeks; return home mid-September.

I want to stay a year and do genealogy during the day while the family is in school. But family is homesick and London hasn't money to keep us. My mail goes through office pouch. Love Mary Ann and Richard. [Richard Lyman is a son of Platte Lyman, son of Albert R. Lyman. His wife is Mary Ann Whetten.]

LETTER 63

Ann Lyman McQueen. 5025 South 1750 West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107, July 28, 1975, Lyman D. and Bertha P.V. Platt, 1220 South 4600 West, Spring Lake, Utah 84651, Dear Lyman De and Bertha. It was so good to see you for even just a little minute. I was appreciative of Lyman's unabashed squeeze and kiss. Some of my relatives and me too, are rather stingy with affections – especially if there is an audience, who may direct any attention in that direction. While I may not display affection, I feel a deep love, great appreciation and admiration for my family.

Especially do I feel that toward the Platt family for their efforts in genealogy and bringing to life names of dead people – not just the names, but the people.

The Perkins book is choice. Though I've only begun it, I've already learned several things which were new to me. I've skipped through the sketches written by cousins and been delighted with them and am eager to read all of them and the rest of the book. I'm grateful to you for your efforts which I know include both of you and others, too. I'm grateful to your parents for having reared you as they did. Great people, all of 'em!

Our love and blessings to all of you and may your efforts to help us to help others be blessed. This book should do a lot in that direction, and so should the reunion. It was all rewarding, though of necessity my time was greatly limited there. Love and best wishes. Ann Lyman McQueen [daughter of Albert Robison Lyman].

LETTER 64

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Platt, c/o Robert McCormick, 16 Rue de L'Arrivee, Paris, 75015, France, To: The Lyman De Platt Family, c/o Gordon L. Platt 319 East 4000 North, Provo, Utah 84601, July 21, 1975, Dear Bertha, Lyman, Patty, Julie, David, Danny, Bruce and Maria Elena. How is your clan doing anyhow? We heard that Bertha is back in the hospital. Boy we sure hope everything is all right. Is she in the hospital for long (maybe you are already home Bertha!) But we want you to know that our prayers are with you all. I bet it is good to have Lyman back – we sure would like to see you all, because traveling seems to help you appreciate those you love a little more.

Julie, is your knee okay? Will you be getting the stitches out soon? What are all the rest of you doing these days? How is the farm coming? You must have a million rabbits by now – how about the pigs – they're my favorite, you know.

70

Well, we really miss you – so you'll just have to tell us what's been happening. I don't know if you have read our letters at mom's but we have filled them in pretty much.

We are doing fine, however. We sure did like Spain, but we are learning to like Paris a lot more now. We are seeing a lot of fun things and especially the people. I just don't feel like I have been to a country unless I can understand why the people do certain things, and mingle with them. We certainly appreciate the Parisians much more now. The branch members here are very warm and friendly. We don't understand much, but we like to be there.

Boy thanks a million for all your support through the wedding. I appreciate it a great deal.

We wished we could have talked to you more at the wedding – but we realized you had quite a bit of concentrated traveling to do. But it was so fun to have you be there – all the kids look

like little angels – as usual.

Well, we are eating pretty good and sleeping a lot [study, school, Joe] and I am studying Joe a lot. He is so good to me – so far married life is great. I think there will always be complications – so we are trying to work them out early. It will be hard to come home – because I won't be with Joe as much probably. Well, take care and write if you can. Much love, Joe and Suz.

LETTER 65

Gene Lyman Platt, 12270 SW Center, Cameo Apt. #24, Beaverton, Oregon 97005. May 27, 1975, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, Dear Lyman, Bertha and family, we just received word from mom telling of your operation, Bertha. Hope you're feeling better! Glad Grandma Lazo is there to help.

Things are going very well here. Gene greatly enjoys his work and we are enjoying this time in our lives.

How are all our little nieces and nephews doing? Hope they're happy and well. We hear you've had more snow and cold weather. It's very warm and sunny here – it rains a couple of times weekly, but we don't mind; it keeps everything green. The roses and rhodendroms are in bloom now – it really smells nice here!!!

Our little ones are growing so quickly it seems. Lisa can crawl about a foot now. She's such a job to us and really responds to Briant when he talks to her. Briant is learning to put his words together into sentences. He loves to imitate our words – his favorite is “alright.”😊

One of our goals this summer is to become closer to the Spirit through our scripture study and prayer. Lyman, we look up to you as a spiritual leader in the family and therefore respect any counsel and advice you'd have to offer us on this subject. Thanks.

Guess I'll close for now. Please take care and Bertha hope you'll be feeling better soon. We love you. Gene, Arlene, Bri and Lisa.

71

LETTER 66

Edward L. & Valerie Y. Platt, Madrid, Spain, July 14, 1975, Patricia Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, Dear Patty: One week from today is your birthday and so Valerie and I thought we should write you a birthday letter. I hope you get it in time. Valerie and I think about you and your brothers and sisters quite a bit. We'll sure be glad when we get home so that we can come and visit you and ride your pony.

How are you enjoying the summer? Why don't you write us a letter and tell us about the ducks and chickens and about everything that you are doing now that you are not in school. I hope you help your mom each day. She is probably still not as strong as she used to be and she probably needs a lot of help. I already know you are a good example to your younger brothers and sisters so I guess I don't need to remind you to do that.

I want you to tell your daddy something for me. Tell him that even though I've only written to him once that I still am going to call him to repentance. He is the eldest son and the heir of the birthright in our family and so he should make a little greater effort to keep in touch with each of his brothers and sisters and keep us informed of what is happening. In other words we think he owes us a letter.

Be good Patty and have a happy 9th birthday. Love Uncle Ed.

Hi Patty: happy birthday next Monday. Please know that we will be thinking of you and are hoping that you have an extra special day. We are doing great. We'll be so glad when the baby comes and then it will seem more like home around here.

I have wished more than once that I had hidden you in my suitcase and brought you over here with me so that you could be my teacher and translator. I'm afraid that I don't study nearly

enough and as a result, my Spanish isn't coming along very well. But today I decided to repent and so I've been studying a little bit. You will have to write me a letter in Spanish so that I can practice reading. Well, we best run. We love and miss all of you very much. Hope you have a fun summer. Love, Aunt Valerie.

LETTER 67

Lyman D. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, October 10, 1975, Elaine Perkins Walton, Provo, Utah, Dear Elaine: As we had talked about some time ago concerning specific assignments on the Perkins line, I have the following one for you. It concerns the oldest son of William Perkins and Jane Mathews. Our records are not complete on him so to make them correct and to assure that all our records we have are perfect, I would like you to do the following and report back.

Thomas Perkins was baptized on three different occasions: a) in 1847 by Thomas Pugh, possibly on April 17th, probably in Treboeth, Glamorgan, Wales. Find this date and document it. He was re-baptized October 9, 1875 in Cedar and after that on December 13, 1967. These last two dates are for information only; they are documented.

72

Our records on Thomas' marriages are quite incomplete and possibly are incorrect. His TIB Card gives his first marriage as July 1, 1860 to Margaret Evans. Our records show his marriage as February 28, 1863 which is the date he was endowed and his wife was sealed to him in the Endowment House. This marriage ended in a divorce. Find the divorce record.

Thomas subsequently married Margaret Lloyd. Find out when and where.

Our record of when Thomas was sealed to his parents is not verified. One record says August 6, 1879 and another says October 8, 1879. Find out which of these dates is correct, where the sealing took place (the Endowment House undoubtedly), and cite the reference.

Thomas was born May 19, 1834 at Treboeth in Llangyfelach parish, Glamorgan, Wales. He died February 8, 1884 at Cedar City, Iron, Utah.

I believe this assignment will be challenging enough to last you for some time. It is important that we begin to perfect our records and I purpose to work on one name at a time in the assignments I give out so that when we leave that person we will know that all of the ordinances we are responsible for have been done properly and are recorded properly on our records. Then when we arrive at the point where work has not been done on one of our ancestors or their family members, we can suspect that we will receive full backing from the Spirit World in finding the missing information and in getting the work done. Sincerely, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 68

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, The First Council of the Seventy, September 18, 1975, Mr. & Mrs. Lyman De Platt, R.F.D. Box 321, Payson, Utah 84651, Dear Brother and Sister de Platt: we have received your contribution to the Seventies Missionary Fund and express to you our thanks and deep gratitude for it. Several thousand converts and 1,930 strong missionaries returning home have greatly strengthened the Church organization in their own lands due to help of contributions like yours. For your part in this effort we thank you on behalf of Elder Gustavo Cavero as well as the First Council. Sincerely yours, The First Council of the Seventy, by S. Dilworth Young. [A receipt was issued for \$10.00 contributions made on September 5, 1975 and August 6, 1975, again signed by S. Dilworth Young. A letter from Gustavo G. Cavero was later sent, dated November 24, 1975, which says:

Apreciado Hermano Platt: Nuevamente es para me privilegio saludarle por medio de estas líneas deseando que las bendiciones del Señor sean para usted y su familia.

Me encuentro bastante contento por el llamamiento que he tenido para en la Misión Perú Lima, la carta me llegó el día 20 del presente y conversando con el presidente de la Misión el hermano R. Bishop me ha propuesto la fecha para salir el día 9 de diciembre la cual he quedado en contestarle; puesto que en mi carta de llamamiento se me dice que salga lo más pronto possible. Conversando con mis padres me han dicho y han acordado para que yo salga para el día 15; en el cuál ellos piensan y de veras (me) estoy conciente que estaré listo (terminan de arreglar mi ropa, libros, etc., papeles, etc.).

73

Agradeciéndole siempre la colaboración que me ha brindado durante mi misión, le sugiero que puede enviar el giro a la Misión Perú Lima a mi nombre. Por favor exprese mis saludos a su señora esposa y gracias por la confianza en mi persona. Atte. Gustavo G. Caverro.

LETTER 69

Edward Partridge Lyman; Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, June 22, 1903, Mr. Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah: Dear Brother, I wanted to write to you last mail but was too tired, lazy or honory [sic]. The river is raising hell-o, it has taken all of T.

Thompson's land and cutting every place. Another week like the week I was up there will bring the river in to our field. They have been working with it.

I have been working like a S. G. [son-of-a-gun]. The hay is cocked up. I will start on it tomorrow. I have been building a bridge and scraping all day and you can tell by my writing how tired I am. Alton and Stanley hauled a load of hay for us tonight. I heard you had lost three head of stock. Is it true? If you do, get teakboo stich-a-do-to-de. The team is doing alright. Mr. Hibbs and son have Bayless' derrick almost completed. I had to tend Nick a day and a half. He has been plastering here. Ma paid him \$89 today. Some miners were crossing the river the other day and lost a fine mare. I don't know when I'll be up there. Clark is worse. The heat is killing. I have almost decided that this world is rough on rats. Well may our Father in Heaven watch over us with his Holy Spirit is the wish of Edward [Edward Partridge Lyman]

Albert, my dear boy, I don't know why you should think I am offended at you. I know you are doing all you can to help me and yourself. Of course I was very disappointed because you could not come down and suppose shed a few tears but knew it was best for you to stay there and take care of the cattle. We are all very busy and tired tonight and guess Edward has told you all the news. I will send the things you spoke of the first chance. God bless you all forever. Ma. [Adelia Robison Lyman]

If you can read this wow can do better than I can.

LETTER 70

Lyman D. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, August 18, 1975, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear mother: In preparing the Family Group Record of your father's children and placing the information therein on Individual Data and Ordinance Status Cards for the family archive index, and having reviewed all of my notes and other material in my possession, I find that the following information cannot be documented from our records.

DeAlton's baptismal place – will need a copy of his baptismal certificate, or have someone check the Blanding Ward Records and extract the information and reference it properly.

Kay's marriage and baptismal places.

Almon's marriage and baptismal places.

74

Bob's first and second marriage places.

Rene's second marriage place.

Rene's baptismal date and place.

Once each of the items above is documented, we will have a Family Group Record on your father's family "worthy of all acceptance." Sincerely, your son, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 71

McKay Lyman Platt, Hawaii, September 1975, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, Dear Lyman and Bertha and Abuelita, aloha from the isles of the sea. I'd better let you know how I'm doing and fill you in or you might begin to wonder if I still exist. We have been keeping very busy here, but it's because of negligence and not a rushy schedule that I've failed to write.

Right now the four Elders here rent a two bedroom house about 130 yards from the ocean. The area is 90% local people, and what we'd call a "rough neighborhood." Last night at 3:30 I was awakened by a lady pounding on our door. She was screaming and panting, completely out of breath. She had been beaten by her husband, and claimed he was still after her, and trying to kill her. She completely refused an offer to come inside, so I attempted to calm her and get enough information so a phone call to the police would be meaningful. While I made the call she ran away. That was the 2nd beating on this street this month.

Luckily the whole area isn't quite so bad. The people in the area generally are quite receptive, and we have five times better results than I ever did in Hilo. Last week we had fourteen investigators at Church. One of them bore his testimony and it was very sweet. That does a lot to satisfy me, when we see such precious fruit from our labors.

Being in a car area is nice, but quite expensive. \$150 to \$160/month. Each week we have the chance as the district leaders to work with all the Elders in the district. That's a challenge to try and change the attitudes of others to fit the requirements of the Lord.

How's everything with the farm and kids? How's your English coming abuelita? ¿Cómo están mis sobrinos? That's a great family you've got Bertha. I'll probably not recognize your kids when I see them.

Well, just thought I'd write and let you know I still think about you. Stay strong in the Gospel and may the Lord bless you all. Your Bradda, Elder (Mac) Platt.

LETTER 72

McKay Lyman Platt, Hawaii, September 15, 1975, Lyman De Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, Dear Lyman, generally I'd address a letter of this sort to dad, but because of your interest in genealogy you might be better able to answer this question. The answer need not be long and descriptive even though the question will.

75

One thing that has never puzzled me till recently is the fact that God has a "chosen people;" and a "covenant people." The fact wouldn't have even merited a 2nd thought if all had been as valiant as the people of the City of Enoch, but such wasn't the case. God originally made his covenant with Abraham and promised that through his seed the earth would be blessed. Yet only the "patriarchs," Isaac, Israel, Joseph and a few others really demonstrated dedication to the Lord. While in Egypt, Israel apostatized and especially, under the leadership of Moses, can their rebellion be shown. On nearly every occasion they turned to other Gods within weeks of miracles from heaven. Under the leadership of Joshua they developed some degree of obedience, but even that dissolved at his death. Though the priesthood existed and scattered, examples of diligent service to the Lord are recorded, generally those people were little more faithful than their perverted pagan neighbors. During the reign of David and Solomon the matter was placated some, but from then till the time of Christ the "covenant" people generally turned heathen (though valiant prophets diligently tried to mitigate the matter by reform).

The Nephites generally followed the teachings of Christ, but their "covenant" brethren the

Lamanites stooped to the same sordid acts as the apostate Israelites. *What* then is so special about God's covenant people? Even the people today seem to confuse the matter. The Jews have not accepted the Gospel, though the Lamanites have in part, but the leaders of the Church, since its restoration, have been *gringos* or *haole* (as they say here) or the converted Gentiles (3 Nephi, Chapter 21). Which is my 2nd question.

What or who is a Gentile? If a Gentile is anyone who is not a descendant of Abraham, then the descendants of Ishmael and Esau are excluded. I suspect, however, that a Gentile is anyone not a descendant of Israel. In my understanding, Christ referred to the Europeans as Gentiles, is that true? Also, as I read 3 Nephi Chapter 21, the American people, descendants of Europeans are Gentiles.

Well, Lyman, I don't know for sure just what the answers to these questions are, but I'd surely like to know. As a genealogist, I'm sure you've thought about these questions, and I'd like the benefit from your wisdom. I read a talk by Brother Alvin R. Dyer where he was talking about Abraham's reference to the pre-mortal "noble and great ones" and he said all the descendants of Shem fit this category. And the talk went on to say that the descendants of Japheth (he called them children of the adoption) were today the French (Gomer) Magog (Slav) Madai (Hindi, Korean, India(n), Japanese and Filipino; Javan (Greek, Italian) and on and on with Russian, Siberian, etc. He includes in the group the European people. If that is true, you and I and all the prophets of this dispensation are converted Gentiles and adopted into the covenant people which doesn't make sense, so I'm confused. I hope you can help me out and clear this up.

I really appreciate your example Lyman and [your] sincere dedication and appreciate all you've done for the family in regard to searching out our dead. I look forward to the time I can talk with you about the gospel and help you with our genealogy. Thanks again, Mac.

76

LETTER 73

Lyman De Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, September 16, 1975, McKay Lyman Platt, Hawaii, Dear McKay, I guess if you didn't ask me questions I'd never get around to writing, so I'm glad you do. Our farm life is fun. We now have two goats, two sheep, twenty-four chickens, one chick, fifty rabbits, and ten ducks. We are presently putting up a lot of fruit and vegetables. Life is busy but fun. Grandma Lazo left today for Peru for three months. Now for your questions.

What or who is a Gentile? Generally, the term refers to most non-Israelite peoples, except the descendants of Cain. In the scriptures it applies to all of the white inhabitants of Europe and the western hemisphere, and parts of Asia (during Paul's time). The word means "of the same clan or race" so in many Bible translations the word "nation" is substituted. Japheth's descendants are the Gentiles for all practical purposes.

The American people have much Gentile blood in them, but as stated in *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pages 149-150, these Gentiles once adopted (baptized, confirmed, having received the Holy Ghost) become *literally* of the blood of Abraham. I have seen the physical change in a man that I baptized as this process took place in him.

Brigham Young said Joseph Smith was a pure Ephraimite. Elder Bruce R. McConkie says "...Joseph Smith ... was of the Tribe of Ephraim. At the same time, the Prophet was of the Gentiles, meaning that he was a citizen of a Gentile Nation and also that he was not a Jew. Members of the Church in general are both of Israel and of the Gentiles." However, "... it is not inappropriate in our day to speak of members of the Church as Israelites and unbelievers as Gentiles" because of the purging that has taken place within the Church members in general. *Mormon Doctrine*, page 311.

I have copied all of our ancestors' patriarchal blessings and they show the above to be true. Some are unmistakably highly concentrated Israelitish blood, while others have been adopted in. However, by and large you and I are of a very chosen group of people "men and women who have made their calling and election sure" (my patriarchal blessing) which brings up your next question:

"What then is so special about God's covenant people?"

As Elder Dyer comments in his talk entitled "For What Purpose," which you are quoting from in your letter, there were, are, and will be three divisions of mankind. We were, are, and are heirs to be, of the highest division of these three. Because of our excellence and devotion in pre-earth probation, we were foreordained to receive the priesthood and we received it. Now we have been foreordained (through our endowments) to receive the second anointing which will assure us of eternal lives, unless we commit the unpardonable sin.

The covenant people are children of Abraham and the main reason why they are so special is that God has covenanted with them that they are entitled to receive the gospel, the priesthood, and all of the ordinances of salvation and exaltation (see Abraham 2:9-11; D&C 86 8-11;

77

Alvin R. Dyer's *Who Am I?*) Rebellious descendants of Abraham are not his children in the special sense that is intended by the designation "children of the covenant."

What this all boils down to is this Mac. In the pre-earth life you earned the right to be born into the seed of Abraham. However, you do not receive the right to eternal lives until: 1) you have made your calling and election sure in this life, or 2) you live faithfully to the end. We have received, however, all that is necessary ordinance-wise to be heirs of the Celestial Kingdom. Therefore, we are *now* the covenant people or children. We are special among all of God's children in this manner. To continue to be so is to do what the Savior would do as we deal with all of our brothers and sisters in their degraded situations.

I hope this helps some. We pray for you daily that you will continue to be led by the Spirit as you work with the people there. We are looking forward to seeing you again and sharing with you some of the things that have happened to us during this time and receiving from you likewise. We certainly enjoy your monthly message. Thank you for your sweet spirit and your testimony of the gospel. Love always, Lyman.

LETTER 74

Enone L. Hardman, 1482 East 520 South, Provo, Utah, 84601, January 22, 1976, Dear Member of the Robison (Robinson) Family:

For years Lucretia L. Ranney and Carrie Despain, as well as researchers in New York, worked on the Robison line and its different branches without getting farther back than the 1740 period. Afton Badger has worked several years on it, and I have searched for two and one-half years, finding mostly that which has already been done.

Wilma Adkins, a certified researcher, was hired by the descendants of the Alonzo Robison family to also work on this line. I have worked closely with her and her helper, George Ott, Lyman De and Ed Platt. We, along with other family members, have reached the conclusion that we must have more light to accomplish the assignment required of us.

We now feel that James Robison, once thought to be the son of Jan, is more likely to be the son of Johannis or Jacobus. Dates available would make it seem almost impossible for it to be Jan. The Guennell line is also allusive [elusive], but we do have good leads we are following up on.

We would like to ask that on February 7th and 8th you join with us in fasting and praying that we might know where to look or what to do that we are not doing. Not only would we be grateful for your help, but we feel there are thousands of people depending on us – all of us –

to open doors for them. We know there is strength and power in this action, for it is a promise that has been given.

Thank you for joining with us. If you know of anyone you think may not have been contacted, please ask them to join us. Sincerely, Enone L. Hardman.

78

LETTER 75

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Historical Department, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150, Mr. Lyman Platt, Genealogical Department. April 14, 1976. Dear Lyman: may I take this moment, albeit quite late, to express my pleasure at your address to the Orem Stake. We have implemented some of your ideas into our family, specifically only my wife and I, as none of the others are living, or if living, are not members of the Church, which poses a few problems towards missionary work among others.

I apologize for being so late in sending this, but the night following your address, I fell and injured my neck. It instantly paralyzed me from the neck down and left me in excruciating pain. They took me to the hospital that night and I was out of circulation for a while and wearing a neck brace when I was able to get back to work.

It was an extremely interesting address, and if those hearing it will implement even a portion of it, it would improve their lives. If you have anything further written, I would appreciate having it. You did, however, hand me a compilation just after your interesting article in the *Church News* which may be all you have.

At this time, may I also inform you that, effective late August, I have resigned my position here in favor of a faculty position in the library at Brigham Young University. I will be in charge of public services for Genealogy and Local History. Regards, Heybron Adams.

LETTER 76

Susan Rae Adams, Washington, D. C., April 10, 1976, Gordon L. & Allie L Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear folks: sorry I am late in getting the message for March to you. I have been thinking about it all month; however, my thought waves were both here and in Utah, so it's taken some time to get them together again.

I think Joe might have told you that I have a great job now with the U.S. Capitol Historical Society. So far, I just love it. We take the train in together every morning, sometimes eat lunch together, and go home together. It's an ideal situation for us.

The people in the Church here are so dedicated. Much more is expected of a member it seems, but I think it is a good thing for us. As you may know, I am the dance director for the Youth (temporarily) and Joe is the scout master and Deacon's Advisor for the same group of boys. We are so excited because the kids in the Gaithersburg Ward are motivated, dynamic, plus they even treat each other like brothers and sisters should. What an easy job it's been so far!

Living in the "big city" atmosphere, however, seems to put so much pressure on a person. In my mind, there appears to be a "line" for all things here. He who gets to the "head of the line" first has really made it – no matter *how* he got there. Well, this may also be just a first impression due to the density of bodies in the D.C. area. But, I haven't found people to be as

79

willing to get to know each other, except other member of the Church we have come in contact with.

I had an opportunity to stay with a girl who works in Joe's office (while he was in Aspen). JoAnn is from Salt Lake City, her brother is on a mission, but her parents are not members of the Church. Her father just died a month ago while she was in Salt Lake visiting. I had a great

time with her, but she is still emotionally upset about her father and her *own* personal life. Basically, it appears that she is living from day to day with no particular goals in mind. She is not too concerned about getting married and having a family someday. She knows all about the Church and believes in most of the teachings, but cannot commit herself to actually be active. Also, her mother is realizing the importance of the family now and wants JoAnn to come home. JoAnn feels like she doesn't want her mother to become dependent on her – so she won't go.

It's not quite as dramatic as it sounds, but I can't help wondering what great expectations JoAnn has planned that surpass the need for her family. She is seeking security so badly overlooking those who probably love her most. I don't think we always realize enough how much we do need each other, for it is only through serving one another that we can ever be eternally happy. And certainly, since Joe and I are so far away, we realize it more than anything right now.

The main thing that I want to express, however, is the basic influence the Gospel can have in our lives. As I compare myself now with others who I used to look upon with envy or feel inferior to, I am continually more grateful for my background. I realize now that I was maybe envious of someone else's freedom, material wealth, etc. But, I am so relieved that my parents encouraged me to be *more* active in the Church, to have *higher* standards, to be *more* motivated to learn, etc. Even though I haven't lived up to the standards like I should, I know the value now continually striving for improvement and knowledge, *but*, through the Gospel, and with the help of the Lord. And, we are all capable of this.

No matter how or what I give to the Church, I am blessed for it two-fold in other ways. A good example of this in my life is the job I just got. During my interview, the President asked me if I was a Mormon because I was from Utah. He was so excited and expressed how proud I should be of the standards of the Church and how he admired those who lived by them. He said, "I don't know of any other religion whose members contribute ten percent of all they earn, plus all their time efforts, and lives to such a worthy cause." He went on to say that he couldn't stand it when people smoked and didn't take good care of their bodies. (By the way, he is 70 and looks like 50). Well, we talked for quite awhile about the Church. He called me back in half an hour and told me I had the job and the salary I had asked for. I would like to think that my skills had something to do with it, but I can't deny the influence the Gospel has on me.

Well, Joe and I feel so blessed right now to have come from such "good stock." We have to attribute most anything good that we accomplish to the influence of the Gospel and our families. So, the only repayment for such a blessing is to live worthy of the respect our family deserves and raise our own children to respect the same principles.

80

We sure do miss you all, and we hope that you are all well and happy. Hope to see you in the next few months, whether we come there or you come here. Take care, much love, Suz.

P.S. I thought I would tell you that Mr. Schwengel (the President) is a Baptist, but he is on the right track. I went on one of his tours of the Capitol and we went into a special prayer room for the Congress. He spoke for about ten minutes about the Mormons, how they give ten percent plus the dedication of their lives to the Gospel, etc. He expressed how much better off the Country would be if everyone would give some of the same dedication to their Country. He also told the tour that if two Mormon missionaries ever approach you, don't turn them away! Well, I can't figure out why he isn't a Mormon yet, but he is sure a good missionary.

LETTER 77

Benjamin Platt, Pinto, Utah, May 20, 1906, To: Maria Platt, Sharp, Nyeby, Nevada, Dear daughter, we are all pretty well at present. We are having fine weather now and the fruit trees are getting through the blossom and we have plenty of work on hand and few hands to do it. We received your letter dated May the 8th I think and was glad to hear from you and hope you will soon get your money. We shall be glad to see you home again. Rob has gone to mill and we are looking for him home today. I have put in the entire garden that I can at present. It is now time to plant potatoes and now our summer's work begins, and we shall have plenty to do from this [time] on. I don't think I can do much this summer. You wanted some one to come out for you but at that time it will be almost impossible for us to leave home, for there will be by haying and other [things] and lots of other work at that time and we shall have to have work done. One pair of hands cannot do it. Rob got his wagon and paid 50 dollars on it. Silby has been at Cedar for the last three weeks. We are looking for her home with Rob today. Ida's time will be out in two more days of school. Mary and Emma came over last week to clean home and left Anna to take care of her home at the meadows. Emily is weaving the carpet. There is about 30 yards of it. I do not think of any more to say at present, with love from Father and good wishes for you. [Benjamin Platt]

LETTER 78

Gene Lyman Platt, Newburg, Oregon, August 18, 1976, Dear brothers [#1]. For the past few weeks, I have been desirous to communicate with each of my brothers but realized if I took the usual slow time to write to each of you, some of you would not receive any word from me until Christmas at earliest, so I decided to kill five birds with one stone and compose a general epistle to the Platt boys. Although your letter may be a copy, it contains as much love and emotion as the original.

I am extremely pleased with the way we as brothers have maintained a very close relationship throughout our maturing lives. In the past week, I have received letters from Ed and Mac, a phone call from Joe, a personal report from one of Lyman's genealogy students, and communication from mom on how Gordie is doing.

As I have studied the Book of Mormon this past month, I have cherished more and more the relationship that brothers have and have realized that we are as a family extremely blessed to

81
feel the unity that we do amongst ourselves. I recall the love Joseph Smith had for his brothers, the love Nephi and Lehi had for each other, the love Joseph of old had for his brothers, and many other brotherhood stories, and I'd like my brothers to know that I feel the same way towards them as these great men have felt towards their brothers. When I contemplate the hereafter, one of my fondest expectations is that we as a family, as parents, brothers and sisters, can all be together again in a unit of love eternally.

Arlene and I are in the midst of writing our personal histories, and, even though I can recall moments of serious conflict as I write this history, it seems that only the good times are really worth remembering and recording. Whether I just have a poor memory or what, I can not even recall the reasons Joe and I, and Mac and I used to fight so much. All I remember now is the times that we had fun and worked together, etc.

One of my most pleasant recent memories is when Gordie and Mac and I spent several hours together at Dad's place, stacking up the wood and cleaning the behind the garage area. These are the kind of memories that I cherish. Anyway, I hope it is obvious to each of you that I love each of you and desire to continue our close relationship.

Now, for news from the Northwest. Since the taking of the bar exam at the end of July, life has pretty much returned to normal at the Gene Platt house. Like Joe, I imagine, for several days, I was nervous and fidgety after the bar exam because I was unaccustomed to just doing

nothing. It seemed that sitting with the family and watching TV or working in the yard was wasting time that I could have and should have been studying law. But it hasn't taken long to adjust to being a regular family man. I know Arlene has certainly appreciated finally having me around to take some of the load off of her shoulders. I didn't really realize until now what a job it is taking care of three little ones all by yourself.

Arlene is doing very well. She has found great joy in reading the scriptures and her thoughts are becoming more and more oriented to the gospel as a way of living and not simply as a professed belief. She very much enjoys our ward and is making some fast friends. She loves our little home and is quite satisfied with our temporal situation.

Little Bri is as rambunctious as any other child his age. He gives us moments of great concern but equally frequent moments of pride and joy. Just last week, as we were walking him to his Sunday School room, we ran into his teacher, an old grandmother in the ward. Bri stopped, took Lisa's hand and turned to his teacher and said (just like he had been trained perfectly), Sister Berg, this is my little sister, Lisa. Lisa, this is my teacher, Sister Berg. Lisa, say hi to Sister Berg. After a moment of silence on Lisa's part, Bri said, Sister Berg, Lisa doesn't talk yet so she can't say Hi. Then later, he was called impromptu from his class to give the sacrament gem. I was sitting on the back row and just knew that he would freeze up and not say a thing once he got to the podium. He stood up there and almost ate the mike, but got through the gem and made his daddy very proud of him, to say the least. I guess we will keep him. Last week, we went water skiing with one of the attorneys in the office. As we arrived back at the dock, we set Bri out on the dock and started to get Lisa, when plop, Bri went head first into the lake (without his life preserver on). He floated up and we grabbed his hair and pulled him out. He hadn't swallowed any water so was none the worse for the experience, but we all learned good lessons that day and said especially fervent prayers that

82

evening. Lisa is just a terror. She rules the roost and completely dominates her older brother. At times, I will watch her manipulate him when she doesn't know that I am around and I tell you, it is just hilarious. If she doesn't get what she wants, in a flash, her hand is in Bri's thick brown hair and she pulls and pulls until he surrenders the toy. Admittedly, she is quite spoiled but she surely does control her daddy's heartstrings. She is currently in the process of breaking in her trainer pants and divorcing her diapers. She really thinks her trainer pants are neat, especially when they are wet.

Little Amy is just a darling. We have no problems with her and she presents such a small effort that we often forget she is around. She is beautifully corpulent and the pride of her mother and father. She coos to us when we talk to her and is getting more beautiful every day. She may end up to be the second blue-eyed child in our family (my own).

As far as #4 son, I am quite happy with our existence. Just this past month, Arlene and I sat down and re-evaluated our lives and set some goals that we desire to accomplish. The fulfillment of those goals is a most satisfying accomplishment and gives our lives direction and meaning again after all of those years of pressures and distractions of the pursuit of academia. I am enjoying extremely my position as Deacon's Quorum Adviser-Scout Master. There are whisperings around the ward that something else is brewing for me but I have done all I can to discourage any change in position. I am happy where I am.

One of our big goals now is to get our food storage in by the first of April. We did 50 quarts of applesauce this last weekend and look forward to doing more this weekend. We are going to Wenatchee next week to pick up some peaches and hope to get them all bottled soon.

We've got some nuts and canned beans in line and are keeping our eyes open for Washington wheat, etc. With the Lord's help, we'll make it to April.

My job keeps me busy and happy. We do some very satisfying things for our clients in this office and I am quite happy with my choice of profession. I just hope that in fact this ends up to be my profession (meaning I hope I pass that silly bar exam).

Well, brothers, it is time that I began to do some income earning around the office here, so I'll leave off for now. Love #4.

L.D., mom tells us of the hopeful move. It all sounds so exciting, but I bet you're saddened at leaving your friends in Spring Lake.

Sister Fox, my next door neighbor, gave me a report on the seminar in Provo. It sounds that as usual, you still put your all into genealogy. I'm proud to have you as my brother Lyman. Give Bertha, grandma and the kids our love. Gene.

LETTER 79

Ellen Lyman Atkin, 450 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah 84720, September 23, 1976,
Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie: Curt just called from the University Hospital to ask me if I could get copies of my mother's, Aunt Beatrice's and your mother's death

83

certificates. It is something I have never thought about and have no idea where to turn, except to the family. Since all of our people are buried in San Juan, do you suppose the county there would have a record of them, or do you or Rene or some of your family have a copy of your mother's that you could send to me for Curt. He would make copies of them and get them right back to the owner. I would greatly appreciate any help you could give us and he is most anxious to learn as soon as he can about them.

I read yesterday, the second article in the *Ensign* by Lyman De. He is a darling boy. He and his wife quite some time ago, came one morning and ate breakfast with us – as they were on a business and pleasure trip. What choice sons and daughters you have. You must be terribly proud of them and their accomplishments and ambitions.

Curt and Elisabet were with a party of twenty from the University Hospital a couple of weekends ago – having rented some house boats to live on during their stay on Lake Powell. They pulled up into a nice place where they could swim, etc., and a fellow and a girl in a small boat not too far from them, began shooting at them. Curt went on top of a hill chose by and they fired several shots at him – shouting obscenities and telling them to get out of their country – they were there first. The fellow finally came to the house boats to apologize and Elisabet said he must have been high on drugs – liquor or something else, as he continued to wave his gun around and threaten them. They were able to get a picture of him – plus the number on his boat. The San Juan County Sheriff is investigating the affair – which sounds pretty serious to me. I hope they locate the two and spank them soundly.

Otis was here to see us this afternoon. He and Audruff have moved from their Las Vegas home (sold it) and have bought and moved to Circleville. He is happy to be out of Vegas, and is hoping that they will be happy of their move. Floyd and I thought we would be moving from Cedar this summer and bought a home in St. George, but didn't make the move and are trying now to sell the St. George home. In anticipation of the move, I was released from my job as Stake Relief Society President, but I am back in Relief Society ward work – Social Relations teacher and I am pleased with the assignment. It will be the first time in my life that I have ever taught (with one exception) adults. I have always worked with the youth or have been in executive positions, and I do hope I can do a good job. I am excited about it.

Floyd and Scott are still working together and Floyd would like to turn the whole works over to Scott and take it a little easy now and then. Hopefully, it is working into that. Dale and Chris and Kimberly have their home and music store in St. George. They would all like so much to have more children – but it looks like it is not in the program for them – at least up

to this point. Scott and Genny are expecting their second one in about two weeks, and Marilyn and Cliff I suppose, have their family. Marilyn is going to school this fall – getting into a two-year registered nurses program. I am also going to go to school – for the first time since I graduated back in the dark ages. I am planning to learn Spanish, short hand century 21, and will also take a business type class. I hope this old gray head can still learn something. If it turns out that I can still learn without too much hassle, I may add some classes as time goes on.

84

Enone's granddaughter Elizabeth is living with us and going to school here this fall. She has a step-father. She is a senior. She is the 10th person (other than our own) who has lived with us. We have had some interesting people – just hope we can be of some help to her.

Little Allie – I must write to my sisters and see if any of them can help me with this request of Curt's. I will greatly appreciate your help – or suggestion as to where I can write if you cannot help me. Love, Ellen [Lyman Atkins]

LETTER 80

Albert Robison Lyman, 1482 East 520 South, Provo, Utah 84601, June 15, 1973, Edward Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear nephew: the more I think about your ambitions, you and your wife, to make an account of facts and meanings connected with the biography of grandmother Lucretia Hancock Robison, the more I feel sure that it is real inspiration and not just fancy. The great and far reaching purpose of the unusual life history of grandmother Robison is too important to be passed over as just a happenso and to be taken as a matter of fact. Everyone of her numerous posterity should be interested in it, and be impelled by it to recognize the meanings and purposes of our important little day in the flesh.

We come here not knowing who we are. We are not concerned as we should be about whom and what are our parents, and who and what will enter into the shaping ambitions of our children. I recognize in a way, from the time of my children that the stories of my ancestors were particularly intriguing to me [as was] the childhood of my father and mother, and the children and life of their parents. And with the coming and going of years I was thrilled more and more with the multitude of people who were my ancestors.

Then as time went on I was interested in my children, who they were, and the purpose for which they had come into the world, and with the flight of years, especially of death or some unusual thing befell them with the intensified interest which came to me. In my personal acquaintance with Grandmother Robison, and with Grandmother Lyman with who I was acquainted, they took on majesty and an importance for which I was compelled to think and to consider. Why was it that they should be of so much importance to me? And as I look back to them as the connecting link so far as I am concerned, of two great families of people from whom I am descended, I have a new impetus in looking further and finding out more than that of which I had become aware of.

What you are doing or aiming to do magnifies the importance of your being and your connection as the probable links between two more great tribes of people, knowledge of whom will become important to the multitudes that will come at the invitation of this connection. I can't think on the spur of the moment of anything which you could undertake to magnify and dignify you marriage, and its potentialities.

I am sending herewith a check for \$20.00 which is but a token towards the expenses your project will involve. I do not know just when and whether I may send another token for my limited strength to act and my limited resources will have to meet the demands of my infirmities and the needs of my helplessness. But I send you my blessings and my best wishes, and will be interested to hear of your success. Very sincerely, Uncle Albert.

LETTER 81

Albert R. Lyman, Huntington, Utah, November 17, 1928, Mr. Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My dear brother, Sara is writing you; her admiration and respect and love for you is inspiring and suggestive, and she assumes of course that I should write, though having no habit of relating events, and no events of sufficient import to relate, it remains to be seen whether I shall make this into a letter.

On the thirteenth a great retrospect of the last twenty-seven years passed through my mind. That thirteenth of November, 1901, came before me again as the indelible record which I have found it to be. In Pa's death he called to me with a voice which grows louder with its echoes, and it is emphasized by other deaths and by dreams and keen impressions and events which carry it home with increasing emphasis.

A multitude has gone on since then, not only of the older ones who might be expected to go, but of younger men and women and children who might have stayed a long time if they had not been cut down by the unusual. Among the younger men of this multitude I recall, Lyman Leonard, Budd Wood, Clyde Hammond and others, and now Hardy and Herbert have been smitten down as by a shaft from a clear sky. To the natural man, it is a maze of terrible uncertainty.

The peril and uncertainty of this existence impels me to cherish every element of certainty placed within my grasp, and to seek out whatever there is for me to feel and to know about the most stable and unfailing destinies ahead of us. As I grow older I live more in the contemplation and assurance of these things, for they are nearer, both in point of time and in point of feeling than they were a few years ago.

The great objective, corresponding in liberties and provisions to all the things for which our souls are continually calling, is a world "where all things for our glory are manifest." This world is wisely and purposefully made to be in many respects the very antithesis to that world. There the great feature is the provision of whatever is essential to our full realization of what our hearts have craved from the remote eternities – here the great feature is the want of these very things, and the disheartening uncertainty of our hold on the little within our reach. "There must needs be an opposition in all things," that the height of the high might be emphasized and accentuated by the depth of the low, that joy might be more full and perfect and complete by its pronounced contrast with misery. There "all things for our glory are manifest," but here, all things for our proving are manifest that by enduring each degree and dispensation of misery, we may be eligible to each grade and each addition of glory.

Our eternal and unfailing Father is manipulating our destiny to the most successful accomplishment of this primeval end, and He will be more kind to you and to me when we enter into our glory and our exaltation, than He is kind to us today. We are brought here by agencies beyond our comprehension, and we are preserved to the process and steered into it and exposed to its action as an ax is exposed by a man to the turning stone. And in due time, regardless of what we wish or think in our stupid, finite view of the situation, we shall be raised from the face of the revolving stone at an hour for which we are little or not all prepared.

"For behold God doeth nothing for man save it be for their good," and in all these straits of darkness and intensity the Lord is as accurate and as unfailing in His purpose towards us as when He tells us, "Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

Oh these years which we live are but as a day which passeth away – they come and they are gone – the most distant past which I can recall on this earth is but a little while ago. My

acquaintance with time from the days of the old fort in Bluff to the present time is hardly a moment in the magnificent flight of time. And also tomorrow is casting its somber shadow across the paths of today, and tomorrow is coming with swift and unfailing strides.

It is but a little while since I went in the old east bedroom and saw you there for the first time, a tiny baby – your childhood, your young manhood has slipped by like a summer day, and in the wonderful speed of the process you are being rushed against the various refining surfaces, subjected to the flames and the acids and the shaping instruments and machinery which are to be so far reaching in their preparation of you that you shall not fail of the great objective to be fit and ready to enter in and receive in that world “where all things for our glory are made manifest.”

To have no clear and persistent idea and hope and vision of the great objective ahead, is to live in bitter despair, but to seek and cherish this assurance is to be ready to “hope all things, to endure all things.” This that we are going through is the chosen and glorious process of the ages – to see it as it is to be immune to despair – to halt and look into the depths beneath and to consider the gloom all around is but indulging the weakness of doubt, and the punishment of that indulgence follows immediately.

I look at your life and at your ordeals of bitterness with a consuming concern for tomorrow, feeling sure that today has been made but tributary to that tomorrow, its indispensable counterpart, its antithesis, its opposite – that in today all things for your glory are painfully wanting as it were, and all this for the very important reason that the day of your redemption may be accentuated and amplified to the full glory of perfection. Be sure the great Father who “saw the end from the beginning,” has not and will not suffer the beginning to be so vitiated and estranged from the end in view that the end can not be reached.

I hope that you will never give way to despair, but that you “will pray always and faint not.” I pray for you and hope for you – that the heaven-ordained action of time upon you will never leave any marks to mar you nor unfit you, but always to develop and strengthen and bring out the soul qualities which shall fit you as the Father intended to stand in His glorious presence when this little period is finished.

With best wishes to your family, remembering especially the dear little girls, I am, your loving brother, Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 82

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 17, 1927, to Mrs. Irene Lyman, Montrose, Colorado, Dear sister Irene: I have just read your letter to Lell, and I am sorry to know that you hear so little from here. I can write once in a while, even though I can do but very little to relieve the
87

situation. I can assure you that I have not changed in my feelings from those times when you a little, weak, timid girl planting corn for me, and that the feelings I have had for you in the years that have followed, and feelings of solicitude for your welfare, and for your deliverance from every distressing situation into which your life has led.

As children of God the Eternal Father, our destiny is to triumph over all things if we will; there is no snare so carefully laid and so cruelly planned that it may tighten its grip around us and pull us down beyond all possibility of deliverance, unless we surrender to it, and refuse to exercise the powers of deliverance which the Father has given to every one of us. The clouds may gather in blackness above, and the dark pit open wide its terrible mouth before us, yet we may be assured, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.”

The love of our Father in Heaven is infinite and unfailing; the very best thing we know in the way of constancy and love among mortal beings is but a very poor approach to the perfect love of our Eternal Father. And He allows nothing to come to us, but that it is to be for our

welfare if we do our part. It may seem unbearable, and it may appear to be without end, but behind it is the great infinite purpose framed long ago for our development and perfection. You may wonder why your affairs are upset and distracted as they are, and why you cannot go peaceably about the pursuit of happiness as other women seem in most cases to do. It might have been asked of the Christ in the strenuous situations he met, "Why this one of the family should be singled out for all these afflictions, when all his brothers and sisters are following the wonted ways of their happiness?" And it might be asked "Why have saints in all ages had to follow a path of suffering and anguish, while the wicked reveled in riches and ease?" Is it because the Lord loved Jesus less, or because He loves saints less than those who have wealth lavished upon them. Jesus said of this matter "When ye suffer all these things, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

As I said, it is not given me to relieve this situation – I can exercise my faith, and speak such words of truth and encouragement as the Lord gives me to speak, but I can assure you that there is sure and unfailing relief to come in its due time, and there is ample reward for all the anguish it has given you. This is in the hands of the Lord, but your personal efforts have more to do in hastening its coming, than the efforts of anyone else. Refrain therefore determinedly from every feeling of despair; pray for deliverance, live for deliverance, be ready always to hear and act on suggestions from the Lord, whether they come to you by the whisperings of His spirit, or by suggestions from His servants whose right it is to give you counsel. May the Lord bless and comfort you always, is the prayer of your loving brother, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 83

Albert R. Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah 84720, July 16, 1972, To Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brother Edward: The unusual limitations and demands of my experience make me to think of you and a hope that your infirmities are being sanctified to you as mine are to me. In my studies and writings, I am really getting more joy by the day and by the hour than ever before. I am here with Floyd and Ellen and possibly to stay right here 'til I get so much better or so much worse that I will be moved to some other place.

88

I met with and talked to some wonderful people in Provo. At Gordon's request, Karl and I blessed him preliminary to the call which is coming to him as a Bishop. I met with Allie and Lyman D. and was inspired as always with their company. Enone, Klar and Edith were all eager to have me come and stay with them, but for various reasons I have come to stay here for the present.

In this ordeal of losing my dear Gladys and having to make some very revolutionary changes, I am being deeply impressed with some immortal truths which could not have come to me with the same force in any other way. It has come to me that this is a magnificent opportunity to live and carry on and make the most of the intensity through which I have to go. This is my privilege of the eternal ages, a time that was appointed long ago to which I gladly agreed because of the greater understanding and greater purpose it would bring to me.

In spite of the natural longings and yearnings which come over me as I think of her, and of Lell, I am deeply impressed with the tremendous fact that these experiences are more beneficial and more blessed than they could have been if they had moved on in peace and quiet as I had naturally hoped and expected. I discern that we are not here to indulge but to learn the blessedness of refraining and enduring and, as the Christ said "When these things come upon you, rejoice and be exceeding glad for they are intended as an eternal purpose." I have been reminded of the oft-quoted word in the revelations of God "what doeth it profit a man if a gift be bestowed upon him and he receive not the gift." The Lord's gifts are not for the fleeting present but for the everlasting future. What He gives us is for our enduring joy

and our eternal exaltation. That is what He is giving to me and I am more than compensated for all the temporary loss and for all the temporary sorrow and disappointment that these experiences entail upon me.

The Lord says "I do nothing for men save it be for their well being and their enduring happiness." The Lord is doing for me greater and more profitable things than I could choose for myself. I am happy and contented. I do not know what the future shall bring. I know it will bring some important changes to my life as it is, and I praise the Lord for His unfailing mercy and goodness.

With every good wish and blessing to you, I am very sincerely your brother, Albert R.

Lyman

LETTER 84

Albert R. Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah 84720, August 20, 1972, To: Allie Platt, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah 84601, Dear Edward and Allie: I am addressing this letter to both of you with the idea that Allie will be reading this letter to her father. It is quite remarkable that he and I are waiting in the wondrous borderland before going forth to the world beyond. This experience which has been coming upon me with increasing tension for some time is still a mystery, but it has a meaning. It has impressed me that this is my great opportunity of the eternal ages. This has sanctified to me what I have been going through the last four months. I could not see at first how much it would involve, my increased helplessness, and the necessity of my leaving my beloved home and the great accumulation

89
of books and records that I have there. I didn't think it possible that I could reconcile to and be content with all the privations and inconveniences which this change has thrust upon me. I am not only reconciled, but I am enthusiastic for what I think it means. When I think of Edward going through the physical torture which I have reason to believe he is suffering, I can't think of any greater comfort that could come to him than the assurance that all this was appointed and that it is joyful to the purpose. I have unchallengeable assurance that the knowledge of these appointments which were made for us, and to which we agreed, are the most comforting memories which can be awakened in our minds.

I find positive evidence that the great prophet Mormon wrote the better part of his book after he was wounded in the great battle of Cumorah. When I consider the wondrous things that he has written, I envisage him in physical torture when he was writing these things. The absolute sincerity of them and the way they were cut short and had to be finished by his son Moroni, I am impelled to believe that the great appeal of his words were in reaction to what he was suffering. I figure that these days which are extended to Edward, are his great privilege of all the privileges which have been afforded to him while he has been here in the flesh. If he can get to thinking of himself as I have been enabled to think of myself, that my career has been through tens of thousands of years and that this earth opportunity is the fulfillment of an ancient promise, it will sanctify to him situations which otherwise would be filled with despair. When I consider the great satisfaction that has come to me through what seemed like a disaster, I can readily believe that there is in store for Edward in the days that he remains, greater things than he has enjoyed hitherto.

Our lives are essentially an awakening, a ripening, and a preparation for better things to come. When I consider the extraordinary experiences that Edward has had in his lifetime, I must suppose that there is something good in store for him at this critical time if he can rally his nervous forces, and his depleted physical forces for him to see and know greater things than he has seen thus far. I have heard of so many people who, in their intense times before going into the spirit world, were shown wonderful things, I must believe that wonderful

things are for Edward to see and to know. I say this by virtue of what has been shown to me. With prayers and blessings for the whole E.P. Lyman family, I am very sincerely your brother, Albert.

LETTER 85

456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah, September 24, 1972, To Allie Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Edward and Allie, when I was at your bedside yesterday, I had some of the deep feelings which come to us but are impossible to express. Even now, it may be that I haven't the words to make those feelings clear. But, I figure that I should make the attempt so you will know I was not as feelingless as I might have seemed to be. The feeling that came to me had to do with the inevitable time which the future will bring, and I envisaged the immortal state when all of our sickness and poverty and life-long disappointments will be a thing of the past. I thought of Edward as I knew him from the day he was born and the vicissitudes of life through which he has gone, the very important experiences through which he has passed, the disappointments and failures which have made his years intense. All these things came before 90

me as a great panorama, and I thought of how his infirmities have piled upon him in the last few years, and how, since the going of Irene, life has been more bitter, and more distressing, to him than people on the outside can begin to understand.

These last five months have made me to know as I otherwise could not know, what a distressing thing it is, to be left alone with the burden and infirmities of age standing in the way of making any new beginning. I thought too of how I have recognized Edward's understanding of the Gospel. I think there is not another man in San Juan Stake who has made as diligent study of the Gospel. It has been an inspiration to me. I have not been able, for some reason, to talk these things over and express my feelings as they have come to me, but they seem now to focus on important phases of our lives which heretofore have not been amplified and magnified as they are now with each one of us as dependent, or more dependent upon our daughters, than we ever were dependent on a wife.

The end of the journey is not far distant for either one of us and our past lives will appear on the pages of our memory and we will look back to even these days, as we look back at the days of our childhood. There is in it, something more grand and majestic than I can express. We have come here and taken upon us these bodies and been occupied here for a few fleeting years. They have gone as a day, yet we will have them vividly in our immortal memories for all time to come.

There is very much on my mind that I would like to say, but after I have made my greatest effort to express my feelings and emotions, I find that they do not convey the full picture with all its shades and meanings. I do pray the Lord to sanctify these intense moments to Edward, they are of very great importance, they are being added for their immortal value to this already intense experience, important because they carry on and on. As the Lord said to Joseph Smith in Liberty Jail "thy sufferings are but a small moment and if you endure them well, you will triumph over all your adversaries." Three months in the agony of that jail, were just a small moment. Our prolonged moments here, will be blessed to us as we look back at them. Love and blessings ever, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 86

Albert R. Lyman, Huntington, Utah, January 25, 1930, To: Allie and Rene Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Allie and Rene: Here I have been thinking about all this time and haven't written you one letter. I figure that you are my girls, and I want to write you a story, and then you can write to me.

I want to tell you about Tobe and Tickler, and then tell you about Trixie and Trot. [Uncle

Albert drew caricatures of Tobe, Trixie, Tickler and Trot on his letter.] Tobe's mother was a bull terrier, but Tickler's mother was a Scotch shepherd dog. They belonged to Farmer Hill, and followed his wagon or his horse to town whenever he went, which was often.

Always when they returned from these trips, Tobe had blood on him, and sometimes he limped, but Tickler always came home looking fresh and clean, and he-dog-friends all along the road. Along that road Tobe was hated, not only by the dogs, but by their masters as well. He came back with one ear split, and then with one foot so badly chewed that it never got

91

right again; he came home with one eye bitten out. One day he failed to come back, and Farmer Hill nor any of his family ever saw him again. But Tickler lived on, and boys and dogs and men loved him wherever he went.

Farmer Hill had two girls, Trixie and Trot. Trixie was invited to parties and the girls came to see her, but no girls came to see Trot, and they never invited her to see them. Trot cried about it and scolded the girls and called them bad names, but that didn't help matters at all.

One day Farmer Bill called Trot to him and asked "Do you remember old Tobe?"

"Course I do," she snarled.

"Do you know why everybody hated the old fellow and finally wore him clear out?" asked her father patiently.

"Why it was because he was so darn mean, and picked a quarrel wherever he went," she said, a little more mildly.

"They couldn't like him, could they?"

"I should say not," and Trot spoke more sensibly still.

"Do you like Trixie?" asked the kind Father Hill.

"Why sure I like her and so does everybody."

"Why?" said Trot's father, looking straight into her eyes.

"She likes them, that's the reason."

"Now can you guess why people don't like you?"

Trot looked down at the ground and began to cry. "It's because I'm so much like old Tobe," she sobbed, "Oh Daddy, help me to love people so they'll love me." Trot was a different girl from that day on, and she had friends everywhere.

Now I hope that Allie and Rene will have friends everywhere, and when they go to make a list of their friends, I want them to put Uncle Albert up near the top of the list. With love and best wishes always, I am Uncle Albert.

LETTER 87

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, August 2, 1951, Allie Lyman Platt, Dear Allie: Your letter of the 16th of July came to us at Isleta a little while before we came away. I have thought about it frequently as to what you should do, and where you should go to make your home and a living. Even if I thought I knew just what you ought to do, it would be unethical to tell you, both because I might be wrong, and also because I would be intruding unduly into your important realm of learning by trial and error, to choose safely for yourself.

This much I can tell you: The Lord has sent us here to take an appointed part; there is a destiny over us, and we are not here to be the victims of caprice events, and to fare good or evil according to the chance shake of the dice. We are not predestined to follow any certain course, we are free to choose our own course, yet there is a work to which we were assigned, and to that work we will be directed if we are earnest and honest in our desires.

In this work to which we have been assigned, it is well to consider the words of Nephi to the effect that nothing is to be expected of us for which no way has been provided. Also "The

92

Spirit of Jesus Christ enlightens every man that cometh into the world, and the Spirit enlightens every man through the world that harkens to the voice of the Spirit.”

There is a scripture which says “It is within you,” meaning the riches of the Kingdom, and the potentialities of all that is glorious in the intended destiny of man. You must discover your own primeval powers and intuitions which were to fit you for the various parts you came here to take. The work you were sent here to do is peculiar to you and your fitness and preparation for it is peculiar to that work. This is something which I have discovered with the years, and of which I could give you many incidents of proof.

But as against this preparation which we bring with us, we develop prejudices, and we get our judgment vitiated with preconceived ideas; also we suffer ourselves to be unduly swayed by what we see and hear, and our inward monitor is confused and distracted, till we stand in a dither, and want some one to tell us what to do. “The Spirit which enlightens every man who harkens to it,” may tell you, but no man will tell you, unless, and that is possible, he is inspired of the Lord to do so.

It is for you to investigate the facts, situations and possibilities related to your problem. For instance: a certain young man from here has spent four years in the schools of the East, and is heavily in debt for his education, and he is not getting as much in the job he has taken in a certain city, as dozens of men around here who have scarcely been to school at all. As against this you might consider other technicians: doctors, lawyers, etc., who are making a lot of money, and even they in many cases are not on the safe basis that others are who have their feet on the solid ground and their hands in the soil from which they could subsist and live and flourish in spite of panics and strikes and a thousand disasters which could disrupt the whole living standard, break up the home and cut off the income of many who think they are on easy street.

It is well to consider that money may become worthless. President Young said the time would come when a barrel of flour would be worth more than a barrel of gold. Think also of the environment in which your choice of action will throw your children; they are worth more than anything else in the list of values involved. With every good wish to you in your good work I am very sincerely, Uncle Albert.

LETTER 88

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, January 30, 1953, To: Gordon L. Platt, Lehi, Utah, Dear Gordon: We appreciate your letter, and the many good things you say about us, though I am sure your opinion of me would be modified considerable if you had to live near me for very long at a time. What you say about Aunt Gladys, and Deco, Platte and his boys and some other members of the family, is about right. Platte made a very deep impression on me. Knowing him as I did, and having a full appreciation of the formidable hill he had to climb in his come-back, I know he did remarkably well. He was not afraid; he knew; and he looked forth to the other world with eager anticipation to the part he would take. It is a thrill, and the natural sadness from which we can not get entirely away, is swallowed up in the magnitude of his immortal achievement.

93

In what he has said and done he has demonstrated and emphasized the thing that I have been trying for years to make clear in my teachings to my children, and at the words I have spoken at the funeral of those of my loved ones who have gone on. I feel that in what Platte has said and done, he has put it over a little stronger and clearer than I have ever been able to do, I know he has made a contribution to my stock of defenses and assurances, and the predominating emotion from the experience, is gratitude.

You ask about my going with you this coming summer to the Lake Country; I would like to

make the trip, but I cannot make any promise at this time, both because I do not know what my health will be like, and whether I shall be engaged in something else at that time. It is quite possible to go from here into the Lake Country and back in a day, and if that were the way you were going, it is much more likely I would be able to go with you. My health is such that I can not camp out very well anymore, in spite of the way I used to enjoy it years ago. Now for you and for Art, I want to say the same thing that I have said for my own sons-inlaw:

my girls went out among the motley herd of men and things and found real men.

Edward's girls have done the same thing. It does make a tremendous lot of difference what kind of people we marry, and when I see so many promising girls throw away their lifeprospects

by marrying some poor excuse, I am thankful for what my girls and Edward's girls have done. Edward is here with us; I think he is on the high road to recovery from the flu. I am afraid he wouldn't have made much progress there alone in his cold house.

With the best of wishes to Allie and all of the Platts, I am Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 89

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 9, 1953, Dear Gordon [Dee Lyman]: I have been inquiring about you, and I was surprised to hear that you had gone down there. I hope you are finding conditions and events such that they can combine to mean the thing and help to bring the thing for which you are looking forward to the future. You may not realize that you are looking and longing for a certain something but you are. There is a pronounced destiny over men – over all men - though some of them are too perverse to be led by it, and they drift into failure and more failure, and get into darkness and discouragement, and the devil sours them against everything.

There is a pronounced destiny over you – I have been interested in you, and have been watching your affairs and fortunes as they change and develop. To me it seemed very significant that the impediment should develop in your speech – it was not there at first, and whether or not there is any cause which we might call a natural cause, behind that natural cause, is the Great Father of us all, who made all the natural laws and the entire natural world.

This is what your handicap means to me: I consider your very splendid gifts and abilities to do things, and see that you are eligible and likely to be fit some time to fill the greatest place of trust and responsibility. And this handicap comes along seemingly as something very unnecessary and a contradiction to what you had promised to be. The Lord says in the Book of Mormon "I give unto men weaknesses that they may be humble," and we know of many

94

instances where some seeming calamity has come to men, and it has been the means of their making greater effort than they would otherwise have made, and they have accomplished much more in their lifetime than if the calamity had not come to them. The Lord has given you your fine abilities, and in His love for you, and with His far-seeing understanding of values, He has allowed this troublesome condition to develop in your nerves of speech, and to me it means that the Lord intends it to impel you to earnest and faithful effort that you might otherwise not have made.

It means too, that this is a special hurdle put before you for you to clear, and by clearing it you will have achieved something which is peculiarly essential to your development. It is not something which is to be hung to you always – it has been allowed for a purpose, and when that purpose is achieved it will be removed, leaving you the better for having had it. We might think of it as a kind of accelerator which has been hung upon you just at this important

time in your life, and when you have responded to its demands and reaped the benefit it was intended to give, it will be removed. Best of wishes to you in this and all your experiences, Uncle Albert.

LETTER 90

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, February 20, 1957, Allie Lyman Platt, Dear Allie: Your letter posted on the 17th at Richfield came yesterday and I hope my answer will not be too late to reach you before the conference to which you refer, and in which you have been asked to talk about the "Family Evening."

I have so much enthusiasm for the home evening, and there is so much to be said for it. I may accomplish no more in this letter than to spill out all over myself in trying to tell it, and then fail of giving the real meaning and worth of it, and making some of the methods by which it can be used to the best advantage.

The Lord has provided a fitting and proper time in the lives of children when they can and ought by all means to be taught the gospel. They will receive it at that time, and if they are not given it at that time, there is a hazardous possibility of their not receiving it at all, for they become occupied with other matters. These other matters become first in their purpose, where the matter of their earth-mission could have been and should have been made first. Now where else, and by who else could this essential teaching of little children be given but in their own home and by their own parents? If it is not given at that time and place, it stands a perilous chance of their being cheated out of it altogether. The first and most valuable right that children have in being born, especially to Mormon parents, is that they be taught the truth.

To my mind there is no more sacred trust reposed in parents than the privilege and the duty of teaching their children. My experience teaches me that the parents, who fail of this sacred trust, will lift up their eyes in hell, being in torment.

This labor cannot be accomplished by some haphazard and undefined effort. It must have definite appointed times. Careful attention must be given to it, that its programs may be properly and fitly framed for the shaping of the little minds, to slant them in this, their
95

susceptible period to the achievement of their great purpose. That must be done in the home. All the other institutions and associations together cannot do what the home should. The home can make it possible for these other helps and auxiliaries to do what they are expected to do in building on the essential foundation laid in the home.

The professing Latter-day Saint home with no time nor program for teaching its children the Gospel, is like the proverbial girl who goes out to swim, but doesn't go near the water. The home without the home evening is a desolate place compared with what a home should be. The family without the cementing influence of the home prayers, and stories, and love feasts, is a family which will drift coldly apart. The family that will pray together will stay together. The home meeting becomes a potent influence for parents in leading and controlling their children. Once when I had failed in anguish for days in persuading one of my girls that she was on dangerous ground, and that what she was doing was wrong, in the pleading influence of one of the songs we were singing in our home evening, she burst into tears and told me she could see that she was wrong. But for the intervention of the Spirit at that time, I fear to think what would have happened to her.

Children can be pushed around, and handled by dictatorial orders up to a certain time, and then they will act on their own. If we have not wrapped the bands of love and faith around them for that perilous moment, we have lost them. We can dictate to them no more. If we haven't built up their faith in the Lord, their love for us and for the right, we have failed:

period. Best of wishes to you in your speech on the subject. Uncle Albert.

LETTER 91

Albert R. Lyman, Box 136, 29 North 300 West, Blanding, Utah 84511, November 21, 1967, To: Mr. and Mrs. Almon P. Lyman, 719 Erma Street, Stockton, California 95207, Dear Almon and LaRee: we have you prayerfully in mind through this entire extraordinary ordeal. I have wondered at your tenacity of life, and the courage you find to meet it. I know that the Lord is watching over you; no such tremendous experience as this is allowed to come by the caprice of chance and without a wise and glorious purpose into your life. The Lord's work and His glory are to save and exalt His children, and He is unsparing in attending to all the details. Nothing can come about among His creations without His order or His permission. Everything which is allowed is for a sufficient and justifiable purpose.

You are here to live your appointed years for the accomplishment of an immortal objective, an objective surpassing in everlasting importance all the temporal ends and means which enter into the gaining of it in this short and transient existence. Your sufferings, as the Lord said to Joseph Smith "are but for a small moment," but they will be rewarded with immortality and eternal life. You will be exalted in the dignity of the Priesthood at the head of your family in the Celestial Kingdom, and all that you have endured here in the gaining of it, will add to your power and your perfection.

I pray the Lord to give you folks comfort and courage to the end, and I send you my love and my blessings. Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

96

LETTER 92

Albert R. Lyman, Box 136, 29 North 300 West, Blanding, Utah 84511, January 11, 1968, Almon P. & LaRee N. Lyman, My dear Almon and LaRee: the situations you folks have been facing for months past have had strong appeal to me from two angles: first, my natural concern for the distress of your body and of mind, and my hopes and prayers for your recovery. But above that, my admiration for your faith and courage; it is inspiring. This is, from one point of view, the most important experience of your life program. It has to do with immortality. It takes precedence over all temporal comfort and temporal objectives; they are rudely displaced for this, which comes as "The act of God," not to be evaded nor overcome by our mortal powers and efforts.

The Father's supreme objective is to bring to pass the immortality and exaltation of man; all that He has entrusted to them in the way of time and talent or extension of years in this mortal earth, is for the accomplishment of this first great purpose, and is employed by Him freely and without hesitation to that end. We pray that you will have strength and faith and cheer to endure to the end – that whatever you have to go through will be sanctified to you, that you will view it as an immortal achievement, joyful to the first purpose of your earthly being. With our prayers and blessings for your well being, Uncle Albert and Aunt Gladys.

LETTER 93

Albert R. Lyman, Box 136, 29 North 300 West, Blanding, Utah 84511, May, 1968, Almon P. Lyman, My dear Almon and LaRee: I am late with this letter. I have a great backlog of thoughts, feelings and emotions which have been accumulating in my mind while you have been making your long and difficult fight for life. I want to express my deep appreciation for the splendid example of courage and purpose which you have set for the kindred and friends in particular and for everybody in general. And this includes Allie and your mother and now Kay. It also includes your father for the gameness and courage with which he meets these surprise situations.

All this puts to shame the narrow contracted notion that our business in living is to reach and

scheme for the riches of the world and its temporary pleasures and fame and power. What enduring benefit do we realize from these things, even if we succeed in holding them for a little while? We are often the worse for having held them for a little while. We came here into this school of the ages, to be in it for a brief moment only, brief even though it continues 88 years, as it has with me. But it is full of heavy lesson-assignments, given to us by the Lord in His great love for us, and with His perfect understanding of what is best for our everlasting happiness. It is for us to appraise His wise gifts for what they were intended to do for us, to receive them with thanksgiving and to make the most of them. We are to consider how much they will mean to us when the brief day is ended.

You have achieved something of eternal value, something which no one can take from you in this world or in the worlds to come. This is one of the most important far-reaching ordeals of your life, possibly one of the most trying ordeals of your entire career in the long past, or to come in the long future.

97

To my mind it will compare favorably with the training through which that company whom John saw dressed in white robes of whom the angel said to John: "These are they who came up through much tribulation."

To you it may seem a great loss of time, and a tragic break in your operations, but I can think of nothing you could have been doing in that time which could be of more worth in the final analysis of values.

We love and bless you for the way you have met this extended ordeal. We love and bless LaRee for her constancy and devotion to you. We have an intensified appreciation for your father's family for what they have had to meet, and the way they have met it and are meeting it. Very sincerely, Uncle Albert.

LETTER 94

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 2, 1968, Almon P. & LaRee N. Lyman, My Dear Almon and LeRee: I don't remember when I was ever so much impressed with the oneness of two people as I was with you two when you came to see us last evening, and Paul put it "You are fitly framed together."

What you have endured, one for the other, and what you have achieved in facing stern conditions, constitutes an inspiring personification of what we conceive to be perfection.

Your fidelity, one to the other, your virtue and love and honor, make you fit and deserving for glory and immortality and eternal life.

You have made a distinct contribution to our lives and we are moved to bless you for it. What we say for you and LaRee is the sentiment we cherish for your brothers and sisters and their mates, and for your father and mother. Your labors and the part you have taken will sanctify them; they will stand in the dignity of the priesthood at the head of their family.

The great program is that we go through tribulation in this world cherishing the words of eternal life, and receiving eternal life in the worlds to come; as the old poet expresses it, "Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up whose golden rounds are our calamities." With love and blessings upon you we are Uncle Albert and Aunt Gladys.

LETTER 95

Albert R. Lyman, Huntington, Utah, January 24, 1929, DeAlton Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear DeAlton: I have your letter asking about the book I promised to give you. I'm sorry you didn't get it, but I have told the folks as nearly about it as I can, and it may be they will be able to get it for you.

We are having some very cold weather here, and though I am in the house most of the time, I am still very tender to the cold, perhaps more so than if I were out doors more.

In the matter of your drawing, or whatever you try to do, it is a good idea to do your best at all of it, remembering that you have your life before you, and that if you make a wise start
98

and put forth your best effort, there is hardly any place of achievement that you cannot reach. Of course you are only hunting around among the different things you might do, to find the one you want to stay with and make it your life work, but the more attention you give each work the more safe will be your decision when you make it.

I think often of you and your brothers and hope you will get lined up with the right kind of work and the right kind of people so that you will make the most of the opportunities the Lord has placed before you. There are so many boys who waste their precious time while they are little, and when they get up to the place where they should have something to begin building on in the way of a start in manly powers, they have nothing at all, and their lives become a poor and pitiable story where they could have been something worthwhile.

There will come a time when my father will meet you boys, and he will look for the real elements of worth. He will look for honor, honesty and the indications of time carefully and wisely spent. If he finds that you have made real men of yourselves, he will be proud and pleased, for you are his own flesh and blood, and are intended to be a part of his kingdom. But if you have made the sorry mess of yourselves that some men and boys are making of themselves, he will look at you in sad disappointment, and your meeting with him will be painful to all concerned.

I have noticed so many times that each one of you boys has real talent, and there is within you the splendid possibility of great things. The Lord has sent each one of you here to do a particular work, and He has given you just the right powers to do it in a way which will make us all proud of you – a way which will entitle you to a glorious place in His kingdom when you are through with these few short years on earth. I hope you will each one find that work He sent you here to do. If at any time I can be of any assistance in directing or helping you to get through the difficulties and mount up to the places you came here to fill, I want you to let me know.

Give my kind regards to your father and mother and to the little girls. Your loving uncle,
Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 96

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, August 19, 1961, Edward Robison Lyman, Salt Lake City,
Dear Bob: I want you to know that I think about you and your family in the unpleasant experiences that you meet, and it occurs to me that I should let you know you have friends who have your well being at heart, and who have faith in you and your wife. We are concerned to see you get established again, and lined up with some kind of business by which you can live comfortably.

Don't lose heart in these successions of adverse events; there is an unfailing destiny over all men, and the things that befall them are for a purpose. The best achievements of men in the world have come to them as the aftermath of difficulties and hardships without which they never would have been spurred on to achieve what they accomplished.

99

The Lord is supreme in all the affairs of His children, and whatever happens is either by His orders, or He has allowed [it] to come about for what it will contribute to the welfare of His loved ones for whom He has made the world and supplied it with everything needful to man. We have faith in you and in your wife, and we are hoping for every good thing that the future holds within your possibilities. With every good wish, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 97

Albert R. Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah, November 2, 1972, Edward Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Bob: we have just listened to the tape of your father's funeral and I was very much moved with the fine spirit which prevailed there. Somehow, the program made me think of you and I felt that it was my duty and business and privilege to write you a letter. I do not know much about what you are doing nor where you live, but I have a great feeling of interest in your well being. I know that your father entertained cherished hopes for you and he had many good things to say about you. It seemed to me that you should have been on the program. Of course your son was on the program and he made a very interesting and inspiring speech, but I would like to have heard your voice, just the humble and unassuming testimony which carries farther than many words.

As I approach the end of my 93rd year, and know that I am in all probability not going to be here very much longer, I am deeply impressed with the finality and the inevitability of these years through which we are preserved to live here in the flesh. This is our great appointed opportunity of the eternal ages. It is for us to make out of it the most enduring values – the values which carry on - for when the end comes, we leave every tangible thing that we have here including our bodies in which we live and we go on to a new and important situation for which we came here to prepare. It is very important that we learn what we can about the conditions we will have to meet; for if we wake up there having made no special preparations for what we have to meet, we will be in a state of terrible privation.

The Lord has supplied us with teachers and records and opportunities of finding out and knowing reasonably well, what we will have to expect. It is for every man to stand on his own responsibility in making the most of these privileges and getting himself so well prepared, that he is not at all in fear and in dread of the end when it comes to him. Somehow I have been more or less a stranger to you, it may be my fault: I am a stranger to many good people whose acquaintance I should have made both for their well-being and for my own, but I have an interest in you. I would like to hear from you, I would like to know your problems if you have any problems standing in your way, and I would like in the few years or days remaining to me, to make some worthwhile contribution to you. I would like for your sake and for mine, to be somewhat better acquainted with you while I am still here. Hoping you will understand my feelings and write me frankly, I am, very sincerely, Uncle Albert R.

Lyman.

LETTER 98

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, February 20, 1958, Rene Lyman Morin, Provo, Utah, Dear Rene: I was startled this morning when I looked at the date on your letter, asking us to make an answer in time for you to use it on the 23rd. Your letter is dated the tenth, so we owe an 100

apology for our negligence. I suppose I should print up on the mimeograph a pile of apologies with excuses for every kind of failure, and be ready to establish my alibis and thus preserve, if possible, the confidence which is misplaced in me.

As to your letters: I haven't seen Bob since he came back, but I am glad to know what you told me, and shall remember it in assigning parts in my class.

As to suggestions on how to train children to be Latter-day Saints, I couldn't tell much in a letter, even if I had much to tell. Having been limited in my educational advantages, when it came to training my children, I could do only what the Church suggested, and at that time came the suggestion that each family hold weekly home meetings. President Joseph F. Smith recommended it very highly, and said that if parents would observe that practice and in it teach the principles of the gospel, their children would grow up to be real saints.

So we followed it, we kept records: I have our minute books still. It was good – very

enjoyable. I could bear testimony to my own children with more freedom and fervency than to any people I had met in my missionary labors. The more I presented the gospel to them, the plainer and greater it came before my own vision. We had programs, not only for the next meeting, but a program of operation and schedule of activities in our home. We had our schedule on the wall. One child was assigned for a week or a month to see that we did not miss having prayers, another to attend to something else, and another some other necessary business.

We sang together before prayers morning and evening; we danced to my vamping on the organ, we had stories and exercises. We had stories. I was on the lookout all the time for appropriate stories, and I have more than a thousand of them named in shorthand in a little pocket book, and indexed alphabetically. Singing together and praying together, and telling of the dealings of the Lord with His children – missionary experiences – the history of the Church – the works and sufferings of good men and women – it got right into our hearts. Another thing I discovered: you can order little kids around, cat-haul them right and left, and compel them to do what you think they ought to do, but there comes a time when that mandatory government can carry on no farther – they are agents to themselves. If at that time you have not won their love and got principles safely in their souls, you have failed; they will fly out of the nest and away from you for good. I was much impressed by the saying of the Prophet Joseph Smith in answer to the question as to how he governed the big community of Nauvoo. He said “I do not govern them. I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves.” I saw that it was up to me and their mother to teach the children safe principles by which they would be able to govern themselves when the inevitable time came when we would have to draw in our arbitrary control and recognize their right to be agents for themselves. Best of wishes to your folks with your choice little flock. Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 99

Albert R. Lyman, Box 136, 29 North 300 West, Blanding, Utah, 84511, September 10, 1968,
To: Platte Hanson Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Platte: I am pleased to know that another
101

Platte Lyman has come to live among us. The first Platt Lyman, Platte DeAlton Lyman, was my father, your great-grandfather. He was the best man I ever knew, and I loved him more than any other man.

I love him still – I love his name, and I have a special interest in you, because you bear that name. I hope you will make it a good name, to stand for honesty and honor and for everything good, as my father made it to stand for.

Your name will become known in a widening circle of friends, and they must find out, the more they hear it and the more they see you, that you are a man, not just a guy.

You are nine years old, born, I think, August 7, 1959, and you are old enough to begin being a real man, and doing the things that real men are loved for doing.

My father, a bare-footed boy at your age, had to begin with some of the work which is expected of men. He was born in a wagon in the wild country along the Platte River, from which he was given his name. That was on August 20, 1848, a hundred and twenty years ago. He lived fifty-three years and died in Bluff, Utah on the 13th of November, 1901 sixty-seven years ago.

His first son, Platte DeAlton Lyman II, was born August 10, 1872 in Oak City, Utah and died there on the 10th of January, 1877, not yet five years old. Platte DeAlton Lyman III was born October 20, 1905 in Bluff, Utah, and died in Monticello, Utah, January 10, 1953, being fortyseven

years old.

Now I am hoping that this latest Platte Hanson Lyman will live to be an old man, being known as a stalwart for the truth wherever he is seen or his name is mentioned.

With cherished hopes, best wishes and great expectations for the new Platte Lyman, I am, your father's uncle, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 100

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, September 1, 1971, Ben Hanson Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Ben: This letter is not written to a little boy, but to one who was a man before he came into this little body, and who will be a man again in a very few years. Ben Hanson Lyman may become no bigger in size than his great-grandfather, Ben Perkins, yet he may do for his parents and for his brothers and sisters, what Ben Perkins did for his family when they were in trouble.

Because the family had joined the Church, and were known and hated as Mormons, they were thrown out of all the work they had been doing, and were compelled to go to the poor house to keep from starving. When they got out of the poor house and were looking for any kind of honest work, little Ben, though he was only six years old, got a job in a coal mine where he carried water for the miners to drink as they worked. He couldn't go to school; he had to work long hours every day.

102

A good woman started a little school where he might go for a little while in the evening, but she had to give it up. So Ben went on working in the mine, month after month and year after year, not learning to read or to write. He worked there nineteen years with one time off, only when he got a broken arm and had to stay home while it healed.

Of course he didn't carry water all that time. He learned to take more difficult labors and to receive greater pay than the little he got for carrying water. He learned to do the kind of work that grown men were doing in the mine. What he earned was *not* for him to spend for a good time; he figured it belonged to the family. They depended on it and he was glad to help them. He loved them and wanted to do for them greater and better things than he could by working in the mine. He wanted to get them out of Wales, and bring them to Utah. But Utah was 6,000 miles away. It would take money to get there, and he would have to learn to speak English, and to do different kinds of work than was done in Wales. They would have to work a long time in Wales to get money enough to pay the way of the whole family to Utah, but he might go and earn enough to send for them.

It was a tremendous undertaking; 3,000 miles of water and then 3,000 miles of land into a new and wild country where savage Indians and white outlaws had to be guarded against much of the time. He says it was an awful trial to leave his friends and leave Wales, never more to return. But he came, and at the end of the railroad he found a huge company with wagons and ox teams with which he was to come to Utah, and he was to drive three yoke of oxen. It was a difficult business. It was a long time before he could tell his six from the hundreds of others. When he would get his teams yoked up, he had the wrong ones and they would be taken away, and not being able to understand nor to speak English, it was a trying situation.

Be he loved his people and he loved the gospel and was resolved to carry on, regardless. He got a job with the road crew even before he got to Salt Lake, learning as he worked to handle teams and equipment he had never seen before. He got money as soon as he could, and sent to his parents and the folks in Wales.

Now [with] the big family of us are here, as a result of his love and faith, and we love him. We love the name of Ben Perkins.

Hoping that Ben Hanson Lyman will emulate the example of his great-grandfather, I am, with every good wish, Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 101

Albert R. Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah, September 18, 1972, To: Kay Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My Dear Kay, I was pleased but not surprised to hear that you had been called to be the patriarch. I am in full harmony with this appointment. I have a feeling that you are more qualified for it, and more deserving, than I was when I was called. I feel sure that this will be to you, the greatest call that has come to you in the Church to the present time.

103

When I was called, I was greatly disturbed as to what and whether I would have to say in giving blessings, but I found out that it was not for me to get anything all thought out beforehand. The spirit of this calling will be ready and on hand if you, as the patriarch, and they who are to receive blessings, are in harmony with that spirit. The words will come to you and they may be as revealing to you, as they are to the one to whom you speak them. This spirit which goes with the office of patriarch is the thing, and the only thing, which could make it what it is intended to be and what it will be if it is given in the way and by the spirit which is expected to prompt it. These words which come to you are not your words, but they are the words of the Lord. It is in this way only that the office and calling of the patriarch is dignified and sanctified in the Church as an inspired office. You will learn things here that you never knew before. Things will come to you that you have no right to tell and cannot tell to anyone else. They are to fit you with love and understanding for all men. It will be your duty and responsibility to know things about many individuals that you are not to tell. It is quite a difficult thing to know things that people would like to hear, but you have no business to make them known. You will find too, that in learning the weaknesses of people, instead of blaming them or despising them, you will have a feeling of love and kindness, sympathy and forgiveness which you would not have for the weaknesses of these people if you had learned them from some gossip. You are supposed to be, and will be, the keeper and preserver of the dignity of this office. I feel in my very soul a desire to bless you. I know by this calling that has come to you, if I did not know it in any other way, that the Lord loves you and has a great and holy work for you to do, to be the dispenser of good will and wisdom and faith, a factor for good in a wider field than you have operated in before. The vision of your understanding will be open, that you will see things as they are, and will wonder that you have never seen them that way before.

I pray the Lord to bless you, and your family, and to prosper you in your business and all your responsibilities, that you may make the most complete success which will be possible to you in the days that are yet extended to you. I feel towards you as if you were my very own son. I figure that this calling to you, is with great respect to your father and mother, and I want to see you benefit from it in every possible way. I am very sincerely, Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 102

Albert R. Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah 84720, November 2, 1972, Kay Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Kay: We have just listened to the tape record of your father's funeral and we have felt the very wonderful spirit which prevailed there. It is comforting and assuring after all that he suffered in his long and trying experience coming to the end, it is somewhat compensating to the anguish we felt for him, to know and realize what the Spirit of the Lord has to say for him and the reward that is awaiting.

I want in particular to send my congratulations to you and to the family, every one of them,

for their testimonies and for what they are. I ask the blessings of the Lord to be upon you in this calling which you have been asked to fill. You will learn from it by the spirit that goes with it, very much more than anybody can tell you. I was surprised and delighted with the

104
richness of inspiration which goes with it and the positive testimony which no one can have of it in the same way that it comes to the man who is called to be the patriarch.

I know through the years before I was called to that position, of quite a number of good, faithful patriarchs who are sometimes many months behind the time in having their blessings copied and reported. I felt it was my special duty to care for and report my blessings as soon as I reasonably could. I recognize positively that blessings have their individual quality and meaning, as much as individuals have their peculiar nature and deserving. I would suggest that you be thoroughly careful and attentive to every blessing. Look over it or have your trusted helper go carefully through it and see that it is consistent with itself and according to what was meant in the words spoken.

There is a dignity which you have to preserve, not the kind of shallow dignity that is preserved by "the honorable men of the earth," but by the unchallengeable humility and faith and correctness of position which is necessary to save you from any successful challenge to what you have said. The giving of a blessing is a very sacred thing and for me, I didn't feel safe at any time in undertaking to give a blessing before kneeling with and praying with the people to whom it was to be given. I realize that it is not my duty and calling to instruct you in this office. You will get your instructions from the Quorum of the Twelve or their appointed agents, but you have to begin with your claim on the Lord for guidance in assuming these responsibilities.

May the Lord bless and magnify you in the eyes of those who come to you for His word, is the sincere prayer of Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 103

Albert R. Lyman, 1482 East 500 South, Provo, Utah, July 28, 1973, To: Kay P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My Dear Kay, I may not be able to make it clear to you what you are to me, and what your calling to the office of patriarch has done for you in my estimation. I couldn't be more interested in you and your prospects and your children if you were my own son. I pray for and love you.

I would like to reach through you, and by you, to all the members of your father's family. His going and your calling to this position of patriarch has had a surprising influence on me. It has sanctified your father and his family in my appreciation, and in my affection, as nothing else could have done. I was astonished at the way it came to me before the decision was made for the new patriarch, that you would be called. And I figure that in your response to this call, you will receive great and wonderful enlightenment which would not come to you otherwise.

I figure that you will be looked upon and loved and appreciated for your kindness, your inspiration, and your ability to give the wise advice that will be for the salvation of many people. I figure that you will be not only a savior in your father's household, but a blessing and a comfort to the family in general, and the great multitude of people with whom this calling will bring you into contact. I hope you will find means enough to carry on in dignity with it, and to represent it before the Saints in general for the honor and majesty of its

105
purpose. I feel impressed that you will have extended understanding of [the] principles of the gospel, that you will be sought after, and appreciated for the wisdom and inspiration which will be given to you for them.

I am sure that many great and important things came to me in that calling that would not have come to me in any other way. I feel also that I did not magnify my privilege as I should have done. I hope you will do better. I have admired your humility, and I regard it as one of the indications of what you will do with this important trust. I am afraid I failed to dignify it as it deserved to be dignified: in my personal appearance, and in the ways which I made the calling of lesser importance than I was justified in making it. It is a most sacred responsibility, not only for the good you can do for others, but for the light and understanding which it will bring to you.

I think of how Josephus blamed the brothers of Joseph at first, for the honor that would [have come] to them through him. The great honor that came to them through him is the greatest honor they ever received. I have seen this same comparison made with Nephi and his brothers. They were honored by him more than by anyone else. I figure that in honoring you, and looking up to you as a servant of the Lord, we are honoring our own selves. This came to me also in connection with my responsibility, for my calling came to me by the authority of the Holy Priesthood. And by it I was authorized to speak firmly and decisively as I could not otherwise do. And I was impressed by the word of the Lord, speaking of his word "Whether these words are spoken by my own lips, or by the voice of my servants, it is the same." Thus you are admonished to be very careful by which spirit you are speaking. For when you have the spirit of it, it is the word of the Lord. May His blessings be upon you in all your labors.

Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 104

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, May 24 1965, To: Theral Burns Lyman, Box 128, Chino, California, Dear Burns: I have your letter of the 19th. For a long time I have been wishing I had your address; I have thought about you often in the years since you were one of my seminary students, and wished I might get you to see and work for the achievements of the great purpose for which you came into the world. We are here on earth but for a little while even though we live to be as old as I am now, in my 86th year. If I should live on to be a hundred or more it is but a short time, and then we go hence to enjoy or to suffer what we have made or failed to make of this privilege.

When your time is finished, and that may come at a surprise moment, your first thought will be: "What have I gotten out of it? How much better or worse am I for having lived my appointed years on earth. In my 85 years, soon now to end, I have achieved no more important thing than to get a clear knowledge of who and what I am, why I am here, and what is awaiting me when I go on. I have raised a big family of good men and women. They are mine; my wife is mine. Though she has been gone twenty-five years from this earth, I shall meet her and my children. My five sons who are gone and my daughter Sara will be there to meet me. I shall not go to a lonely place, and I shall not be condemned for wasting my precious time.

106

I have thought of you with your strength and vigor of youth, your keenness of mind and your ability to learn and to make for yourself a place of honor and trust to which you can go when your work here is done. I have hoped and prayed that you would think seriously about this matter before it is too late. It is a most wonderful thing to know what life is for, to see the world, its creations, its people, its necessary laws for what they are, and to avail of your place in them as a great, but a limited privilege. It is a glorious thing to recognize birth and death as an inseparable part of the gift of God.

Death is a wonderful thing when it comes in its proper time and way. It is a bitter experience for those who have squandered their time, and have nothing awaiting them on the other side.

You are still young; you have health and vigor to live yet many years. The Lord has allowed you to have this intense experience that you might think seriously, and turn with all your might to the accomplishment of the wise and glorious purpose for which he gave you your being in this world.

In England, when I was a missionary there, I met with a very fine old man (that was 66 years ago) and I was delighted with his knowledge of the Bible. When I asked him how he got such knowledge of the Bible, he said: "You'll be surprised, and maybe you won't think so much of me, but I learned the Bible while I was serving a prison term. That was how I discovered what a great book it is. It was the turning point in my life. The Lord in His great love for me, and with His great wisdom, took that means of teaching me the good things which nobody else could teach me."

He had majored, of course, on the New Testament. I presume you have access to it. You ought to have there with you The Book of Mormon, The Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price. These are the books with which I have lived the last seventy years – worn out several copies of them. I hope that you can avail of this opportunity to study the revealed gospel. I shall be pleased to help you all I can, answering your questions, and writing as often as the regulations there will permit.

If the Savior should come to see you, He would say: "Be of good cheer, repent and come unto Me." Blessings and best wishes, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 105

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 4, 1965, To: Theral B. Lyman, Box 128, Chino, California, 91710, Dear Burns: This is in answer to your letter of the first. I shall not answer promptly in this way regularly, but there are things about which I would like to have you thinking. I discern that you are looking for something which I have found, and the sooner you can get on the straight road to these desired things, the better.

I know, as certainly as I know that I live, the plan and purpose of our being here in the flesh, and my first desire for the friends I love, and really for all men who will listen, is to tell them what I know, and show them the way that they may know it.

It is not possible to give you much of it in a letter of this size, but I can give you something about which to think, and I want you to consider this: The Lord has given you your body, and

107

He is preserving this body with all your faculties of seeing, hearing, feeling and thinking, but it is for a limited time only. It may terminate soon in a surprise moment. You may not be able to prolong your time here, but you can think, and avail of it while it lasts. If any of these faculties which you enjoy should be taken from you, you could not do what you can do now. The Lord is preserving to you these wondrous powers, it is done by His marvelous power and what is it all for? He has given you free agency to determine for your own self what use you will make of the gifts and it is for one purpose: that you may determine in this short earthperiod,

what kind of place, what kind of being, you shall be in the endless world to come.

Now what are you going to do with these short and fleeting years? What are you going to have to show for them when they come suddenly to an end? They surely will come to an end, even though you live to be as old as I, 85 years. All the wealth and all the fame and all festive times you can get in this world will amount to no more than a snowball in hell when you have to lay this body down. Now if it should happen that you are to live no longer than my sons who passed on in the prime of their lives years ago, what would you have to show for this, your great privilege of the ages.

You didn't come here to get money or fame nor to have a dickens of a good time for a little

while, and to be no better for having been born. As a spirit in the primeval world, with immortal understanding you wanted very much to have a body of flesh for a few years on earth. You knew it could be for a limited time only, and that if you spent your time reaching and plotting for these temporal things only, your coming into the world would avail you nothing. You can have a positive testimony of the truth: who you are, why you are here, and where you are going. My concern is that you shall avail of this privilege while you can, and not fritter your time away and have nothing to show for it when it is gone.

Don't let your precious days pass in vain. This is your great privilege of the eternal ages. It will be more than a tragedy for you to fail of what the Lord intended you to get out of it. Come back and join with our people, study and learn the gospel for your own self and be ready to go when your time comes. If you knew how busy I am, you would see how much I am concerned for you in writing this long letter. Hoping I am not spending my time on you in vain, I am, Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 106

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 10, 1965, To: Theral B. Lyman, Chino, California, Dear Burns: I have your letter of the 8th; I didn't expect to have answered so promptly again, but I see that you are thinking. Thinking is a symptom of eagerness to learn. I like to help people who want to learn.

You have asked questions which, if I should begin to answer, would raise more questions and more, and would involve the phenomena of spirit and matter. But [I will] make a start in this direction, stating it as clearly and simply as I can. Before the earth was made, before spirits were created, we had our being in what are called intelligences. Of them the Lord says: "they have no beginning, they existed before, they shall exist after, for they are *gnolaum*, or eternal." (Abraham 3:18) In another place the Lord says: "Intelligence or the light of truth
108

was not created nor made, neither indeed can be." (D&C, Section 93:29) It will be difficult for you to think of anything self-existent from the endless past, but it will be even more difficult to think of intelligence being created.

You may think of intelligence as but a faculty of some material being, and that is exactly what intelligence is. There is no such thing as intelligence having an existence independent of a material being, and there is no such thing as existence without material. In our primordial being, that was before the world was made, or spirits created, we were beings with intelligence, and we are spoken of as intelligences. We had the faculty of thought and feeling and desire. We desired to progress. [These last three sentences refute the false statement of the sentence before them – LDP.]

And God tells us that "among these intelligences there were many of the noble and great one." They wanted God to come among them and show them the wondrous laws and ways to progress. A great plan was made to make a heaven and an earth in which they could learn and live the laws by which to become perfect. These intelligences were bodies of element beyond our power to analyze or define, and to become perfect they had to be added upon with two other elements; the first, the spirit-element, the second the earth-element. The heaven and the earth were made; the heaven first as a kind of thick shell in the atmosphere surrounding the earth. That heaven, in our atmosphere, not far above our heads, but invisible to us, is like this world, though it is made of spiritual element. The living things of this earth are the spirits of heaven clothed with the earth element.

We as primordial intelligences, came into that heaven-world and took on us little spirit bodies, begotten and born as spirits, just as we are begotten and born here as mortal beings, in

this earth where we are now. Every living thing on this mortal earth came from the heavenworld.

There is no such thing as this earth-element being animated and alive with anything but spirit; and all spirits here clothed with flesh, came from there. And there was no such thing as the spirit-element in heaven being animated by anything but the self-existent beings from the paleo-world.

Now when God came down among the intelligences before the foundation of this earth was made, there was a very great council held, wherein many important decisions were made, but two of those decisions we must consider here in this short account. One was the appointment of a Creator and Redeemer who would take a very important part for the people of this heaven and earth; a part that had to be taken, but of which we can say but little here. That Creator and Redeemer was Jesus Christ, who framed the great plan by which the intelligences could achieve the supreme object for which the heaven and the earth were to be made.

The other thing for us to consider that was done there, was the arrangement for two estates, of times of test. It was a mighty school in which the millions who entered would have to come up to certain essential standards, or be cast out. "And there stood one among them who was like unto God, and he said to those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell, and we will prove them herewith to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God will command them. And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon, 109

and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate. (Abraham 3:24-26)

That first estate, of which they spoke, was the heaven-world, the spiritual world of which we have spoken. Those who proved true to the standards of Jesus Christ in that first estate, could come here and be added upon with this earth-element. Many of them rebelled "there was a war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought the Dragon, and the Dragon fought and his angels, and conquered not, neither was there place found any more in heaven." (Revelation 12:7-9)

They who stood true to the Christ in that heaven-world are permitted to be added upon with these bodies of flesh, and in time, if they are true, to be raised to immortality and eternal life. If I had finished my quotation about the estates I would have said: "They who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever."

These things may seem mysterious and strange to you, and you may wonder if they can be true. What I am interested in with my writing to you, is to show you the way to know for your own self that they are true. The certain knowledge of that will be worth more to you than you could get from all the colleges of the world.

The Lord has provided you with a body of flesh. In that other world you were very eager to come here and have this body for a limited number of years, for this was the only way you could achieve the perfection which you wanted more than anything else in all the bounds of space. You couldn't understand how God could make a body exactly to fit your spirit, in every minute particular, any more than you can understand now how He did it, and how He preserves it from hour to hour and from day to day. But he does sustain you, and He will sustain you for the time appointed. Then he will call you to account for what use you have made of your gift. If you have cast it with disdain to the dogs, you will be assigned to a place of torment and sorrow.

I know these things beyond all peradventure of a doubt. It is with the hope of leading you to

know them, and get for yourself the great [knowledge] for which thing you have come into the world, that I am writing this letter. The first steps towards the gaining of this knowledge are faith in God through a study of His word and the keeping of His commandments. The second step is repentance. The third step is baptism by one having authority to baptize. The fourth principle is the reception of the Holy Ghost “who will lead you to all truth and a knowledge of all things.”

You asked what is a man? I have tried to explain that you are an eternal entity. When you took on a body of spirit, you were a helpless baby and had to be handled and disciplined by loving hands till you could choose for yourself. Again when you took a body of flesh, it took time to recall enough of your former memory to act for yourself. Your fate is in your own hands; the Lord gives you free agency and light enough to be saved. You can choose to live on eternally with joy and happiness, or you can follow your undisciplined inclinations, and be cast out into outer darkness. I must close. I am your father’s uncle, you may call me uncle, and I will sign myself, sincerely your uncle, Albert R. Lyman.

110

LETTER 107

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 20, 1965, To: Theral B. Lyman, Box 128, Chino, California. Dear Burns: I have your letter of the 14th, and although I have important duties for all my waking moments, I have a feeling that you are awakening to the tremendous importance of the measured time which is to be allowed to you in the flesh, and I cherish a hope that you will do and become the man of purpose that you came on earth to be. I have a feeling that it is therefore worth my time, and also my duty to give you such encouragement and such enlightenment as you will receive.

As you awaken to the magnitude of the truth as it is, you will no longer consider your earthlife

as being long, nor as a privilege which you can indulge to the gratification of your vain ambitions, or passions or appetites, but you will see it as a day whose sun is passing rapidly over your head – a short period of privilege, soon to end, and come never again in the same way.

I am going on 86 years old, and the time has passed like a winter day; I have a vision thrilling and clear of what is to come to me in the very near future when my privileges of today will be no more. I shall be rushed on, whether I want to or not, to meet the inescapable responsibilities of an entirely different situation. If I am prepared for it, by having done here what my Creator sent me here to do, the change will be a very joyful one. If I have not, it will be a time of sorrow.

It is not likely that I can continue this correspondence with you for a very long time, not that I am unwilling to do so while I can. It is for you to make a diligent study of the truth, the saving truth, which the Lord has provided in books and records which are available to us all. I hope you have the Church works there with you: The Bible, The Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants and The Pearl of Great Price. I have worn out several copies of each one of these books, and have studied most of the important books which the Church has published since its beginning 135 years ago. Also I have worked in the Church, and have been a missionary in one way or another since the days of my teens.

The great thing, for which the Lord in His love for us has given us our being, is to wake up and see what we are, and to do it. If we will try, and will do our part, He will give us a positive knowledge of the great purpose for which we are living, and for which we have to die. This sure knowledge is the most blessed thing we can enjoy in the flesh, for it is an assurance of everlasting joy in the world to come.

No matter how much I might write to you, or if I should come to see you and follow you with my teaching and imploring, it would do you no good at all, unless you acted for your own self and got these things in your soul, so that you know them. I know them, and I am looking forward to the end of this life with more hope than I ever had for anything in it. Hope you will lay hold of these things while yet you can I am very sincerely, Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

111

LETTER 108

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, July 1, 1965, To: Theral B. Lyman, Chino, California.

Dear Burns: Your letter of the 24th is quite revealing of the feelings you have. You have within you something which is very fine, and on which you can develop a firm testimony of the truth. Considering how much I have to do, and how I am occupied in all my waking hours, I might decide I have no time for these letters, but I have a feeling that I am helping to develop the spiritual soul of a great man who will some time look back to these intense years as his great beginning for true greatness. With this belief and this hope, I figure that my time cannot be occupied to any better advantage.

Before going on, I am wondering how much profitable material you have there to read. Have you a New Testament, or a Book of Mormon? Tell me when you write again. I think of you in the duress of your confinement, and hope that these days are not spent in vain. You can make of this a very profitable opportunity; these are precious days, not to be allowed to slip away without all the gaining of soul-riches which can be yours by your thought and study. It is a glorious thing to have a safe and inexhaustible source from which your mind can be stimulated to think, to build, and to discover. You may imagine that the New Testament is known to thousands; I tell you without fear of successful contradiction that the New Testament has been discovered by but few men. Also very few have discovered the Book of Mormon. The Doctrine and Covenants and The Pearl of Great Price are known to very few, even of our professing Latter-day Saints. My discovery of what is contained in the Bible and these other books is the greatest discovery I have made in my 85 years in the flesh.

It is within your possibility to know what they are; they are more than books, they are the revelations of God. They tell the truth about that which is essential to well being. There is truth in every branch of science and learning, but not one branch of science and the learning of men can offer eternal life. Eternal life is the thing we want most of all. Without eternal life, none of these branches could avail; that is, no man without eternal life could avail of them. They are all useful in their place, but they are but tributary to the central science of all which is the science of eternal life.

That is what the Christ meant when He said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." The truth was not invented nor devised, even by God Himself. He discovered the truth and adopted it, until he became sanctified in truth to know, at least from our point of view, all things.

There is no greater and better thing that you can do in these your years on earth, than to seek to know the truth. There is no substitute for it. It is unique. "The name of Jesus Christ is the only name given under heaven by which men can be saved." When you head for the truth, go first to the Head of Truth, and it will be easier to follow any subordinate branch. Whatever profession or trade you decide to follow, slant your plans, your hopes and your efforts towards eternal life, and you will get farther along any legitimate line.

112

This is the way I am hoping to steer your thinking, and if you think this way, I may be able to help you further. With every good wish that your days of waiting there will not be in vain, I am, Uncle Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 109

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, July 11, 1965, To: Theral B. Lyman, Chino, California, Dear Burns: This letter, in answer to yours of the sixth, is another token of my faith in you, and what I am trusting that you will become in the way of manly achievement during these years which are being extended to you. Your efforts to frame your finer feelings into words, is very commendable, very encouraging. The Lord tells us (D & C 46:11) "To every man is given a gift, by the Spirit of God." You have a choice gift, several of them. The Lord will require of you to know what use you have made of these gifts.

If you could write with a blacker pencil, or with ink, your letters would be easier to read. I would like you to have a New Testament without delay, so I am sending under separate cover one I have used, instead of waiting to order a new one through the mail. Some little children got it and pasted little stickers in, but it is not hurt much. You can carry it in your pocket and have it ready to read through many little intervals where you otherwise [might] be doing nothing. I have worn out a number of Bibles, and other Church works, and that is what they are for, not to be preserved in idleness on a shelf.

I want to give you another quotation from the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 84: verse 46: "The Spirit of Jesus Christ giveth light to every man that cometh into the world, and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world that harkeneth to the voice of the Spirit."

This is about the first great and important thing which I found in the wonderful Doctrine and Covenants. It is sixty-three years since this was shown to me in a remarkable way. It would take a long time to tell you about that experience, what it has led to in these sixty-three years, and how the whole Doctrine and Covenants, and the other three volumes of the Standard Works, have been opened to me as books which, before that time, were as sealed books. I could quote much of the New Testament before that time, for I had been reading it six years, and had filled a mission to England. But after really seeing this 46th verse of the 84th section, I had a leverage on truth of which I had understood but little before.

In these letters to you, I am not presuming to tell you much more than the way to know for your own self what I know as surely as I know that the sun is the source of our light. You can get it by study, by prayer, and by righteous living. It is for you to muster your courage and your faith and do it for yourself. That is, you are to accomplish it by putting yourself in a position for the Lord to do it for you. He will tell you in your heart things which no man can make you to know. He has allowed you to have this intense experience that you might think deeply and determine to do what you otherwise might never have felt impelled to undertake. If the Christ should visit you in your retaining walls, He would say: "Be of good cheer; repent and turn unto Me with full purpose of heart and I will come to you with richer things than you have ever known in the world." Resolve that this shall be the great point of awakening in your life, that when you come forth a free man, you will not forget the good resolutions you have been moved to make.

113

Do not allow yourself to ever despair and turn aside from the way of right. I will be ready and glad to help you make of yourself the useful and reliable man that you were sent into the world to be. Best wishes always from Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 110

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, July 23, 1965, To: Theral Burns Lyman, Box 128, Chino, California, Dear Burns: I have your letter of the 19th, which I have shown to your grandfather and grandmother; in fact I have shown them all the letters you have written and the carbons of the letters I have written to you. Those markings you found in that New Testament, I had forgotten all about. I just happened to send that one to you.

You ask about God: You say you read in the Books of Acts about the preaching of Paul to the Athenians, who were worshipping The Unknown God. These gods they were worshipping were imaginary beings, and they had many of them: a god of war, a god of harvest, a god of laughter, a god of marriage, and a god of about everything as based on their old mythology. Paul was preaching the true and living God, the only God that is real. God the Eternal Father is the God of this world and some other worlds, but He is not the God of all the worlds in all the bounds of space, and He was not always God. He was once as we are. He began as intelligence, the same as we, and He progressed to His present place of perfection. The principles, by which He progressed, are the only principles by which He could progress. He found, or was taught the truth. He didn't invent the truth. Truth cannot be made; it is self-existent.

It is the only thing which can carry on eternally. Error can be invented by devils or by men, but it is detected and eliminated.

Jesus Christ had to do with our earth, and our heaven. He was the firstborn in our heaven. He received His power as Creator from His Father, who is Eloheim, the Father of this and some other worlds. A limited number of planets revolve around our sun, and all these were made for men, who are there now, or are to be there, or have been there.

The power of Creator is the Priesthood. It is by the Priesthood that this and other worlds were made, and each world has its heaven, right in connection with it. Worlds and suns are living things, male and female, they live and die and are resurrected. If you make it your immortal business to learn the gospel, as revealed from heaven, you will find that it is the great science of eternal life. Eternal life is immortal perfection. They, who learn and obey it, can become perfect, even as God their Father. You know it is a true principle that the progeny of any living thing matures to be like the parent stock, male and female. We are the children of God, born to reach the degree of His maturity, if we will, and become as He is. But He is not going to compel us in any degree. He has given us our free agency to choose and follow the right and reach maturity, or to be forever as children, able only to act as children, or servants, directed by those who have achieved a more nearly perfect state.

To be damned is simply to stop in our progress. People are to be classified in places according to what they have made themselves fit to receive. If a man has obeyed all the laws on which perfection is predicated, he can stand on the same plane with God, if not, he may become a trusted servant in God's kingdom. If not worthy of that, he may go to a lesser

114

place, and a lesser place, among the lowest of which is called hell. If he is not worthy to be a dweller in hell, he is thrust out "into outer darkness."

In all that I can write to you, I am but telling you how to find the way for your own self. The thing for you is to exert your spiritual power in study and prayer. You are a child of God, and have within you immortal intelligence, an affinity for, and a susceptibility to the "truth which radiates forth from the presence of God to the utmost bounds of His creations." Find it out for your own self. It is worth all the effort you can make, and everything you have to give. If you get it, even though you die for it, you have made a good deal. Hoping I am not writing in vain, I am Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 111

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, August 31, 1965, To: Theral Burns Lyman, Cedar Hall, Box 128, Chino, California 91710, Dear Burns: This is in answer to yours of the first and of the 27th. My conscience has been hurting me for failing for so long to answer your letter of the first, but we have been preparing to take a trip to Jerusalem, and we have been crowded for time. It has involved more effort and more snarls of red tape than we had anticipated. We

are to leave Salt Lake on the 7th of October, and are to be gone for a month, flying the whole journey. I shall try to answer your letters till I go and when I come back.

You are right in your idea that we should not waste time on small conversations, but I do not consider any of your letters as small conversation. To my mind, your thoughts expressed in your letters are substantial and worthwhile. My remaining time in this world is so short, and I have so much to do, I must make every minute count.

I am not surprised that you do not comprehend the Book of Revelation at the back of the New Testament. It is like a text on mathematics which I was teaching in a class, and some of them looked over in the back of the book and were discouraged because it seemed incomprehensible. I told them we would come to it a page at a time, and they would understand it. In six months it was clear to them.

You will be able to understand most of what is in Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and The Acts. You will be able to understand what Paul and Peter and James have written. At least you will grasp enough of them so that you will be able later to grasp more and more till the Book of Revelation will begin to unfold before you. These things become clear and beautiful, the most substantial principles that you can study.

I have prayed for you, and thought of you as my own son, waiting there in confinement. I have hoped that this experience would become your impetus and your opportunity to focus your attention on the immortal purpose of our being here in the flesh for a few short years, where we have come, not to reach for and indulge in fleeting pleasures of earth, but to lay diligent hold on the riches of immortality. If you will study the words of the Christ, and pray with real purpose of heart, the Lord will sanctify your experience to you that it will be of great worth, more so than going to school and getting away from your life's chief purpose.

The Lord allowed this ordeal to come on you for your good. He is watching over us always,
115

that is His business. He told Moses: "This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

If we are wise to cooperate with our Heavenly Father for the accomplishment of the great purpose for which He has sent us into the world, then our venture into the perils and hardships of this life will not be in vain. If we do not cooperate with Him, and try instead to find some more easy way for ourselves, we will come to sorrow. When will you be released? I hope you will find a place to settle down, marry a good girl and achieve the intended purpose of your creation. Love and blessings to you always, from Uncle Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 112

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, September 16, 1965, Dear Burns: This may be my last letter, for I am going sooner than I had expected, and shall not be back till the end of October. But I will be here long enough to hear from you if you answer soon.

You cannot understand my concern for you, because you do not have the understanding of our purpose in the world as I understand it. It is that you might get this understanding that I am making this effort to write these letters when I am so much rushed with other matters. I hope you will appreciate the meaning and purpose of what I am hoping for you, and that when you are released you will devote your time and attention to finding out why you are here in this mortal world, and make it your first and most important business to do what you are here to do, instead of wandering to the right and the left while the precious time is slipping away.

You are not here in this world on a pleasure trip, to have a gay time, and to get satisfaction in following your inclinations, and indulging your appetites and passions. You are here in a wisely appointed school to learn the essentials of the everlasting world to come. These

lessons of this school may seem to be hard lessons, but this time, at longest is very short, and these lessons we have to learn in this short time, are to fit us for the endless days ahead. Wise people make great efforts and sacrifice their comfort for a few years to get the kind of education which will avail them all the rest of their lives. The man who gains the skill and the understanding to enable him to be a doctor, an engineer, an expert along some one line of useful activity, does not regret the hard times he had in getting his education. If he hadn't made that effort, he would have dragged along in mediocrity and in poverty all his life, and missed his opportunity.

But what is the short period of a lifetime compared to the endless day for which we are preparing. When we go on from here, and we will surely go on, we shall have just what we have equipped ourselves with for the imperative needs of the other world. If we have squandered our time and opportunity here, it will be a terrible thing to meet, for we cannot come back to get it.

They who are not prepared to take part in what is going on there, will naturally gravitate to one side, and in their helplessness will have to depend on others, and accept what can be provided for them as weaklings, and cripples and failures.

116

One of the great truths which the procession of day and night should bring to us, is that about the most foolish thing we can do, is to think of today only, and make no preparation today for the inevitable tomorrow. If our thoughts are progressive and constructive, we will discern that there is and must be an immortal tomorrow, following this mortal today.

They are but fools whose philosophy is "Eat, drink and be merry today, for tomorrow we perish." We do not perish; we live on, to enjoy or to suffer the results of our own choices. We determine our own destiny; we make our own bed, to suffer in it or to have comfort in it.

When you are released, frame for yourself a wise and safe program of action and stay with it. The gospel is the safe and only way to the successful life. Find a good girl to join with you in living the good life, be true to her and to yourself and achieve the purpose of your creation.

Best of wishes always from Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 113

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, December 30, 1954, To: Kirk Lyman, Blackfoot, Idaho, Dear Kirk: Your card came to us yesterday, and although I cannot think of answering all the cards that come to us from valuable friends, I do feel impressed to answer yours, and let you know that we still think of you and hope you are holding firmly to the kind of living and the good habits which will bring happiness and success. The Lord has given you powers of mind and soul to do a great amount of good in the world, to help a lot of people to be better and to find more joy in living; and in doing this you will find more joy for yourself than you can find in any other way.

People are never happy in doing wrong; they may think they will get something out of doing what the Lord has forbidden, but when they do it, they are disappointed, and generally want to do something still worse to make up for what they have lost. Doing wrong is like a run in a stocking, the loose stitch loosens another stitch, and there is no end to the run; it progresses from the top of the stocking to the toe, and the stocking is ruined.

I hope you can preserve your honesty, your virtue, your safe and moderate way of life. To do this you will need to choose the company of good men and women wherever it is possible, and to keep out of bad company. You can't keep warm in standing by an iceberg, and you can't keep the good spirit with you in the company of bad people.

The safest and surest way to carry on, in fact the only sure way, is the way that the Lord has outlined; that is, to go every Sabbath day and partake of the sacrament that we "may always

have His Spirit to be with us.” If it had been possible for us to enjoy that Spirit any other way, the Lord would not have instituted the sacrament for us to take every week. If we do not have that Spirit, we cannot resist temptation, but will become discouraged and give in to the allurements of the Evil One.

You were entrusted with the Priesthood which will be a great strength to you to do good and to grow in power and virtue. If you fail to remember and honor this Priesthood which has been conferred upon you, you will be the worse for having received it. The Lord has

117

permitted me to live a long time and see how righteousness always succeeds in the end, and how wrongdoing always, without fail, brings to sorrow and disappointment.

Now Kirk, I am hoping and praying for you. In my seminary class I saw that you have it in you to do something worthwhile in the world, and I am eager to see you become all that the Lord sent you here to be. Best wishes always from Uncle Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 114

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, June 13, 1961, To: Kirk Cook Lyman, Camp Roberts, California, Dear Kirk: I have just read your letter of the tenth, and since it calls for an answer, which I would have to give sooner or later in order to satisfy my sense of obligation, I may as well put other things aside and make my answer right now.

In answer to your question: You have in your veins, I understand, a strain of Lamanite blood, but the Lamanites intermarried with the Nephites until at one time in their history, they were all Nephites. Therefore, to have Lamanite blood, is also to have Nephite blood. However, your patriarchal blessing would not classify you as predominantly Nephite or Lamanite, even if the Anglo Saxon blood were not in the ascendancy. What your blessing told you was, no doubt, that you are of Ephraim, the son of Joseph, the son of Jacob. The Lamanites and Nephites were predominantly of the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh.

You asked about being descended from Joseph Smith, the prophet; my father’s mother, Eliza Maria Partridge, was the wife of Joseph Smith. She was sealed to him. When he was martyred, she married Amasa M. Lyman for time, which [marriage had the purpose] to bear children to belong to the prophet in the world to come. In that arrangement the children of Platte D. Lyman, if they prove themselves worthy, will be numbered with the children of Joseph Smith, and their children after them will be accounted as his posterity. The mother of President Heber J. Grant was also a wife of Joseph Smith, and President Grant regarded himself as a son of Joseph Smith, and he told me that he regarded my father as his brother and me as his nephew. When my sister Mary was left a widow, Brother Grant sent her fifty dollars, saying, “This is a token from your Uncle Heber.”

I am glad to hear that you are making an effort to get yourself habituated to the right way of living, and to learn the gospel. The great important thing is to get a positive testimony of it for yourself, to learn what it is, and to know beyond all possibility of a doubt that it is the truth from heaven. This is within your privilege and possibility. This testimony is also essential to your salvation. You can get it, and you will know it is the most precious gift that you can enjoy.

But this can be accomplished only by uncompromising determination; by study, by prayer, by good works and a clean life. You can get it only from the companionship of the Holy Spirit. The partaking of the sacrament, the main part of our worship on the Sabbath day, is a sacred covenant that we are asked to renew each Sabbath day “that we may always have His Spirit to be with us.” If it were possible for us to have this Spirit without the sacrament, we would not have been commanded to take it. We must live worthy to take it, and listen to and agree with the prayer on the bread and on the water, cherishing the hope and desire to have

the Holy Spirit to be with us, leading and teaching us. You will do well to continue the study of the Book of Mormon. If you live in the spirit of that book, you will be going safely forward. Best of wishes to you in your efforts, Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 115

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, December 16, 1960. To: Elder Gordon D. Lyman, Brazil Mission. Dear Gordon: I am thinking about you and praying for you as you enter on your missionary labors. I am hoping that you will get started in it with the right spirit. I think of the words my father wrote to me as I started on my first mission. He said "Try to get the spirit and genius of the gospel." As I became more acquainted with the work and what it demands of men in order to make good and carry on, not in the mission field only, but to continue safely as solid and dependable men in the Church at home, I found that some missionaries do not lay a safe foundation at the beginning of their work in the ministry, they do not get the true "spirit and genius of the gospel," but they allow a foreign and dangerous element to become a part of their gospel philosophy, and in time it results in their apostasy, unless they take themselves firmly in hand, and do some sincere repenting.

My personal acquaintance with some of these who laid a dangerous foundation has made it clear to me that some of the dangerous elements were pride and vanity in their learning, an ambition to appear smarter than other Elders, an undisciplined tendency to challenge the words and the authority of those called to preside over them, an aspiration to do the presiding themselves. And some of them got warped on doctrine, holding to ideals and beliefs and prejudices which are wrong, but from which they could not be pried out by all the counsel and advice of those who business and calling it was to set them right.

I hope you will get the right slant on the doctrines of the gospel; be sure that your conclusions are orthodox, and safe, and according to the clearness of the written word. We can become safe and remain safe only by getting clearly in tune with the Spirit of the Lord. That is done only by humble prayer and diligent study and faithful service. The Lord says "seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning by study and also by faith." Section 88:118. It is very important that you get started right, and that you become sound in doctrine, for you are building; and you cannot afford to build a superstructure over a serious flaw. There are men who are sound in doctrine, and can be depended on for taking the right and proper view of situations, and there are others who are chronically wrong, or but half right, and they are always like lame horses in the team. I recommend that you read and consider carefully II Nephi 32, especially verse 7. I cannot write all the things I would like to tell you this morning; you are on your own, but the Lord is near you, and will teach you the things which men cannot teach. Praying the blessings of the Lord to be with you, I am yours ever, Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 116

Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, December 22, 1961, To: Gordon D. Lyman, Brazil, Dear Gordon: Thanks for your card without date. All cards and letters should be dated. We are glad to hear from you, and to know that you are carrying on there as a messenger of

salvation. In this you are very fortunate, and blessed of the Lord. This will be a stepping stone to the greater things for which you have come into the world. Look up and be of good cheer; let your aspirations be to the most lofty planes, within your possibility, for it is within your privilege to reach the highest place of all, the glory of eternal life.

Whatever line you choose to follow in this world, for you should become proficient along some line of usefulness or service to the Church and to mankind, let it be slanted to this

supreme goal of eternal life, and not by any means to be a hindrance to that essential objective. Do not think disparagingly and depreciatingly of yourself, but consider that you are descended from God the Eternal Father, that He loves you, and has sent you here to act on your own initiative, and to do of your choice the things which will prove your worth as nothing could prove it in which you are relieved of your personal responsibility to do it independently of any other person.

If you feel sometimes that you are left alone, and if the evil one whispers that this is proof that there is no God presiding over and loving you, remember that the Christ on the cross said "O My God, why has Thou forsaken Me?" If Christ had been given undue help, or had been relieved of the stern realities of the great thing He was doing, He could not have had all the credit which his Atonement brought to Him.

In the Garden of Gethsemane, when He rebuked Peter for using his sword, He said He could command twelve legions of angels to assist Him. He did not call for them; that would have robbed Him of the glory of His achievement. When the pain-deadening drug was put to his lips on the cross, He turned away. Think of this and know that you are there to act on your own under the guiding inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Think of the words of the Lord to Joshua "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, but be ye strong and very courageous for I the Lord thy God am with thee whithersoever thou goest."

You speak in your card of the filming of the Hole-in-the-Rock company, and of the coming of the big lake to be made above the Glen Canyon dam. It is going to be something very wonderful for this country, and bring about great changes. I was there at the dam three days ago and was impressed with the way it has built up since I saw it last. It will be a huge attraction, and will shorten our way to southwestern Utah. Hole-in-the-Rock, already quite a shrine, will be visited by thousands of people, and the story of our settlement here will be in demand. I have the story of it coming off the press in April, and I expect to see it here in this museum and bureau of information.

If you find something interesting and profitable there which could be sent to us in the mail, I would be glad to pay postage on it. May the Lord bless you in your labors is the prayer of Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 117

Dian Burd Choi Burd, California, May 24, 1977, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Lyman and family, hope this letter finds your family well, happy and involved in our Father's work; just had to drop a note to tell you of something special.

120

Brother Mauritsen called last Friday from Salt Lake and spoke to me regarding Tim. How thoughtful and concerned he was and how special his words. He mentioned you had spoken kind words in my behalf – true or not. Thank you for your sweetness.

We talked about Tim and the problems Tim stated in a letter to him. Perhaps you know this already but I had to express my own joy at the outcome of our family prayers and fast.

One week ago Tim looked so near death that I began to wonder if Heavenly Father might have perhaps another mission for Tim to perform. I worried so, not just out of my love for him, but for the things unfinished here. Our family needs his priesthood so very much. I called as many of the family as necessary to convey my concern and to ask that we fast and pray for him. In my prayers I added that if his illness be psychologically derived that Tim might have his thoughts so placed at ease as to seek counsel from Dr. Tanner, a member of the Church who spoke at our Special Interest Fireside two weeks previously. I felt at that time, that he could help Tim and I said so to Tim. He was very much against even the thought – thinking that his illness was only physically based.

Anyway, that next morning after our fast, without a word from me, he called Dr. Tanner and made an appointment to see him. He asked that I go with him and since that time it has been one great step after another.

Tim does have a physical problem, though test all prove negative, but whatever the problem it is psychologically based. Also, now they (doctors) are working on the premise of a lack of B complex vitamins. Wherever the true source of the problem, Dr. Tanner has given him a new lease on life. Tim worked on genealogy, played a ward baseball game – sat thru all his Church meetings plus a young adult fireside, got his recommend renewed and tonight we are going to the temple to start the work on the Burd family endowments. Need I tell you, how blessed we are? I feel to thank my Father in Heaven, Dr. Tanner, Brother Mauritsen; all the members of our wonderful family and all those who prayed in his behalf in the temples of the Lord, for the blessings Tim and our family have received this past week.

What special joy I have within me this day as I anticipate going to the temple with my brother. I love him so very much. I see the potential in Tim of a great and goodly man in service of his fellow beings that I am unable to share with him at this time, but soon he will know these things himself.

My love and thoughts are with you and yours this day and always, especially in my appreciation that we are one in our Lord. Your loving cousin, Dian.

LETTER 118

Gordon L. Platt, Fort Douglas, Utah, September 20, 1942, Company B, Row 7, Tent 1, Allie L. Platt, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dearest Allie, well honey I suppose it is just about time that I was writing to you and letting you know just how I am planning my future. I still don't know what or where I'm going to do or go.

121

Gee honey, it has been so darn lonesome here without you, but I guess I'll have to get used to it and take it on the chin if I'm ever going to make it through this crisis.

As to where I'm going to be stationed (I don't know as yet, but as soon as I know anything definite I'll surely let you know).

By the way, darling, I'm surely in love with my wife. Do you happen to know her? Well, I'll describe her to you. She is about five foot six inches tall and weighs 112 pounds; has deep brown eyes that sparkle so lovingly, a perfect set of teeth that also have a radiant glister to them. Her hair is so wonderfully dark and soft like unto darkness. Her cute little nose suggests an air of romance sublime, and when she walks down the street she stands apart from all the rest, as an example of womanhood. To sum up all that I have been trying to say, I'll have to end up with admitting that I'm deeply in love with her.

I will be confined to quarters until time for me to leave and I will only be allowed visitors between the hours of six p.m. to nine p.m. When I will go out I don't know. It may be within a very few days, or it may be a couple of weeks.

I have definitely decided to go into sheet metal work because that is probably all I can do to keep from actual combat.

I am going to write to you as soon as I learn where I'll be stationed, but you cannot write back to me until I am stationed permanently. In other words, don't you write in care of the Fort, even though I do need a letter, you wait until I write you stating that I will be permanently situated. Honey, be sure and let me know what is what with you, because you know just what it will mean to me. Have you decided what you are going to do about moving? Whatever you do honey, don't live alone. I had a slight headache all day, because of the shots I have taken, but I feel much better now.

Be sure and take care of yourself darling and please find things to occupy your mind so that

you won't be thinking too strongly of the future trials that might confront you. Tell all the folks hello for me, and when you write to mother, explain that I will write as soon as I am stationed permanently. Write really soon, and honey, with this letter goes all of my deepest love. Your loving husband, Gordon L. Platt.

LETTER 119

Gordon L. Platt, Truax Field, Wisconsin, July 29, 1943, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, Dearest Allie, I'll bet you will be quite tickled to hear that your husband has found a place for you to live. First of all, I went into Madison on my day off (Thursday) and went to the U.S.O. While I was there, I happened to look in the register and saw the name of Bennie Heath from Salina, Utah. I found out his address and called his wife. I told her I was coming out to talk to her. I took the bus and went out on University Street and just four blocks from the branch of the Church here.

122

I met Mr. and Mrs. Heath, ages 22 and 21 respectively, and their 3½ months old daughter. They are very nice people, and have an apartment with accommodations for four. We began discussing the possibilities of our moving in with them, and found out it will work out just wonderfully. Guess I had ought to tell you they are Mormons and were married in the Manti Temple.

We talked for a long while, and then talked to the landlady. She will let us have the apartment (the four of us) for \$75.00; that will be \$37.50 a couple, and that is cheap here for they were paying \$60.00 for theirs alone. It is a cute little place and I'm glad – very glad – we got it. Now, I'm not sending the telegram to come because I want you to get this letter before you go. And Norma – Mrs. Heath – is going to sorta help you out by saying what she did.

Honey, if you could, find some of your relations to stay with in Salt Lake long enough to get a reservation on the Union Pacific Challenger. Do your best to get it at night and you will come to Chicago then transfer to a northern train. It took Norma two nights and one day because she left Salt Lake in the evening.

You will be better off if you just bring the immediate necessities and check the rest of your baggage at the station in Salt Lake.

It won't be any picnic coming all that distance alone, but when you get here you can probably have Norma make the return trip with you.

Bennie and I have the same day off, and we are on the same shift. We will finish school about the same time. Norma has been here just four days. Come just as soon as you can Allie honey. Send me a telegram before you leave Salt Lake so I can prepare to meet you, or have Norma do so. If you should arrive in Madison and none of us should meet you, take a taxi and come to 2110 University Avenue and ask for Mrs. Heath. The landlady is Mrs. Nichols, or when you arrive at the Madison station, call Badger 7108. Goodbye and good luck. Hope to see you soon. Loads of love. Gordon L. Platt.

Telegram: SX.VA251 V.CA153 MC.MXA102 (EIGTT)=MADISON WIS 29= Mrs. Gordon L. Platt c/o Edward P. Lyman (mail Immy) Blanding Utah, July 29 1943, 2:32 p.m. I am sending letter, wait for it then come. Have apartment with friends. They are LDS. Go to Salt Lake. Make reservations immediately. Bring feller to love = Gordon. LDS (43).

LETTER 120

Norma Heath, Madison, Wisconsin, July, 1943, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah. Hello there Allie. I guess by now your husband has fairly told you about our plans and what all we are going to do. So I thought I would drop you a few lines explaining your trip and how to handle it with the baby.

Now to begin with I hope you nurse your baby; if not you can still manage okay. First when

you find out just how soon you are to leave and all, pack your suitcase of things you need here but not on the train. Then pack a small suitcase of your night gown and cosmetics and
123

such which you will need for three days. Wear a pair of slacks and keep them on continually each day, cutting down less for your suitcase to hold. Then put in your baby's clothes, night gown and such but don't take any cloth diapers; buy a box of clup 2 diapers (paper and cause disposable diapers) and so making no muss to be around with you while traveling. In by the water fountain in the train they have a waste paper basket in which to put your soiled diapers, and one box of twenty-five is plenty. Now if it happens you don't nurse your baby buy enough common bottles without nipples except for the few you can have sterilized and in a jar. Then with these bottles you have a new bottle for each feeding, eliminating washing and sterilizing of the bottles. Make your formulas up and put into the bottle; take a piece of cellophane (your husband spelled this for me) and an elastic and tie over each bottle to keep it sterile. Then put a piece of tape and put on the bottle with your last name on each. When you're on the train and starting out, ask the porter to put them all in the ice box and if the ice box car is back too far for you to go after it, you can have the porter get them and have him warm them for you at the same time. They are awfully nice to do this but at the same time they expect a tip.

I didn't bath the baby at all in the mornings, although I dressed her each morning and undressed her at night, making it comfortable for her to rest. Now my baby is almost four months old, so there isn't much difference in their ages. Since we are planning on living together, I'm sure we can get along just fine. I guess your husband has told you I will meet you at the train depot. If I'm not there, call a taxi and give him the address and he will bring you up here. We are next, within two blocks, of the only L.D.S. church, so this is fine. So hurry up and get here. Your husband is waiting with open arms and so happy he's speechless. Both our husbands are blond and blue eyes; the baby has blue eyes and reddish hair. Her name is Shirley Ann and my husband's name is Bennie. And mine is Norma. We are all thrilled and happy over this. So I will close now and hope to see you really soon, as ever,
Norma.

LETTER 121

Gordon L. Platt, Miami, Florida, September 16, 1944, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, My dearest, I figured I'd be out of here by last night, but haven't been called as yet. If they keep me three more days, I will have spent 2 full years within the confines of the Army and U.S. By the 19th I ought to be several thousand miles from here, probably in Dakar or Casablanca. Darling, I'd much sooner be 3,000 miles west northwest of here. That would place me somewhere near home. I guess I dream far too much. Gee whiz Allie, I would I could learn what has happened in Rene's plight before I leave here. I'm afraid I'll not find out though for quite some time. Even air mail letters take too long to reach here.

I wrote a letter to Rene yesterday, and sent it to Logan. I guess she will come back there. I am a poor hand at consoling people, but I just had to write her a letter and put in my condolence. The poor kid I feel so very sorry for her. It seems so pitiful to make one so good suffer this way. Bless her heart – if she emerges from this with a faithful smile, I'll top my hat to her forever. I only pray that Rene now will be able to find one for a mate as good as she is. I doubt there are any such males on this earth (knowing fellows) but there may be just one.

124

How's feller boy? You know Al pal, I miss that boy. He has captured my heart. I got a chance to send four more rolls of 120s home. Hope you get them. Had to send your letters home too; can't take them. With all my heart I love you dearest one. Take good care of

yourself. Bye for now. Pete. [Dad then drew a fairly good map at the bottom of the page. He was in Florida and drew a map to the Bahamas, Rio de Janeiro, the Azores, Dakar, Casablanca, Alexandria, across Saudi Arabia to India.

You piker, you didn't tell me about any piano lessons you were taking. Good for you my dearest. You'll make a second Chycowski. [sp.] Love you for it. Bye. I gathered that much from Rene's letter to you. Hope I'm right. G. L. P.

LETTER 122

Gordon L. Platt, Servicemen's Pier and Branches, Miami Beach, Florida, September 17, 1944, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, Dearest One. Almost an hour ago I spoke to and talked with the sweetest person in the entire world. I feel ashamed for doing what I did – in phoning you and making you pay for it, so I'm going to still pay for it. Here's \$4.00; hope it covers it. It was so good to hear your voice. I love you dearly honey. You're fine and swell and treat your husband so swell. Guess you are the tops in all womanhood. Love you lots. There were so many things I wanted to talk about, but was so excited I just couldn't think. See how you affect me.

Everyone that I knew in my bunch has gone now, all except the fellow you met on Mrs. Garvin's porch in Great Falls. Remember him? Name is Charles Hess. Today has been a very nasty day for me. Just can't seem to calm down. I love you very dearly. Guess that's quite evident by the way I feel upon talking to you.

If I didn't talk as long as you would have liked, forgive me. I was only thinking of the bill you would have to pay because I had no change. Hope Rene comes soon, so you'll not be alone long. I hate to think of you being alone. Bye this time for a few weeks perhaps. Yours, Platt.

LETTER 123

[This letter is a V – Mail and is very small writing. Some of it is very hard to read.] Gordon L. Platt, APO 16417 A.A., New York, N.Y., September 24, 1944, To: Mrs. Allie L. Platt, 603 East, 5th North, Logan, Utah, Dearest Allie, This is the first V-Mail I have ever written to you. So I've decided not to write it, but try and print it. I never was good at printing, so bear with me.

Last night I went into town to a branch of the Red Cross and had a chicken dinner with Bosh (Twin Falls) and Tom Johnston (De Smutt, South Dakota). We each had half a chicken, and it was all I could take. Really filled up on chicken for once. Wish you could have helped. Tom and I asked for menus to send to our wives, and we got them. I'll send yours to you soon.

125

Well, darling, it's going to be at least three months before I get any sign of a rating. Have to be in this region for three months before they'll even consider you. I went over from the states with nothing, and I'll bet I return with nothing.

I suppose by the time an answer to this letter gets back to me I will know what happened to Rene, but I wish I knew now.

How's feller boy? Hope the two are keeping well. It means everything to me to have you well. I've run out of space, so guess I'd better stop. As ever, Gordon. M.Y.R.Y.Q. [no one's business; do not decipher – LDP].

LETTER 124

Gordon L. Platt, India, December 20, 1944, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, This is the second [letter], Dearest Allie: What a wonderful Christmas present I got: three very nice letters from you. That is about the finest thing I could possibly want for a Christmas present under such conditions.

Suppose you would mind if I got serious for a few minutes? Please don't because what I want to say I swear comes directly from my heart. There are no two great gifts quite so very precious as the two I have. They are the chance for eternal life, and the one person in the entire world who can do more to help me get there. Darling, I don't profess to be a smart fellow, but I am intelligent enough to see where the privileges I have, if used to the very best end will gain for me unheard of happiness. With you at my side, and sometimes in back of me pushing, sometimes in front pulling, I am sure there is no hill I could not climb. However, I am as sure as I am of life that I would never be able to go as far alone, or with any other person on the earth as I might go with you. You are everything in life to me that is beautiful. You are sincere in your love for me, and I am profoundly grateful. I feel at this Christmas tide to fall to my knees before God in contriteness and thank him from the depths of my very soul for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for the lesser and greater priesthoods, and for the most wonderful woman in all the earth.

I have learned a lesson since coming overseas. It is that memory can be and is one of my greatest possessions. If I were never permitted to see you and Lyman again, I would die happy with the memory of your beautiful face, and the bounteousness of your love filling my heart and soul. Memories keep me so happy from day to day. I cherish past things we've done. Only the beautiful parts do I remember, because I swear I am going to abandon the unpleasant pre-steps that had led to any indifference we might have had.

I am pretty sure I can say with a certain degree of accuracy that no person in any field of battle in any part of this world is as completely contented and happy as I am.

For you and Lyman a very merry Christmas, and a bounteous and fruitful new year. I am so happy you are well and that you are not faced with a dark future.

126

Thanks for your love, thanks for the very happiest moments of life, spent with you, and accept the only presents I am capable of conveying over 12,000 miles of ether, namely my love and a barrel of kisses. Your Pete.

LETTER 125

ASANSOLONGANGES [Special code between them; possibly where he was located near the Ganges River]. Gordon L. Platt, India, December 25, 1944, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, Dearest Allie Pal: Another day has rolled around, and once again it is time to write to you. On this day it is an extra pleasure because today is Christmas. I will spend a good part of the day at work though. Say darling, I would appreciate it very greatly if you would come and spend the day with me. We could have lots of fun, and probably you would even enjoy being with me. I would with you.

About this time of year at home I would be getting into the spirit of Christmas, because I would have the influencing factors there to urge me, but here it is a bit different. I have no snow, no sleigh bells, no Christmas trees, no wife with me, no son here also, and no desire to get into the spirit of it all. I, however, am not going to let it throw me, but am going to remember the reason for the day, and celebrate it in the proper manner.

No letters from you for the last couple of days. I suppose you aren't to blame for something like delayed mail though, so I won't probe you. I could use your letters to a greater advantage though if they would come a bit more evenly spaced.

Shucks darling I really wish I could be with you to enjoy your presence and your wonderful love and kisses on this day. I would be so very pleased to be permitted to do so. I guess I will be able to pull thru all right though.

Only five, rather six days now till I begin putting 1945 on my letters. Time is going quite fast here, and I will be so glad when we are able to show some marked advances in this area. I am

looking for most anything to happen in the Pacific area though and won't be a great deal surprised to see a landing on the China coast by the Americans. That is in the future yet though.

Lover, I must stop for a while now and get some work done. Be right back. [I was] only gone a few minutes, so now maybe I can finish without another interruption. That is something that isn't easily done around here.

No peace whatsoever now one of the puppies is squealing. S'cuse me will be right back.

Great guns, no wonder he squealed. He was down behind his mommy, and I guess he really figured he was trapped for good. They are a week old today, and I guess they will open their eyes tomorrow or maybe the next day. They surely are cute little warts.

Allie darling do you have any idea just how much you are loved? Well it is a terrible lot. I can't seem to get you out of my mind. Not that I want to, but you are ever present when I am left to think for a minute. Thanks for being such a big part of me. It helps to know you are always near and doing all to encourage and inspire me to better works. Thanks darling.

127

[It is] nearly time for church, so I won't make this a whole lot longer. It is going to be a great pleasure going and singing Christmas carols and finding joy in the presence of the others of my kind that are here.

George [Platt, his brother] and the bunch on the Marianas will probably have a great time on this day. There are enough of them there to have a barbeque or a good celebration of some kind, but here we are so small and so far between that it is impossible to do much of anything. Ever go to a barbeque?

Something tells me the end of the page is fast approaching, so I'll not say more except that if I ever had occasion to love you I do now. Be of good cheer, and carry the love of Christ with you always. As ever your hubby, Pete. [On the back of the letter Tommy J. drew a picture of their living quarters; it contains their trunks and beds; a cabinet for their dishes; a table with the radio on, a wall with pictures. Jim, Tommy J. and Gordon lived together.

LETTER 126

Lyman D. Platt, Hotel Crillón, Santiago, Chile, May 22, 1971. Dearest Family, I would like to take this opportunity to bring you up to date on my assignment and to tell you of my deep love for all that our family is and represents.

The happenings and findings in Uruguay and Argentina have convinced me that our moving to either of these two areas would not be in the best interests of the program we are working towards. I have found our supervisor in Argentina to be a man of complete dedication and capable of doing everything I would do if here; plus of course, the advantage he has of being local and knowing how to handle special problems. I had been led to believe that he was not that caliber of man.

If they still feel that they want to send me, I will have to say that Lima would be the best place. I've not wanted to consider that possibility because of what people might think, but it now appears the best choice. I feel, at this point, however, that our coming down at this time would be premature. I will so present it in my report.

I have been well but lonely during the whole trip. Things have gone exceedingly well and several bad problems in Argentina have been ironed out. Filming possibilities in Uruguay and Chile don't look too favorable at present; however, we are making headway, I feel.

The things I've seen and continue to see on this and previous assignments humbles me to my knees in gratitude for the blessings we have as U.S. citizens, members of the Kingdom of God, and to top it off for the tremendous heritage which we have as a family. Few people are more blessed than we. I am proud and grateful to be your brother and son. I try each day to

honor our name, and in so doing repay in part the blessings we've received. I love you each and all and thank the Lord to see you each growing up loving the Lord and developing under his spirit. As ever, Lyman D. Platt.

128

LETTER 127

Lyman D. Platt, El Convento Hotel, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico, August 24, 1973, [Original in Spanish; translated for historical purposes], Dear family, finally I feel like I can take a moment and express myself to you. I feel a great desire to once again be home and I hope it will be shortly after this letter arrives.

I have not been able to obtain definite permissions yet, neither with the Catholic Church, nor with the Civil Registry, although it appears that they will materialize in due time. The rest of the work is proceeding well and I hope that soon we will have positive results.

This weekend we will be in the Virgin Islands studying the ancient cemeteries. We will return here on Monday and then we will try to finish up our work shortly after that and be with you before the end of the week.

I miss you all very much and wish to be at your sides once again. I feel the desire to spend more of my life and my time with my family, and I have dreamed of a way that it will be possible. I will discuss it with you on my return.

Until I see you, receive my love and a kiss for each one of you. Always, Daddy [Lyman D. Platt]

LETTER 128

Gordon L. Platt, India, January 1, 1945, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, My Darling, no one seems to be getting letters from me. You write and say that you have gone sometimes near two weeks. You tell me George says he has only got one letter from me. Mother says she only went three weeks without one, and everyone says no letters today. I assure you this isn't my fault. I have written you practically every day. I write George every time I get a letter from him (which has been half a dozen times at least). Mom gets sometimes two a week from me. I answer every letter I get, but still no one gets mail from me. I always did think this was a screwy world.

Today being January 1, 1945 I made a few resolutions. Not many, because I imagine the one thing you remember about me was my promises that I never kept. That certainly has been a black page in my life. Professing to be somebody, and in doing so becoming a nobody. Bearing false witness. That isn't at all approvable in the sight of God is it? I have resolved to try harder to quell my desire to continually be talking. More than anything (almost anything) in life I want to be respected of men, to be taciturn and reserved and have people look to me and at least think that perhaps there is an intelligent person. He seems to be because he is silent and observing. Perhaps you'll laugh and think what a silly husband you have, but I'm serious darling, very serious. I want to be able to come to you and after awhile have you say I am a better person than when I went away. I am sure I can make you say it, at least I will really have time enough here to change and at least try to make you do so.

129

No presents have arrived as yet except that one unidentified one. I guess it didn't come from you though. I am anxious for the other books, and will really enjoy reading them. I'm getting worlds of good from *Discourses of Brigham Young*. More and more each day I am grateful for such great writers and speakers.

Wish you could just fasten your gaze on this beautiful country here. Just as far as you can see are rice and grain fields; Quite an impressive site.

We are going to have chicken for dinner today. Care to join me? I'm sure the fellows here

would delight to see one as you. I guess there are few of them [however who] could appreciate your principles and clean life as I do.

I got a nice letter from Jeanne. She wrote because Sid was in the hospital. He has been disqualified from overseas duty. Also got letters from Mom, Jo and a little card with a cute verse from Rene, and your letter of December 15th. You write some darn good letters lovely lady. I surely love you for them.

How is Lyman De boy? Do you realize I love him? Well I do, and my darling wife along with him. I am going to run and eat a mouthful of chicken now so please excuse me okay? Was disappointed: no chicken till tonight. Say honey I am going to close now and send this with one of the fellows to work so he will mail it. Love you dearest, as ever, Gordon L. Platt.

LETTER 129

Gordon L. Platt, Indian, May 13th, 1945, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, My dearest, On this day (mother's day) I feel to speak for my son because he can't as yet say the thing that permeates that tiny heart. I'm sure this is what he would say. "Mother O' Mine."

If I were hanged on the highest hill, mother o' mine, I know whose love would follow me still, mother o' mine. If I were drowned in the deepest sea, mother o' mine, I know whose tears would come down to me, mother o' mine. Mother o' mine, if I were damned of body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole, mother o' mine, mother o' mine. And more too he'd say, because he would realize – as his father somewhat realizes the true worth of his mother. His father knows the extreme care those hands have taken to bathe, to dress, to feed, to care for the little chig, and though I fail to show my appreciation outwardly as I should, I assure you it's there. I love you my darling for the wonderful mother you are. Your son loves you and expresses it in every fiber of his being. If you want to see how, put on your hat and coat and tell him goodbye. His eyes will look to yours and well with tears. He is saying let me come along to protect you, but if you won't let me do that, hurry back, because I'm terribly lonely without you. He speaks by his tears of his love for you.

Your husband is like your son, because in all things you are the first and highest consideration. L. D.'s and my world are centered in and around you, who is a mother, a grand mother, a fine mother, a beautiful mother, and an intelligent mother. Be always assured of our love.

130

Here are a few prints Olson was kind enough to give me. Enjoy them, and when you look at the Ganges River, imagine the San Juan River thirty-five shades dirtier.

I must close this letter and get dressed for Church. I'm to give the program. I'm stealing my mother's day thoughts from President Brigham Young and Heber J. Grant. Mother's camera and four long unseen rolls of film came today. I shall use them to good advantage, and try to get some good pictures for you.

Darling, watch things pop here in CB2 now that Germany has gone. We will show the Japs the true horrors of Pearl Harbor. Be of good cheer. As ever your plow-nosed Pete.

LETTER 130

Gordon L. Platt, Indian, May 17, 1945, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, My sweetheart: not until last night when I went to work did I learn of the death of President Grant. The first pangs of the shock almost overwhelmed me. I dared not think about it, because I couldn't believe it. However, I'm sure it's true, and I'll be hearing more about it in the near future.

To my notion the greatest man of 1945 has just passed away. A man loved and revered by a million followers, and thousands of others who knew he had truth but were too proud to partake of it. In the judgment to come he will judge them for what they are. I didn't think that would make me weep, but it did. Tears of sorrow for a people having to lose physical contact

with a man so God-fearing. I wept to think now he has completed his mission here, he will swell with joy in meeting Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and all the other great and small ancient or modern. His cup truly now runneth over, and all I have is sympathy for his family that no longer will they be permitted to enjoy his counsel and advise, his humor and song. Remember Allie the times I have said I would like to pattern my life after that man? I still wish to do so, but I feel so far from what he was at my age. He was a stake president at twenty-six, and an Apostle some few years later. I can never hope to gain the position he has held at such an early age, but try I will to live somewhat as he did. I truly loved President Grant. Hail to the prophet, ascended to heaven, traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain. Mingling with God he can plan for his brethren; millions shall know Brother Heber again. Do you want to make a covenant with me Allie darling? From the day you get this letter, acquire and read *Gospel Standards* and I shall do the same, and by his book we will know just what sort of a man he was. Also, it will bring us a little bit closer together. Will you? I can't do much but think this day, so perhaps you'll let this letter suffice for today. I haven't had any letters for a few days, so I haven't a whole lot to add, except that I surely love you lots.

More and more I realize what a good wife can mean to a fellow, and I love you so much, as ever, Gordon L. Platt.

131

LETTER 131

Gordon L. Platt, Hialeah Park, Calcutta, India, December 10, 1945, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, To Lovely Lady. This is probably the very last letter you'll ever get from me until I'm with you again. Is that good news? To me there is hardly anything to compare with it. So just compose yourself for approximately thirty-five days longer (covering discharge and all). Today Lyman De is 2½ years old so I bought him a sort of a gift: a set of Ghurka knives. Not much, not even appropriate, but as a last minute resort, and because of no opportunity for observing a more complete market I at least got "something." While at it I got you a [top secret] and mother a nice scarf done in embroidery. Very fine work. This has taken a very sizeable cut from my cash reserve, but these things are quite necessary. I'm sorry I haven't been rich enough to send my sisters more (rather some) presents, but I hope they'll all understand.

Are you wondering where Hialeah Park is? Well, it's right in the heart of Calcutta. I'm here waiting for the word to go climb on the boat. We are leaving the 12th or 13th, or hear over the radio that the *General Squires* arrived from CB2 with 3,500 American troop aboard, you'll know I'm on U.S. soil again.

It is going to take us twenty-six to twenty-eight days to make the trip, as we'll go via New York. After two or three day in New York, processing; then I'll be on my way west; four days to cross the U.S. to Ft. Douglas, then from two days to five there before discharge. Five days ago I quit shaving. I'm staying "quit" until I land, as I can't see ruining a face that isn't too pretty anyway by shaving in salt water. Then too, I want to establish a long-feared fact; whether or not I am a man. I'll take a picture to show you, okay?

Honey gal let's let this suffice for the interminable amount of time between now and our meeting. There is more love in my heart for you than you can possibly imagine there could be.

Darling, I want to wish you and feller and Rene a very Merry Christmas and an exceptional New Year, but regret so much not being permitted to be with you for it. God bless you dearly beloved. With all my love to you too my son, Gordon L. Platt

LETTER 132

Gordon L. Platt, Port Said, Egypt, December 26, 1945, Allie L. Platt, Logan, Utah, My Dearest Allie, first of all don't pay too much attention to the return address on this envelope, because now it just suffices for some sort of a return address. If you're wondering where Port Said is you can locate it on most any map. It is at the extreme northern end of the Red Sea on the shores of the Mediterranean.

At the present time we are about twelve hours from entering the southern end of the Suez Canal. Upon going through we will dock at Port Said to refuel. There I will mail this to you.

132

We left Calcutta on the 14th, taking two days to get down the Hoogley River to the Bay of Bengal. We are traveling at 17.5 knots (or about 20 miles an hour) and make an average of 425 miles a day. We stopped overnight at Colombo, Ceylon then on. Nothing much has happened since leaving Ceylon, except we saw a school of porpoise and two sharks. Have passed very many ships going where we've been, but as yet no one has passed us going where we're going. That is a good thing.

Our speed average is likely to lessen from here on into New York as we will have probably quite a rough Atlantic crossing. Our ship is a good one though and has caused us no trouble at all.

I will tell you in detail all about the trip when I get there, which, if we are lucky, will be about the 12th of January.

As soon as I arrive in New York, I'll telegram you and mother, so you'll know I have. I'll not be in Ft. Douglas for a week after I land though, as we have a troop train to sweat out. Will you do something for me my darling? Will you assemble all (or enough) of my civilian clothes there with you in Logan so I can find out just what I'm going to have to buy? Don't make any plans on coming to Salt Lake as yet, as I can let you know by telegram my plans when the army lets me in on my plans.

If there is any way I can conveniently (for you) get in touch with you by phone, just let Vera Moore have the number, and I'll find it out from her. I don't like to ask you to come to Salt Lake, through all that cold, but if I spend over forty-eight hours at Ft. Douglas I'll probably ask you to come. Darling, this is going to really be exciting (wow!).

While I'm in Logan and before we go to Richfield, and elsewhere, I'd like very much to spend several sessions in the temple, so perhaps you'd have some garments and a recommend on hand, would you?

I'm quite anxious to know what has happened to Darwin, Kay and George. I hope Kay is a married man by now, and Darwin hasn't been required to go over. I'll find that out all in due time though, I guess.

Darling, if you are going to need any reassurance of my love, hang on and in a short time I'll have you snowed under with affection. This time on board ship goes so slow, because every idle minute is spent in anticipating our reunion. I love you so and want more than life to be with you again. My sonny is constantly in my thoughts too. Won't say more now, so be good my dearest princess. As ever, Gordon L. Platt

LETTER 133

Arthur R. & Rene L. Morin, Richmond, Utah, December 13, 1975, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah, Dearest Lyman and Bertha and all the little blessings (this includes little grandma). It was so nice to have L. D. with us for a short visit. Would loved to have had all of you with him. Try it sometime. Do hope everyone is well.

133

We have heard so many good reports about your messages, L.D. We are so proud of you, your dedication to the Lord's work, and your great accomplishments in the field of

genealogy. And we appreciate you Bertha, and love you for your devotion and support of your husband in his work. You are two special people and we love you both very much and your sweet family.

We are plugging along at our genealogy and our books, L.D. Thanks for your encouragement. Our Charles is just dying to go through the Genealogy Library. The day we come down in May to see J. [Jullynn] leave, could we come over and have a tour with you? Don't know the date yet.

Well, time to retire. May the Lord bless each of you in your special calling as a mother and a father and all else you undertake in His name. All our love, Aunt Rene Lyman Morin.

[A Christmas poem had the following attached.] This our wish for you, sent in love from all of the Morins in Richmond, Logan, Provo, Peru, Argentina, and after January 5 there will be two of us in Israel. Hi Bertha and L.D. and children all. Hope you are all well and that you have a beautiful Christmas. Did you know Ben and Lynette are going to Israel for six months with a BYU Study Tour? Isn't that exciting! We love you, Morins.

LETTER 134

Beverly Sessions, 5246 South 2150 West, Roy, Utah 84067, February 5, 1978, To: Lyman Platt, RR2 Box 216, American Fork, Utah 84003, Dear Brother Platt. I received your note. I realize your teaching in our seminar is not an assignment from the Salt Lake Library as it was last year. Thank you for bringing it to my attention. We will be most pleased to pay you the \$52.50 you mentioned for your assistance. I am looking forward to your class and hope to be able to attend it myself this year. Sincerely Beverly Sessions.

LETTER 135

Veterans Administration, Regional Office, 125 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84138, September 22, 1976, To: Lyman De Platt, 157 North 200 East, Alpine, Utah 84003, I am please to tell you that the Veterans Administration has guaranteed the loan on your home, etc.

LETTER 136

Western Pacific Financial Corporation, 555 North D Street, San Bernardino, California 92402, September 27, 1976, To: Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Platt, 157 North 200 East, Alpine, Utah 84003, Dear Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Platt, congratulations on the purchase of your home.... Your first payment is due November 1, 1976.... Principal and Interest: \$273.00. Estimated Tax Accrual: \$14.58. Estimate Insurance Accrual: \$9.42. Total Payment: \$297.00....

134

LETTER 137

Department of the Treasury, District Director, Internal Revenue Service, May 7, 1975, To: Instituto Genealógico e Histórico Latinoamericano, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah 84601, Gentlemen: In a determination letter dated October 31, 1972, you were held exempt from Federal income tax as an organization described in section 501 (c) 3 of the 1954 Internal Revenue Code. Information in our files discloses that you have properly disbursed the balance of your assets and are no longer carrying on exempt activities. Accordingly, the exemption letter granted you is hereby terminated effective March 6, 1975....

LETTER 138

State of Utah, Office of the Secretary of State, Salt Lake City, December 31, 1973, Instituto Genealógico e Histórico Latinoamericano, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah 84601, Notice of Suspension. Your Corporation did not file the Annual Report required by Section 16-6-97, Utah Code Annotated 1953, Replacement Volume Two, for the Year 1973. Because the report was not filed, the charter of the Corporation is suspended effective December 31, 1973....

LETTER 139

Dian Burd Choi Burd, California, April 27, 1978, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Lyman and Bertha and family, thank you for your special hospitality especially the closeness I felt and the warmth of your love. Timi had such a great time. He is still talking about your kids and about President Kimball's life story you were reading as a family. Lyman, to you, I don't know what I can say that would speak of the affection and admiration I have for you. I could not tell you of the terrors of my past or of the problems I have brought upon myself, but in our talk, somehow I felt you understood and did not condemn. I think now of the closeness of our talk in the office and I am warmed by the wisdom you shared. I am working on your flier and should send it along in a day or two. The first week was so hectic at work and then our church ward boundaries are changing and everything is in an uproar there also.

I guess you wanted your address in the lower corner – am I correct? Hope I'm not too late on this. Has the book come off the press yet? Also, is there anything you want to add or change that you can think of? I will send a Xerox proof copy and if you don't want to change anything I'll send the artwork so you can have it printed.

Bertha: the recipes in this month's newsletter are for you. Hope you enjoy. I have others with dried foods if you are interested. Eres un espiritu tan especial y te quiero mucho. Ten cuidado y dale a tu mamá mi amor también.

Hi kids, love you too, Dian & Timi Burd. Call you evening of May 7th.

135

LETTER 140

Dian Burd Choi Burd, May 1978, Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Lyman, sorry not to have sent this sooner, but all is in turmoil: mother's property, job and Church work. There would be no peace at all if not for the gospel and Timi.

Anyway, hope you will like the artwork. If not please make any changes or let me know and we'll start over and get it to you more quickly this time. If you change, mark in red pencil and return. Then, I will make changes and corrections and send camera shot of the art so you can have nice sharp copy from your printing. Also, there is area at the bottom center to add something in you wish.

My delight to help if it is what you wanted. P. S. I'm sending a few things by mail in a box to Bertha and the kids. Let me know if you get [them] okay. Love to all, Dian Burd.

LETTER 141

Anthon & Clessa Palmer Lyman Black, Blanding, Utah, January 16, 1977, Gordon L. & Allie L. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Family, Since Allie sent her letter to me, I can't be a failure and not send it on, so here goes. Our holidays were nice and fun although some members were not at home for them.

Where John and Maureen are in Coeur D'Alene, Idaho and Gordon and Kynra in Minot, North Dakota, and the rest of us in Southern Utah, it makes a triangle of almost equal distances from one point to the next – I think Gordon said about 1450 miles.

Duane came from Phoenix and a few days after Christmas went to Coeur D'Alene to live with John and Maureen and go to school there. Maureen's boys are delighted since Duane has always been like an older brother to them and Duane is delighted because since he was a little boy his happiest times have been at Maureen's. Maureen is well again and doing all the good little things for friends, neighbors and the ward that is so typical of her.

Gordon's last letter said they were all having the flu but as cold as it is there, I'm amazed that they even survive.

Jed and Candice and little ones are living in Springville and Jed is going to BYU. We miss

them.

Since Tamra is Relief Society president and has two little ones, she is a busy girl. Mark said he thought they should set him apart as the wife of the Relief Society president but he does support her and helps her and they both keep busy and happy. Mark is teaching an oil painting class one night a week in the community school.

Jeff is working as a carpenter on the new bank that is being built in Blanding. He has two sweet little boys.

Anthon is almost as busy with his coal and feed as he is with his farm in the summer, so he is keeping out of trouble.

136

As a family we are very blessed and most of us try to keep busy in our wards.

Jeff and Carol and Anthon and I belong to the new 6th ward. It is a different experience but an enjoyable one. We have some very capable and spiritual leaders.

Most of my at-home hours are spent baby sitting my grand kids and I thoroughly enjoy it.

May each of you, wherever you are, have everything you need for a good, healthful, serviceable life. Love, Anthon and Clessa Palmer Lyman Black.

LETTER 142

Lois & Edward Robison Lyman, Box 429, Blanding, Utah 84511, March 19, 1977, Dear family, Bob brought the letters up and asked me to write a few lines. Bob has been having lots of trouble with his back and he has been to the doctor. He just gave him some pills. I still don't know what is causing it as he won't say. Robbie is doing well in school. Last month he had 7 A's and 2 B's. Melessia is student teaching in Robbie's class. Mr. Perry is his teacher. Robbie does so well with him. Dewayne and Melessia are building another home, one to sell this time. They moved in the first one he built. They have one boy Christopher in kindergarten.

Anthony just turned three. Judy and her husband built a new home. They live in East Layton. Vonnie and Mike are still in San Jose. Vonnie is a grandmother (step). Haven't heard from Bob's kids since Christmas. Terry is still at Eddy's. We had a nice photo album from Kirk, had pictures of all his family. His children are sure getting big. That Lloyd is sure handsome; reminds me of Clessa's Loyd. Jeri Lynn just turned 19. Had a big birthday party for her. James is working again. He can't seem to hold a job. They live in Anneth. They have had water in their home for over a year. Next Tuesday they are getting electricity, hot water heater, toilet and bath. Don't sound like much, but to them it's really a whole lot. James owns a house there so they are slowly getting it fixed up.

Wish we could all get together for a reunion. Robbie is such a nice boy. He never sasses me, always minds. Melessia says he's real good in school, never causes trouble. She said she believes he had all A's this time. He never misses Sunday School or Primary and Sacrament, unless he's sick. He's only been sick twice since school started. Well, must close. Love, Bob, Lois, and Robbie.

LETTER 143

LaRee Nuffer Lyman, April 4, 1977, Dear family, I was really happy to get this family letter. It will be good to hear about all of you and your families. Letters do help to keep families closer together when there are so many miles separating them.

Some of this letter about my family will be the same as the things I wrote at Christmas time. I'll start with Ed – he should be coming home in a week or so now. Time has gone really fast since he left on his mission. I can hardly believe he'll soon be home. It will be great to have him back.

137

Paul and Barbara really have a sweet little boy, Eric Paul, and really enjoy him and so do I. It is good to have one grandchild close enough to see and enjoy. He is five months old.

Allee and Alan have two fine little boys, Troy 6, and Ryan 3. They live in Modesto, California. JoAnn and Michael live in Hayward, California. Michael is a dentist, works as an associate but is thinking of setting up an office for himself. They have two children, Jeffrey 6, and Jill 1½. JoAnn is expecting again in November. This will be her sixth pregnancy and after the operation she had last summer, all will go well with this pregnancy.

Carolyn and Chris live in Modesto, California. They have four children: Carrina 6, Eddie 5, Lyman 3, and Jason 8 months. Chris and her brother have a pest control business.

Joy and Kent live in Husum, Washington, not in Husum, but about 10 miles up in the hills in a place that is hard to get to. I can't drive my car there – have to leave it and walk in the rest of the way – a mile or so up and down in the woods. It is beautiful up there. Tanja is ten years old. She is going to have another operation on her feet. The first one will be May 19 on one foot. She has had so many casts and operations. Surely hope this one is the last. She is such a brave little girl – takes it all in stride. She will be at Shriners Hospital in Portland.

Paul and Barbara and Eric and I went to California after Christmas. We had a family get together at JoAnn's and then we spent a couple of days at Allee's and Carolyn's homes. It was such a nice visit except for one thing – I came down with a cold on the way down and have never had such a miserable long-lasting cold as it was.

Enough of me and mine. I am surely in favor of the family letter and hope it gets around often. I am really happy to be part of the Lyman family and love each and every one of you very much. Love to all, LaRee Nuffer Lyman and family.

LETTER 144

Arthur R. & Rene L. Morin, April 9, 1977, Richmond, Utah, Dearest family, the family letter just came and it was so exciting to hear from everyone (except Kay and Velma) – hope they will put in a note next time. While I'm waiting for my girls to get ready, I'll start my letter and set a new record for me. We are almost on our way to see Burke in a championship basketball game (Explorer Olympics). He thinks the world revolves around a basketball! His does. The thing I appreciated about everyone's letter was hearing about everyone in their family, so I'll tell you about ours. Next Sunday we are going to Provo to bless our very first grandchild, Nathan Morin, born to Ed and Lorraine. We are most excited over our beautiful little grandson. Brad, Julynn and Marilee all finish at the Y this month – finally. Art (son) is working on his Masters at U.S.U. Still just have one married, but Lynette is changing all that on June 4, when she will marry Mark Andreasen from Grace, Idaho. We are very happy for them.

Our Ben has been a missionary in the Fukuoka Japan Mission for six months and loves it. Burke will be nineteen in October and plans to be a missionary also. He graduates from high school in May. Chris is a junior this year and has had a very good year as a high school wrestler this year. I always disliked wrestling very much, but how much difference it makes

138
when it is your son out there on the mat. I wouldn't miss a match! Burke and Chris just received their Duty to God awards, which was a proud moment for us.

Charles and Carolyn are in junior high, which is just a block away. They are both enjoying their piano and doing well. Carolyn is also playing the accordion and doing very well.

Charles enjoys singing in a special singing group and was in the junior high musical last week, "Bye, Bye Birdie." It was hilarious.

As I read all of your letters again, I realize that soon our children will, in all probability, be scattered far and wide as yours are. I guess it is inevitable but nothing I'm looking forward to

Ed and Lorraine will be up again this summer to work with Art in real estate again. Lynette and Burke are working with him this winter. Carolyn and I are excited at the prospects of having Ed and Lorraine and “our very own baby” to tend. We’ve had to borrow babies for so many years.

We are concerned, like everyone else, at the water shortage this year. I guess Monticello and Blanding are the most serious in the state. We are having a lovely snow storm today, for which we are very thankful. After hearing President Kimball say that the Lord is humbling us by the elements, I guess we all need to repent! But the Lord is surely good to us, and we have so much to be grateful for. Like the rest of you, we are so blessed to have a family who cares for each other and for us. We are hoping that someone (everyone) is planning on another family reunion this summer. It is our best chance to keep close ties and help our children get to know one another. It is rather painful to think of them growing up, not knowing each other. I’ve read all the letters several times. It is good to know about everyone. Thanks for sending your letters on. We get hungry to know about all of you. We love you and are happy for all the nice things that come to you and yours. Love from all of us. Rene Lyman Morin and Arthur R. Morin.

LETTER 145

Gladys Perkins Tomney Lyman, Blanding, Utah, February 8, 1968, Gordon L. & Allie L. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Ones: Allie, Gordon and family. Realizing how anxious you all are to know how things are going with your parents, I will write a few lines, also I want to express my love and admiration for all of you, as does Uncle Albert –thinks you are all pretty special.

It is quite miraculous the way your mother is snapping out of this trouble. Yesterday your father wanted to take Uncle Byron, Casse and Klar out to see the country where he with others were dry farming this summer, so I stayed with your mother, and it seemed to me that she was making marvelous progress. I would help her onto her feet, then holding to her and she to me, she would walk all over the house. Of course it wasn’t real graceful walking, and she would have to concentrate on what she was doing, but she was *walking*!

And one of the encouraging things about it, she was so cheerful about it. And she could laugh at her own awkwardness and all the time feeling humbly grateful that she was making progress. And she said “My prayers are that the Lord will give me strength of mind and faith

139
to accept what comes without complaining. Oh, if He will help me to endure whatever is necessary and not make myself disagreeable or unnecessarily burdensome to those who have to care for me I will be so grateful; that has been my constant prayer.”

Her kidneys and bowels are acting on their own; there is no paralysis there, but her kidneys act more often than normal, and the bowels a little sluggish. Her mind is not quite as clear or quick as normal, but is real good I think, considering. She asks the same questions, quite often, and she will say “I ask that before, I know, but I can’t remember what you said.” She is cheerful all the time, and so grateful for anything that is done for her. Her sight is poor, but what a blessing she has some sight. Her nights are quite restless. She seems to have quite a lot of pain in the leg and arm, and I think it is the life coming back into them, and those things always seem much worse at night. She has no use of her hand yet, but she says the feeling has come back to the arm as far as the wrist, so she feels quite encouraged over that. Her appetite is good. She enjoys company, and has quite a bit. It seems most everyone in town is concerned and interested in her progress.

Your father is very independent about accepting much help with her. He thinks he can care for her himself, but I tell him he needn’t deprive others of an opportunity to serve, and that he

might be somewhat independent with others, but not with me. He is very tender and sweet with your mother.

Uncle Albert and I are quite well, and enjoying very much the visit of Byron, Casse, and Klar. It is good to have them come now and then to stir us up a bit and give us a shot in the arm with their expressions of love and appreciation, and their different outlook on life, and a little recitation of their hopes and aspirations, and their experiences. Life takes on added zest. We have expected to hear for days that Timmy had arrived in the USA. He was *slightly wounded*, the telegram said, and they were shipping him to the USA for care. No word yet. 8:00 a.m. Your father just called to say Almon has been given another kidney. How we pray all will go well now. Aunt Gladys Perkins Lyman and Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 146

Gladys Perkins Tomney Lyman, Blanding, Utah, February 25, 1968, Gordon L. & Allie L. Platt, Dear Ones: Allie and all. This is Sunday morning, and I hope to get this letter written before Sunday School. Time is such a stickler to the continuity of purpose, that of never loitering or getting sidetracked, that I am always trying hard to catch up with it. And I am taking this means of making carbon copies of the letter.

I am sure you all know that Wilmer Bronson passed away last week and was buried in Monticello last Friday. At that funeral we were happy to see most of his children. I hadn't seen some of them since they were really young. And we were happy that Byron, Casse, and Klar joined us there. It was a very beautiful service, the talks, the musical numbers and the spirit, and the floral offerings were lovely. Pa Lyman was the main speaker, and I am not sure that I ever heard him make a better talk, and so many of the audience told him that. And I think one of the songs rendered by Arch Bronson's sons was about as heavenly as anything I ever heard. Instead of it being a depressing occasion, it was very uplifting.

140

Yesterday morning we were pleased to have Brent Lyman come to see us and we had a very fine visit with him. Around noon, Guen, Casse and Byron, Klar, Albert and I drove down to Bluff, then up the river to the foot bridge and crossed on it, and gazed up at the ruins about a mile away, and resolved to make the trip down there again next Monday and climb up to the ruins. Am not sure I can make it, but I mean to make a try at it. Spring weather, good company, and happy memories of making that climb years ago should give this lazy leg of mine enough energy to do it.

I was thrilled a few nights ago, when up at Irene's and Edward's, to have Aunt Bob [Minerva Perkins Rowe] call on the phone to say that she and Uncle Ed [Rowe] had just been to the hospital and visited with Almon and that he was looking and feeling much better and that the kidney was functioning really well. Isn't that marvelous? Something else that makes us happy; Aunt Irene is getting along better lately – that is her pain is not so severe, and I think not quite so steady. Yesterday afternoon Casse and Byron went to stay with her, and they with Uncle Edward took her for a car ride. She walked out to the car, though of course she had to have help. But she has been wanting that so very much. I am glad that she was able to go. Klar has stayed with them the last two evenings until about ten and is going to do it tonight and Casse will stay again this afternoon. I think that is wonderful of them. They are staying down for Aunt Cretia's funeral. It will be held Tuesday at 2:00 p.m. Much as we hate to part with loved ones such as Billy Bronson, and Aunt Cretia, I am thankful they could go on. They have both wanted it for some time, and I rejoice with them in anticipating the reception they will be given over there. I think of the thousands of people that will be anxious to see Cretia, and thank her for the things she did for them, the many hours and hours she spent in searching out their names and seeing that the work was done in the temple for them.

And I think how happy she will be to be able to walk, and talk freely again. Oh it is wonderful if we could all look forward to such a happy homecoming.

This afternoon Uncle Albert is going to give blessings to three people from out of town. And tomorrow he is to give blessings to three boys from the Ettie Lee home here in town. These are all special occasions in our home. And it has been quite a surprising, or anyway, a gratifying thing to have had several different people say to me "I just love to come to your home because of the wonderful spirit I feel when I am there." So I feel that it is a great blessing to be married to a man of such faith and integrity. Only it frightens me too, for I know that I will have to give account of the use I made of such blessings. Aunt Gladys Perkins Lyman.

LETTER 147

Gladys Perkins Tomney Lyman, Blanding, Utah, November 22, 1968, To the dear children of Irene and Edward Lyman, So many times the longing wells up in my heart to express my love and appreciation to my dear sister Irene, to some of those who knew and loved her best. Writing letters is about the only way I have of doing that, and I am never up to date with all the letters I have to write, so extra letters are always postponed to some more convenient time. And I am sure that all of you have found out that if you really expect to do a thing, there is no more convenient time to do it than *now*. So when the thought came to me this morning I decided that now is the time. So though my work is not done up I will write a few lines.

141

I think how, about this time of the year, family ties seem more sacred than most any other time, and there comes a great longing to be with our own. Every year for the last twenty-six years your mother and I have had each other here to reminisce together of things past and gone. I'm sure I didn't let her know as I should have done how thankful I was to have her here. Though I often told her I always felt deserted when she went away for awhile. And I know how all of you will be missing her this holiday season. And I am taking this opportunity to tell you that I cherish her memory as one of the finest women I knew.

I think I never knew a more unselfish, thoughtful and compassionate person than she, and Uncle Albert said more than once, Irene is a real Latter-day Saint. That is the superlative in character, as far as he is concerned. I look at your father and see how terribly lonesome he is and long to do something to help banish that loneliness. I do ask him to come eat with us occasionally and we are happy when he drops in now and then without an invitation.

Rene, I was just talking to him on the phone and asked if he had any message to send to any of you kids, and he asked that I tell you if you were still planning on coming down for Thanksgiving to contact Charles and see if you couldn't come down with him, so you wouldn't have to drive alone. LaRee, we think often of you and your family and we send our love and blessings to you all and pray that you are finding strength and comfort to keep on keeping on. We hope too that your family realizes what wonderful parents they have, and are able to incorporate into their character the choice traits their parents have.

Bob and Lois we think often of you too, and wish you would drop in and say hello when you come up here.

Uncle Albert just came in with the mail and has a message that Karl and Edith will be here to spend Thanksgiving with us, that is Thanksgiving morning, and then will return to Provo that evening. But we will be glad to have them that long.

A letter from Iris tells us that the army has decided not to send Timmy back to Vietnam, but give him some more schooling and then have him teach others. He said that he may be sent to South America to teach.

Allie, we are glad you have Lyman De home now. My paper is too full to write more. Love and best wishes always to all of you. Uncle Albert R. Lyman and Aunt Gladys Perkins Lyman.

LETTER 148

Gene Lyman Platt, Newburg, Oregon, June 10, 1977, Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear #1 son, I'm attempting to write this letter on the bus as I travel to work, so hope it will remain legible through it all. As a hard surface on which to write, I am using my new Thai Book of Mormon. You can't imagine how excited I was to receive the Book from you. Where in the world did you get it? I knew they were just recently printed but thought all were still in Asia. Did you get it in Salt Lake City? Wherever, thanks so much for the Book. It means a great deal to me and I am elated at the prospects of the work in Thailand now that this great Book is in circulation. While I'm in the thanking mood, I don't think we ever thanked you for your

142

Christmas present \$. I don't even remember what we did with it, but I know it was well spent and greatly appreciated.

You can imagine my disappointment at not being able to travel to Utah with Arlene and the kids. Their report made it sound like such great fun and, of course, just seeing and associating with the family again would be a gratifying experience. Hopefully, when this job situation is finally settled, we can take a week or two and come see you again.

Arlene said our kids did very well together. That pleases me. I would love to have my children know and love their cousins as I did mine in my youth. That's important to me.

Well, big brother, I don't know how old you are (34?) but I know you will be (when you get this note) another year older (and freer from debt, I hope). Happy B-day!

That's not much of an accolade for having traversed another year of mortality, but that's all you get for now.

I think my big brother farmer would be proud of me to see my garden this year. I'm so tickled with it. This is really the first year we've been in a position to have a garden, and we're just loving it. We've been eating the lettuce, radishes, and onions for several weeks now and the rest of the garden is doing very well. My pea vines are just plush with blossoms, and the beans are close behind.

Spiritually, we seem to have a constant uphill climb to do what is right. Funny, it should be that way but for now it is so. We are active in all of our outward duties and my concern is not there, but rather with the inner development of the soul. The outward activity is really quite useless unless the soul is cultivated to inculcate the teachings of the Savior into every conscious and unconscious thought and action. We'll get there one day.

Well, my bouncy trip is nearly concluded. Take care. I appreciate your solid nature and thank you for your awareness of example in the lives of your younger siblings. Give the family our regards. This letter, although directed intentionally at you, L.D., is not meant to exclude Bertha or the kids. Arlene said she had a letter going to Bertha, so I just decided to personalize this a bit more than I normally would. We love you and pray for your continued blessing. Love, #4 son [Gene Lyman Platt]

LETTER 149

Dian Burd Choi Burd, April 13, 1977, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Dear Lyman and family, Thank you! Thank you special cousin for the copies of our great-grandparents history. I appreciate also your effort to obtain the copies of the poetry from Brother Mouritsen. I have made many copies for my Special Interest sisters as well as my family. You are so special to me. Wish we were closer in proximity so our family could grow with each other's love. Timi surely could use more cousins to look at snakes with. He still talks

about Bruce and the twins playing with the snakes when we visited you at Spring Lake.

143

How are Bertha, little grandma and all the children? How is that new little addition? Do you have much land on the Alpine property? I have a box of clothing to send up that the boys might be able to wear. Some things are new because Timi outgrew them before he even wore them. They probably will be large yet for your boys but perhaps Bertha or Grandma can take a tuck or shorten. Hate to see them just sitting in a drawer and would rather your family got some use out of them. We have so many little ones around Timi's age but no one about the same size. You have more boys for them to be used up by so hope you don't mind me sending them.

I'm so looking forward to a visit this summer where we can just sit down and talk about family plans and genealogy.

I want so much to get a newsletter started. I found a man who will print for about \$10.00 each printing and all my other inquiries have been more like \$25.00 or \$30.00, that is for three sheets 8½ by 11 printed back and front, and then folded into mailer with a seal. Three pages are the most we can do for \$.13 per family per mailing. It wouldn't be much for each family if we sent every other month and used odd months to gather information. There are so many items that we could share as a family and I'm sure the Lord would bless us for the effort of keeping our entire family in closer bonds of love. We definitely need a family treasurer – fund or bank account something we can all contribute to for newsletter and genealogy research. I'm talking it up here, but almost everyone is up there.

Need your help – our family has many who can spare a little time to get this started and all of us would be able to do something financially if we can but cause them to rally.

Also, sweet cousin, I need your help. I am going to try to get up to Oregon this summer to gather genealogy on my father's people. I do not know how to go about getting information from their libraries – hall of records or such. Is there a simple way to get started? None of his family's work has been done to my knowledge, so I can just about start anywhere. Could surely use some pointers.

Thank you again for your thoughtfulness. Appreciate it so much! Give my love to your family and your folks. Haven't heard from them in a long time, perhaps because I haven't written either. Mother has another house for rent and paint so I'm busy every night after work and if not then my callings takes care of "leisure." Met a "fellow" who is from Virgin, Utah and things maybe [will] work out. Say a prayer. I can use the help. Love ya, Dian [Burd]

LETTER 150

Dian Burd Choi Burd, April 22, 1977. Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Lyman, I feel honored that you would ask me to organize or coordinate the history of our greatgrandparents.

I will do my best. The task seems awesome to me since I know so little about genealogy. I'm certain I will need your help – can you suggest any reading materials I might get that will help me go about getting what we will need?

Enjoyed receiving your letter and hearing from your mother also. It is so nice to get letters and not just bills. Hope they will come this summer – would be nice to have visit from your

144

family sometime too! Been a long time since you were down this way. Better close; lunch ½ hours is over and need to get back to work. Give my love to your family and folk's family.

Anxiously waiting to hear where to begin. Love, Dian.

LETTER 151

Nauvoo Illinois Temple Open House Ticket. Confirmation letter. Lyman D. Platt, 2 in group,

date of tour: June 20, 2002; time of tour: 4:30 p.m.

LETTER 152

Lyman De Platt, April 25, 1967, Siagon, Vietnam, Patricia Platt, Provo, Utah, My dear daughter, It's been a long time since I wrote you, and from what mother says, it appears you will understand me, particularly if she reads you the letter. I know you're intelligent, but I doubt that you have the capacity to read.

Last night I worked alone and decided to make some pretty cut-outs of the house that we are buying to better see our needs. They came out very pretty and afterwards I made furniture and other things that we will need. You know, I put you bed in also, but when you move in it will be for Danny or mother and you will sleep with grandma, or downstairs alone; it depends whether you want to be alone at night. You can tell your mother that buying all that we will *have* to have upon moving to Provo, it will cost about \$1,200. You daddy learned how to make furniture when he was in school and I can do various things and they will look like they were bought., but the things in the kitchen, the living room and the bedrooms we will spend several fun weeks buying and arranging very nicely. Afterwards you and mother and I will plant a garden and we will take vacations and it will be a lot of fun. We will play the guitar, we will play, etc.

I have followed with interest you learning to walk and learning to obey your mother. I am pleased and I think you are a good daughter and that you will be very obedient all of your life. I hope it will be thus because mother and I are going to need a lot of help training and taking care of the other children that will arrive.

Given the fact that I haven't received any letters from your mother for two days, I don't have much to say. I am expecting a letter tonight and then I will be able to send you both more thoughts about what your mother says. Today I have cleaned all my clothes, read and now I am going to the library to exchange for some new novels. My letter isn't very long, but it is full of love. Daddy.

LETTER 153

Lyman De Platt, March 30, 1967, Siagon, Vietnam, Bertha P.V. Platt, Provo, Utah, Cholita, Hi, how are you? Look at the date; one and a half years of marriage; what happiness; it has been a good year and a half hasn't it?

Today I received interesting notices about changes here. In ten days more or less, two operators and one pilot are going to the RSSZ and one or two more operators will come and
145

work with us until we go from here to the CMD (in Siagon). They still aren't telling us how long it will be. So I'm losing some friends. The captain that took me flying is going to RSSZ. I am in a good situation here. Many officers don't have vehicles and I can use ours whenever I want to. I don't know what I'll do during the next seven months, but the first five and been good.

The days are flying by again working as we have been. I have been very tired and sleeping well for the last five days. It's good to sleep; hopefully I can sleep for seven months, but if not I'm willing to be sent to another area.

It is so nice to work in a small trailer with air conditioning everywhere we work because it's very hot outside and few have it like we do. The fan I got from Roberta helps a lot at night, making it much cooler and I don't sweat like so many do.

The meals are terrible except at night. At night we get juice (sometimes), powdered milk, eggs, bacon, cereal, toasted bread and sometimes a fruit. I try to eat all I can at night when I can.

I am awaiting your letter with more photographs of Patty tonight. If I receive it, I will be so

happy; meanwhile I'm going to the movie.

Today I finished lesson fifteen and I'm glad because I have taken too long. I have to finish two more this week and then I begin reviewing the course.

There are some things I have to do before finishing work. I love you more and more, because more and more I understand how close we are spiritually and how much we can progress together. Your husband, Lyman.

LETTER 154

Arthur R. & Rene L. Morin, Provo, Utah, June 15, 2004. Lyman D. & L. Karen Petty Platt, Dear Lyman De and Karen, sorry to have missed your birthday Lyman. The days just rush by me and I never get everything done. How well I remember June 10, 1943, Moab, Utah. What a bright day it was in so many lives. And I was close to you for many years when you were small. Remember when your mom and you and I lived together in Logan and I went to Utah State. Your Dad was in the Army. That was the time when Uncle Bob's son Kirk came to visit with us for a while. One day he and you picked some of the neighbor's fruit and we got after you. We said "When you do things that are wrong, you have to suffer the consequences." The next day you wanted to go back to the trees (you were too small to understand) and we heard Kirk say to you something about "suffering the cockroaches." That has been a favorite saying of our family. Fun, I always felt close to you like you were part mine and you still are!!!

I haven't forgotten your desire for family group sheets for us and I am still working on them. I'm slow, slow and always have a long list of things to do. I will make it though. We had a nice get together with the Platt's Sunday after Ed's farewell. It was nice – missed you both.

146

Hope things are going well for you – maybe we'll get down that way one day to see you and Karen. We hear a lot about your wonderful home. Saw a lot of your children last Sunday – nice kids. Take care. Love Aunt Rene Lyman Morin and Arthur R. Morin.

LETTER 155

Edward Robison Lyman, January 8, 1974, Allie L. Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie, just a line to answer your questions – don't know when I will sit down and write a letter, so I'll answer them.

Kirk Lyman, Route 4, Box 222A, Blackfoot, Idaho.

RaeLeen Hansen, 16E, 1st Avenue, Kennewich, Washington.

Eddie Baxter, 1065 North Lee, Idaho Falls, Idaho

I don't have Terry's address, but expect to hear from her before long. Didn't get to talk to the doctor. I had an appointment at 1:00 p.m. and didn't have too much time – he was late coming back from lunch and I just couldn't wait for him. I've been feeling really good since I saw you – hope to continue. We're getting lots of snow here – guess they have plenty in Blanding too. Love you all, Bob [Edward Robison Lyman]

LETTER 156

[Original in possession of Rhoda Robison, Bountiful.] Platte DeAlton Lyman, 42 Islington, Liverpool, England, January 5, 1900, To: Elder J. Collie Robison, Berlin, Germany, My dear nephew, your letter of the 3d instant is to hand and contents noted. I recollect very distinctly the talk which we have in relation to your spending a few months in Switzerland and also the correspondence which followed it.

Now that you have your release from President Schulthess, I take pleasure in handing you an appointment to labor in the Swiss Mission. This is with the understanding that you are going there to study French and that your assignment in the field [will] be made with that object in view; and that when you have completed your studies, you may on application be released to

return home. I shall at once write President Cardon in relation to this so that when you report to him at Bern, he will understand your status and be governed accordingly.

I wish you success in your undertaking and as you return home. I should be pleased to have a visit from you if I happen to be at 42 [Islington] at that time. Albert spent a week with me during the holidays. He is in good health, is doing well, and enjoying his labors. By recent letters from home we learn [that] my family and most of the people of Bluff have had considerable sickness during the winter but are all slowly improving when last heard from. When writing to Fillmore remember me to your mother and the family. With love and best wishes, I am your uncle, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 157

Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, November 28, 1886, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Platte, We were all glad to hear from you but will be more so to hear you have
147

crossed the river all right. We've had some very cold weather and a good deal of snow. One week ago today was as rough a day as I ever saw. You surely could not drive on such a day. Perhaps it was not so bad where you were. We are all well now and doing first rate. Sister Ivy has gone home. I told her she was welcome to stay as long as she pleased but I did not feel justified in paying wages any longer, so she thought she had better go home and look after her affairs. She was very reasonable with me; charged one and a half a week. I shall get her to do my washing this winter as I dare not do it with what else there is to do. If we all keep well I think we will get along the best kind. Ma went home in a day or two after you left. My brother Alvin called to see me a few days ago on his way home from Provo. Almon also has been in to see us a few minutes. George and Earnest Partridge have gone to Provo. George spoke of getting some cots for his father, but I could not remember that you had said anything to me about it so did not let him have any. Steve Martin sent me ten dollars by his mother – said it was going to John Partridge, then in a few days sent word it was to go to Will Partridge, so I will not send it until I hear from you. Alvin says he has forgotten the names of the men owing for water. Please mention them when you write. I had a letter from Arizona. They are all well but Lucretia who has been in bed seven months, but they think she is gaining some now.

The baby grows nicely. The children are all doing well. Cora will stay out of school this winter to help me. Lillis' folks are all well. Willis is hauling lumber for building. The calves are all here but it is impossible to get them in the corral. I have to feed them now when the snow is on the ground. The cows are doing well. We have more milk and butter than we can use – and such nice salt rising bread. The little ones have been making such a fuss about writing to Pa. Lucretia [is] squalling [sic] till the big tears rolled down her cheeks. She talks a good deal about you. Give my love to all that inquires after me for I love all my old neighbors in Bluff. Brother Quarenburg has moved into the other house. Their children are getting better. Uncle and Aunt Nielson have been on a visit to Parowan to see his sister who he had not seen for thirty years. I can't tell you anything that is going on in town as I do not get farther than the big ditch and have no visitors.

I will have to get to work so goodbye for this time and believe to be as ever your loving
Adelia Lyman.

LETTER 158

Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, December 10, 1886, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Platte, you are not doubt at Bluff by this time and I hope all right. We have been very anxious to hear from you but had had no word since you were in Rabbit Valley. We are getting along very well. Nothing to complain of so far. The Old Gentleman keeps plenty of

hay and wood for me. The cows are doing well. I am paying my tithing butter. We think and talk of you a good deal when we sit around the fire eating our nice apples and wish you were here to share with us.

Alvin Roper was over last week. Let Will Memmot have the rest of his lumber. Frank Robison took what belonged to George Lillis and the girls have been over to Oak Creek. Seen Fred. Says he is looking fine. All Oak Creek turned out to meet him and welcome him home. The folks over there are all well. Mary M. is in Towella [Tooele].

148

We have had some very warm, pleasant weather, but is storming again now. Our house is very comfortable. Do not have any fire in the bedroom now. Have closed up the fireplace. The children all sleep in there. The baby and I in the big room. I am very busy carding bats for a quilt. I find we have none too many bedclothes this cold weather. Eva is a great help to me about the house and taking care of the baby. Who by the way is one of the best natured babies ever was. The other children are as happy as ever and almost drive me crazy with their noise, but if they only keep well I can stand that. I have no news to write. I never go out and never see anybody except Sister Fry who calls once in a while. Sister Memmot called just a minute the other day as she was passing by. She and brother Memmot has just returned from St. George where they have been to work in the temple. Enjoyed themselves very much. Was gone about one month. I know what you will say when you see the blank page, but I will have to take the baby now. So good bye. Adelia Lyman.

LETTER 159

Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, April 10, 1887, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Platte, We received your letter of March 30th and also the one you wrote just after your return from the lake. We was very glad to hear you were safe back again. I am sorry you have to wait so long for news from home, but I think you can't realize how my time is taken up with looking after and taking care of things in and out of the house. The baby isn't quite as good as usual. Is getting his teeth. Has one through and almost another one. He and Lucretia has quite a bad cold, but are not sick with it. We are all as well as usual. My eyes are still quite bad. Have no rheumatism now. My health is better than it has been since we came to Scipio. Jodie got here all right. He will not take the lamb. Frank will put in some crop for you and tend it until you come or longer if you like. The men that are interested in the new field have commenced to fence you and McArthur out because they thought you were not going to put up your share of [the] fence. The stock you left with me are all right. I have not seen the colts for a few days. Guess they have gone into the hills. The calves are here. They will not stay away unless the cows do. They stayed out a night or two and failed of their milk so much that I am keeping them up all together now. I also have a little heifer that wintered in the field. Had Edson bring her up about the first of March. She is very big. Will have a calf in a few days. I think she would have died if she had stayed out. The white heifer calf was quite sick when it came from Brother Yates, but is all right now. Brother Yates lost one of theirs with black leg. The pig is as fat as ever.

Some of the brethren have gone to Conference. We have a deputy marshal now in our county if all reports are true. Andy McMicken has qualified. Martha Robison is quite unwell; has [been] sick most of the winter. Lucretia Owens is better; did not come through to Salt Lake City as they expected.

Wilmer Tompson came in just a week ago while we were in meeting. He and Brother Olesen has been here as hackers. Sorren Nielson and his wife's sister was disfellowshipped from the Church today for adultery. She will have a child in a month or so. Sarah Ann Robison has another boy weighed over [?].

I hardly know what to think about you following the cattle business for a year or two longer; you will have to decide if it is better or that it is better than something worse though this is
149

bad enough; is very hard on me as well as you. I intend to start Eva and Albert to school tomorrow. I hardly know how to share Eva but cannot keep her out of school any longer. Will have to do the best I can. I expect our debt at the store will be not much less than 100 one hundred dollars by the time you get back. There is no sale for potatoes or hay (that is for mine). Frank made a bargain with Sante Nois to take more but old Bill Robins came along and offered his two cents cheaper. Fillmore is overrun and as all the little towns are supplied. I am afraid ours will be a loss.

There is good sale for oats. I am holding on to them. Think I can get one dollar and forty or fifty for them. Albert desired so hard for a knife that I have got him one. Give my love to all the folks and believe me to be as ever yours. Adelia Lyman.

LETTER 160

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, December 20, 1887. Eva & Albert R. Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Children Eva and Albert, I was very glad and pleased [that] your letters [were] awaiting me when I reached here on the 11th. Since then I have had no word from home although the mail has come in twice and I have looked for a letter, as I am always anxious to hear from home when I am away. We are having the coldest weather here that has ever been known since this country was settled. It is too cold for anything but sitting by the fire. I think very often of your mother and wish I was at home to do his chores for her while this cold weather lasts. You must both do all you can to help her in the house and out of doors. I hope you are learning fast at school so that your time is not wasted. I can see you are both improving in your writing. Be careful to always do the best you can. Spell all your words correctly and learn where to use capital letters and also how to use the punctuation marks. And in all your studies try and do the best you can.

There are more people here this winter than have been for several years. And there are a good many children. Miss Bayles from Parowan is teaching school. They have a good Sunday School and also very good meetings on Sunday.

The people are now making preparations for a good time on Christmas, expecting to have a theater and Christmas with dancing and songs.

I should enjoy it all very much if you were all here, or if I was in Scipio for a few weeks. But as I am not I shall think of you all and hope you are well and enjoying yourselves. Kiss Ma and all the children for me. Your loving father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 161

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, December 26, 1887, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Adelia, this is your 39th birthday and I hope you are well and that you will have many happy returns of the day. I got no letter from home today nor from anywhere else. But I trust you are all well. I think of you often during this bitter cold weather and wonder how you get along with so much on your hands. I would like to do the chores for you a little while if you was not so far away. People here are well and feeling well as a rule.

150

Sister Hyde's son Ed has four or five children. They are finishing the room we had on the north. The town is quite crowded this winter. Brother Haskell is living here alone, him and "Saze." Keep "back" they do not expect Sister Haskell to come back here again. He looks quite old and He looks quite old and thin and paler than usual. He has all his teeth out and new ones in. President Hammond has bought a place and is sorry he did not get mine. He has bought a rock house up where Mackelprang was to live.

Ben Perkins and one of Kumen's brothers are expected in tomorrow. They are bringing cattle to trade for sheep and will probably go back soon. There is a mining camp about twelve miles above here on the river where they expect to wash gold out of the low benches next to the river. Them and the cowmen and the Indians who come in make considerable trade and put a good deal of money into circulations. Corn is worth \$.03 a pound and hay twenty dollars a ton. I have a chance to run a store at Rincon for the co-op but do not think I shall take it as I cannot see enough in it. They want to let out their sheep but I do not know as I shall try to take a hand in that. There is plenty to do here and money in all of it and I think I shall get into some kind of a job by spring.

I think of your and the dear little children so often and pray for the Lord to preserve you all, trust[ing] we may meet again. Good night, from your loving husband, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 162

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, January 2, 1888. Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear Adelia, I have not heard from home since I first came, but I try to think you are all well. I did not write by the last mail but wrote by the two before. I am quite well and enjoying myself as well as it is possible for me to do so far away from my family.

The people here are having a good time during the holidays, eating and dancing and visiting and it seems almost as if eating was the chief end of man. I get pretty nearly used up with the eating part of the program at first, but got seasoned after a little so that I stand it pretty well now and am almost getting fat. I have been out to dinner or supper to Brothers Woods, Perkins, and Walton's twice, the bishop three times, Barton's twice, Sister Hyde's once and Ida's once, and Stevens besides several outs before Christmas. I am comfortable her at Kumen's and feel very much at home. Henry is well and enjoying himself amazingly, and by his singing contributed materially to the enjoyment of the rest.

We have had very cold weather and some snow squalls and the weather is still very cold and uncertain. I have only seen one thawing day since I came in here. I am going to start tomorrow on a trip of eight or ten days looking after cattle on this range and after I return will probably go to the Lake with Joshua for a couple of weeks. Ben Perkins and Lehi Jones start for home tomorrow. Lehi is notified to be in Salt Lake the fore part of next month to start on a mission to the Southern States. I sold both of my pack saddles the day after I got in here and went to work and made ten more and most of them are disposed of. I feel as though I would work at anything to make a dollar when I can as well as not.

Things are getting considerably mixed up here. There is not a party or any kind of a sociable gathering but what there are more or less Gentiles present and they get acquainted with all the
151

girls and know everybody's business, and many of the boys drink into their spirit and adopt their ways. I would not like to have to raise my family here. I can see some very disagreeable things ahead. I think of you all very often and always remember you in my prayers as I trust you do me. Kiss the dear children for me. May God bless and preserve you all till we meet again. Your loving husband, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 163

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, January 2, 1888, Scipio, Utah, To all my dear little children. I should like very much to see you tonight. It would be a very "Happy New Year" to me, but as I cannot do this, I will write you a short letter. I am well and hope you and your Mother are also well. I have thought of you many times since I left home and I hope you have thought many times about me. On Christmas (Monday) the children had a good time here with a Christmas tree and lots of presents and a dance. Santa Claus distributed the presents and everyone got something and they all seemed to be happy. Somebody was thoughtful and

kind enough to remember me and I got a nice glass ink stand and a pretty silk handkerchief. Many of the older people got very nice presents. We have had enough snow and cold weather to make it seem just like Christmas. I hope you all had a good time and got something to make you remember the holidays. I want you all to write to me for I get awful lonesome sometimes.

Be kind and obedient to your Mother and kind to each other and be mindful of your prayers and the Lord will remember you to bless you. Goodnight from your loving father. All kiss Edward for me. Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 164

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, April 3, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Adelia, I did not get any letter from you the last mail but I try always to think you and the children are well. Mary and the rest of the company going to conference got away from here a week ago yesterday and are probably in Salt Lake now. We are all as well as usual here. The weather is getting quite warm and the river is rising a little. I am working at my trade all the time and would have plenty to keep me busy all the time, but I want to spend considerable time looking after my cattle but I cannot do anything alone and I feel the necessity of doing all I can to earn a little and to help pay my expenses without taking it out of the cattle. Bishop Yates and Henry are camping out in the hills trying to find grass for their horses. We have not learned anything more as to the chance of selling beef. Brother Yates is determined to sell his steers and will make every effort to get rid of them but I do not feel as though I wanted to go very far away to find a buyer. I would much rather sell at home. I think that much the safest. Brother Haskell has gone up into the foot of the Elk Mountain to try and establish a little Indian farm with these renegade Pah-utes that live around here. He says it is the hardest mission he ever undertook. He has no other white man with him. I think it is pretty rough. Sister Haskell and "babe" and Fienie were expected here with the teams from Durango, but they have not come. Brother Walton I think is surely going to move this time to the North Montezuma.

152

The folks here are just beginning to shear their sheep. Two of the girls have gone up to cook. There are about twenty hands or more, mostly Mexicans. Pish-la-kine was here yesterday dressed up like a "dude." I dunned him for a blanket and he paid me the money. I think he is getting somewhat tainted with "Gentilism."

We are putting up a very good frame shoe shop 14-18 shingle roof. It is something new in Bluff. Many of the people from here are going to Montezuma to settle and it looks as though poor old Bluff might yet have a hard tussle to live. She does not get much encouragement from the authorities of the stake. When there is a good chance I wish you would have the photographs of yourself and the children taken and send them to me. April 4th. The mail has come but brought me nothing except a letter from Jodie from which I learn he is almost inclined to come out here. I think he could do well here but I do not like to advise him to come for fear everything might not turn out well, and I would be to blame for it. I suppose you have heard they have another boy. They call him Henry Mason. He says the boys have put in twenty-three acres of lucern this spring. I suppose it is mostly on Tool Creek. Walter has bought Fanny Dutson's house and lot and he has gone to Leamington to live. Jodie says his is paying \$10.00 a ton for hay and that the cattle and horses around there are the poorest he ever saw. Peach trees are in bloom here and the prospect is good for a crop of fruit. Tell the children I have got two donkeys and shall likely bring them through with me when I come, but I don't know when that will be. Brother Yates and Henry are in town tonight; came in for mail. They are gathering steers and are bound to sell. How do you get along for wood,

and what are the boys doing with my place and what is the prospect for fruit?

I think I could do pretty well here for a few years, but it is dreadful to be away from the children all the time and I cannot feel satisfied to bring them out here to grow up wild, unless I should be required to stay in this land, which is something not likely to happen. I am glad Eva and Albert are going to school. I can see they are learning fast. Kiss them all for me and tell how I should like to see them. May the Lord bless you all that we may meet again is the prayer of your affectionate husband, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 165

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, April 16, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Adelia, your letter of March 29th came to hand last mail, also Albert's letter and the picture of "Albert and his pony." I should hardly have been able to recognize the picture if he had not put a label on it. It is always a relief and a source of gratitude to me to hear that you and the children are well. I hope we may enjoy the blessings of the Lord in this respect at least until more favorable circumstances will admit of our living together, and no more separation during this life be necessary. My health is good all the time and if we could only be together it would be quite a pleasure to live even with all the adverse circumstances we have to contend with. There are but few men now left here. Yesterday there were six men in meeting. It is fearful lonesome and no prospects of it every being any better. The most of the people are going or have gone to the Blue Mountains to make homes and no one ever thinks of moving in here. The water has been in the ditch for several days and is doing pretty well. The fruit trees are in bloom, and there is about as good a prospect as ever for this place, but I cannot see any prospect for it to continue unless it is maintained by four or five families as a trading post and cattle ranch.

153

Sister Hyde's folks want to dispose of the place and I have taken it back again. I was a little sorry after I had let it go and may be sorry that I have taken it back, but I thought I would have to build or buy or crowd on to someone and it seems more like home to me than any other place out here. So I shall keep it for a while if not longer. All of Sister Hyde's folks (her family) are released to go where they like. Fienie wants to stay in Nephi and her mother and the boys want to locate at the Blue Mountains but I think they will eventually all drift back into some of the old settlements. The river is pretty high and still raising and cutting the land away very fast. Within the past few days it has entirely taken away a lucerne patch south of town and is still cutting towards the settlement. If it does not change its course before the high water season is past, it will be almost certain to take part if not all of the little good land; that is all the people think of farming, which is about seventy-five acres just south of the town. I do not think I ever saw the place in a more critical situation than it is at present. There are only eight families here who are not interested in making a place somewhere else and less than that number who have any faith in staying here. I am still working at my trade and we have not yet made any sale of beef. Bishop Yates and Henry have gone above to see what they can do.

The season is growing along and I do not know what we will be able to do yet, but if I do not sell my beef this spring I am *swamped sure*.

The folks have not yet returned from conference although we expect them every day. The weather has been quite warm of late and today we have had a wind storm and this evening it is raining. Emma Butt has another girl and Alvin Decker's wife has a boy, both born since I last wrote to you. They are doing pretty well although Emma had a very serious time for a few days. I was very sorry to hear of the death of Wilmer's wife. It must be a dreadful blow to a young man. I heard by Henry's letter of the death of Brother Ocander and Vesper.

I do not think I want to trade my land in the south field at least not until I come home. Have the "boys" put up the fence around my homestead. If you can collect what John Williams is owing me, I will make you a present of it. It is 10½ bushels of wheat and \$1.75 and has been owing for eighteen months. Take anything you can get. I send a little book for Albert. You will have to read it for him.

LETTER 166

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, April 16, 1888, Albert Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear little son Albert, your letter of March 31st came in by the last mail and I was very glad to get it and to learn that you and the rest of the folks are well. I was also pleased with the picture of "Albert and his pony." But I do not think Albert in the picture is as good looking as you are. At least he does not look as well to me as you would. The horses are doing pretty well. The grass is beginning to grow and they will soon be fat. The mule keeps fat all the time, but "Stripes" and the other horses got pretty poor. You say it is lonesome without me. And I can say it is lonesome here without my little children. When I am at work in the shop, the little children come in to play in the shavings and hunt blocks and when I look at them it makes me think of my own dear little boys and girls so far away, and I wonder if they are well and what they are doing. I know they think of me and pray for me and this makes me feel very grateful to my Heavenly Father for giving them to me. Sometime we will
154

live together and then we will not be lonesome and write letters to one another. Be good to your sisters and your little brother and obedient to your Mother. Be truthful and prayerful and honest and you will grow up to be a good man and the Lord will always bless you. Goodbye from your loving father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 167

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, July 18, 1888, Albert Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear son Albert, I was very glad to get your letter and pleased to hear that you had been baptized. I hope you will always remember what you were baptized for and as you grow up to be a man, always have respect for all the laws and institutions of God's Kingdom. Always be kind and obliging to your brother and sisters and obedient and respectful to your Mother and treat everyone with respect and be honest and truthful in all you say and do. And be strict to attend to all the little duties you have to perform and you will be a good man. People will respect you and you will have lots of good friends and the best of all the Lord will be your friend and when you ask him for anything that you ought to have he will answer your prayers and give it to you.

I want all my children when they are old enough, to be baptized and then grow up to be good, faithful members of the Church of God. This will be more of a blessing to me than anything else I can think of that they can do. Write to me and tell me the news. Kiss the children and Ma for me and don't forget your prayers. Your loving father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 168

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, August 15, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear Adelia, I am somewhat disappointed at not hearing from you tonight. The last letter I had from Scipio was dated July 10th. I hope you are all well. I cannot help but be a little uneasy when I do not hear for so long.

We are as well as usual here. The weather is not quite so dry or warm as it has been for sometime back. Everything here is about as usual. Watermelons are getting ripe and crops are looking well. The river is quite low and very little water in the ditch. Brother Barton is out of the store and Lem is tending it for the time being. I understand the Board wants Mary to take it. Orlando Warner was her last week as a home missionary. Conference will be held at

Montezuma (Blue Mountains) on the 26th. There is some prospect of Brother John Henry Smith being there.

I have been working at carpenter work for some time back, but will go to work on the road again in a few days if there is any chance. It is a hard way to get money, but I want if possible to raise enough to pay the interest on some of my notes although I have no hope of being able to pay it on all of them. I don't think I ever saw a time when money was quite so hard to get hold of as it is right now. It seems as though everybody almost is in debt and no one can raise any money.

I did think there was a prospect of selling some steers but I do not hear any more of it. I do not know as it will amount to anything.

155

I see by the papers that the deputies have been operating in Millard County and rounded up quite a number of the brethren. They seem to be prospered in everything they put their hands to of late.

I am very anxious to get home but do not know yet when I will get started. I am depending on some company that intended to be ready before this but is not ready yet. However I am not waiting for anyone for I have work here that will keep me busy for a few weeks yet.

Tell Eva to write and the other children also, and if I do not answer them all separately, I include them all when I write to you, and think of you all every day, and long for the time when our circumstances will permit me to live at home with my family and not be a tramp and a bummer always away from home. I sent the little girls a little present two weeks ago for their birthdays. I hope they got it all right. Kiss all the children for me. I remember you and them always in my prayers. Your loving husband, Platte D. Lyman

Please hand the enclosed note to Henry Thompson if he is in town and if he is not, give it to Wilmer.

LETTER 169

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, December 3, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear wife and children, I reached here on the 29th just the day after the mail had gone out or I could have got a letter to you a week sooner than you will get this. I was seventeen days from Scipio [to] here and had rain or snow on me six days out of the time. I wrote to you from Ben's. I left there is a snow storm and rode twenty miles to Brother Yates on Pleasant Creek, taking dinner with Sarah Perkins and Ben on the way. Ben went five miles on the way with me and stayed overnight with me. At Brother Yates I found Wilmer and Jim and they were going down to the ferry to look after cattle, but had to get some supplies from Will Robins camp twenty miles away on the Boulder Mountains. So the next day Wilmer and I went up there and stayed overnight with your cousin Jode, and the next day returned to Brother Yates and the next day started for the Colorado in a soaking rain storm. There were six of us to the river which we reached on Sunday the 25th. We failed to find the party I expected to but found the boat which we had formerly used with the hind end buried in two feet of sand and gravel. Fortunately we found a spade so we were able to dig the boat out although in doing so we split the end so that it leaked pretty badly. However we managed to cross my outfit and about sundown I parted with my company and made camp alone on the sandbar on this side of the river. From there I traveled alone to this place and was four days on the road and had an awful lonesome time. I almost needed an introduction to myself when I got here. I found the people here generally well although many of the children have the whooping cough and Jennie Allan is quite sick with I hardly know what.

The people here are considerably disturbed over the fact that the Ute commission has made a treaty with the Southern Utes giving them the whole of this county for a reservation with the

exception of a little strip on the north. Before the Indians take possession the treaty will have to be ratified by Congress and an appropriation have to be made to reimburse the settlers for their improvements. But I think there is no doubt the thing is a gone case this time. So you can tell Lucretia that Bluff will be out pretty soon and when it is I am coming home and I
156

hope it will be to stop. The people are making a statement of improvements that it is supposed the government will pay for and although they are putting them at one about 50 percent of the original cost it will be quite a help to them if they get that. They do not know yet when or where they will go. But I do not think they will be required to leave before next fall and it is more than likely they will be required to locate in some of the settlements belonging to this stake. None of them seems to feel very bad about it although some are a little worried.

I do not know yet what I shall do with my cattle but think if I cannot sell them or trade them for sheep, I will swim them back across the river and crowd on some of my neighbors. What do you think of my trading for sheep or do you think I had better keep them? I do not think there will be any chance to sell the stock cattle as there will be about 40,000 head that will have to move and that will affect the local market. I think however I can sell my steers between now and spring.

The people here shipped a bunch of steers to Kansas City and got about \$15.00 a head above expenses. They will probably dispose of their sheep before leaving here and I may be able to trade cattle for sheep right here.

Tell Sister Lorinda Thompson here brother here is well. I think he has none of his family here but a boy twelve years old. I think of going to the lake in a few days with Jodie Young and will likely be gone about twenty days so you may not get another letter from me for about three weeks.

Kiss all the children for me and believe me to be as ever your affectionate husband and father, Platte D. Lyman. Remember, I think I will start to the Lake on the 7th and be gone until about Christmas or later.

LETTER 170

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, January 1, 1889, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear Adelia, Happy New Year to you and the children. I hope you are all well and have enjoyed yourself today. I should like to see you and know how you are getting along. I returned from the Lake on the 28th, having been gone sixteen days. I did not accomplish much because of the weather which was very cloudy, foggy and stormy most of the time and also quite cold.

What cattle I saw were looking well. I went back as far as the "Slick Rock" and as I came back went down to the San Juan below the "Clay Hill." The country between here and the Colorado River is covered with cattle and the snow is about as deep as it was when we moved in here when you came. The snow is thought to be from two to five feet deep in the mountains. Curly and Stripe and a good many other horses are up there yet. I think some of going up after a while and see if I can get them out. It has been unusually stormy here so far in the mountains and I suppose there have been some heavy snow storms back in the mountains.

157

I received Eva's letter of December 7th and was glad to hear you were all well at that time. She said Albert and Mary were in school, but she was not. I can see that her writing is much poorer than it was two years ago; she ought to be in school if you can spare her. When you write tell me how the snow is and what kind of a winter you are having, how you get along

with the cows, and how your wood is holding out.

There has been considerable sickness here this winter for a place as healthy as this has generally been. Most of the people are well on mending. Mary has been playing ball in the street nearly all day with the men. Lem's, Kumen's, and Joe's folks had dinner with us today. Last night the hoodlums broke down the bell on the school house and with bell ringing and pistol shooting at midnight, managed to walk everybody up that was asleep. Tonight I think all who are so disposed are dancing in the school house.

There are several cowboys in town, but they are as decent as lots of the "Mormon" boys and I think everything is pretty quiet. I believe I would as soon take chances raising a family in Scipio as here. There are so few here that all mix together the good and the bad, while in a larger place there is room for two or three different classes or grades of society.

I had a good letter from FM [Francis Marion Lyman] a few days ago, written while he is in Canada. I wrote to him last night and hope it will reach him before he goes into the pen.

Tell all the children I remember them and would like to see them. Tell Albert and Mary to write to me. Tell Albert that "Dapple" is so fat and slick and has grown so that he would not know her. And I have got a real gentle little mare just the thing for the children to ride. A good deal better than "Stripes" or the donkeys.

I shall expect a letter from you once in a while as well as one from the children regularly.

Good night to all and the Lord bless you. Your affectionate husband Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 171

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, January 18, 1889, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Adelia, I should have written to you by the last mail but was away and did not get home until after the mail had gone. I try to make it a point to write to you once in two weeks and do not fail when I am in town.

I went out last week to help divide the sheep as Fienie is drawing hers out and thought to be gone four or five days but was gone seven and had snow or rain five days. It has been snowing all day here and looks as much like winter as I ever saw it in Round Valley. I never knew so many storms here in one season as we have had this winter. It must be piling up the snow back in the mountains. I wish I was at home to do chores for you during this bad weather. I think now that I shall make an effort to be at home next winter, and if possible I should like to be there during the summer and put up my hay, but it is hard to tell very far ahead what a person can do. We have not yet learned anything farther in relation to the reservation business. It seems there is some opposition from some quarter to putting of the Indians in here. Everything here is quiet and the people generally are pretty well. Ern Hyde has been very sick with rheumatism, but is now much better.

158

We heard from Oak Creek by the last mail that Aunt Caroline was very sick. I hope she is better, but the folks when they wrote seemed to be quite alarmed about her.

I suppose Marion is in the Pen before this. I must write to him and Ben. I presume you saw that Ben got six months and \$300.00 at the hands of that old Methodist bigot Boreman. Two of the Apostles came in here last night and will stay several days. I believe they will hold two days meetings and organize a High Council and perhaps settle some difficulties that have existed for quite a time. They have sent to the Blue Mountains for the people to come down, but I think in all probability the snow will be so deep that it will prevent them from coming with wagons.

Fienie is living here and her mother is nursing the sick in Salt Lake and her father has moved to the Mancos and gone to merchandising and at the age of 54 has taken to smoking in order to be a little more like the gentiles. I think he is approaching their standard very fast.

I received a letter from Eva a few days ago from which I learn you were all well at that time. She says you had been to Manti and from what she says I infer your health is improved by the trip. I wish you would write to me once in awhile and tell me how you are and how you get along. I was very glad to see in Eva's last letter that she was more careful and painstaking than she is sometimes. She ought always to do her very best and make it a point to never write a word unless she is sure it is spelled correctly. Now is the time for her to learn and acquire correct and pleasing habits in the matter of letter writing as well as a great many other things which she will have to practice more or less her life long. When she does her best she writes a very good hand considering her age and her opportunities for schooling. I suppose the snow is deep on the Elk Mountains and I do not know how old Curly is doing. She was on the mountain and fat about the middle of last month, but I have not been able to get any company to go after her and the snow is falling so much of the time that I am getting doubtful about her.

23rd. I will now finish my letter as the mail will go out tomorrow morning. I received a letter this evening from Eva and also from Mary and Lucretia. I was very glad to hear you were all well. A special conference of two days has just closed during which we have had a good time and have received much good instruction. A High Council has been organized and tomorrow the brethren will attempt to settle some difficulties of long standing between some of the brethren on the Mancos.

I received a letter this evening from Marion and Uncle E., and also heard incidentally of Marion's sentence. This evening after the close of the Priesthood Meeting drunken cowboys woke the town up by firing their pistols in the streets. It looks as though it was about the time for our people to get out of here, unless they can defend themselves against such lawless characters. I am ready to go back to Scipio to stay just as soon as I can get my affairs in shape, so that I can pay my debts and remove my interests from this side of the river.

It is now nearly midnight and I will wish you all good night and pray the Lord to bless you. Kiss the children for me. Your loving husband, Platte D. Lyman.

159

Please hand the enclosed certificate to Brother Nielsen or the Bishop if he is at home and ask him to credit me on the tithing books. Please do it at once so that I may get credit for 1888.

They will understand how it can be done. As ever, Platte.

LETTER 172

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, February 2, 1889, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Adelia. I have had no letter from home since I last wrote to you. We are all as well as ever. The weather is still quite cold and the snow still covers much of the ground here in the valley. But I think it is beginning to weaken a little and no doubt we will soon have warmer weather. The Apostles are still here. They will hold meetings here tomorrow and will leave the next day for other parts. They will have been here seventeen days and we had had a good time visiting with them and listening to their instructions. Tomorrow will be their third Sunday here and besides they have held a two day conference, have organized a high council, and have settled a difficulty of three years standing that has involved the majority of the men in the stake. To settle this matter they held eleven sessions occupying four days and after the evidence was all in it took them about three days to sift the thing and come to a decision. I believe they have also done away with some bad feeling that has been between Joe Barton and Fienie. The co-op has decided to break up their sheep herd and let individuals look after their own sheep. You did not tell me what you thought of my trading my cows for sheep. Joshua Stevens has not arrived yet from Holden.

I had a letter written by Francis Marion Lyman two days before he went to the Pen. He

seemed to feel well and did not dread the prospect. I also had a good letter from Uncle E. [Edward Partridge]. He was well and had a prospect of a situation in Salt Lake. I hear that Sylvia had a girl baby born January 4th that died ten days after. I did not learn the cause of its death. May has a boy six days old and both are doing well. Rachel Perkins had a boy born last night and I believe is doing well. Joe Nielsen got a notification this morning to start on a mission to the Northern States next April and is considering whether to go at once or ask six months time to settle up his business as his affairs are not in good shape to leave at such short notice. It makes him and Ida both feel pretty sober.

I have made some snow shoes and intend to start for the Elk day after tomorrow to get some horses out of the snow. There will be four of us in two parties and we aim to ascend the mountain on different sides. We will go as far as we can with our horses and then make camp and prospect the mountain on foot. I presume I shall be gone from eight to twelve days.

I think the prospect is fair for selling beef in the spring but cannot tell anything about it for certain until we sell. We hear no more about moving out to make room for the Utes and it may be the people will not be disturbed. Tell the children to write to me. I think of you all so often and wish I could be with you. God bless you all. Goodnight. Your loving husband, Platte D. Lyman.

Tell Brother Yates that Joshua and I intend to leave here for the Lake about the 21st instant or before and will likely stay out there a week or more. Joshua says he left a sack of clothes in my granary and would like when you have a chance to send it to his wife at Holden. If you see Henry Thompson, tell him his cousin here would like him to write to her.

160

LETTER 173

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, February 3, 1889, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, Dear Adelia, Joshua came in last night but I did not know it when I was writing to you. He told me he stayed overnight with you and that you and the children were well, which I was glad to hear. He brought me a letter from Eva and Albert and Mary which was very acceptable. I am always glad to hear from home.

I wish you would write once in a while. Eva says your eyes are quite bad again. I am very sorry to hear that. I was in hopes they had improved permanently. I suppose you are having or have been having bitter cold weather and lots of snow. I think of you very often and wish that I could be there to do chores for you.

I believe I get more dissatisfied every day with being away from home and it seems as if I could be happy almost anywhere if I could only be with my family all the time. If some few things here were a little different and less irksome and unpleasant, I would almost be tempted to try it here again. They are a splendid people here, the best I ever hope to find in this life.

Albert says in his letter he does not swear or steal and says his prayers night and morning and tries to be a good boy. I hope he can always say so truly. Tell him I am saving the little mare expressly to take home to the children. Bless them, how I would like to see them all and you and have a good visit together. Albert wants to know when I am coming home, but I cannot say. *Maybe you can tell him or me.* Goodbye again. Kiss the children for me. As ever your affectionate husband. Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 174

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, February 16, 1889, Scipio, Utah, My dear children. I would be very pleased to have a visit with you all tonight, but as that is not possible, I will write to you. I hope you are all well, and I believe you are all good children and kind to one another and to your mother and tend to your prayers and go to Sunday School when the weather will permit. I always pray for you that the Lord will spare your lives and that you

may grow up to be good men and women and always take pleasure in doing right. This is the third winter I have been away from you and I get very lonesome sometimes. I want to be with you next winter if I possibly can. I hope you try to learn when you go to school. Be obedient to your teacher and peaceable with the scholars and honest and truthful with everyone. Do not use any bad words because you hear others use them, but do what you know to be right all the time and you will have all good people to be your friends and the Lord will also be your friend which is better than all other friends. I hope you will all write to me once in a while. Your five little boy cousins here are all well and are fine little fellows. Perhaps you will be acquainted with them some day. That the Lord may bless you all forever is the prayer of your affectionate father. Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 175

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, March 10, 1889, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My Dear Adelia, I returned from the Lake on the 8th instant and found Eva's letter of February 6th awaiting me here. This is the last word I have had from any of you. We are all as
161

well as usual here. But we hear the smallpox is at Mancos and the Dolores. I was gone eighteen days to the Lake and had a good trip with the exception of deep snow in going and mud and ice coming back across the Cedar Ridge. I found the cattle doing pretty well, although this has been an unusually hard winter here, and [the] stock have not wintered in as good condition as formerly. I went to the ferry thinking I might possibly meet Brother Yates and left a notice for him, but before I got back here I learned that he had fallen into the clutches of the deputies. I have not heard what his prospects are but suppose he will have to take a term in the Pen. I found my horses all safe that were at the Lake, but have not learned anything of "Stripes" and "Curley." They were snowed in on the Elk unless they were stolen late in the fall. In either case I am liable to have lost them both. I think of going to work on the road for a week or two and in two weeks intend to go back to the Lake. The weather is very pleasant here now and people are repairing their fences and talking of working ditch and making preparations to put in a crop.

We hear of no action being taken by Congress in relation to the reservation matter, so it may go over for a long time. There is a better prospect for selling steers than there has been for three years past.

Eva pleads for an organ and if I could possibly get one I should be more than pleased to do so. But I have run behind so badly in the last two years that it is all I can possibly do to meet my most pressing obligations, with the best luck that I can hope for in selling my steers this spring. I am glad to hear Albert is learning so fast, and hope Mary can go to school too when the weather is warmer. Tell them all I think of them very often and would like to see them and if I have good luck I shall be at home next summer and have a good time with them. Ida and May are getting along pretty well. May has named her boy Marvin Willard, and Ida has not yet found a name for her girl. I should like to have you to write to me before I leave here. Goodnight and the Lord preserve you all that we may meet again is the prayer of your loving husband. Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 176

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, April 9, 1889, Adelia Robison Lyman, Dear Adelia, It seems a long time since I had any word from Scipio. I hope you are all well. I would like to hear a little oftener than I do.

All are as well as usual here. Lucy and the baby get along very well. She comes out to take her meals with the rest of us. The weather is dry with some wind and it seems to be raining around us, but none comes here, although it would be very acceptable. The grass is starting

finally and the snow is going off fast on the mountains. Some of the boys got onto the Elk a few days ago and found some of the cattle and about half of the horses that were left there all right. They did not see mine but they may be there all right as the boys could not get about much on account of the snow and mud.

The folks have got the water in town and are busy watering. There is a good prospect for a fine peach crop here this season if there is no frost. Everybody that can shear is shearing sheep. I would have been with them if I had known how to shear but as I did not I have been mending and greasing my harnesses, fixing up my wagon [in] preparation to going home,
162

although I do not suppose I shall get started until sometime in June. I expect to start to the Lake in about two weeks and then drive beef to Durango, and then make another trip to the Lake and brand up my calves, and then I believe I am ready to bid goodbye to this place for a while. By that time my horses will be fat and if I can find them all I can go out comfortably. The last two or three weeks have been unprofitable for me. My horses have been too poor to use and I have had nothing to do in town and so have got tired of lying around doing nothing. But I will have enough to do from this [time] on to occupy my time until I start to gather cattle and from that time I shall be busy until I start home.

Fienie is selling off her household goods and preparing to move back to Nephi. They intend to take their sheep and everything they have got back there next fall. I suppose Francis Marion got out of the pen yesterday. I had a letter from Ben a few days ago. He was feeling first rate. Tell the children to write a little oftener. Kiss them all for me. Tell them I think of you all very often. God bless you all. Your affectionate husband, Platte D. Lyman
10th. The mail has come but brought me no word from home. It is four weeks since I had any word from you. I feel uneasy but try to think you are all well.

LETTER 177

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, May 16, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear Adelia, I have just got in sun burnt and tired from a ten days trip after cattle and the mail has just brought me letters from you and all the children dated April 30th. If I could only see you all by riding fifty or sixty miles it seems as though I could stand it a little better. But it is a great satisfaction to hear that you are all well and the letters from the children are all so interesting to me. It is blowing like all wrath here as usual and Bluff seems like a deserted village. In all my trips over the country I find no place that seems quite as lonesome as this. Although it is pleasant to get once in a while where a fellow can get a wash, a change of clothes and a meal of woman's cooking. The folks here are well and busy planting. Their numbers are very few. Brother Walton and family have moved to the Blue and Kumen and Mary and many others are away for the summer. I don't know whether I told you Mary got some teeth when she was in Salt Lake. She looks better than I ever knew her to before. Fienie has just been in to show me the proof of Amasa's picture. I am going to have one when they are finished. She feels dreadful bad all the time and the difficulty she has with Joe in settling up their affairs makes her trouble seem much worse than if he was more agreeable.

I have found most of my steers but do not find any chance to sell any yet. Brother Yates and Henry are getting his steers together and he is leaving them with Joshua for the season. As soon as they get them together they will be off for Scipio. Henry is getting very impatient. I am afraid we dare not buy the organ now, although I would be real glad to get it for Eva if that was all the money we had to raise but you know my wretched circumstances. If anything we have could be turned out to pay for it I should be glad to have it. But at present I do not know where to raise the cash to pay my interest due this season. Kiss all the children for me and believe me as ever your loving husband. Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 178

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, May 28, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, My Dear Adelia, Eva's letter of the 14th came to hand by last mail and found us all as well as usual. I was very glad to hear you and the children were well and that you were thinking of going to the dedication of the temple. I hope you went for I know you would enjoy yourself.

The pens came all right and I appreciate them for I could not get a decent pen here. I have been laying up for a few days and Brother Yates and Henry are laying over at the Blue Mountains resting their horses. We will start driving again in a week and I will probably be at it for a month yet as I want to move my cattle from here to the Lake this summer so that I can look after them a little easier than I can on this range. Sister Haskell and "Babe" and "Saze" are going to start for Manassa this week, leaving Brother Haskell alone here. I think he is a pretty hard lot. He has been out with the Indians for two months trying to teach them how to farm, but it is slow, thankless work. Fienie and the Boys will start to Manassa in a few days to look at the country and if it suits them they will move up there this fall. Everything here remains about as usual a few moving off and others badly discouraged and talking of going. I was quite surprised and also pleased and proud to hear of your promotion. I could hardly believe it when Brother Yates told me of it.

How are your eyes? I have not heard for a long time. I am glad Brother Vance left his organ with Eva if she can take care of it; and if I possibly can I will pay for it. But now the financial prospect is very dark. I see no probability of selling anything this spring. Fifty-four head of steers were sold here a few days ago at a low figure on time. I put in one that had a big jaw coming on him and I was afraid to keep him another year.

Mary Ann Hyde has gone to Mancos and started a boarding house. William tells me confidentially that they are not going to live together any more and he is going to obey the law. But that is "too thin." I think, however, he is likely to leave the San Juan before a great while and make a move in some direction. Perhaps towards Old Mexico. There is a rumor that some of the Mormon polygamists on the Mancos are indicted. I do not know how true it is.

More or less [a] feeling is existing among the Gentiles toward the Mormons which is liable to result in trouble sooner or later. 30th. The mail has not brought me anything tonight. Kiss all the children for me and believe me as ever your affectionate husband, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 179

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, January 18, 1888, Adelia Robison Lyman, My Dear wife Adelia, I will write a little although it is now quite late. But I have just got my mail and am delighted to receive a letter from you December 31st and one from the children about the 7th of this month and one from Jodie and one from Francis Marion and none of them containing any very bad news.

I am well and feeling first rate and weigh 173. The weather is still severely cold and we have had some more snow. We had had snow on the ground for more than a month past and it is two or three inches deep and not melting off at all.

I was out for eight days lately looking after my cattle. Most of them I saw are looking well but all are suffering for water. The Bluff range is overrun with cattle from outside and it will be a big job to separate ours from the rest. But when I get mine out once, I will take those (excepting big steers) to the Lake and keep them there. I have control of that place yet and do not know of anyone going in there, or thinking of doing so unless the Stevens boys should take a claim in there with me which they propose doing (keeping their own brand). If we can

keep our beef in good condition and where we can get hold of them handily I think we can get a good price for it in the spring. I think of going out tomorrow for a few days and when the weather softens up a little will probably go to the Lake for three weeks with Joshua. All the people here are well and enjoying themselves very well.

I think of you and the children every day and wonder how you get along with the snow and cold weather for I know the winter must be something fearful back there. The children say they are going to school. I have thought this cold weather would be too much for them. They are improving very much in their writing and I am proud of their letters. If Mary and Lucretia think "it is not like home without Pa" tell them "Pa" thinks it is not like home here without them. I think of you all so often and wish that we could always be together the little time we have to spend on this earth. Is it your eyes that have troubled you, or some other complaint? It is after ten and the mail goes off before I am up. If you can write a good long letter once a month like the one I got tonight, and have Eva and Albert write in the interval, I will try and be satisfied and endeavor to write to you every two weeks when I am in town.

The folks all join in love to you. Kiss all the children for me and tell them I will never forget them or you. May the Lord spare over lives to meet again and enjoy many years of life together is the prayer of your loving husband. Platte D. Lyman. I have got the money (\$150) for my place and want to send it to Nixon as soon as I can get a little more to go with it.

LETTER 180

The Genealogical Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 107 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111, December 16, 1970, To: Lyman D. Platt, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah 84601, Dear Brother Platt: Your request for a decision on the sealing status of Eliza Maria Partridge has been reviewed by Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Quorum of the Twelve. On December 8, 1970 he instructed me to inform you that on the basis of the information indicated in your memorandum of December 1, 1970 we would have to assume that Eliza Maria Partridge was sealed for time and eternity to the Prophet Joseph Smith on two counts. In the first instance, she was sealed to him during the life of the Prophet apparently on two occasions; first, by Heber C. Kimball in the presence of witnesses sometime early in the year 1843 and then later on May 11, 1843 after an apparent sanction by the first wife, this time the sealing action being solemnized by James Adams. The second count would be the fact that this was officially confirmed in a sense by the sealing to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Nauvoo Temple on January 13, 1846, at which time the

165

ceremony was solemnized by Brigham Young. This of course was after the Prophet's decease.

The word "assumption" here is used because of the lack of an official record of the ordinance being performed in 1843. Perhaps a closer scrutiny of the record in the Journal History of the Church, dated October 22, 1879, will determine whether that record can be accepted as official as far as the sealing itself was concerned. It will not modify the decision that has been made, but may help to cinch it more firmly.

Upon accepting the fact that Eliza Maria Partridge was sealed to the Prophet during his lifetime, there would be no reason to permit her to be sealed to Amasa Mason Lyman. In view of this decision and in view of these circumstances the lines of responsibility of the descendants of Eliza Maria Partridge would be the Smith lines of ancestry and the Partridge lines of ancestry with permission to extend the Lyman lines of ancestry for the purpose of temple work.

By virtue of this decision special record will be made thereof and implemented into our current recording system. When this has been accomplished you will again be notified. It is a

pleasure to be of assistance to you. Sincerely, your brother, Henry E. Christiansen, Executive Assistant.

LETTER 181

Amasa Mason Lyman, *The Western Standard*, July 12, 1856, Volume 1, #21, page 3, Correspondence, Great Salt Lake City, May 4, 1856, Brother George, Dear Sir: I improve the present moment to drop you a line by the departure from this city on the morrow of some missionaries for Carson Valley. This leaves me as I hope it may find you, well; the blessing of health is generally enjoyed here at present. Our rigorous winter has passed and spring is with us, altho' in its approach it has been rather tardy, yet the fields and the mountains are slowly donning their verdant robes, and a smile of gratulation brightens the face of the husbandman as he contemplates the prospect of all. The loss of stock has been very severe, and the poverty of those remaining is considerable of an impediment to the operations of our farmers; but this, with the scarcity of seed grain, is forcing the people to adopt the method of drilling their grain instead of sowing broadcast as formerly; this has had the effect already to call out from our mechanics a variety of seed planters, some of which perform their work efficiently and well, leaving the land provided with water furrows ready to receive the water for irrigation when needed. So it seems that the temporary scarcity of seed grain is likely to result in the introduction of an important change in the production of grain, that important article of consumption, and it is likely also that the passing notice from meager want may be suggestive anew of the truth, and the practical utility of the admonition so often given to the Saints, when they had produced grain to store the surplus, and not sell themselves destitute, as has been the case in the years past since our settlement in this country. The prospect for fruit is not so flattering, on account of the severe cold weather. Business is somewhat dull, as money, stock and grain are rather scarce.

166

Please remember me kindly to all the Saints in that vicinity, also the brethren in the office with you, and do not forget yourself and family. With sentiments of respect, I subscribe myself your brother in the truth, Amasa Lyman.

LETTER 182

Edward Partridge Lyman, Des Moines, Iowa, September 30, 1910, Bluff, Utah, Dear Sis, I just returned from conference at Nauvoo, and am feeling fine, wish you could have been there also. We held some fine meetings and received good instruction and enjoyed the spirit of the Lord which was there in abundance.

We also visited the old city and homes which our fathers built and were forced to leave. We found a very sociable class of people there who treated us royal and would gladly welcome our people back there to live. But as I wrote Albert, thank the Lord we don't want to live there now because we have something better. It would be like trading new shoes for old ones. We also visited Carthage and a desire which has been in my heart for years was satisfied, and I was by no means disappointed but feasted my eyes on the old places. I knew the building as soon as I caught sight of it. The blood still stains the floor where Hyrum fell and it has soaked thru the floor which is oak, and cannot be erased.

The Church owns the property. There is an old couple living there. There is an influence there which is peculiar of itself, but by no means unpleasant.

We held a fine meeting in the room where the Prophet leaped from the window; the same room which the blood stains. The bullet hole through the door, which was made by the bullet which struck Hyrum, is plainly seen although partly filled with putty. The edge of the door was shot away but has had a piece fitted in. There are also blood stains where Taylor was covered in another room with an old mattress.

The well which is spoken of is marked only by a low place where ground sank after it was filled up. We had some pictures taken there but they are not finished. This postal shows the way the place looks today. The house has been changed slightly.

This morning glory came from the place the Nauvoo temple stood; these leaves came from the vine which is growing by the porch at Cathage Jail.

We are to be scattered all over the state, or the western half of the state, and will do county work now for two months, supposed without purse or script. My companion is Elder Hansen, one of the new Elders from Mayfield, not new but the newest we have. Write to 1315 W. Walnut, Des Moines, Iowa.

May our Father watch over you all, is the fervent prayer of your brother Edward P. Lyman
167

LETTER 183

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, October 25, 1951, To: Lyman De Platt, Polio Ward, General Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah [envelope which is attached to this letter has the previous address scratched through and Utah Valley Hospital, Provo, Utah is written in its place.]

Dear Lyman: We think about you every day. We hope it will not be too long till you can come back to us.

I know what it is to be sick. When I was six years old I became very sick and had to be in bed a long time. That was 65 years ago, but I can still remember, and when I see little boys or girls who are sick, I wish I could say something or do something to make them better. [He did. He gave me a blessing before I left for Salt Lake in which he promised me that I would fully recover, because I needed all of my faculties to fulfill my life's mission. Lyman De Platt]

When I was sick they brought me a lot of nice things to play with, but sometimes I was too sick to want to play with them, and just lay there in bed and looked at them.

They brought me a little house called Noah's Ark. It had in it a lot of little men and animals. They were supposed to be Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives, and the many animals that were saved in the ark with Noah from the big flood.

I remember too that they gave me some big glass marbles, and I held them in my hands a long time when I was too weak to play with them.

After a long time when they let me get out of bed, I couldn't walk, and had to creep around on the floor till I got strong enough to walk again. But I was glad to be able even to creep.

But O how happy I was when I could walk out under the trees and see the flowers and the birds. I wanted to thank the Lord. I think I never did get quite as well as I was before, but I have lived this long time, and I know now how to be more thankful that I ever was before.

I have had other times of sickness since then, and have had to be operated on three or four times, but in these unpleasant times I have found out that the Lord is always watching over us. We may wonder why he lets us suffer, but after a while we find out that it was all for a good reason. We find out that He was loving us even while we suffered, and we learn to love Him more because of His love for us.

I have found out that the Lord hears little boys' prayers, even if, for His own good reasons, He does not give them the thing for which they ask. I hope that you will feel the kind influence of the Lord around you, and that the time will not seem too long. Love and best wishes always, Uncle Albert R. Lyman.

168

LETTER 184

Rene Lyman, Illinois, September 26, 1945, Lyman D. Platt, Bluff, Utah, To: Lyman De Sand

Rabbit.

There's lotsa folks we care for, in a friendly sorta way
There's lotsa folks we like to meet and talk with every day;
But when it comes to Special Friends, we find they're mighty few...
They just don't grow on bushes, No-siree! Not folks like you!
Thank you for the cute birthday card, Lyman De. It was just like you. I'll see you next spring.
Give Joe a hug for me. I love you, Aunt Rene.

LETTER 185

Gordon Leavitt Platt, APO, New York, April 10, 1945, Lyman De Platt, Logan, Utah, My dear son: Today you are twenty-two months old. It seems hardly possible you could be that old, yet I suppose time will go its inevitable way and we will all grow older together. Son did you ever stop for a minute and think of just how fortunate you are? No, I'll grant you didn't to the extent you might and should. Let's take an analysis and see just where you might stand.

You have been born into the choicest of God's vineyards, and in doing so have received for your mother the most wonderful flower in God's garden of mothers. Though you weren't blessed with such a good dad, you were given a dad that loves you deeply and who fully intends devoting his entire life to the correct training of his children. Son, your mother is absolutely the greatest blessing you could possibly attain while here. She will be your inspiration and guidance, and will nurse you when ill, comfort you when unhappy, give you all in life to make of you a man, and when you become a man and leave your humble home to cleave unto another, you will look for the mate that can supply the most of your darling mother's qualities.

As long as you live, my son, there is one thing I pray in my heart you'll do, and that is to pay proper respect, love, devotion and kindness to your mother. There is only one that should be greater in your eyes and that is God who gave you life.

There will be times in your life, especially when you are coming into manhood, when you will be prone to stray from the counsel and advice of your parents. Remember my son; because of the sacrifice your mother made to bring you into this world you are bound in all sense of fairness to obey her implicitly. I have the confidence you'll do so.

I remember the day you were born. The first words your mother said were "How is he?" Can you see the concern for your welfare she had?

And again in the first year of your babyhood, when I was permitted to be there to help a little, how I admired the way [in] which your dear mother tendered and cared for you. There was a
169

good example of your extreme importance in our lives. Everything that was done was for you and though your mother and I reveled in being with each other again, [there] was [a] greater joy [as] together [we watched] you grow and develop.

Son, I love you deeply, and I know my love holds no place in comparison to your mother's love for you. Be the son I know you can and will be and reciprocate that love. Farewell for this time. Enjoy a happy birthday. Give all my love to your darling mother and you take some too. Be of Good Cheer, as ever, Dad.

LETTER 186

Gordon Leavitt Platt, APO, New York, May 10, 1945, Lyman De Platt, Logan, Utah, My son, this being your 23rd month birthday, it is only right that I write to you and let you know that at least I'm thinking of you. I'll just bet your mother thinks I'm quite a guy – never sending any presents or reminder cards "er nuttin" home to show I'm thinking of you. Really though son I don't believe I'll do much in the line of present buying. You'll just have to think

your daddy a meanie for the time being. I won't treat you this way all the time though, just while I'm in India or adjacent lands.

Your uncle [George Alma Platt] in the southwest Pacific seems to find a few things in the line of sea shells and native apparel to send home to your little cousin [Hazel] in Joseph, but he isn't in India. The natives here don't wear clothes except a loin cloth, and the land is so poor I've yet to see a native flower. Perhaps I came to the wrong part, but at any rate I've become quite discouraged at trying to find a decent present for even my worst enemy.

Son, I have a great many plans for you and your dear mother and me, but for the present they are confined to a period advanced somewhat from this day. We are going to all work together to establish ourselves in a nice little home then gather around us the comforts of life. You and I will have a workshop that we will be able to spend a great deal of time in, and when mommy needs something fixed or installed, or something built to make her daily tasks at all easier we will set to and be regular fixit men. I'd like that, would you? I think we are fortunate to have such a sweet mommy to give us love and devotion, and to greet us at the front door with many a smile and kiss. She will be lots of fun to have around won't she?

Well, son, I could tell you a lot more of what I'd like to do, and get each of your views to incorporate into the general plan, but I must write your dear Mother yet, so I'll say adios for the time being. Keep well and happy and keep busy at something. It will keep your mind from being idle and an idle mind is of no worth. Your Dad [Gordon Leavitt Platt].

LETTER 187

Gordon Leavitt Platt, APO New York, November 10, 1945, Lyman De Platt, Logan, Utah,
Dear Son, how are you today Lyman De? Don't be too surprised if you can help it, that you're getting a letter from "Pop." I am quite a delinquent when it comes to being fair about letter writing.

170

Today, son you are 2½ years of age. I'm sorry to say that I hardly know you, even though you have attained that age. Let's see; if I figure at all correctly, I believe I've spent about five months of your 2½ years with you. It seems to be a natural fear with me that you'll not take to me when I come home. You can bet I'll do all in my power to gain your love and affection, but should you be reluctant about accepting me, it will really hurt. Of course, I realize there are far too many things against me to offset the things for me succeeding, so I'll hold my breath to see. [He was right. Because these early years were barren of his love and affection, I found it hard to bond with him like I had with mother and Aunt Rene.]

How is mommy son? Do you have any idea how much I miss you both? Perhaps you do, but only if you miss me as much. Son, some day I'll tell you what a wonderful mother you have. She's sweet, clean, noble, kind, and loving. She has much character and is about as ideal as they come. Treat her always with respect, and make it almost a matter of worship, your daily attentiveness and affection towards her. She is by far the best mother you could find anywhere.

Perhaps you are wondering when dad is going to quit "globe trotting" and shag his weary bones home. I can't say the exact date, nor could I guess within a few days, so I'll just say – I'll see you soon. I have seventeen more days yet at this base, and from here it could drag into months or end in weeks, so be patient as possible and I'll see you.

It has been my desire for a long time to get some sort of a nice present for you while over here, but frankly, I'm hard to please. I must be, because I haven't found a thing as yet. I will keep my eyes peeled for something for you though, but can't make promises. How does that strike you?

I'll have to be going now son, as I must write a couple of other letters; so long for now. Write

if you get a change. Your Pop. P.S. tell mommy I love her very much, and that she is the subject of all my dreams of late. Bye.

LETTER 188

Rene Lyman, 301 East Mullberry, Bloomington, Illinois, November 5, 1946, To: Mrs. Allie L. Platt, Blanding, Utah [This letter originally consisted of two sheets written front and back – four pages. It appears that mother ripped the letter in two. The beginning of the letter is missing. There is only ½ of the letter still extant. The beginning below is the second half of the first page.]

.... certainly put their own interpretation on them. We have certainly found that people will believe only what they want to regardless of what you show them in the scriptures. Of course they think our interpretations are queer, but I'm more thankful each day that I'm on our side of the fence. Religion to them is very narrow and doesn't include anything but the Bible and its word, but we know that all good things come from God. We can say the Bible backwards and forward but that doesn't assure us of a place in Heaven.

171

Sr. Van Dyke had a litter from Afton's companion today. She said while they were tracting they came to a Reverend's home and inside of five minutes there were ten other ministers there – boy I'll bet they had a

[bottom of page 2] Here are some dates, Allie. Sorta towards the first part of June (3 or 4) 1945 you and L.D. went to Ogden to visit Dorothy and Roland and Mrs. Chidester, and don't forget how long you had to wait at the depot. We moved June 17th. On the 30th of May – Decoration Day – we went up the canyon with Marge and Alice and took our dinner. It rained and we had baked beans. On the 19th of June – or 16th – L. D. and Joy cried and were frightened while we were getting Nuffy [LaRee Nuffer Lyman] to the hospital. On July 4th we and Alice and Terry went up the canyon and had our lunch and Alice wouldn't make Kathleen eat all her cake, remember? On the 24th we went up the canyon with A.P.'s [Almon Perkins Lyman & family] and had melon and ice cream. On August 15th you left to go to Richfield with Alice. I met you and L.D. there about August 27th or 28th and we went home [Blanding] – we worked like heck – remember and wasn't it fun – L.D. made quite a few trips down to the east end of the [top of page 3] lot while we were there – or don't you want all his trips? [The east end of the lot was where the outhouse was located.] You and L.D. came home the Wednesday before October conference and was I ever glad to see you! We spent Sunday at A.P.'s listening to Conference. Then about the first time it snowed – October or November, don't forget L.D.'s first little escapade out in the world alone, and his return with a cone and a Babe Ruth bar and those were extinct too. On Thanksgiving we had dinner at A.P.'s. And don't forget in the ditch when the Sand Rabbit fell clear under the water. That's about all. Do you want all the trips we used to make upstairs to give him a drink or find Roneo or his blanket? I sure love that little stinker – he used to be such a dear little nuisance. [top of page 4] Either. Thanks for your letters and everything and I love you too. I think my family is certainly swell. I appreciate them so much. Excuse my haste and interruptions. Love Rene Lyman.

Hi Mom and Dad – This is for you, too. Dad, who are the just men made perfect spoken of in D & C 129:3 and what is the reference in D & C 128:20 on Satan appearing as an angel of light. I'd ... a ... more questions. I'd ...

LETTER 189

Rene Lyman, Bloomington, Illinois; to Lyman De Platt [letter originally addressed to 141 6th Avenue North, Great Falls, Montana; forwarded to 357 North 500 West, Richfield, Utah, July 14, 1946], Dear Little Feller, How's my Sand Rabbit? I dreamed you had some bright red

shoes and a gay green hat – what's the occasion?

It's sorta lonesome back here without any of you little kids. But we have a lot of little primary boys and girls we are trying to devote a lot of time to, and perhaps they'll help out some.

How are you getting along? Do you have all the dirt hauled away yet – or is the cellar still there? I've missed the cool lawn and would have given two nickels for a piece of it on a hot night here.

172

I think you would have liked Chicago – so many buildings, and trains running all around, making so much noise. Bloomington is a small city, but a nice size to work in. The streets are nearly all cobblestone, and there are churches on nearly every corner.

How is your garden coming Lyman De? Are the corn and tomatoes about ready? Be sure to think of me when you are enjoying them.

Are you going to like living in your new home? I'd surely like to see it.

I hope you'll write me a lot of letters, Sand Rabbit, and tell me all about everything. You know, I've never been so far away from all of you and I'm really going to miss not seeing you. But I am going to keep very busy and happy here.

Give my love to your hard-working Dad and your black-eyed Mom and remember that I love all of you. Your panting Aunt Rene Lyman.

LETTER 190

Rene Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, July 15, 1948, To: Mr. Lyman De Platt, 45 Canyon Road, Springville, Utah, I love a little feller; He'll always be my Chig. I loved him when he was just small; I'll love him when he's big. If Heavenly Father ever sends some little boys to me, I know I couldn't love them more than I love Lyman De. 'Course I love all the little folks, Joe [Joseph Lyman Platt] and Charlie [Charles Hansen Lyman] boy; and Uncle Deke's [DeAlton Perkins Lyman] kids, Carolyn, JoAnn and Joy. But you will always be my Chig, no matter what you do; and when you are lonesome for me, I'm lonesome for you too.

LETTER 191

Gordon Leavitt Platt, 11730 Everston Street, Norwalk, California; to Lyman D. Platt, Annabella, Utah, 1958, Dearest son, In receiving you mother's letter and reading of what she had to say about things in general, she mentioned about her little talk with you about David and his reading material which he seemed to be inducing you to read. When I read what your mother had to tell me about it, I thought to myself: "Of all the degrading things a person can do, usually they begin with unclean printed matter." I thought also: "Oh, if I could just take my family somewhere where I could protect them against the power of the Devil." I'm not able to do that though, so there has got to be some other way to impress you and the rest of our children with the extreme importance of living cleanly.

I would like to build a mental wall within you so strong that every temptation of the evil one would bounce off it and you each would remain unmarred by it, but in order to do that, you have got to help me mix the concrete for this wall inside you.

It has mostly got to come from you. You provide the sand of restraint and the gravel of determination and perseverance and your mother and I will provide the cement of love and appreciation and the water of tears of joy for a good boy who can live a good life. Those ingredients are to be well mixed and allowed to stand for a time for purposes of hardening before the wall will be effective.

173

In the next two to four years, Lyman De, you are going to be steadily more irritated at your folks because of criticism they heap upon you and you will be convinced at times that we are

100% wrong. But it will only take a very deliberate brush of your hand over your cobwebby thinking to see that your folks are talking from experience. Experience is a wonderful teacher and it can teach evil four times as fast as it can good. So if a person is to even do justice to himself he will not even becloud an already confused and over-taxed mind with obscene and unclean literature.

One thing you and I must begin to do is to talk things over about our bodies, and the reasons for urges, and desires and passions. I've been quite slow to do this, but if something troubles you let your Dad tell you about it, rather than someone your own age who might possibly have an immature or incomplete understanding of it.

Your body is a beautiful thing and when it is understood, it becomes more beautiful. It is to be understood and it is to be appreciated. But to begin early to torture your soul by persistent unclean thoughts which you acquire though bad reading is foolish. I can tell you from my own experience that dirty sayings which I learned when about your age, even though I've not repeated them for ten or twenty years are still with me.

It is sheer nonsense and foolishness to take time and effort to learn something which a few years from now you'll wish you'd never learned and could somehow unlearn. That is a real truth son. Please take heed.

Let me tell you what I did last night, and I'd never tell you this if I didn't love you extremely – more than life really. I went with about 150 members of the East Long Beach Stake to the temple. We were there from five p.m. until after midnight. We were in a building *all around which was evil*: men who curse and swear and think nothing of robbing a person of life or virtue or money. We were in the very heart of all this, and yet we were in a session of the temple where 340 clean-thinking, clean-living people could come and close their eyes and ears to the evil and corruption around them. We thought six hours or more of clean thoughts and spoke clean speech and the world is better for it, because 340 of us are better for it.

Now think of yourself in terms of being like that temple. We must come to this earth to get a body. It is required. While we are here we are going to be beset with evil, but we can erect walls against it, walls ever so strong against it. Help me to continue to feel a perfect confidence and trust in you by writing me and assuring me your concrete is set – hard.

Mother tells me you and Joe have gotten quite a piece of the garden spaded. That's fine, but don't do all the work, as I want something to do in just nine weeks. Tell each of the younger ones hello for your Dad and if you show God you are determined, he'll help you *all the way*. Your loving Dad [Gordon Leavitt Platt].

LETTER 192

Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, February 8, 1971, Joseph Lyman Platt; Edward Lyman Platt, somewhere in Mexico/Central America, dearest wandering sons, until you get sons of your own who go wandering off into unknown territories, you will never know what a relief it is to get a card from them telling us they have just spent the night in jail. We were surprised that

174

Bob took you only to Moab, and we are curious to know about your rides between there and El Paso. Be sure to keep a good journal, and don't leave us guessing about too many things while you are gone.

We appreciated getting the truck key Ed – Bob brought it in on his way to Salt Lake with mother. He said he will leave on the 12th for the service and didn't seem very excited about that. Did his mother have the black eye while you were there with them?

Lyman leave Salt Lake tomorrow for Los Angeles and leaves there for Guatemala the next day. We wonder every day how far you are and what you are doing. We assumed you would be spending Sunday in Mexico City – hopefully having made contact with the McClellan's

[Diane Johnson, from Blanding]. Hope you make it to Guatemala City and make connections with Lyman. We are sure going to be short on big sons around here for awhile.

I'll get the addresses and send with Lyman. One letter from Brazil has come, so I'll send that – it was the registered one that was here when you left.

You have each had a few calls since you left. Joe, Sam Broadhead was in the office the other day with his Dad. His Dad introduced me to him, and he asked me if I knew you – said you worked with his brother in Los Angeles. The elder Broadhead has been coming in [to] our office for a number of years. Haven't seen Marty or talked with her. I'll call her one of these days if she doesn't contact me. Saw Ruth at church and told her we had heard from you. Will take her present to her on the 10th. She bore a sweet testimony Sunday in church.

Charles [Charles Hansen Lyman] went home Thursday night and back last night. Says it is a long trip alone, but I guess he will be making it quite a lot this semester, as his Dad needs his help and he does not like a long week end free – no classes on Fridays and none on Mondays until 12:30. Rob ended up with a pretty good schedule and will be able to work full time also. Kent is taking French (maybe he is thinking in terms of a French mission). Charles brought back word that Gordon [Gordon Dee Lyman] and Kynra [Dyal Lyman] have another little boy (#3), so they are following right in their Aunt Allie's and Uncle Gordon's footsteps. (Just think what they have ahead of them.)

Lots of people interested in your trip. Sister Halliday was almost as relieved as I was to know that we had heard from you. She is fixing up her living room and getting new furniture – should be nice.

You've been gone a week already and probably had some interesting experiences already also. Be sure to tell Lyman the details of your trip that far and your plans as far as you have made them in advance. I guess you plan to fly from Panama down part way don't you? I understand there are head hunters below there and they won't even let the road crews working there stay overnight – so don't hitchhike there, will you?

We have had one letter from Gene – he is very busy – had just had a visit from the president and that always is lots of work for him. Says he is getting fat with the limited activity (walking, etc.) that they get. Be sure to write to him, won't you? (129/1 Soi 49 – Sukhumvit Road – Bangkok, Thailand). I know how anxious he will be to hear of your travels also.

175

School is in full swing this week. Everyone envies you being there. You missed a good game when BYU beat the U by 16 points. Dad went to the game. The Lyman girls and two others and two fellows came over to watch the game on our TV, so we had an excited house full. I popped corn for them, but the boys were the only one who would eat it, as the girls had all started their fast that Saturday night.

No too much has happened since you have been gone. The news is mostly on your end, so don't forget to write every few days – we will be most anxious to hear news of your whereabouts as often as possible. Do you have water purifying pills with you? Be sure and be careful about what you eat or drink. We don't want you getting sick.

Your money came Ed, and I paid Roberta the \$400 and me the \$30 and took care of your Portuguese class credits. Looked good to see those nineteen hours of A. I'll work on the other things you both wanted done. Be good kids. Be careful. Write often. Have fun. We love you, Mother.

LETTER 193

Albert Robison Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah, 84720, August 29, 1972, To: Edward P. Lyman, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah, 84601, Dear Brother Edward: I think often of you these days. It seems quite remarkable that we should be confined to our different

places of residence at this particular time when we are going mutually through the closing up scenes of our lives. I have reviewed your life as much as my own and considered the unique and unexpected experiences which have come to us. I have learned to evaluate and dote on your testimony of the Gospel. It has come to you from the school of hard knocks through which you have gone. I have been thrilled many times with your understanding of the principles of eternal life and with your devotion of your study of those principles. They have come naturally to you and have not been streamlined to the popular ideas along those lines. Your learning of them has been from your study and prayer, and the variety of experiences through which you have gone. I consider there is something very splendid in your achievements, your homely achievements, the same as mine, for I feel that we have lived our lives more or less in obscurity as in the wilderness which has been our school.

I am pleased and delighted with your children and grandchildren. They are an unanswerable indication of whom and what you are, of your devotion and the devotion of your wife to them, that they are outstanding in their ability and in the part they are taking. Men are judged by the quality of their children; and your children are unwittingly bearing an unanswerable testimony of you.

I think of your early childhood, when I was very much interested in hearing you learn to talk, and I still remember very distinctly, many words as you first pronounced them. I think of the hardships and privations through which we grew up and the trying and humiliating experiences through which we had to go. These things have tied my interest and my affections to you. Your children are to me, as my own, and I am interested in you and in the destiny which is awaiting you. It has come very forcibly to me that it is essential for our lives to be rounded out with hardships and infirmities which can complete them more perfectly than any temporal success.

176

We adored our father and our mother. We saw them go through anguish of mind and body in the closing up exercises of their program. We have no reason to think we can stand by them in equal glory unless we finish our work as they finished theirs. I feel that with you and with me, these infirmities, which are humiliating us and making our latter moments trying and intense, are for a wise purpose. They are a part of our appointed experience of the eternal ages, and we cannot mourn for them because of the temporal distress they give us. We can better rejoice for them, for they mean much to us if we accept them for what they were intended to do. I pray that the Lord will comfort and sustain you through these closing days. We will pray one for the other and look forth with hope and assurance to our perfect joy when we have endured to the end. Very sincerely your brother, Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 194

Albert Robison Lyman, 456 Circleway Drive, Cedar City, Utah, 84720, October 12, 1972, Allie Lyman Platt, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie and Edward: I feel an urge this morning to write to you. I am addressing it to both of you because, as I understand it, Edward has times when he is not able to concentrate on what is being said to him. But Allie can deliver this message making it very clear as opportunity affords.

It is not by accident that we two are waiting in helplessness with our daughters. There has been a destiny over us from that day years ago, and even before, when I went into the east room of our Scipio home because Aunt Sally Ivie told us we had there a new brother. Aunt Sally had been entertaining us and keeping us in the west room while the new baby was being born and I remember distinctly how I looked at the wonder of the new brother. He was a matter of great attraction to me as he learned how to speak and how to walk. I was between five and six years old and I had him go with me as soon as he was able to walk. I remember

how he first began to talk and the things he said. Some of these first sayings are as clear to me now as they were then, and our experiences together all these years have been of a very unique nature.

The estrangement which has developed between us in the last fifteen or twenty years, did not come about by chance. I look back and recognize clearly how I was overbearing and I figure that this estrangement is traceable to me and it is for a purpose. Some very important things have come to me that I wanted to make known to him, but I found it to be quite impossible. I withdrew with them more and more till towards the last I made no effort to make them known. Now I want to say this much – if I can make myself clear, that I have wanted to build Edward up to all the great hopes that I entertained for the two of us together. For a long time I was looking and hoping for him to relent in his feelings and listen to what I had to say, but the barrier between us became so pronounced that I wondered whether my hopes for the two of us could ever be realized. Without going into a lot of unpleasant detail, I want to say to him from the fullness of my heart, be of good cheer, I still have great hopes for you. I am not at liberty to tell what the hopes were that I entertained, but they are not entirely lost. I have wondered if Edward might not yet recover and carry on with these hopes of mine in this world. But if, in the great wisdom of the Lord, he cannot do these things here, I figure it must be that he is yet to do them. I think of him and pray for him and wish I could let him know what I am doing and the bright hopes which I retain for myself and for him even in these days when I know it is possible for me to die on a minute's notice. Let him be assured that I

177

am thinking of him and praying for him. I pray ever for his recovery, but most of all, I pray that he may have peace and comfort and that he will forgive and forget the unkindness by which I lost out on his confidence. I assure him that I have nothing in my heart but blessings and hope and love for him.

His children are to me, as my own children – very choice individuals, and I sincerely pray that peace and assurance and hope will come to him with soothing and relief from what he is suffering physically and mentally. I have no reason to doubt that he will progress to the most lofty stands, and even beyond all that I have achieved. He has gifts and qualities, spiritual powers and gifts of doing things in this temporal world beyond what I have been able to do. I hope that the spirit of the Lord will testify to him of my sincerity and of the lofty destiny which is still awaiting him and his children. With blessings to him and to the dear patient souls who are caring for him, I am Albert R. Lyman. [I called Uncle Albert's daughter Ellen, today, January 17, 2008, to ask her about these comments of estrangement. The only thing she knew about was that "Uncle Edward" felt that "Daddy" was too severe with his son Platte, that Platte would have done better, would have come around sooner, if Uncle Albert hadn't written to him to often and in the manner he did. Lyman D. Platt]

LETTER 195

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, 1957 [This letter came into my possession without the first page. It is likely that it was purposefully destroyed. As I have talked with Albert's daughter Ellen, she has told me that some family members did not want anything of a controversial nature passed on to later generations. The issue here may have been some of the opinions Uncle Albert had about the excommunication of his grandfather Amasa Mason Lyman. It was written to M.A.L. (Melvin A. Lyman, from Delta, who was charged with the publishing of Volume 1 of the history of Amasa Mason Lyman. The letter begins with page 2. As the book referred to was published in 1957, I have assigned that year to the date of this letter. Lyman De Platt]

Moses to see "the bitterness of hell," before he was eligible to see and appreciate for their

true worth, the greater things in store for him.

Was Peter destined to deny his Lord, and curse and swear that he did not even know the Christ? Was he destined to dishonor his charge to run away and go fishing? If he had been pre-destined to do those things, then there would have been no blame attached to them, and no remorse for having done them. He had his full, free agency, and he was left to act within certain limits as a preparatory ordeal for the great things he was yet to do on earth, and for the greater part he has been taking and is taking at this time in the other world.

Grandfather's wonderful work and accomplishments from the time that he marched off resolutely and alone from his childhood home in New England, were not bound up with and having to do only with what we see in this short earth life as earth people are so inclined to suppose. His actions were a part of a program framed in the long ago, and reaching into the distant future. The Lord knew what was in the nineteen-year-old boy, and what was in the courageous man who went with the Camp of Zion to Missouri, and who later faced the sentence of death for his testimony; the Lord knew what he was made of and what trying

178

experiences he would have to meet to fit him for the greater work he was to do in the greater world. The Lord did not pre-destine him to anything, good or bad, but he did allow conditions to come about in which He knew what Amasa would do, and how it would result in the end for his good. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Even while Peter was in full line of his duty, The Christ looked at him with perfect understanding and said "When thou art converted, Peter, strengthen thy brethren." He was allowed to follow some of his individual inclinations and do some strange things before he was converted.

I know that whatever happens to men is either ordered by the Lord, or allowed. Nothing happens without His permission. Whether he orders it, or allows it, it is for the best good of His children. I know too, that the Lord was still lovingly mindful of Amasa Lyman in his sorrows, and was allowing sorrows and misfortunes to come upon him one after another for a wise and glorious purpose to be accomplished in His own due time. If this is to be eliminated from the biography, then so far as I am concerned, it just as well not be made into a book. So much for that. I have written it so fast I have tromped all over myself. You speak of coming to see me the third or the fifth of October – according to present plans I shall be in Salt Lake at that time, probably staying with my daughter at 500 Germania Avenue, Murray – Mrs. Byron Monson.

I want to talk with you about the book I have to publish.

I have no criticism with the way you are doing the biography. The matters you have proposed to include in it seem proper enough – they would of course not appear as my writings. Mary suggests that if the Dundee sermon is put in there, then Grandfather's humble confession should also be included, and then the question would be pending, why his excommunication and that might involve [in]to many explanations.

I should write Mary telling her some of the things she might speak of in an account of me, for I want it to be but a few bare facts, and nothing about worth or accomplishment – that would disgust me and everybody who knows me. Yours very sincerely, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 196

Rene Lyman Morin, Richmond, Utah, December 7, 1975, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah, Dear L.D., Bertha, and sweet little ones. How are all of the sweet people in the L.D. Platt home? We sure love all of you and hope you are well and happy. Sure wish we weren't so far apart so we could see you more often.

Did little Grandma get back yet? Julynn sure enjoyed seeing here. Julynn wrote that she was

laboring in Cuzco and she is so thrilled with it. She met a man, 2nd Counselor in the branch presidency. "He is a fine man, beautiful spirit. He said the finest missionary he had ever known was the one who baptized him, Elder Platt." His name was Gavancho (it looks like). She said her eyes filled with tears as he talked about Elder Platt in such glowing, beautiful terms. He thinks you will be a prophet some day. He said he still has the half dollar you gave

179

him. His wife and son and his family aren't members, but she says they are going to convert them. So, you can certainly be proud, L.D., as I know you are. She wanted us to let you know.

L.D., do you remember anything about her contact lens? She said she gave them to you. They would have been [in] a very small package.

We are well, busy, and happy and are certain God lives and love us. Our missionary letters thrill us and make us so grateful for their humble but firm testimonies and their desires to serve. We are surely living in perilous times, but times in which we must put over lives in order, or be left out of the events that are forthcoming. We appreciate you kids, your strong testimonies and conviction of the truth, especially the fact that you are living it.

Give every little soul a hug for us. Keep well this winter. Lord bless you. Love you. Aunt Rene Lyman Morin.

Ed will probably stop in Peru to see Julynn. Exciting, huh? Ed will be home same time as McKay. Did you know Ben and Lynette are going to Israel for five months with BYU? We are all so excited about it.

LETTER 197

Sarah Elizabeth Perkins Barton [Aunt Sade, and her daughter Eloise], Blanding, Utah, December 14, 1975, Gordon L. & Allie L. Platt, 470 N. 300 E., Provo, Utah, Dear Allie and Gordon, since we came home from the reunion, we've talked of writing to Lyman and telling him what a fine job he did on the book. Now with Christmas time just a breath away, we feel it's time to get in touch with loved ones. May we write one letter to all your family and get you to express our love to them. Mother has been in Logan to have a few treatments on a sore on her nose but she came home last week when Sandy came from School. Although when she stays away for several weeks we see she is failing a little along, we are still grateful she can care for her own personal needs, read some and get to Church when the weather is half decent.

The cousins that live here are all good to come when they can and to call now and then to help pass the time for her. Guen stopped last evening and left two beautiful carnations. Mom said she talked on the telephone (a couple of time) to Rene but didn't get to see her. She didn't go any place except to the doctor's, so she did most all her visiting by telephone. If the weather is so they can, our kids will come from Idaho to spend a few days with us during the holidays. Shelley is too far away to have my only grandchild.

Curtis is planning on being married the latter part of next month. His girl is a convert from Texas – he hasn't even known her long and of course mom can think of a dozen reasons why it might not be right, but somehow when they get that age they don't listen to mom much.

180

Since Velma and I both work in the church library, we get to see each other long enough now and then to visit a bit, still when you are in different wards it's hard to be as close as you'd like.

Afton and part of their family went to Las Cruces, New Mexico to spend a few days with their daughter and her husband and at Christmas time they'll all be home.

Oral is up with her middle girl and a new baby boy. Mom's really worried for fear it will be

too much for her, but if we can't be grandma when the occasion calls for it what's the use? Here I've rattled on and on and haven't said a thing, but we do wish you all much happiness during the holidays and that the New Year will bring you and your family all of the best. Love, Eloise, Aunt Sade, etc.

LETTER 198

Ellen Lyman Atkin, St. George, Utah, 1994, Lyman D. Platt, St. George, Lyman De, We returned home last night from Salt Lake and Enone's funeral. Rene and Art were there and send their love. I told the family what you asked me to tell them – about letting you know of any events in the family you may want to record.

My sister Klar (Ky) kept very accurate records for as long as she could see, but she is almost blind and turned the records over to her son, Jay Lyman Bishop – who is supposed to be keeping up with them. His address is 1309 South 300 West, Bountiful, Utah. Ky thinks you can get from him whatever you may want. Also my niece, Patti FitzGerald (Vint's daughter) I believe kept quite an accurate record. Hopefully, one or the other or both of them, have whatever is important to keep. I visited briefly with Elaine [Perkins Walton]. She sends her love. Patti's address is 153 East 1700 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115. Love, Ellen Lyman Atkin.

LETTER 199

Lyman De Platt, June 29, 1967, Siagon, Vietnam, Bertha P.V. Platt, Provo, Utah, my dear queen. I have been looking at and studying a book about wood and how to construct things in the house and I feel very confident that I can construct the following things for our house. The only cost will be the price of the wood, paint, nails and tools: this latter I will get for the most part while we are in the service because I can get them very cheaply while we are in. I want you to know that I had three years of construction experience and I have most of the knowledge that I need now to build what we need and with this book that I have acquired plus some practical experience I can do a lot of things that we'll need. Examples: [I made a list of 19 items or areas in the house where I could build things.]

I have the plans already made for the majority of these things and with the appropriate tools I will be able to do some beautiful things for the house.

I have been thinking a lot about which career to choose, given that in one of the Church News, one of the General Authorities said we should choose with determination. I want to

181
choose something that I will like and which at the same time will give our family the means we need to live without sacrifice; I don't care if we are rich because then we wouldn't be humble as we should be. If I don't choose something that I like soon, I'll have to choose something that I don't like but which will serve our financial needs.

Well, I want to work with my hands if possible; I don't want to sit in an office all day. The industrial arts aren't in much demand these days because it is so easy to create things with machines more rapidly, but I have been thinking of going to the industrial school there in Provo and learning to work in wood, learn to do electrical repairs, and to the university to study architecture and teach religion. The G.I. Bill will give me the funds necessary to finish these four areas of study. Then I could be in a position to teach when there is an opening in Provo; mean while I could do architectural work and also make furniture to sell. Once I had sufficient practice to make things well, people would begin to give me orders and I could dedicate more time to that. If our first goal is towards the church, the Lord will provide the persons to bring in the orders with good efforts on my part as well. In architecture and maintenance there is good money but in teaching and building things there isn't as good. I would like your opinions about this and I will put yours together with mine for consideration,

prayer and when the time comes, decide which to choose.

Once you see what I can do in building things, I believe you will let me make the furniture we need. I don't want to do the things for the front room, but in those places where the family will spend most of their time. I want to make things that aren't luxurious and that will resist the wear and tear of the children. Thus we can save at least \$400 or maybe more, depending on the time we have and what you will let me build, or what I can build.

I am determined to stay in Provo if the Lord doesn't have other plans; therefore, I will be limited in the things that I will be able to do. But that is what I want, as we've discussed, as it is a good place to live and raise the children. [The rest of the letter is missing.]

LETTER 200

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Navajo-Zuñi Mission, 108 E. Aztec, Gallup, New Mexico, Box 672, August 13, 1948, Elder and Sister Edward P. and Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brother and Sister, you will find enclosed each of your releases from the Navajo-Zuñi Mission, where you have labored faithfully, and have distinguished yourselves as outstanding missionaries. This action of releasing you has become necessary because of the recent change in policy which I'm sure that you understand fully. That since the stake organization is cooperating in this great Indian movement that in order to do our part we must release you folks in order that the new organization might be put into effect. You will know, however, that we are all laboring in the same cause and our interests will always be very close together.

I would like here to express again our appreciation for all your kindness to us, those things we will never forget. You are our kind of people, and it seems that we have always known you, and we hope that we will be able to be with you more in the future.

182

Will you kindly do us the favor of speaking to the Sister that you thought might come and cook for us when school starts as Sister Foutz must leave us at that time. She will get \$100.00 per month and her board. If she isn't able to come do you know of anyone else? We must have someone and it is a delightful job.

We express again our thanks for your loyalty and devotion in your untiring missionary labors, and for your many kindnesses to us. Please excuse errors as I'm my own scribe.

Sincerely your brother, S. Eugene Flake.

LETTER 201

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Office of the First Presidency, Salt Lake City, Utah, December 4, 1946, To: Mrs. Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Sister Lyman. You have been recommended by the bishopric of your ward and by the presidency of your stake as one worthy to be trusted as a missionary of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is a great compliment to be so chosen. The Lord has said:

"Hearken, O ye who have given your names to go forth to proclaim my gospel, and to prune my vineyard.

"Behold, I say unto you that it is my will that you should go forth and not tarry, neither be idle but labor with your might.

"Lifting up your voices as with the sound of a trumpet, proclaiming the truth according to the revelations and commandments which I have given you.

"And thus, if you are faithful ye shall be laden with many sheaves, and crowned with honor, and glory, and immortality, and eternal life."

Trusting that you will do your utmost to discharge honorably the responsibility herewith placed upon you, and always strive to be a loyal, devoted servant of the Lord, we now extend to you this official call to labor as a messenger of truth in the Navajo-Zuñi Mission.

It will not be necessary for you to report at the Missionary Home inasmuch as you have already availed yourself of this training. You can commence missionary work in Blanding, and kindly report your labors to President Ralph Williams Evans of the Navajo-Zuñi Mission. Will you please send us a letter, endorsed by your bishop, indicating whether you are willing to accept this call and assuring us that you are in harmony with the standards and ideals of the Church, including the keeping of the Word of Wisdom, honesty in your dealings with your fellowmen, and that you are in all respects morally clean and upright.

We commend you for having lived so worthily as to merit the trust now given you. Excellent opportunities and greater blessings await you as you serve the Lord humbly and prayerfully as one of His authorized servants. Sincerely your brother, George Albert Smith, President.

183

LETTER 202

O.S. Fowler, M.D., Practice Limited to General Surgery and Genito-Urology, 840 Metropolitan Building, Denver 2, Colorado, To: Mr. Karl R. Lyman, Agent, Monticello, Utah, October 9, 1958, Dear Sir: In answer to your request [I] would state that [in] nephritis all such cases should have a very thorough examination of the kidneys and ureters, as to any obstruction in the urinary tract, to determine the usual cause (infection), and malposition of the kidney.

Practically all cases may be cured or markedly benefited by my operation, with the exception of those who had scarlet fever which causes damage to the parenchyma; in these there is usually benefit to a great extent, though less apt to get complete cure.

I have had experience with nephritis all my surgical life and am quite positive of my above statements. Write again if you are interested in the above, yours very truly, O. S. Fowler, M.D. P.S. results depend entirely upon whatever permanent damage has already been done to the parenchyma. O.S.F.

LETTER 203

DeAlton Perkins Lyman, 1420 Harrison Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 11, 1923, Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest mother, hope you will soon be better so you can come home. We are all well and I try to be good always. Daddy is going to buy us a little bicycle.

The sego lilies are all over up here and we gather them all the time.

I am always praying in my heart for you to get well. I always try to mind daddy and I help him all I can. Please write soon. Your son, DeAlton.

LETTER 204

[Taken from an old letter, very hard to read in places. Words in doubt will be put in parenthesis. Envelope dated September 21, 1953, 1245 p.m. from Ann Hopkins, Maesteg, Bridgend, Glamorgan, Wales, Gladys Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah; I have corrected the misspellings and some punctuation. Lyman D. Platt.]

Alma Terrace, Alma Road, Maesteg near Bridgend, Glamorgan, Great Britain. Dear, I will commence with the root of our family: my grandfather and grandmother Admunt [Edmond] and Sarah [Morgan] Williams [this couple are my 3rd-great-grandparents - LDP]. They were both from near Bridgend Town in Glamorgan. My grandfather hailed from Brynmayer about three miles from Bridgend or to Penybont welsh, about three miles in one direction to Penybont.

Grandmother hailed from Black Mill or in Welsh Melyn-Evan-“dolu.” She was one of the daughters of Shone, Welsh for John, and his surname was John as well, so my grandmother’s

184

name was Sarah John. I don’t remember her but she had a good many brothers and sisters. I

hope you excuse writing both sides of paper: it saved post weight. (p.2)

I don't remember much about them some of her nieces and nephews. The same families still live in the farm; still the Johns my grandmother's great-nephew keeps it now but where they once used to rent; he has bought it so it is his own freehold property now. Grandfather was a farm worker – but was a forester as well and used to go from place to place planting forests – there was a big piece of forest not far from our house in the place I was brought up in [at] Rhonelda Valley. He was a God fearing man, a pure Christian, and greatly respected by everybody and remembered by members still.

I can't tell you where they were married. But you asked Mrs. Howells if she could give their children's names. I can in rotation, both boys and girls. I will tell you all about the beginnings with [from] the eldest to the youngest. (p.3)

Mrs. Howells asked if I could do so, as I am so much older than she; I can remember most of them and offered to write to you and tell you as much as I can. The eldest of the children was your grandfather Evan Williams. He married Mary Davies. But I don't know where she was from nor who her mother was, but I remember some time a few years ago someone from Utah writing to a friend of ours asking if they knew something about someone who used to live somewhere near Cwmbach, one Shane Davies who seemed to have been connected to our family through marriage. They can't trace her. I have been thinking it over and thinking "...” Uncle Evan married a Mary Davies. Was this Shane Davies, his mother-in-law? If we knew that we would find his mother-in-law's name on his marriage certificate. I wonder if it was in old Coychurch or Bridgend; we could write and address it to the vicar making inquiries.... I have told most or all I know about him that I know him until he came out to Utah. (p.4)

I remember going with my father and mother to Cwmbach the Sunday before they sailed for Utah. I would have been somewhere about twelve to fourteen, no older, and I remember thinking how very ill he looked and I remember some of my cousins. There was Sarah and Jane, girls I can't remember, and boys, but they were talking a lot about who was aboard [the ship passing in the channel at that time]. They did not know where he [their brother who had been in Australia] was at the present time. In a few days he turned up home when he came reaching Ireland when coming into Port he saw a vessel coming out of Port. He little thought his father and all the family on board so passing one another, so near yet so far. The rest of Uncle Evan you would know more than I would.

Now comes the second of grandfather's children. Now comes Jane or as they always called her, Shane, Welsh for Jane. I always remember [her] living at Aberdare. She was married twice. Her first husband used to work on the Cannell [canal]. There were a good many children we never saw much of, but I heard another say he was. He was a very nice and good man in a rough sort of way, a rough diamond and they lived ever happy. He died and left Aunt (p.5) Shane with several children, two girls and two boys. After a few years Aunt married again and picked up a very poor prize. None of the family made much of him. He was hopeless. There was one daughter about my age. She was a very nice girl. The only one

185
of all Aunt's children that we ever became intimate with she used to visit us whenever she felt like it and stayed as long as she liked.

She was a very delicate and only lived until she was thirty-four. She was married with no children. She is buried with her mother in Coychurch with Grandfather Edmwnt [Edmund] Williams.

Uncle Thomas comes next. He like the other two boys settled down in Cwmbach. He married. I never heard who his wife was. She only lived about twelve months and died during

the birth of their first child. Uncle Thomas gave up his own home and went to live with Uncle Edmund and Aunt Mary “Ann,” with his little daughter. There he stayed where the little girl was brought up with Uncle Edmund’s children. When she got married, her father went to live with her. The marriage did not turn a success. Uncle Tomas had, through hard work and careful living saved a substance of money. The son-in-law wanted uncle to let him have it to speculate with, but when uncle refused, he revealed what kind of man she had married. He made life very unhappy for Mary. After uncle died the marriage got worse still. The money had been tied up so that he could not touch it. Fortunately he did not live long. Now she was free. In a few years she married again; a good man in a good position; had one child and led a very happy life, but has been dead some few years. She is buried in Aberdare where Uncle Thomas was buried as well.

Next comes Aunt Mary. She married a man by the name of Robert Chubb, a splendid man. They settled down in a place called Church Village, brought up a family of children, all who turned out well. Aunt Mary and her husband lived to see them all in very comfortable, respectable positions. Both are buried in “Evil Isaf,” about a mile from where they lived all their lives.

(p.7) Now comes Aunt Sarah. She stayed with her father. Although very young she looked after the home. She remained single until the last had left home, except my mother. Aunt Sarah in my way of thinking of her – there was no one like her. She came next to my mother. She married a man who had hailed from Pembroke but had lived in the district from boyhood. His name was Dafydd (that is Welsh for David). If she hunted the country [over] she could not have found [a] better, fine, upright, God-fearing man. They were a well matched pair. I used to spend weeks at a time with them. There was one daughter of the marriage – Jane. We were more like sisters than cousins. They still lived with grandfather at Part Beck [Park Bach], were there seven or eight years when they [moved] to a place called “Fynon Dywm.” Grandfather went with them. The place was a small sheep farm. All they had to do was to see [that] the sheep were kept on the mountain. Uncle had to see that they were sent up night and morning. The remainder [of the time] he worked in a small colliery close by. It was during their stay there [that] grandfather died. He was buried in the old church at Coychurch where his wife, grandmother, is buried.

(p.8) After a few years they made another move to the Rhondda Valley to a farm called “Buffla” where uncle’s duties were the same as at “Fynon Dywm.” After some years they came down from the mountain to a farm lower in the valley while the daughter was married to a saddler who had a big business of his own. Soon after, Aunt and Uncle took a farm in “Egmore” just over the mountain. They were not there very long. Aunt’s health gave way so

186
they sold and came back to the Rhondda Valley to live with their daughter. Aunt did not live long and Uncle soon followed her and both are buried in Trehorky Cemetery a little over a mile from Pentre where they died. “...” cousin and her husband has been dead for some years and [are] buried in the same cemetery [Trehorky]. There are three of their daughters still living at Pentre; lovely girls and in comfortable possessions. One boy, a schoolmaster, [is] living at Barry Island [and is] now retired.

(p.9) Now come Cathrine “Tretharn.” [Treharne] There seems to be a mix up about her. I can give you a correct account of all her movements. We lived in the same place since I was three years old or a few months more.

When Aunt left home she went to service to a place called Myrther Marw, an Island, one of the most lovely places in Glamorgan, not far from Bridgend. The only way for Aunt to get over there was over some stepping stones in the river and only when the tide was so [low]. Of

course if you did not take care, you would be left stranded. It attracted many visitors. I have been there many times. The first time I went I had to cross the stepping stones. By the time I went again, there was a bridge made over the river, about ten minutes walk from where we lived.

Aunt Cathrine was on the Island Maesteg, which is not so far from the Island [Myrther Marw], and a favorite place to visit then, and is now. During Aunt's stay there she met her husband. She was married young. Came to Maesteg where he was living and he was a native. His name was Richard Treharne. There are very many of the same Treharnes still in Maesteg now. (p.10) The young pair settled down in Maesteg lived [at] the same [for a] few years; buried two children there; then they moved to the upper part of the Rhondda Valley to Aberkorky, called now Treorkey. They were not long there "... They moved down to Pentre a little over a mile down the Valley, which was then opening out and beginning to produce coal. They settled down there.

It is here the first mistake was made about the place of their burials. She had a good many children and they were all buried at Ystradyfodwg. There was a little girl among them named after her mother. No doubt that is how the mistake was made. They lived in Pentre for twenty-seven years, and then Uncle retired from the "Pit," rented a farm at Pontypridd. They had spent all they had saved, a considerable sum, spent it to stock the farm. They had only brought up one son. The fourteen had died young. The son and his wife and two children [were all that were left]. Here comes the next mistake about her first granddaughter, Cathrine. She was about sixteen years old when her mother's sister (p.11) went to South America and took young Cathrine. So that was the Cathrine Treharne who went to South America. After about ten years they had to leave the farm, having spent nearly all their money. Their son took a small cottage near the farm; the old people took a house a little way nearer the town. Young Richard got work near in a quarry; worked there a few months when he fell from the top of the quarry and was killed on the spot. The shock was too much [for his father]. He died in a few weeks. Aunt then came back to Pentre; lived there about two years. She died very suddenly and was buried in Treorkey Cemetery with her husband and son. That is the correct life and death of Aunty Cathrine.

187

Next come Uncle Edmund. There is not much I can say. He, like his two brothers, settled down there and reared a lovely lot of children who, like their father and mother, never left Cwmbach. We seem to have drifted apart. I know the (p.12) three eldest children died some years ago. I expect some of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren are there. Uncle Edmund and Aunt Mary Ann are buried in Aberdare Cemetery.

There is only my mother left now. Gwenllian was the youngest of grandfather's children and never left Park Bech [Park Bach] until she married. There was a little romance about the way she met my Dad. I heard him teased many times about it by "oy" mother's cousins at the time father came to open a country smith shop. Mother happened to be away four or five weeks – up in Cwmbach – with her brother. When she came back on the Sather night, went to chapel on Sunday. And as all girls are, they began telling about the new young Smith who because of what he was like seemed to be causing a fine flitter among them. One of the girls, a farmer's daughters, said: "Oh, you wait Gwen until you see him (p.13); you'll be as bad as one of us." One said he was one of the finest looking boys she had ever seen, with the handsomest face, and ever so pleasant as well. Said mother, "I must see this paragon and cut you all." So the next morning her father asked her to go to his farm with a message for him. She had to pass the smith shop to get to the farm and sure there he was standing, talking to one of mother's cousins, having one of his horses shod (the very cousin that used to tell me

all about it in years after). The shop was up a bank. Mother was walking past on the road below. She called to her asking her when did she come back. She passed on her way. Father was looking after her. He [the smith] asked who she was. Shone, that was her cousin, told him. "Well if there is a wife for me there she is," was father's answer next morning. Mother went out to an old friend of the family to help the old woman to make curtains for her bed. That was "....." as used to be seen in (p.14) the first one she saw when she got there was the smith. He had been making a frame and was putting it up. He was lodging there. When the task of putting the curtains up [was done] it was dark. The old lady said "George, take Gwen across the field. She will be [all] right [then]. On the road, father said "Maybe he was not welcome [to accompany her.]" "How do you know before you try," she said. He took her all the way home. Mother dropped her scissors. Father picked them up when going to his work the next morning. Mr. Cupid claimed two victims with his bow and arrow that evening. They were married within the next year. They were lovers for nearly sixty years of married life. Mother told me all about it more than once. Don't you think it seems like fate?

I have told you how mother, her husband, father, as well as mother, was a native of Glamorganshire. His father was a native of Llantwit Major, one of the eldest places in the whole of Wales, with a wonderful history tracing back to the first generation of "church" age, but father was born at Llanhilid near Pencoed, another historical place as old as Llantwit Major (p.15). My grandfather was William, son of "oj" William Hopkins. He went to live in a farm called the Gwt on Llanhilid Estate, settled down there, married my grandmother Mary Morgan, from St. Mary Hill, near Bridgend, about five or six miles from Llanhilid. Father was the second son of ten children; seven boys and [three] girls.

Father and mother married in the beginning of the year 1861. They lived with mother's father [in] Park Bach for the first fifteen months, then they moved to Mountain Ash, lived there nearly 3½ years, then they moved to Pentre Rhondda Valley, a place in the Rhondda Valley that had been developed. The lower and upper parts of the valley had been working for years 188

and now Pentre was opening out. The first Pit was beginning to raise coal. Father had worked there in December 1864 as a furrier. Mother and I with baby brother followed in March, three months later, settled down, brought up ten of us, six girls, four boys. I am the eldest. Father worked his life under the Cory brothers, began as a furrier for one Pit (p.16), finished with seven as V.S. with a furrier under every pit. He won his certificate as V.S. for long services and good character. Father died on September 14, 1917 and mother March 21, 1923. They are buried at Treorkey Cemetery.

I hope I will have been of some help to you. I am afraid I have not [made] myself very easy to understand. I am now got so old – 92 next month. I have lost the art of writing. I leave words out and forget to spell correctly [Bless her heart! We have helped out our dear ancient cousin by correcting most of what she wrote – Lyman De Platt.] I hope [you] will be able to [read it. If] there is anything more you would ask, I would do my best to tell you. I am keeping my room and spend a good part of the day in bed, but my doctor will not let me go up and down stairs because of my heart. They have told me to jerk would be enough for my heart to snap and kill me at once, so they are keeping me to my room because of the going up and down. Many kind regards I remain. Know I have not made it out, have you? Ann Hopkins, 1 Alma Terrace, Maesteg near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, Wales, G.B.

LETTER 205

Ann Hopkins, 1 Alma Terrace, Alma Road, Maesteg near Bridgend, Glamorgan, South Wales, To: Gladys Perkins Lyman, Dear cousin Gladys. I see you spell your name in English. The way we spell it in Welsh is Gladys. I was born in Wales, but they had to go to Greece to

get my name Ann-a, part of Hannah. It was the name of my father's favorite sister who died ten days before I was born.

I remember your mother; father and mother went to Cwmbach to wish them goodbye and Godspeed the week before they sailed and took me with them. It was your (mother) alone I remember of all the cousins and I remember Uncle Evan. I shall remember always he and mother were so very much alike, both very (like) grandfather. I remember (him) coming to see us in Rhondda. I remember once though there was (a) small shop near our house and father used to send there to get a ¼ of tobacco for the old gent. Father used to love him very much. He was one of the salts of the earth, a God-fearing saint, and remembered by some old residents who knew him when they were young.

No dear I did [not] know for certain [who] my grandmother was. I don't know anything about her. Can you tell me more about her? You want to know something about father's father and his grandfather. I only know his father and grandfather were born in Llantwit Major, farmers. Grandfather was one of three brothers. Grandfather, the eldest was William, [followed by] Thomas and Hopkins. The names William and Hopkins seem to be favorite Christian names in the family. There is a big Bible that was in grandfather's granary. Hopkins I know kept the records of all her [grandmother's] children: births, christenings, and deaths. I am wondering if she, by some chance, wrote the record of her own marriage and details of grandfather and his grandmother and grandfather.

189

My brother may be here tomorrow. He comes to see me about once a month. His son, who is a school master in a big private school, I will ask him to give me my nephew's address and he I know will send to tell me if there is recorded in the Bible [which] was left to him.

Thank you very much for your kind thought of sending me a parcel. Yes, it is true commodity was rather short at one time, but things are better. We are having a little more now; butter and cheese are the least now. We had an increase some months of butter. This week they have taken but we must not complain. We have seen real want but you know we could [use] more variety. It will, I suppose, [we will] get back to our old way of living, but not just yet. I must close with love. I remain your affectionate cousin. Ann Hopkins. Dated: 4:45 p.m., November 13, 1953, Maesteg, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

LETTER 206

Elizabeth Allen, 2717 Cambridge Road, Lantana, Florida 33462, January 28, 1992, to Dr. Lyman Platt, 1160 South State Street, Suite 250, Orem, Utah 84058, Dear Dr. Platt: Thanks for your call a few days ago. I enclose a descendant's chart for our Lyman family. It goes down to our grandparents. Their son and our father was George Marcus Allen, who married Jane Worley Watkins, and my sister Jane and I are the only children. Our parents are now deceased.

I am working on the Lyman family, and have gathered some information, but not much. Will keep you informed as to what the Board plans to do about the CD disk setup. At this time, it looks like no action for a while. Best wishes. Sincerely yours, Elizabeth Allen (signed)

1. Richard Lyman - 599 (1580), spouse Sarah Osborne - 560
2. Richard Lyman - 327 (1617), spouse Hepzibah Ford - 328 (1625)
3. Richard Lyman - 302 (1646), spouse Elizabeth Cowles - 303 (1649)
4. Richard Lyman - 240 (1678), spouse Mary Woodward - 241 (1678)
5. John Lyman - 177 (1711), spouse Mary Strong - 178 (1717)
6. Richard Lyman - 131 (1757), spouse Philomela Loomis - 132 (1760)
7. Clarissa Lyman - 107 (1790), spouse John Smith - 106 (1781)

8. George Albert Smith - 22 (1817), spouse Bathsheba W. Bigler - 23 (1822)

9. Bathsheba Smith - 11 (1844), spouse Clarence Merrill - 10 (1841)

10. Leila Smith Merrill - 5 (1863), spouse David Robert Allen - 4 (1862)

LETTER 207

Mrs. Ray H. Walton, 1146 Lavender Lane, La Cañada, California 91011, August 21, 1971, Gladys Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Aunt Gladys: It was good to receive your letter recently, and to know you and Uncle Albert are still doing so well. I hear about you now and then through Edith and Ellen, even if it is a long way between letters to you from me.

It seems that no matter how many years go by, there is just not enough time to do all one wants. I am engrossed with every spare moment in genealogy, and would rather do that than
190

any other thing I know. It is so frustrating, however, to never have all the time you need. Have been having some great experiences in my research lately. Am working on mother's lines.

I called Dixie after receiving your letter. Guess they were away, as it was two weeks, almost, before I was able to get hold of her. She doesn't have too much material, but did send me the enclosed sheet. I am also enclosing a copy of Aunt Kate's funeral services which Ray conducted when he was in the Hollywood Ward Bishopric. Hope this will be helpful. In case you want to contact Pat, he lives in Escondido, California, I believe it is, and information would be able to give you his address and phone number with no charge. You would call 714-555-1212.

Had hoped we would be able to make a visit to Blanding this year, but our time hasn't been right for it. We are going to our cabin in American Fork Canyon this coming Saturday, but have a full schedule planned there, as our children will all be meeting us there over Labor Day. Son Ray has been doing some audits for Ford near Palo Alto for the past ten weeks, and after his vacation he will be moving down to Newport Beach for some audits there. He doesn't know where they will be going after completing that assignment, but it may be to Europe. He is feeling fine, although he has had a little high blood pressure on this last job. Think it is subsiding now. Julie and her husband have been in Ithaca, New York, all last year and this summer, where he has been attending Cornell. His doctorate studies now will take him to Iceland for this next year. They will be in Provo for a couple of weeks, then off again. She has many problems, but is ever cheerful and hopeful. David and his wife have the cutest little red-haired boy nine months old, Chris, and live nearby. Jim returned from his mission to France in late June, and will go back to the Y soon. He's had a hard summer job using a jackhammer inside the big cement trucks of a construction company cleaning out the dried cement. It has paid well, but has been a night job and he has thoroughly hated it after his dearly loved missionary work. It is a rough class of people he works with, so he can hardly wait for this Friday when he quits. Mark is now 16 and as fine a young boy as you can find. All the boys have become Eagle Scouts, and all have their Duty to God awards. We surely have been blessed with good children.

We are trying to sell our home. Can't leave this area yet, but we are ready to abandon California. Will try and rent something for awhile if we can sell.

Have surely missed Aunt Bob since they moved to Palmdale. Haven't seen her for a month now. Ed stopped in the other day and said everything is fine, but they are busy. They are going on vacation about the same time we are, and they will be looking for something to buy in Utah, up nearer Sanpete or Utah county areas, I think.

Guess you know Dorothy Blesse and her family have moved to Hawaii now. Boots was transferred there.

Erma's husband called yesterday to tell us Mrs. Keller had passed away and her funeral was Saturday. Am sure he was supposed to call us several days ago, but guess he forgot. Tried to call Price yesterday, but got no answer, so guess Fred and Erma must be in Manti. Will try again tonight to see if they are back. Since she has been so ill, am glad Mrs. Keller is out of 191

her suffering. Erma says Fred is failing really fast, too, so possibly he won't tarry long now that Mabel is gone.

Do hope you are all well. Give our love to all the family. Much love, Elaine [Perkins Walton].

P.S. Decided to write a letter to Pat myself and ask for some stories, pictures or incidents about either Aunt Kate or Ed Ryan. I mailed that today, and when and if I receive an answer I'll send it on. In the meantime, I am sending some things I have here. Typing isn't the greatest, as time is so short I have to hurry too fast, but possibly they will be of value. Aunt Kate had dictated several things to me for me to type before they came to a San Juan reunion some years ago, then parts of it were typed up separately and used. I've retyped what she first dictated, in case you haven't seen it. For your records, Pat's address is 325 Elm Street, Escondido, California.

LETTER 208

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, March 18, 1908, Edward Partridge Lyman, Provo, Utah, my dear boy, You say you are counting the days. And so are we. I can hardly wait I am so anxious to see you. You can not know how you have been missed this last winter. Mary has gone to Grayson [later called Blanding] to stay till the last of the month. Dolly is staying with Eva. I am staying at home and I feel like a lost sheep. Spring is here, the leaves begin to show green, and the trees are beginning to bloom. The water is in the ditch. Most everyone has had it on their trees. Bro. B. went to the Mesa Monday with his teams and hired men to begin his spring work, but Annie was sick so they sent for him last night, and he came in this morning and found Annie better, so he has been resting today and will go back in the morning. Annie has a girl baby born last night. Beatrice Nielson has a boy born last Saturday. All doing nicely. Hardy came in on Sunday. I guess he told you about Johnie. Perhaps he is not tough after all. I can't help but be disappointed. I thought it would be so nice to have someone to help you, but I guess it is all right.

Sister Thompson has not been to see me yet. Aunt Lucy and the boys will go to Grayson in a few days; are waiting for Frank, who has gone to Mancos or some place up that way. What do you want me to do about getting you home? You must let me know in time. I asked Bro. B. what he was going to do about Hans. He said he was not goin' to do anything but I will do whatever you say. Remember and inquire about the little mares when you come through Monticello and also the wire if you can't bring it perhaps you can sell it. Did you send anything home by Hardy? Any of your work I mean? The weather here is quite warm but the wind blows considerable the last few days. Tonight we will commence closing the office at 9 o'clock. Many thanks for the pictures. I could have kissed them. We are all pretty well. Hope you are the same. Frank Redd has just come in. Be sure to write & tell me all about yourself. Give my love to all who inquire. [in pencil] 19th 5 o'clock tried to close up at 9 o'clock had a --- of a time. Hope to do better next time. Be sure & tell me what I can do for you with love and prayers for you I remain as ever, Ma.

192

LETTER 209

Edward Lyman Platt, Brazil, August 4, 1969, Dear Family: I received letters today from dad, mom, Gene and McKay so I really had a feast. Your trip really sounds neat. It's been a long

time since I've seen all that country you went through. I wish I could have been along. Glad you had a chance to visit with Grandpa. I'm looking forward to the time when I can spend a week or so with him.

Here in Brazil on the front lines things are exceptionally well. We baptized another lady yesterday. She needed the church more than any other person I've ever taught. She was separated from her husband just a year or two after her marriage. Since then she has lived with countless other men. She is not a bad lady, but sure got off on the wrong track. It was interesting to teach her and we're still going to have to work with her quite a bit. We should baptize the next two or three weeks in a row, so as you can tell, we're being blessed exceedingly. The family we baptized a few weeks ago is doing very well, progressing, and in two weeks we will baptize one more daughter of the family.

Dad, in answer to your questions, the two biggest struggles I've had on my mission are to gain an undeniable testimony of the Gospel and to develop a pure Christ-like love towards everyone I come in contact with. My testimony is growing through prayer and study and manifestations of the spirit. I've never doubted the church as much as I have on my mission, but never have I felt so strongly of its truthfulness either. The other struggle is harder. With the help of some very dear friends (one of whose mother is that bearded fellow that visited you in your office a while back; his name is Paatrick Hart). I'm beginning to understand that the most important force in existence is love. The purpose of the church is to develop within ourselves a love so strong for our fellowmen that we give completely of ourselves at all times for the benefit of our brothers. I'm trying but not getting very far to develop this love. It's hard. It must start with my companion. I've learned that I'm a very weak, selfish, egotistical person. I would appreciate your prayers in my behalf with respect to this problem. But Dad I do love the Gospel. It is and will continue to be the basic motive behind everything I do.

Mom, Dad, and family I want you to know I love you.

It sounds like Gene is doing really well. He's got a lot of hard times in front of him. But he'll be a tremendous missionary I'm sure. Thanks for his and Joe's addresses. I'll try and write them. Well, I'd better sign off. We have quite a bit to do today. Faithfully #3 Ed

LETTER 210

Envelope: After 5 days, return to Edw. P. Lyman, 1315 W. Walnut St., Des Moines, Iowa; stamped Des Moines, Iowa, October 1, 1910, 10:30 p.m. Addressed to Miss Lucretia Lyman, Bluff City, San Juan Co., Utah. Letter: Des Moines, September 30th, 1910. Dear Sis, I just returned from conference at Nauvoo, and am feeling fine, wish you could have been there also.

We held some fine meetings and received good instructions and enjoyed the spirit of the Lord which was there in abundance.

193

We also visited the old city and homes which our fathers built and were forced to leave. We found a very sociable class of people there who treated us royal and would gladly welcome our people back there to live. But as I wrote Albert, thank the Lord we don't want to live there now because we have something better. It would be like trading new shoes for old ones. We also visited Carthage and a desire which has been in my heart for years was satisfied, and I was by no means disappointed [sic] but feasted my eyes on the old places. I knew the building as soon as I caught sight of it. The blood still stains the floor where Hyrum fell and it has soaked thru the floor which is oak, and can not be erased. [sic] The church owns the property, there is an old couple living there. There is an influence there which is peculiar of itself, but by no means unpleasant.

We held a fine meeting in the room where the Prophet leaped from the window; the same

room with the blood stains. The bullet hole thru the door, which was made by the bullet which struck Hyrum, is plainly seen although partly filled with putty. The edge of the door was shot away but has had a piece fitted in.

There are also blood stains where [John] Taylor was covered in another room with an old mattress.

The well which is spoken of is marked only by a low place where the ground sank after it was filled up.

We had some pictures taken there but they are not finished. This postal shows the way the place looks today. The house has been changed slightly.

This morning glory came from the place the Nauvoo temple stood: these leaves came from the vine which is growing by the porch at Carthage jail.

We are to be scattered all over the state, or the western half of the state, and will do county work now for two months, supposed without purse and scrip. My companion is Elder Hansen one of the new elders from Mayfield, not new but the newest we have. Write to 1315 W.

Walnut, Des Moines, Ia. May Our Father watch over you all, is the fervent prayer of you [sic] bro. Edw. P. Lyman. (over) Albert said, or you said, to let you know how much cattle money to tithe. Find out what Uncle Kumen's bill in full came to for running the cattle last year.

Subtract that from the whole and tithe the remainder. Don't tithe the money for the home, it has been tithed. Albert settled with K. J. [Kumen Jones] Also tithe the \$27.50 you sent me.

Your letter and postals came O.K. many thanks.

[Enclosed within this batch of three letters are the three leaves from the Carthage jail, spoken of in the last letter, and a cutout of a baby's hand.]

LETTER 211

Edward Partridge Lyman, about 1930, to Allie Lyman, Dear Allie Mallie, - just a slight report on Beedie's condition [one of the family cats]: he is getting to look better and has learned to be on hand when I milk so as to get his rations. I have a little more hopes for him. I
194

really believe if he lives to be forty or fifty years old he will have learned nearly as much as old Squeak has forgotten [Squeak was the other family cat]. I see mom has written you a long epistle, so I guess about all that is left for me to tell you are that I love you and hope you are getting along all right. Oh yes, here is something I can tell you. I brought home some Wally Sandack Pan Cake flour, and I was going to write Wally, if the hot cakes were not good, and tell him he had his bovine ingredients mixed, instead [six] of butter milk it must be some other bovine ingredient, but they *are* pretty good, so. Much love, Dad.

LETTER 212

Irene Perkins Lyman, Springville, Utah, [Written in pencil, while staying with us and tending us - LDP] Dated December 10 [1948, the day Edward Lyman Platt was born], Allie Lyman Platt, Payson Hospital, Payson, Utah, Dear Allie: - I'm so glad you have come thru another ordeal in bringing another son into this world. Congratulations dear daughter so glad everything went off so well. You're a brave sweet girl. I love you for what you are. When I think of what I went thru for you and see what a wonderful mother-wife you are making I realize more every day that the Lord had a purpose in mind that I should bring you into the world.

Another dear little boy; you are following in your mother's foot steps at least in one way. I'm anxious to see the new boy. So glad you are in a hospital to have good care. Gordon has just taken over every thing today. Can't let you get a head of me so I'm taking a vacation too but I feel much better this afternoon. Will be o.k. tomorrow. I called Rene this morning. She was so happy for you. Hope it won't be too long before she can have a babe of her own.

Is there any thing here you need or (especially want done) let me know. Rene said she had written a card asking us all out to dinner Sunday.

Have a good rest and don't worry about things at home; everything is fine.

Love as ever Mother. Give me a list of the names you have cards for and how many more do you want. Please return this letter of Maxine.

LETTER 213

Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, [Written in 1966], Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Folks, I was very glad to learn that Joe has recd. his call and is pleased with it. He will never be sorry about it, if he honors it. It is a wonderful privilege to be connected with Jesus Christ in any way, and any one is better who officiates in His name, to repeat His name with the proper respect, has an influence for good on any one.

Father filled three missions in England, the last one was to preside over the European Mission, and Pres. McKay was a missionary in Scotland at the same time, under Father.

We would like to attend Joe's farewell if we can without bothering some one too much, but if I can't speak there I will deligate [sic] Karl to speak in my place, and if I am there to talk I
195

will gladly divide my time with him, if this is agreeable with you folks, and you can call Karl and tell him.

I would like to bless Joe, but don't worry about that. Whoever sets him apart will bless him.

Tell Ed, he is next in line. You, and the rest of us, will all benefit by our missionaries. May God bless you all. With love Grand Pa. [Edward Partridge Lyman]

[Written on the back: Allie, Kay says he has a lot of beans that you and Rene can have.]

LETTER 214

Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, January 28, 1964, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Platts, - We recd. your letters yesterday. Gordon told us something about the peace [piece] you have up there. I have been wondering what your payments are. Also if you are having any trouble financing your (or our) boy in Peru [Lyman D. Platt]. Please let us know. And, I have been thinking about Lyman De's affairs when he returns, of coarse [course] that is some time in the future, but what I wanted to call your attention to needs a little time for you to investigate and consider, - when Wib Ranney came home, with a knowledge (or understanding whichever is the best word there) of the Spanish language he never had any trouble getting a job with the government and he had less schooling than Lyman De. Now he is about to retire on a pension and he is still a young man, and he likes his work, he has had charge of a number of men for some time, so has it easier than before.

If you are interested get in touch with Wib and write and ask him anything you want to know, or mabe [maybe] there are different lines besides Wibs. His address is 3820 Madeira Way, Livermore, California. You know jobs are peculiar, some jobs draw small caliber men, as a rule, and other jobs draw bigger caliber men; possibly it is the responsibilities they carry. To illustrate, take a motor man or a conductor on a bus. They live in a small world. This is the same with a ranger, which he [Lyman De] has spoken of a time or two; he has a "little book" of instructions, and he carries it and checks every time he has to do anything, this leave[s] him dependent on the book instead of using his own judgement [judgment] and he lives in a very small world; it is disgusting to see men unable to use their own judgement - at least part of the time, so I thot I would like to call your attention to Lyman's using his Spanish. You know to have a foreign language one uses in his job is good for at least \$1,000 dollars a year, with his wages, and Lyman's appearance and polish should get him a good job, better than a ranger.

So much for that, now about the other youngsters. I don't want to slight them. I grab every bit

of information in all the letters that is connected in any way with them, and I appreciated the little pictures we recd. of them. I know all about the school report cards and Boy Scout attainments, and Roberta's standing among he[r] brothers, and I admired Lyman's attitude toward the whole family and each member separately.

The children are the biggest thing in our lives and any one is a thousand times more important than ranches or anything else.

196

I admire how they are looking ahead to a mission, and schooling. If you weren't so far away, I would try and shunt a hieffer [heifer] in your direction occasionally [occasionally] but you are so far north the North Star is higher there than it is here.

Well, Mom asked me to drop you a few lines and I have made it a regular epistle, - so I better draw my remarks to a close before I run out of space.

We love and pray for all every day, and trust our kind Heavenly Father will keep us all in the paths of righteousness. Grand Pa. [Edward Partridge Lyman]

LETTER 215

Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, March 30, 1967, Allie Lyman Platt, Dear Folks: Recd. your letter yesterday was glad to know you reached your home o.k. but sorry Bertha & Patti were sick hope they are back to normal again. We did enjoy having you come and be glad to see you any time. Was surprised to hear Caroline and Jo Ann wouldn't be coming to make the trip to the Hole in the Rock. I owe Carolyn a letter must write them. Glad Mark calls on you once in a while.

I discovered Gordon's cap and a part of Patty's toy I guess it's hers. Should I send the cap in the mail? This morning I found Gordie's Easter eggs. So sorry they were left. Velma's parents came down with Kay's folks, they have a station wagon. Kay, Velma, Ben, Dad, Bro. and Sister Hansen went out to land where they have been taking up claims and on to the bridges. They had a nice trip. I didn't want to go as Lois was here. She & Jerri Lyn came about 10 o'clock Monday nite with some of the school teachers. Terry got fouled up and missed them. Duane brought her down Tues. and then took them all home. Thot maybe would call on way back but guess he didn't (he just may come yet). I forgot what day he was to come back.

We had Bro. & Sister Hansen over last evening. Had a nice visit with them. Kay & Velma had an appointment. They got a letter from one of Charles' converts yesterday that had been posted last September. It was addressed to the Lyman family and was given to Marvin and Marge. It came at the time she broke her foot last September and had been over looked and not opened until yesterday. Velma felt so bad it was a lovely letter and she said so many nice things about Charles. Dad hasn't found a trailer for Alien yet. Kay has one at Hall's Crossing if he can get it in. Sorry to hear about Ed's headache. Hope it isn't anything serious.

Kay was supposed to go back for another treatment in ten days but Dr. said he could go later which he will do.

Suzanne has been doing with a cold since they came home but was better last night.

Just called Kay. The Hansens left this morning. Ellen also went this morning but went thru the reservation. Surely hated to see her go alone.

She came up last evening for a while. Just finished the typing before she came up.

197

What is your weather like? We had a terrible wind storm most of the day yesterday and a little snow last nite and frost. The fruit may be gone. Stormy looking today.

Better close and go for the mail again. Hope all is well. Love Mom & Dad. Will give the eggs to the little Brown girls our neighbors on the East in the rock covered home. Aunt Gladys says one of Bart's girls can help her with typewriter.

LETTER 216

Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, October 21, 1969, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie Mallie, I am trying to get a car ready for you. You didn't give us enough time to get it ready for Joe; you know this is "Deer Season." I can't find the certificate of ownership for it. I am wondering if I didn't give it to you. Wish you would look thru your things and see. You remember at one time when I gave it to you we had everything settled, or that we did. I gave you the best car, and still consider it the best and want you to have it. I am registering it [in] my name because that is all I can do, without the card I mention. Joe said he had insurance on his car that can go [on] this one. You please get that tended to, as it must have insurance from here to Provo, or if you can't do that I will get insurance here. Sorry this came up just when it did. People just lock up and go hunting, period... I can't get Kay to say much about going to Richmond, but I know he would like to go, and so would I. Love to all, Dad.

LETTER 217

Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, August 6th, 1942, Allie Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dear Allie. - I was pleased with your letter, especially your cooperation with us in what some would consider their own business. I am sure there is more satisfaction that way than where one ignores the feelings and judgment of their loved ones.

If we all waited, until every thing was ideal, before we took such a step as you are considering, there would be very few unions, and the next generation would be very much out of luck.

I have wondered if I would ever see a man I considered good enough for one of my girls. I figure you girls are good enough for the best there is. If you are not, I am not the judge of mankind I claim to be.

When we do as nearly right as we know how, we are not very far off.

This letter is just between you and me. I figure I should also hear from Gordon.

I commend you for your unselfish attitude in the whole affair and if you will both be that way all the time, you will find real happiness, but selfishness is not a producer of happiness, it is not an indication of real love and wholesomeness.

198

Now, is this what you wanted me to write? I figure you are entitled to my blessings, and approval, and my very best wishes, for all the happiness and joy due any dutiful daughter. An old patriarch told me years ago that my family would be one source of my happiness. Much love, Dad.

LETTER 218

Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, August 6 [1942], Allie Lyman Platt, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dear Allie: - It was afternoon when we got the mail yesterday; therefore too late to answer your letter. I was busy washing and was feeling rather blue so your letter didn't help out any. Don't miss understand [sic] me. I have the most tender feeling and love for you a mother could have. This is a very serious matter and I know you consider it that. When you have gone thru some of the things I have you will understand me better. You have my deepest love and blessings in what ever you decide to do. I know it is going to be hard what ever you decide but what ever way you decide will be with my best wishes.

I had hoped to have had a talk with both you and Gordon but feeling as I did I could see I wouldn't be able to control my feelings.

I would like very much for you to come home with him a few days before you get married (if that's what you decide). I had hoped you four could all come down and hear Kay talk Sunday nite.

I haven't found a way to come back yet. Had I only have known how things were going to be I would have stayed. Kay's dance is tomorrow nite. I would like so well to stay until after Sunday but unless I hear from you girls I may leave but I was hoping and praying I can stay and still get to Ogden at least in time for a treatment Mon. or Tuesday.

I am having a lot of hay fever and must close as I want to write Almon a few lines. You are my dear sweet baby and it makes many thoughts come back to me when I think of how I fought to bring you into this world and the time we had trying to raise you. You have been a lovely girl and I feel you will continue on but be prayerful and remember life is full of trials no matter what course you take. I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for his guidance and love to me.

May we all prove faithful to the end. Your loving mother.

Dear Rene - How I wish you both could be here tomorrow nite and Sun. I have hoped it might be but what ever way it goes I will feel it's for the best. I wrote to Arvel Potes. Aunt Caroline Redd and Betty Palmer are looking for a way up to. Maybe we can get lined up. If I should not get there in time Monday wouldn't there be any way for some one to take that treatment. If I can't find any other way, I'll try and come Tuesday to Thompson with Ray. We are all well. Kay is also having hay fever.

I will bring Davie with me. Please call Casse and let her know she is fine. We wrote her last week and yesterday. The letter came back wrong address. I must close with worlds of love, hoping to see you soon as ever, Mother. [Irene Perkins Lyman]

199

LETTER 219

Almon Perkins Lyman, 2067 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, California, August 9, 1942, Allie Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dearest Allie: Your letter came as a very pleasant suprise [sic], however I will throughly [sic] give my approval and sanction to such action.

CONGRATULATIONS to you Allie, you carry in your letter a very calm assuring attitude, for the action you have taken. You have not gone into it with your eyes closed. You have used the sense you were given, not forgetting the purpose of such action, and what it entails for the future.

Such a love as is between us I never felt as strongly as when I had finished reading your letter. We are of the same blood, the same family, with the same all answering belief, that which the Lord of all of us has given to men. This is of far greater importance than any thing in the entire world, this we have understood all through life, this you have taken into consideration better by far than the majority. I extend my love and congratulations to you, both of you, for assuredly it will be both of you in the future.

Now as life brings it self [sic] upon you, I pray always for your happiness and true companionship.

Tell Gordon I am looking forward to seeing him at some future date and that I may also get to know him as you have. Also give him my congratulations, for he truely [sic] has a fine little lady. I am proud to have such sisters as you young ladies are, every inch of you real through and through.

Hello Rene and Grandmother, isn't it fine we have such progressive people in the family? My love and prayers are with you, Almon.

[Written by typewriter on a card the front of which contained a picture entitled "Mission Home."]

LETTER 220

Almon Perkins Lyman, October 3rd, 1942, 2067 South Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, Allie Lyman Platt, Salt Lake City, Utah Dearest Allie: "read other letter first"

Gee kids things happen right out from under me. I am usually about three weeks behind time. The letter, air mail special delivery not getting to you till you were back to Salt Lake, now the other letter contained herein, I wrote to night [sic], after which I got a letter from Mom that was lost, had been detained about a week. It was informing me that Gordon was transferred, that you were not given any notice. It was a tough break kid, but I know you as the brick you are that you will be able to take care of your self [sic]. He will merely go to some training station, which you no doubt already know by now.

My heart feels for you, and if I did not have such a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel, it would make me feel as many others have already felt, that there was no God in the 200

heavens, that we were here merely to go on as best we could, but no, there is a Father in Heaven, and all we do He knows, every word every thought He understands, for such as He ever be thankful. All we His children are here for our own betterment, all the troubles of life are for our betterment, making us grow and develope. [sic] He who carries no load is weak indeed. But he that carries a load is the one that is strong.

Again I leave my love with you, for I can partly see what such a condition means to you. May the Lord of heaven and earth bless you. Love your brother, Almon.

LETTER 221

Mrs. Bonnie B. Byington, 16472 Road 3 SE, Moses Lake, WA 98837, October 1998, Lyman De Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, Dear Lyman, Thank you for the books. They are just in time for Christmas. We appreciate all of your efforts; nobody really knows the work but you. Here is the postage \$20.00. Bonnie Byington.

LETTER 222

October 12, 1998, Lyman De Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, Dear Lyman, I could not reach you by phone. Here are Donald's and Scott's addresses:

Donald P. Seegmiller Scott Seegmiller
44 South Matlock 2430 Marlene Way
Mesa, Arizona 85204 Henderson, NV 89014
(602) 964-5385 (702) 454-6758

LETTER 223

Verna Platt, Davis, Kanarraville, Utah, October 13, 1998, Lyman De Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, Dear Lyman, where the devil are you? I let the kids know the books are ready. Now we can't get to you by phone. I've called 435-628-4944 and another one in your name and it has been disconnected.

Are you moved up to this country (New Harmony)? Is that why? I could probably go find you if you are.

Anyway, Carolyn called and wanted a book (I had ordered it and you were revising, making new, now they are ready, and she wants one.

You could send it here and include postage cost, or she could see by the package how much the stamps are and she'd send you the money, or I can get one and send to her, if I can make connection with you. Don't want to make a trip to St. George and not find you.

Either way will be fine Lyman. Please call me (I'm still same phone and etc.) then I can let the Idaho kids know (Clair's family).

201

Carolyn Joliffe, 251 Collier Blvd., Napa, California, 94558. She is John Hottel's (Washington) sister. She is a safe bet. Has worked with Napa police force for years (trying to retire now, but works part time. Her phone (707) 224-3959. Thank you. Verna [Platt Davis] (435-586-9275, or Kanarraville, Utah 84742-0173].

LETTER 224

Richard N. Platt, Jr., Platt Family Association, 132 Platt Lane, Milford, Connecticut 06460, (203) 878-6094, e-mail: rnplatt@ix.netcom.com; Richard.platt.sm.55@aya.yale.edu, October 6, 1998, To: Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D., 316 W. 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770, Dear Lyman, enclosed is my check for \$35.00 for a copy of your *Platt Family History*. It would be interesting if we could establish a connection between our families. I have heard two theories from British genealogists with whom I have corresponded. One believes that all the Platts originated in Lancashire, while the other thinks that the surname appeared independently in different parts of the country. Sincerely, Dick.

LETTER 225

Mary Ellen Huntsman Leavitt, Gunlock, Utah, September 7, 1942, [written to greatgranddaughter

of Lucy Ann Leavitt Chamberlain by her Aunt, Mary Ellen Huntsman

Leavitt], My dear niece, your most welcome letter received and glad to hear from you and hope this finds you all well. I have just returned from a trip north to visit some of my children. I went as far as Idaho, was gone a month. I had a most enjoyable time. I have three girls living in Idaho Falls and two in Ogden and a lot of grandchildren in both places. One of my sons and his wife and his son and wife just left here. They came down to see me. They live in Kaysville, Utah. I have seven grandsons in the army, four of them are overseas. The war is terrible and we can't see how things will turn. But we all hope for the best.

I saw your Uncle Josiah just the other day. He is feeling fine now but has been very sick. He lives with one of his daughters. I will let him read your letter when he calls in again. I am like you; I would give a lot to see you and talk things over about our people and learn more of our families. I am sending the names of your Mother's family, their dates of birth and where. But wish I could get more about them.

I will close as I have so many letters to answer that were here for me when I came from my trip. I get pretty tired when I go so much and so long, so please excuse this scribbling. I am getting old is how I account for not being able to go and do as I used to. Lots of love to you and hope to hear from you often. May the Lord bless you is the desire of your aunt, Mary Ellen Huntsman Leavitt.

Joseph Smith Leavitt, born September 6, 1860, at Santa Clara, Utah; married Luna A. Huntsman.

Josiah Leavitt, born February 24, 1862, at Gunlock, Utah; married Annie Bowler; she died March 13, 1921 at Mesquite, Nevada.

Melvina Leavitt, born January 25, 1865, at Gunlock, Utah; died when young.

202

Lydia Leavitt, born February 25, 1867, at Gunlock, Utah; she died when young.

This is all I have of my husband's record. They did not keep any, so all I have is just what I could glean.

LETTER 226

The South Wales Borderers and Monmouthshire Regimental Museum of the Royal Regiment of Wales, October 28, 1992, To: Haydn Morgan, 294 Ystrad Road, Mynyddbach-y-Glo, Swansea SA5 4ND [see Document 605], Dear Mr. Morgan, we have the war diaries and other books about the service of three Mons which you can see and read here. I am sorry to say that we do not have any record of any assistance which may have been given to the widow of Private Williams Edwards.

I have found a "No 1099 Private Edward Davies" [an uncle of Sarah and Mary Ann Perkins and a brother of great-grandmother, Mary Davies Williams] of the 1st Battalion 24th

Regiment, who was killed during the battle of Isandhlwana on the 22nd of January 1879. He attested at Monmouth on 20.1.77 [January 20, 1877] and his effects were claimed by his next of kin. He was awarded the South African ward medal and clasp 1879. We have a vast amount of reading material here about the Zulu War which you can see.

LETTER 227

Lyman De Platt, Spring Lake, Utah, February 21, 1976, To: Henry E. Christiansen, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150. [This letter was composed for Rufina Lazo, my [former] mother-in-law. Lyman D. Platt] Dear brother Christiansen: for some time now I have had the desire to complete my temple work and be sealed to my first husband Manuel Vicente Tejada. At the age of seventeen I began dating Vicente but he told me that we couldn't get married because if we did his father would not buy him the office equipment necessary to establish himself as a dentist which he had studied to become and was at that time interned at the hospital 2 de mayo in Lima. I had become pregnant and he told my father that he would marry me just as soon as he could.

My father told him to take me because he didn't want me in the house anymore. Vicente found a place for me with another family and part of the time lived with me and part of the time with [his] sister Teresa where he had his dentist equipment. When my first child was born he recognized him as his own under the civil law and registered him as such.

About August of 1923 I went to live with him where he had his office. He had been in the hospital with a heart ailment. His sister had gone to live elsewhere. About a year later his father died and he went north to Chimbote to settle his father's estate. He left me pregnant with my second child which was born at my parent's home where I went to live after he left. I lived with my parents for about two and a half years. All during this time Vicente wrote faithfully to me and our children. He promised that we would go to his father's estate and get married there and live the rest of our lives. Finally we arranged our affairs and I sailed north and met him and we traveled to his father's hacienda where we lived for less than a year.

203

We had to leave the hacienda because his heart condition became much worse in the sierra, which was too high for his health. We returned together to Lima. My third son was born several weeks after our return to Lima. We lived with my parents during this time. After we returned he was unable to work. He had accumulated some money while at the hacienda, so he decided to run for political office. He became acquainted with the daughter of one of the local politicians and on February 28, 1929 was married to her in the hopes of bettering his political position. After their marriage they went to Chimbote for four months. He had left me pregnant with my last child with him, a daughter. When he returned he came to see me and said he had quit living with his wife; that he wanted to return to me. I told him no, he was now a married man and had to accept his situation. He wanted to come each week and see the children, so I let him. He died a month later of serious heart problems. I know he was repentant of his having married and that our union should be solemnized in the temple and our children sealed to us, along with the three other children from later unions. [Unsigned, but it was sent.]

LETTER 228

Electronic mail From: Arlene Platt (arnie2222@yahoo.com) To: Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D. (lplatt@infowest.com) Sent: Friday, June 18, 2004. Subject: Platt genealogies. Hi Lyman, thank you so much for sending this genealogy! It is wonderful. Here are some updates on our family information.

Briant's wife is Micky (her real name is Michelle). She was born (BIC) on August 3, 1972 in Fountain Valley, California. Her parents are Marlene Nelson and Briant Buckwalter. Briant

and Micky were married December 18, 1999 at the Los Angeles Temple.

Lisa married Richard Geoffrey Lighten on December 27, 1994, Portland Oregon Temple.

Richard was born (BIC) in Spokane, Washington, to Jill Bullock and Geoffrey Richard Lighten. Richard is a twin.

Allison, Sara, Gordon and Shauna were all born at St. Vincent Hospital in Portland, Washington, Oregon.

Allison was endowed December 2003 at the Portland Oregon Temple.

Sara was endowed April 23, 2004 (marriage August 7, 2004) at the Portland Oregon Temple.

Gordon was endowed May 21, 2004 at the Portland Oregon Temple.

Sarah's Abraham was born in Alaska, December 10, 1981 to Susan Ruth Nutting and Eric Hanson.

Grandchildren of Gene Lyman Platt and Arlene Vail:

Lisa and Richard Lighten's children:

Geoffrey Richard Lighten, May 9, 1996

204

Emily Eliza Lighten, Naperville, California

Brenna Ann Lighten

Benjamin Platt Lighten

Briant and Micky are expecting their first in September 2004

Amelia's son:

Jackson Briant Platt, born April 19, 1999.

LETTER 229

Cathy Morin, wife of Brad Lyman Morin, Spanish Fork, Utah, December 1997, Hello!

Writing this Christmas newsletter was fun because it's our first newsletter as a couple and as a family. We hope all of our friends and relatives are happy and healthy.

We're doing well. Caleb is six months old [born in June of 1997] and a healthy 19 lbs. 6 oz. (mostly muscle). It looks like he'll have light brown hair and blue eyes. Caleb's a very active little guy and loves to look at everything. He's eager to walk and talk, and we're excited to see what his sense of humor will be like (he used to laugh in his sleep and now finds the funniest things amusing!).

Other than the usual aches and pains from lifting Caleb regularly, Brad and I are doing great! If I didn't tell you earlier, I quit my full-time job at BYU at the end of May. I'm now a stay-at-

home mom and am very busy with the baby. I try to fit cooking, cleaning, exercising, showering, and doing projects during the few hours that the baby naps. Obviously, I don't get all of those things done each day, but the desire is sure there!

Brad is a great dad. He was so helpful while I was in the hospital (the baby was delivered caesarean) and later at home. He adores Caleb and loved to play/tend him, which means he has to really make an effort to get his work done. Brad thinks up the craziest activities and games which Caleb just loves!

We had a busy summer (besides having the baby!). We were in charge of the Morin family reunion (60 people) that was held in July at the Big Rock Candy Mountain (2½ hours south of Provo). Brad did a great job! Understandably I couldn't help as much since I tended the baby. It's really a nice place to hold a family reunion. The cabins/motel rooms are comfortable and roomy. There's a river for swimming, canoeing and rubber rafting, bike trails, and a hot tub. The next Morin family reunion will also be held at Big Rock Candy Mountain (we accepted the family's nomination to be in charge again next year. I think it'll be easier the second time since we've stayed there before and I won't have a brand new, little

baby to tend!).

As you can see from the envelope, we've moved! We finished renovating our home in Provo and sold it at the end of July to move to a larger home in Spanish Fork (ten minutes south of Provo). Our new home has three bedrooms, two baths, a small living room and family room, and an unfinished basement where Brad works (he's self employed). Although we miss our 205

old neighbors and our wonderful garden, grape arbor and fruit trees, our new neighborhood is really nice and many of our neighbors have small children so we fit right in. For those of you who have lived in Utah, Spanish Fork is *really* growing.

Although it's been my family's tradition to hold a family reunion every other Christmas (which would be this year), we'll be spending this Christmas here in Utah. Brad and I will, however, be flying to Orlando, Florida on January 7th through the 11th to see the sights and visit my parents (my parents, sister Debbie and brothers Bob and Tom). We decided to visit Orlando after the holidays when there were fewer crowds.

My parents are doing well and looking forward to seeing Caleb again. We sent them a video of him shortly after he was born. They visited us the first weekend in August to attend his baby shower and participate in the baby's blessing. My parents would like to move back to the West Coast. Right now they're still tending Alex, my youngest brother's son (7 years old). They're hoping Tom will find a job in the West Coast so they can still see Alex frequently but also be near their other grandchildren.

Good news! My oldest brother, Dave, and his wife Joyce, are expecting a baby in May. They think it's a girl, and will know if their impression is correct when they have an ultrasound this month. Because their apartment in Murray (south of Salt Lake City) is too small for a baby, they've been looking for a new home. Many of my family will be coming to Utah to see their baby so we'll have a small family reunion in May or June.

Brad's information retrieval software company is doing well and he recently licensed his product "ProIndex" in Asia. He'd like to license "ProIndex" in every continent, if possible. (Now it's his turn to get a few words in!)

I hope the season is treating all of our friends well. We got the Christmas music out tonight and spent a few minutes driving around with Caleb to see the Christmas lights in the neighborhood. He seemed to enjoy them which was fun for us.

Caleb continues to grow and learn. He seems to like his mom, even though he doesn't like her getting things out of his nose. And he seems to like his dad in spite of all the unfulfilled threats to spank him and put him to bed when fussy (not when Caleb is fussy, when dad is fussy). He seems to be quite a happy child, or at least pretends to a good sense of humor when his daddy tries to be funny. He does get a bang out of having taught dad to dance while he, Caleb, is banging out one of his special tunes on the piano. We have been playing our own version of Hide and Seek. Caleb has learned to not make any noise while hiding with mom from dad. His ready laugh is a delight. The cold weather has put a damper on our daily ten mile bike rides. We had a bike trailer that dad and Caleb have enjoyed a great deal.

We are turning worldly now that we seem to have a steady income from the sales of "ProIndex." I bought a new computer and a ping pong table, both necessary for the growing business. Cathy wastes the rest of our money on frivolous things like diapers, formula, baby clothes, baby furniture, a Christmas tree, etc. I have quit buying mountain bikes for right now.

206

This was short, but remember it is my first official Christmas Newsletter and next year I'll have much more to talk about with the new house and yacht and stuff we get when our ship

comes in. (Note to Cathy's friends who, not knowing me well, might believe something of what I have written. I am not to be taken seriously.) We hope you have a nice Christmas and a wonderful New Year. Brad Lyman Morin, Cathy, and Caleb.

LETTER 230

L. Karen Petty Platt, St. George, Utah, June 10, 1998, To My Husband [Lyman De Platt], My Forever Love, Love is forever between two hearts that share it... As eternal as the tide that breaks upon the shore. Sometimes I can hardly believe I've found someone like you – Someone who's caring, sensitive, and fun to be with, too. Sometimes when I look at you, I think of what we've shared, and treasure all the memories of special ways you've cared... And sometimes when I think of all the joy we'll find together, I know how happy I will be just loving you forever. Happy Birthday, many loves, Karen.

LETTER 231

Joan A. Griffis, 105 Poland Road, Danville, Illinois 61834, August 24, 1998, Dr. Lyman Platt c/o The Teguayo Press, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah 84770, Dear Mr. Platt: Thank you for allowing me to review your book *The World Book of Generations: A Genealogical History*, volume 1. I found it very interesting and enjoyed it very much. I enclose a copy of my August 15th column in Champaign, Illinois' *The News-Gazette*. I hope many of my readers will purchase your book! Sincerely, Joan A. Griffis, Genealogical Columnist, Past President, Illinois State Genealogical Society.

"Book claims to be history of world's earliest people. A very interesting book recently came to my attention, called *World Book of Generations – A Genealogical History*, Volume 1, written by noted author Dr. Lyman Platt. It claims to be a documented history of the earliest people of the world, according to the Bible and other religious documents, starting with Adam.

"As described in the introduction, 'This volume is the first in a series that will uniquely identify all individuals possible, during the early history of the world, using proper research procedures and acceptable referencing standards. It is not presumed that all of the data recorded is totally accurate... Also, some purposeful inaccuracies have been created by record keepers of the past. Some errors have crept into the Holy Bible and other ancient works, either intentionally or by mistake. In the case of the Holy Bible these errors have thrown the chronologies contained therein off by 10 to 13 generations, or by as much as 307 or 407 years, depending on how the dates are calculated.'"

"The first few chapters are titled The Development of World Cultures, Establishing an Accurate View of World History, The Patriarchs from Adam to Abraham, Dispelling the Theory of Evolutionary Time, Population Statistics and Chronology. And this is all in the first sixty-four pages.

207

"I am not an expert on the subject and cannot make a judgment on the accuracy of the findings, since my own religious beliefs are based on the teachings in the Holy Bible rather than some of the sources including those produced by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday

Saints. However, the majority of the work is not Mormon-based or oriented, and all the other sources used by the author are clearly documented. The book also has an extensive bibliography and complete index.

"Platt writes, 'A lot of false material is circulating regarding pedigrees back to Adam and Eve. And much of it has come about as a result of placing historical people and events in the wrong *time era*, thereby creating inaccurate pedigrees. I have begun this six-volume work so that ancient genealogical records can be placed in their *proper time*.'

"The *World Book of Generations*... is a 278-page, paperback, indexed book that costs \$29.95 (including shipping), and can be ordered from The Teguayo Press, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah 84770.

"Platt is the author of over twenty books, including family history, genealogical guides and indexes. An expert in paleography and surname origins, he has developed courses for Brigham Young University and has taught genealogy courses, conferences, and seminars for over twenty years.

"Another recent book of his is *Hispanic Surnames and Family History* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1996).

LETTER 232

From: Anne Leavitt (aleavitt@netutah.com) to: lplatt@infowest.com. Subject: Catching up, [this email references the Leavitt Reunion held at the Joseph Smith Memorial Building in Salt Lake, wherein many Leavitts from the East came and participated for the first time in history with their long-forgotten, but extensive, family from the west.] Date: Sunday, June 28, 1998, Dear Lyman and Karen, I've been remembering all week that I didn't see Lyman at all, and only a few moments with Karen. Obviously, the numbers were so numerous and the attendant tasks and arrangements consumed us so, that we really didn't get to do anything but perform the tasks and see to the arrangements. I hope that you even were able to see the Readers' Theater on Saturday and that you participated in some of the events. We came away feeling that the whole thing was an enormous success. So many lovely moments with the eastern people, and so many connections formed with people not really connected with the Church, who should be.

While we were at the reunion, Matthew [her son] learned that he had been accepted at Dartmouth Medical School. So the day after the reunion, instead of resting and regrouping, we spent [the day] packing them up to leave for their far away adventure. The next day we left for Idaho to bestow presence diplomacy on the Leavitt Group Managers Conference. We returned on Saturday, and today was the first time I was able to look at the disk I bought of the *Leavitts of America* book.

208

I almost turned it off immediately, because I can see that it could consume me, if I am not disciplined. I have a hundred thank you letters to write, and that disk beckons me beguilingly. Is it alright for me to print it off and put it in a binder, so that we can pour over it as we drive, or at night when I am too tired to correspond any more?

I am concerned about whether the reunion experience turned out to be a good thing for you. Did it turn out to be worth all the effort?

We can see that it was very successful from the standpoint of future building connections. If the people went away feeling part of something important and wonderful, then, we are hoping, they will be glad to join the effort and so much good can be done. We'll move ahead with the Sarah Sturtevant statue and surrounding area now, with the same hope.

I don't know if you were aware that Dixie had a heart attack just ten days before the reunion. We got to the hospital in time. He stayed three days in intensive care, and then we took him to Salt Lake City, where they did the stent procedure and placed small stainless steel culverts in his coronary arteries. That was on Monday. On Wednesday he went to the reunion committee meetings, and was very blessed to be able to carry on during the reunion. He is still a bit less than perfectly strong. But today he has carried on a full day of Church interviews and work. Add him to your prayer list. I really believe he is going to be well, but it does give us pause to think deeply. He thinks, but he hasn't slowed much.

We'll see you on whatever day next week in the reunion meeting. I am a little intimidated by

this meeting. The people seem to have an attitude that is a little different than I had expected, but I still think it will be a grand affair and do much good. Love to you both. Anne and Dixie Leavitt.

LETTER 233

Irene Platt Nielsen, Orem, Utah, November 13, 1998, Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah, Dear Lyman, thank you for your timely response to my invitation. I am sorry that you don't feel that you can be a part of our get-together. I don't feel like I want to get into your reasons for not being a part of us, I just want you to know that I didn't extend the invitation to you until I had talked to everyone that I felt might be uncomfortable with your being there. They each felt like you needed to be a part of this gathering, this will be the first time since Mother died that our whole family will be together for Thanksgiving. I'm sorry that you don't feel comfortable being there. I hope that someday we will be able to put all of the past behind us and be a family again.

I have enclosed a talk from Karl Lyman's funeral along with the program and obituary. This talk helped me to remember who I am and the kind of person that I want to be; also a talk that Pam gave at her father's funeral that I thought you might enjoy reading. I was really impressed with both of them. I can't help but feel that our own father is not far behind them. I wish we could resolve all of the differences that are keeping us apart. I love you, Irene Platt Nielsen.

209

LETTER 234

North Ogden, Utah, November 17, 1931, [This is a copy of a letter received by Sara Lyman, daughter of Albert Robison Lyman, from Ruth Perkins Mathews.] Dear Sara, a few lines to let you know that I received your letter and will do the best I can to answer it. The names of my parents were William Perkins and Jane Mathews. Father was born February 1807 in Wales. Mother was born in May 1814 in Wales. The gospel came to them in the winter of 1845. It was new to them, but they obeyed it and were baptized. It was very few people believed in the gospel and was prejudiced against it and it made it hard for father to get work. They had a large family to take care of and it made [it] hard for them to get along but they had faith that the Lord would help them and as soon as they could, the way opened for them to send their children to Zion. Tom came first and I came next and then Mary and her husband, and Joe and Benjamin and Naomi came next and the next year there were thirteen in the family came. I don't know when my father and mother were married but they went through the Endowment House in the fall of 1869 the same day as your grandfather and your grandmother [Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia Robison] were married. My father died in Cedar City in the winter of 1875 and my mother died in the spring of 1879. I would like to give you a better sketch of their lives. From Aunt Ruth.

LETTER 235

McKay Lyman Platt, McMinnville, Oregon, December 16, 1993, To: Lyman D. Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah 84770, Dear Lyman and Karen: I hope things are well for you and Karen. It was nice of you to call last time. Sounds like both of you are very busy in your ward.

Merry Christmas. This is the first year for a while that I've got the Christmas bug. We've been listening to Christmas music since the Thanksgiving dishes were put away and don't plan to stop until New Years. As a family we've decided to go non-commercial this year and avoid the stores. Each of us is going to make a gift for each member of the family and then buy a small gift for one designated member.

We miss Germany and our friends there. McMinnville doesn't yet seem like home. Maybe it

never will, but we're comfortable here and working hard at making this our home. I like the hospital and Dr. Kiser, my partner. I still have my doubts whether the town is large enough to support both of us. Only time will tell.

Our ward, too, seems small. Pam has a job in the stake relief society and I am the young men's president. It's a job I've quickly learned to enjoy. I enjoy the boys and taking them on outings is sheer drudgery. At least that's what I tell Pam. She likes to think I'm sacrificing. The kids have quickly learned to fit in here. Katy and Carly both are bustling around with friends, music, dances, and other activities. They've made best friends with two girls in another LDS family in town. All three of the girls continue to take violin lessons. Eliza is happy. Michael and Eliza share a room and Eliza is his best friend. Moutri, our English springer spaniel is a close second. He is the proximate cause of Pam's ever-more-frequent migraine headaches. Write if you can. We love you, Pam and McKay.

210

LETTER 236

The University of Utah, University Libraries, Marriott Library, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112, February 17, 1998, To: Lyman De Platt, 316 W. 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770, Dear Mr. Platt, on behalf of the Marriott Library Manuscripts Division and its staff, I am pleased to acknowledge your recent generous gift, The Albert R. Lyman Papers.

The materials you have provided will assist the Manuscripts Division in accomplishing its mission of providing primary source documents for students and other researchers. The materials make an important contribution to our holdings, and I thank you for providing them. Sincerely, Nancy V. Young, Head, Manuscripts Division.

LETTER 237

To: Val D. Greenwood, From: Lyman D. Platt, Regarding: Permission to perform sealing of Manuel Vicente Tejada to Rufina Lazo. December 7, 1977, Rufina Lazo, my mother-in-law, lives with my wife and me. She has expressed her desires to be sealed as soon as possible to her former common-law husband, Manuel Vicente Tejada. They lived together between 1920-1929, each being young adults at the time and being each other's first loves. From their union were born four children.

In 1929 Manuel Vicente Tejada became infatuated with another woman and it being politically to his advantage he married her on February 28, 1929. They separated several months later and he tried to return to Rufina Lazo, who said as long as he was married he must not see her. He died several months later, on August 13, 1929 of a massive heart attack. His desires were to be reunited with his family.

His legal wife later remarried and had a happy family life with her new husband and they had several children. She died in September of 1975 several months after I had visited her to obtain some of the family records in her possession.

Several members of the family are here in Utah until after Christmas and permission is requested to have the sealings done, which can be performed this month in the Provo Temple. Your official acceptance of this common-law relationship as being one approved by the Church would coincide with the feelings of all concerned.

LETTER 238

Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, To: President Spencer W. Kimball, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 1, 1984, Dear President: Under normal circumstances I would not write this letter, but I feel a need to do so both for your sake and for that of my wife. Our love for you has increased of late as we have received reports of your not being able to get out and be about what you have done over such a marvelous lifetime of service. Perhaps this is a blessing from the Lord as it is giving you time that because of your great love for others

you would not have taken time to enjoy for yourself. Given the usual activities of a Prophet of the Lord, I would not have felt justified in taking your time to write you a letter, but now the situation warrants it and the Spirit tell me that it is proper and timely.

211

I would like to share with you an experience that my wife had on the last Sunday of May, 1975.

The family had been assigned to take the entire sacrament meeting program that afternoon in the Spring Lake Ward. We had prepared little talks for our children and Bertha was nervous for them and of course for herself. She is from Peru, has lived in the United States since we married in 1965, but still does not like to speak in English even though she does so well. Anyway, as the Lord would have it, loving her as he does, she got sick Saturday night and could not participate with us, so I called my mother to take her place and she stayed home in bed. The result of this was one of the sweetest experiences of her life. I will translate into English what she recorded concerning that afternoon as contained in our Book of Remembrance, section five of testimonies.

The testimony of Bertha Vega on the divine calling of the prophets of God in this dispensation of the fullness of times.

“During the last week of May of 1975 I was reading the *Liahona* in which the talks given by the leaders of the Church in the Area General Conference in Buenos Aires, Argentina, were recorded.

“It was a very inspiring conference and very special to me. As I was reading the first discourse given by President Kimball, I heard a voice very close to my ear say: He is a Prophet of God.

“A feeling of peace and sweetness overpowered me and I continued to read other talks until I arrived at the second one given by President Kimball. I felt once again the same voice telling me: He is a Prophet of God. And for the third time the same voice told me as I read his third talk: He is a Prophet of God.

“Each time that this happened, the same feeling of peace and sweetness came to me and I asked myself over and over “Why have I received this revelation?” I had never doubted that he was a Prophet of God and because of that I had never asked in prayer for a revelation confirming it. Nevertheless, it had been given to me. Now after six months I have found what perhaps the answer to this question is.

“Returning to the time of my conversion to the Church (in Peru), I remember on several opportunities asking in prayer of our Father in Heaven if he would let me know whether Joseph Smith was in truth a Prophet. I never received this answer, but I joined the Church because I felt that it was closer to my religious feelings than any other. Upon knowing by revelation that President Kimball is a Prophet of God, I had the answer to my prayer of whether or not Joseph Smith was a Prophet. Why I have received this blessing at this time I still do not know, but I rejoice in the knowledge that this privilege has given me.”

My wife lost her father when she was six months old. Her mother raised her six children alone in Peru, doing what she knew best – sewing – to provide for them a living. Grandma has lived with us since I returned from Vietnam in 1967 and has been a great blessing to our family. She was the first to join the Church from her family and has led the way for many of

212

her posterity to follow. Anyway, returning to Bertha – she had no father to raise her and only my father, you, and I have played that role for her during the last twenty years. She met you in Lima in 1963 while you were touring the Andes Mission. She was then private secretary to President Sterling Nicolaysen and had the opportunity of eating with you at supper one night

at the Mission Office. She has always remembered that experience and the sweet spirit which you radiated. Since you have been President of the Church these past ten years, she has followed with great love and devotion your service and tried to instill in our twelve children (the 13th is on her way) your teachings and counsels.

I am preparing a special evening of activities for Bertha at some point later this year. I want to honor her as a mother, my sweetheart, and as a faithful daughter of the Father. If you feel up to it in the next few months, could you have Elder Haycock dictate a few lines from you and Sister Kimball to Bertha that I might have read at that special evening for her. I wouldn't ask this under usual circumstances, but I am impressed that this is something that you would like to do and have the time to do. It will be another highlight in her life and I feel will add a special spirit to the evening as well as give our children – descendants of father Lehi – a greater awareness of the role you have played in the lives of their parents.

As Bertha and I sat in the celestial room of the Mexico City temple and listened to Elder Hinckley tell the congregation of his love for you and Elder Romney and how much you had wanted to be there for the dedication, our hearts went out to you and the glory of the experiences we had there intensified our love for all of you as you meet the challenges of your lives. May the Lord bless you and Sister Kimball. At that time I felt that if it were possible the Lord was giving you and your loved ones a feeling also of what we were experiencing. I rejoiced that that might be the possibility.

As I will probably never write to you again, and have never done so to any other Prophet in my lifetime, I would like to leave you with my testimony of the Gospel.

Bertha and I prepare fifty names a day for temple work from the parish of Carhuaz in the Department of Ancash in Peru. We have rejoiced in this work of salvation for those living in the Spirit World, particularly because we are extracting the parish from which her father's ancestors come. In the process we have found one set of great-great-grandparents and have received several visits from individuals of that parish who are so anxious to have their work done that they cannot be kept behind the veil. We feel their presence almost daily as we sit and work for them.

I have spent my life since twelve working almost daily in this glorious work. I have tried to keep it from being a negative influence in the lives of my loved ones by giving them due attention and not pressing genealogical activities on them more than they could bear. Even with that awareness, my children at times have called my office a prison. If I am a prisoner, it is only because I feel so strongly that which they feel in their literal prison in the Spirit World. Certainly this feeling was born with me but has increased as I get older. Bertha and I sent one of our children to the Spirit World to assist in that great missionary effort in 1974. His name was Don Carlos. He has performed marvelously well and has opened the way for a great work there among his mother's people and has assisted us here in our efforts. I have a personal knowledge of his involvement in the work in Peru and Spain and rejoice that my
213

seed can be assured of Eternal Life through him. I am doing all I can as a father to instill this knowledge and my testimony in my children who live here. They are noble and obedient spirits. Our love and prayers are with you and Sister Kimball. Thank you for your examples. Sincerely, Lyman De Platt

LETTER 239

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150, Spencer W. Kimball, President, February 7, 1984, To: Mrs. Lyman De Platt, 50 East North Temple, Genealogical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150, Dear Sister Platt: President Kimball has received a very sweet letter from your husband telling him of your

goodness and worthiness, and the President has asked me to write to you in his behalf inasmuch as he is still convalescent.

President and Sister Kimball commend you for the role you play in this life as a worthy wife and a mother to twelve lovely children, with another one soon to bless your home. Mothers have a sacred role. They are partners with God, as well as with their own husbands, first in giving birth to the Lord's spirit children and then in rearing those children so that they will always serve the Lord and keep His commandments. Could there be a more sacred trust than that?

President and Sister Kimball feel that no better tribute could be paid to you, Sister Platt, than to quote some verses from Proverbs 31:

Who can find a virtuous woman: for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life... She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea; she reacheth forth her hands to the needy... Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth in wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

President Kimball says to be a righteous woman is a glorious thing in any age, but to be a righteous woman during the winding up scenes on this earth before the second coming of our Savior is an especially noble calling for her strength and influence today can be tenfold what it might be in more tranquil times. President and Sister Kimball send their love and blessings to you and to your family, with their kindest wishes. Sincerely yours, D. Arthur Haycock, Secretary to President Kimball.

LETTER 240

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, July 2, 1962, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Brother and Sister Edward Lyman, Dear friends, thank you for all the trouble we have already put you to in our contemplated trip to the River. We have been 214

very alert and ready to go on short notice. But we respect your judgment about the weather and of course we don't want to go without the boys that are working. So we feel all right about the postponement. We can still keep up keen interest in the anticipation of the trip.

The same heat wave visited Arizona. It got 115 at Yuma, 113 at Phoenix, and since that time we have had a little rain. A cloudy condition this morning looks good. We hope that the summer rains will continue from this first little showing and that we will have a good rainy season.

We had good winter moisture that went deep into the earth and grass came good as a result and this year grass stayed green all through June, which was an exception, so if we can get rain now it will be a very profitable season to us. And we can stand that as we have labored under a heavy debt on our cattle for many years.

We have a character in our town that has become famous for this statement: "All there is in farming is good prospects for the next year."

That is the way it has seemed to us in the cattle business. Best regards and love to all.

Please extend greetings to Brother Albert and Sister Gladys. Tell Brother Albert that we have just read his new book *Indians and Outlaws* and enjoyed it. S. Eugene Flake.

LETTER 241

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, September 14, 1962, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Brother and Sister Edward Lyman, dear neighbors, from all we know now we will try to be in Blanding by noon September 26th so that if it is necessary to start that day we will be on hand.

Our country is still dry. We have our yearlings contracted for sale October 19th, so this trip seems to be scheduled for a very appropriate time for us. Kindest personal regards, S. Eugene Flake.

LETTER 242

Kirk Cook Lyman, November 5, 1962, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear folks, just a few lines to say I'm doing fine and enjoying it all except for knocking on doors. We've only had a couple shut in our faces, but then I don't like for anyone to shun me. My companion is from Salt Lake City and a fine fellow. I know I'll learn a lot from him.

Three days after my arrival I had the privilege of baptizing a sixteen year old girl whom the Elders had taught several months ago. They receive the credit in the Lord's eyes, but we do in the eyes of man.

Write if you can find time, but don't expect more than one or two a month from me. Don't worry about helping me out as I'm okay financially. I will be for better than a year and we can see what happens then. Love you all, Kirk Lyman

215

LETTER 243

Sylvan Johnson, Blanding Lumber and Hardware Co., Inc., Box 571, Blanding, Utah; Phone: 678-2081. September 18, 1972. To Edward P. Lyman. Dear Brother Lyman, Just a few lines to let you know that I am thinking about you a lot. I am very sorry to hear that you are not feeling very well and hope that you can improve enough to come back to Blanding. I miss you when you don't come in the store to buy a screw or a bolt or a nut!!

We especially miss you in the High Priest class. I am used to having both you and Brother Albert Lyman on the front row to keep me from teaching false doctrine!!

We think of you and talk of you in the quorum. We love you and hope you can return soon. Best regards, Sylvan Johnson.

LETTER 244

Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, March 13, 1968 [this was Irene Perkins Lyman's next to the last letter to her daughter Allie.]

Allie and family, all your [letters] were just what I needed. There wasn't anything that could have meant so much to me. I read and re-read your letters. They are such darling letters. Your children will never know how much they meant to me. Please keep up the good works. I have them or had them read and re-read them. Please write again. They mean so much to me. They were the best birthday gifts I have. It is hard for me to write more. [Guen Lyman Smith, "Quince," finished the letter for her.] What would I do without all these good people that come take pity on me? It's March 14th now and I'm here to spend two or three hours with Aunt Irene (this is Guen). She wanted me to tell you that Gary and Patsy Bishop Godwin are here in Blanding and Uncle Edward has taken them out somewhere to see some of the country.

Aunty says she'll be looking forward to seeing you when you can come, and of course Uncle Edward will too.

Guess you've heard from Almon lately about how he's getting along. It must have been a real treat to get out of the hospital for a short time like he was planning.

Aunt Irene isn't feeling too well today, so of course doesn't feel like writing, but says she'll

try to write soon. She sends her love and I mine, Quince.

LETTER 245

Gladys Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, April 11, 1968, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Sunday evening. Dear Allie, guess word from down here doesn't come so often that you can't accept another note. I was just up to your folks. Your mother had quite a poor night and day. After I made her a cup of peppermint tea she got rid of a lot of gas and her kidneys acted quite freely so that she was much relieved.

216

I think your father is going to go tomorrow with our kids down to Bluff and take the trip I spoke of [that] we were contemplating. I won't go because I'm afraid my leg would balk and that would spoil the fun for everyone. Love to all of you, Aunt Gladys and Uncle Albert.

LETTER 246

Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, April 11, 1968, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie, we're so glad you got to go see Rene and do hope you're not overdoing. Kay brought one of his TV's over and we enjoyed watching conference on it. We haven't heard from Almon since he thought he was going to leave the hospital, but we're hoping we'll hear from him soon.

We were so glad to hear from the boys that are going away. Tell them we appreciate it and hope Gene soon knows where he's at. Love, Mother.

Allie, it's always good to see and hear you and we did appreciate seeing Almon the last of March when we were in Los Angeles. Love to all, Quince.

LETTER 247

Ellen Lyman Atkin, Cedar City, Utah, October 1972, Sunday, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Little Allie: as you no doubt noticed by the typing in this other letter, I am still struggling with this electric typewriter. I wonder if I will ever be able to do as well on it as I have been doing on the manual all these years. But you know, when a person "types 130 words a minute," he's entitled to some mistakes.

We were so glad to get your letter the other day, and appreciate you letting us know about your father. We are all much concerned in his progress. Enone and some of the other girls have been good to let us hear about him for which we are appreciative. We do hope that he will not have to suffer. I can imagine how grateful he is for you and Rene and Kay and Bob. Daddy has told me so many times how he appreciates what is being done for him. I think he and Aunt Gladys both had such a dread of the possibility of maybe having to go to a rest home sometime, he can't be grateful enough for a home to go to. When I was in Blanding with the folks just before Aunt Gladys went, a Mrs. Taylor from Moab came to the house and told Daddy about her husband there in the rest home. They called him Bish Taylor, and asked daddy if he would go there and visit her husband. They are not members of the Church and daddy didn't even know them, but had heard of Mr. Taylor, as he had at one time, had a printing press there and put out a county paper. So I took the folks up to meet Mr. Taylor. He had had a stroke and could not speak. He could hear and understand (most of the time), but when we went into his room and daddy told him who he was, and that his wife had asked that he go there to speak to him, he tried to communicate with daddy, and couldn't get through to him what he wanted to say, and then he broke down and cried like a little kid, a great big man – right out loud, and it was a heart-breaking scene. When we came out of there, both of the folks said they hope they would never have to go to a rest home. I assured them that they would neither one ever go to a home as long as I could care for them. Aunt Gladys went the next day, and I have thought of it a lot since then. Having our dear parents with us in our

217

homes, is an honor and privilege, and I just hope we can do for them the things that need to be done for their comfort and happiness.

We have always loved your dad and mother and you kids as part of our own family and we still do. We are much interested in each of you and what goes on.

Daddy keeps busy – but some days I wonder how in the world he can keep going. He gets so bent over and drags his feet like he didn't have an ounce of strength, and then again, he seems to get new strength "from whence ye know not of." He is amazing. I do much typing for him, much reading and visiting and we have taken him in many places of interest around here – Lehman's Caves, Colorado City, Pine Valley, Mountain Meadows, and he has had many speaking engagements in the different wards, both in Cedar and in the surrounding areas [Newcastle, Leeds, Hurricane, St. George]. Right now, he has four engagements, all of them in other towns except one here at the Indian Branch, so he keeps occupied, and this is of course what he wants to do.

Give your dear dad our love and best wishes, and assure him he is in our thoughts and prayers each day. Love Ellen Lyman Atkin.

LETTER 248

Casse Lyman Monson, October 18, 1972, Allie Lyman, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie, I know you are exhausted both in mind and body and I know the awful emptiness, but I also know the sweet peace and assurance that comes to us where we have done the best we could do to help and ease our dear ones of their distress. No one would have been more kind and gentle than you have been. I am sure you are an angel in the eyes and heart of your dear father. Your family has done for him what must be done, and, even though it has been hard, it is something you will all cherish in your hearts always. Rene and her family have been just as willing and I'm sure would have taken him just as gladly. You are all such dear kids.

I will miss Uncle Shi – we had a good friendship and I've treasured it since I was a very little girl. I feel sorry that I could not help you care for him. But I guess my own raw feelings were too susceptible to his suffering. It wrung my heart to see him suffer and I was too panty-waist to stay – anyway I am not sure he would have wanted me caring for him.

My father is surely frail and could just go like a sigh any time, but he still struggles to carry on as ever – I do not know how long he can. Ellen is so good to him.

Well, Allie dear, perhaps you can settle down to normal again, but it will just never be the same, an era is gone, a way of life is past and it has come and gone so gradually that we didn't even realize what was happening.

My love and prayers always for your well-being and that of your family and Rene's and the rest of Uncle Shi's kids. Casse Lyman Monson.

218

LETTER 249

Kirk Cook Lyman, December 10, 1962, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear folks, again it's time to do my weekly and welcome washing and writing.

Everything is going fine here. I'm still having pretty severe headaches, but I don't guess I'll ever get rid of them as long as I live.

No baptisms since the family of five, but a lot of high hopes and fine people to work with. It's really a wonderful work and I enjoy it very much.

A week ago today I took a youth missionary with me to meet a Baptist minister. He's a fine man to talk to, but not to teach. It was a new experience for me to, as it was my first time on my own. I sure appreciate my senior companion now.

I had all six discussions learned in 5½ weeks, which is pretty good. I have to keep going over them to retain them, but I never could memorize too good.

D & C 121:45-46 are two of the biggest helps a fellow could ask for when he begins to doubt if he's doing the right things or not. Thanks.

Grandma, in answer to your question: if you want to send candy and cookies, okay. But I'm allergic to chocolate so it won't do any good to send any with chocolate in them. Okay?

God bless you all and hope you enjoy the winter spirit of Christmas. Love always, Kirk

Lyman

LETTER 250

Gene Lyman Platt, Hawaii [Missionary Training Center], 1968, Dear Family, I'm writing this on real paper rather than the orange stuff 'cause I've got fifteen minutes left before we go into companion exchange and I don't feel like studying for a minute. Reason: I just gave to myself all I've memorized of the discussions – 1st, 2nd and part of the 3rd in one hour and forty-five minutes and my little brain is tired.

Don't worry dad about my getting the language. If I do my part, the Lord must do His and He is helping me immensely. We've got it worked out so that Wednesday morning we will be on the last line of the third discussion; timed exactly right. One of us, Elder Lyon, will have four discussions. Three of us: elders Hansen, Christensen and Platt, will have three discussions.

And the other two, Bunkall and Adams, will have one and two discussions respectively. I am really encouraged by how well the work is going here, but I am really scared about doing the actual proselyting. I guess it'll come easy some day.

Well, by next week, we'll know how many new elders will come right after us. We know of two that were called (Scott Berryessa being one) but some more will be called on Thursday, today. Depending on the number, we'll know how many of us will be senior companions

219

after two months. Incidentally, three discussions is what you must know to become a senior companion, plus of course some actual conversation and experience. Scary – wow!

Thanks so much for taking time to write, McKay, dad of course, and steadfast mom. I enjoyed the letters immensely. I hope, dad, that the family will become closer to the Lord.

We're going to have to or we're not going to make it in the trying years to come. I hope the family sees the necessity of knowing enough about this church to be able to withstand the temptations and hardships that will face us. I realize now that I was kind of just drifting with the tide but you'll never make it to shore without swimming. I now have a desire to know the scriptures and to become as close to the Lord as possible. I hope I can. I'm hoping that I won't be a missionary for just two years but for the rest of my life.

McKay, I am sorry, but my schedule is full to the point that I don't get anything done but studies and necessities. I really don't see how I'll be able to send you any maps.

Every day at the cafeteria, I eat enough fresh sliced pineapple to last the whole family for a week. Aren't you jealous dad; boy it's good.

We may not be leaving on Thursday as planned. Japanese airlines are on strike so we may stick around for a while. After we get in Hong Kong I'll probably spend the \$100 left in traveler's checks on language materials plus the \$50 or \$70 first on the stuff I must have, then on a camera. I need three more pairs of slacks, two more short-sleeved shirts and maybe a good cheap suit (doubtful). Hopefully I'll have some money left over for a good camera – oh well.

Oh yes, President Hill, first counselor in the mission presidency, told me there have been five elders called for the next group. Well, there goes the easy life I had hoped for.

As each day goes by, a little more of the glory of my call is lost and a little more of the realization of its magnitude is gained. I've been here six weeks and know about enough to cover the bottom of the bucket. Maybe after a year, I'll get to the point where I can feel

comfortable with the language. Thursday I gave my teacher the second discussion, got a really good score and felt very good. But today I gave him a simulated cottage meeting and didn't do so hot. I'm pretty discouraged now but it won't last for long, hopefully.

At places in this letter, I don't sound like #4 son but it's me just a little wiser, a little more humble and perhaps a little more mature, but still ugly. Don't write back. They're not forwarding the mail. I'll write again from Bangkok. Love always, #4

LETTER 251

Paul Lyman, September 5, 1972. Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandpa, It seems a long time since I have been able to see you. I remember well the things I was able to learn from you the one summer I was in Blanding: irrigating, planting, hauling hay, fixing fences, trapping gophers. Those things I remember well. But more important I think are those things that you taught me by your actions and attitudes which I didn't realize until later.

220

At times in my life I've looked at adults and parents, relatives, and friends, people I loved, and thought "Why are they such different people?" or "Why are they different from others?" Often I even thought they were a bit funny or peculiar. But now, I've come to know the gospel to some degree and can appreciate why you and others are different from those who don't have the gospel.

I am very thankful to you Grandpa, for the good example you've always been for me. I think that I am an indirect result of your teaching as a father. May the Lord bless you always, Love, your grandson, Elder Paul Lyman.

LETTER 252

Michelle and Kay, 6 East Oak Avenue, Flagstaff, Arizona, 86001, May 1968, Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Uncle Edward, my heart is with you and I wish I could come by, but we are moving today and it's hectic. My heart and thoughts will be with you and in the time to come. We do wish we could be there for the funeral and to be near to help. Do remember we love you and hope that the Lord will bless you in your sorrow. With love, Michelle and Kay.

LETTER 253

Oral Johnson, May 24, 1968, Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Uncle Edward, mother just called me to let us know about your loss. My heart aches for you, but how happy we must all be that Aunt Irene doesn't have to suffer more.

Words are so inadequate but I do want you to know our love and faith are with you now and always. Sincerely, Oral Johnson.

LETTER 254

Iris McCoy, Saturday, May 25, 1968, Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My dear Uncle Edward and all the family (its seems so strange to start a letter this way) how I wish there were some way I could help ease your sorrow and loneliness. I'm sure there are many who will say the same words and many more who will think them.

Aunt Irene was one of God's chosen people – her true happiness was serving others both her own loved ones and those she barely knew. She was loyal and staunch in her love of family and of the gospel and I'm sure was welcomed by many loved ones and friends on the other side.

I consider myself very fortunate to have been in her home as a child and have her in ours. She and her sisters, including my own dear mother were examples of Latter-day Saint wives and mothers who have helped me over many trying times. I loved her but more I respected and admired her.

Tim joins with me in sending our love and sympathy. May God be with you. Much love, Iris

and family.

221

LETTER 255

Joy Lyman Olson, Husum, Washington, May 26, 1968, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandpa, I don't know what an inexperienced granddaughter can say or do for her wise, strong grandfather, but I do want you to know that I care about grandma and about you. I care about daddy because she was his mommy and I treasure his stories of his mother and father.

Because close deaths are such a new experience to me it's very hard for me to sort out my feelings let alone express them, you understand, don't you?

I know the Lord will be good to you. He understands and he cares, too, especially for someone like you.

Grandma never got to see our little Tanja. She wanted to and we wanted her and all of you to see her to. So here she is. I'm thinking and praying for you, so don't do anything grandma wouldn't want you to do. Love, Joy.

LETTER 256

Grant Lyman Reeve, 5072 Conde Court, Fremont, California, May 26, 1968, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Uncle Edward and Beloved Family, we just heard Friday night from Wilbur about the passing of Aunt Irene. We were sorry to hear of it and our hearts are turned to you folks in your time of loss and sorrow. We did hear of her illness last winter but had no recent news as to how she was.

Wilbur told us that Almon is now an out-patient in Los Angeles and that his wife was with him. We hope and pray with you that he will continue to gain in strength and that his kidney will continue to function for his good.

We are sorry to be this far away when times of crisis come to our kinfolk. If we were still in Salt Lake, we could come down to be with you, and we would have gone down when Lucretia passed on.

As it is, we send our love and our deep sympathy to you all. We are praying for your comfort and the deep and abiding peace that comes from our knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Our family here is fine, growing fast. Our biggest boy has filled his mission and is back at the University of California. Our 2nd is on a mission in Eastern Canada. We have two lovely girls in high school and an active four-year old at home. We are all well, busy, active in the Church and grateful for our blessings. We send our love to each and everyone of Aunt Irene's fine family. Grant L. Reeve, Lola Dawn and family.

222

LETTER 257

Caroline Lyman [daughter of Almon P. Lyman], August 28, 1972, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear grandpa, I hear you aren't feeling so well, but Aunt Allie says your attitude is great. Grandpa, I'm so proud of you and grateful to be your granddaughter.

Chris has five days off in about three weeks and we plan to come see you. I'll call Aunt Allie to see if you are in Provo or Blanding. I have a picture of daddy in my kitchen and Corrina calls it Grandpa Lyman. Grandpa is "graba" and Lyman is "lym" but she's learning. I remember all the stories daddy told me about you and his grandpa and I hope I can pass some of these stories on to my children.

We moved this last week, from our bedroom apartment to a two-bedroom cottage. Corrina is so happy to be able to play outside. She sits on the front porch and says hi to everybody that walks by. I put Eddie in the play pen on the porch and he throws all his toys out so Corrina will pick them up. Our cottage is old and I had to clean it up and I'm going to make some

bright pillows and re-make some of the curtains.

Mother sold her house and she'll be moving shortly. Ed comes home Tuesday and after he has his Eagle Scout presentation, they'll go to Oregon to see what they can find. Mother is going to get a four-plex. Grandma wants a mobile home.

Grandpa I pray for your happiness and that you won't have lots of pain. I love you lots.

Carolyn and family.

LETTER 258

Ben E. Lewis, June 4, 1968, Provo, Utah, To: Mrs. Allie Platt, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah, Dear Allie, I have just learned that your mother passed away this past week. We were surely sorry to hear of this. We extend to you our sympathy and our wish that everything will work out satisfactorily. We do take a great deal of hope and satisfaction in knowing that life is eternal, that she still lives, and that we will be able to be with her again if we live worthily. We appreciate you and all you do and your wonderful spirit. Sincerely, Ben. E. Lewis.

LETTER 259

RaeLeen Lyman, Idaho, [Probably June, 1968; the first part of the letter is missing], Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, ... my special thanks to Grandpa for the love he and Grandma shared with my family over the years. I surely miss Grandma and her lovely letters. It seems they were my bond to the family and that was gone in her passing. I do love my family each and every one of you, wherever you may be. My own little family seems to be growing up from under me and they surely are a blessing and an inspiration to me.

Well, dear ones, I must close and get to the post office. Take care and may God bless you, I love you dearly, RaeLeen, Larry, Valeena, Roberta, Larry K. [RaeLeen is a daughter of Uncle Bob].

223

LETTER 260

Gene Lyman Platt, Hawaii, received August 4, 1969, Dear Mom, sorry about that letter last week. It wasn't too informative was it? Well, generally I'm over my cold. I still have a bad cough and a sore throat, but I feel much better. I'm glad you were able to travel and relax a little over the week. I'll bet grandpa was glad to see you. I wish I could have been there but I'm glad I wasn't I'm having a good time here and it is so satisfying to actually learn and perform well. Last night I gave my teacher the first discussion in Thai in one hour and five minutes. The mission time is one hour, so I'm getting there. I'm even beginning to think in Thai, which is something. I'm able to converse simply with our Thai teacher and it's very great. Chances are that our four month training period before being senior companions is now cut down to two. Probably two of the four of us will have to be seniors after two months; quite humbling, huh?

Up to now I don't feel like I'm really on a mission, but I'm really going to get slapped after a week in Thailand. It's getting so close that it's scary. I'm trying to realize that I am so small and this work is so great. I won't be able to make it alone. I just wish I could always be as humble as when I think of this. Humility is one of my big problems; plus the fact that my bubbling humor and my big mouth get me into trouble quite often. I must change and I will sooner or later; hopefully sooner.

I think I'll be sending home one or two suits, gray and green; both are either too hot or too wild. Elder Hansen and I will send them together, so they'll end up at his house. His parents may bring them down or not, but they'll be safe there. My shirts will all be chopped off to short sleeves as soon as I get there to Thailand.

Money: I've still got \$2.00 left, which will probably last me here, but I may have to write out \$5.00 to get me away. The tape recorder in Hong Kong will cost \$80.00, so that will leave me

\$20.00 to get books, equipment, etc. (out of my traveler's checks). Plus I need a camera. I'll miss the best part of my mission without a camera. So will you take the money out of the credit union that is mine (\$50 or \$70, I forget) and put in the checking account so I can buy that camera. I'll be sending the slides home. I guess I'll have to depend on you and Joe to get me started in school.

Guess what? Blush! Blush! Two sisters that live next door to Colleen Johnston in Provo came right into the language training mission and asked for me. Embarrassed – wow! Well we talked for five minutes; then they were kicked out. But, when the zone went to the Polynesian Cultural Center on Friday night, they were there took and the dumb broads don't know that missionaries are supposed to be aloof from those things. Anyway, I came out embarrassed and now it's the big joke in the zone that I have secret meetings with those girls. They are leaving today, thank heaven. It makes for interesting gossip though.

I am having a few patience problems with Elder Lyon. He is so brilliant that he doesn't realize others aren't. He doesn't realize that he annoys me. That's part of the mission: I'll make it. Well, keep writing and you know I love and appreciate you. Roberta, all of the elders are hoping they come home with me because I'll have a cute sister at the airport. That's the only way to come home to a girl: as a sister. Love #4.

224

LETTER 261

From: Patricia Platt Hamblin, Highland, Utah, To: Lyman D. Platt, 2191 S. 2200 E., New Harmony, Utah, sent: January 30, 2004, Dad, I'm sorry to hear about all the health problems everyone is having. Are you OK? Be honest!! This is the letter I originally sent you. I have been wanting to talk to you about some thoughts that I have been having. First of all I wanted to thank you for the book about Amasa Lyman. When I picked it up and started to read the first few pages, the tears started pouring and they were uncontrollable. Dru thought I had finally gone mad. But it reminded me of the special times that you and I shared, in my youth, when we would go on trips south. I remember meeting all the little old people that were my ancestors. I couldn't tell you who they were now; I just remember the feeling of being surrounded by special, sweet, little, old people. I also remember loving to sit around listening to their stories, while all the other children were playing elsewhere.

I was also reminded of the great sacrifices that you have made to make your life's work, one that may not hold much water in the world, but one that will affect your posterity and one that will hold much more importance in the world to come.

Dru and I went to Arizona a week ago for a convention I had, to do with this scrap booking company I'm working with. While I was there I had the opportunity to go to the Heard Museum. There I was once again bombarded with the constant thoughts of grandma and Jacob Hamblin, and the love that they had for the Indians. I have had several occasions where I have felt grandma, and I'm not sure exactly what it is she is trying to tell me, but I know it has something to do with the Indian's culture. So while at this museum, I was so overwhelmed with emotions. I'm still not clear as to what I am to do with these thoughts and feelings that engulfed me. I'm sure if I was to relay this experience to anyone else other than you or Dru, I would be looked at as a crazy woman. But you know from past experiences with me that this isn't the case.

The other night I also had a dream. Grandma was there and someone who went by the name Grandma Lyman. It had something to do with work that was found or to be found in Nauvoo. There was fighting going on between me and Roberta and Ed, and others which was odd, because I don't have any bad feelings there. The consensus was that they were able to put time and money into research that was found but they didn't want anyone else to be involved

in doing the temple work. They wanted to choose who would do it and who wouldn't and I was telling them that the grandmas were mad, that this is not what they wanted nor was it the way that the Spirit of Elijah works. There were McKay and Bruce in the corner talking and trying to console me, and several other little weird things. I woke up feeling frustrated and surprised, because I have no idea where this came from. Maybe you can shed some light into this. I know I'm odd, but what can I say. Look whose daughter I am. Ha, Ha.

My health is not good. I have been going through a series of tests and when I know more I will let you know. It does look like I will be having a couple of surgeries though.

Well, just a few thoughts for you. I love you and hope that your autobiography is coming along. I would hate for your posterity to not know who you truly are, the good and the bad,
225

because that is where we really learn about the person that we love. Lots of love, your daughter, Patty.

LETTER 262

Platte DeAlton Lyman, 20 Bishops Grove, Balls Pond Road, Islington, London, March 26, 1869, Adelia Robison Lyman, Scipio, Utah, My dear Adelia, I must ask pardon for my neglect in not writing as I have been very busy of late and besides have been waiting for a letter from home for some time. My last letter from you reached me on the 27th of last month and my last from mother was on the 15th of same month, which was the date of my last letter to you.

My health still keeps good so that I am enabled to attend to all my duties in a very satisfactory manner to myself. On Saturday the 20th instant I, in company with Brother Farnsworth, went to Nottingham to attend a conference where we met President Carrington and some twelve or fourteen of our brethren from the Valley and had a splendid time, stayed over Monday and on Tuesday I came down to Leicester with brother William Homer where we stayed over night then the following day brother James Sharp and I came on to London where we arrived all OK.

28th Not feeling very well, I laid your letter over and now that I have a little leisure I will improve by finishing my letter. Last evening when I returned to the place I found a number of letters and papers from the Valley which have been accumulating on the road since the 13th of February. By this you will see I have endured quite a dearth of news.

Orson Holbrook is suffering from impaired health and will most likely leave with the first emigration. The other boys are well as far as I know at present.

I have no news at present with regard to emigration. You need not look for me until you see me, which will most likely not be before 1870, so do not raise any expectations that may be ruthlessly destroyed. I am enjoying myself as much as circumstances will permit and when I am blessed with plenty of good news from home I feel very well satisfied to stay. I hope you will improve your writing propensities as soon as possible so that I may get longer letters and more frequently. Do not be too sanguine about my return and allow yourself to be disappointed for it is all right whether I go or stay as long as I do right. Just keep your courage good and all will be well with you and the time will soon come when we will meet again and enjoy the society of each other and our friends.

I got a letter from Bishop Callister yesterday written from Salt Lake City. It was very brief but I was very glad to receive it as it was the first time I have heard from him. Please tell Alonzo that I can get him a double barreled shot gun for £3 to 5 equal to \$15 or \$25 in gold. He had better get a check there on the Liverpool office here as it will be more advantageous than changing greenbacks here at a discount. I must close now and shall write again in about two weeks. Kind love to all friends and relatives with best wishes for your welfare, I am

yours most affectionately. Platte D. Lyman.

226

LETTER 263

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, June 7, 1900, Albert R. Lyman, Bradford, England, My dear son Albert. Your letter of the 6th came to hand yesterday evening. I was very glad to hear from you, and to know that you were enjoying your labors so well. I am well and have had a good time generally in visiting the conferences since I last saw you; although I have suffered a slight feeling of disappointment because you were deprived of the privilege of making the trip with me as I had anticipated. However, there has surely been no other way possible for me but to return at once after each Sunday. The re-opening of our emigration that has been so long held back has made a great deal of work for us here. And having our people go from here has added materially to my personal labor as I desire to see each company located, berthed, etc. Last week was by far the busiest week I have had since my arrival here. Today we have started off two companies. One of thirty-five in the *New England* for Boston under the care of President George Ruff, and one of twenty Hollanders for Montreal in the *Cambraman* under the direction of one of the Elders from Holland. Some of our people going by way of Montreal will be shipped by train down to Boston and from there westward going by way of the Denver and Rio Grande. Brother Halton and family went today, making quite a hole in our little branch here in Liverpool. They go to Logan where he has a promise of work on the *Journal*. We have employed a new man by the name of Foggs as printer. He is a non-Mormon but appears to be a very nice man. Sister Hutchinson is off on a visit for ten days or more among some of her children. I went to Belfast Saturday night and Sunday morning and returned Monday night. We have still four conferences to attend, and we will have one more company of emigrants for this month and two for July.

I cannot remember when I had a letter from Bluff. It is certainly a long time ago. And I suppose they are all well or we would surely hear from them. Write occasionally and I will always answer; although I may sometimes be a little slow in doing so. Remember me to President Benson, the Elders and Sister Heap. May the Lord bless you my son is the prayer of your affectionate father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 264

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, June 13, 1900, [not addressed to anyone in the header, but it is written to his wife Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah], I will write a little more as there is plenty of time. There has been very little to do today and as a consequence the day has dragged along rather slowly and I am a bit lonesome. If Bluff was not more than ten miles away, I should surely drop in occasionally when the time hangs on my hands like it has today, but this is unusual and I am glad of it too. I would not like to do mission work close to home. I think this is just about the right distance away, although there are times when I should appreciate the privilege of asking counsel of the Brethren at home. It is a little more lonesome than usual here on account of so many of our folks being absent; Brother McMurrin is still in Germany and Brother Wooton has gone
227

to Paris to see the fair and Sister Hutchinson is off on a visit to some of her children, so that our family is quite small. And then after all "there is no place like home."

As I went to conference on Sunday I took the *Deseret News* with me and in the train opened it to read the news, and was horrified to find on the first page a full account of the shocking murder of poor Jack Tyler. It made me feel sad all day. To think that our part of the state is infested with such devils in human form and undoubtedly they are some of the same class

pass through our town occasionally, come into our gatherings and perhaps sometimes dance with our girls. Poor Jack, as a boy and man he was one of the most peaceable and harmless that ever lived and never raised his hand against his fellowman but in the interests of order and the protection of human rights. No doubt he will receive quite as good a reward as some who have made themselves much more prominent in this life. "Peace to his ashes." I do not think he needs to fear to meet the Master when the judgment day shall come. Somehow I felt thankful there was no wife or children to mourn his loss. Perhaps there are none who are nearer to him than you and I. Poor Jack.

I am sorry to hear of Aunt Jodie's failing health. Kindly remember me to her, and tell her that R. G. McQuarrie of St. George now laboring in Scotland inquired affectionately after her and wished to be remembered to her. As ever, your loving husband and father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 265

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, June 12, 1900, Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Adelia, Your letter of May 16th came to hand four days ago. I was very glad to hear from you. I think you have been very good to write and you may be assured your thoughtfulness is appreciated. I had a letter from Albert the day before in which he referred to the infrequency of home letters of late and I fancied I could detect just a shade of homesickness in his letter. I wrote back to him and sent him a letter from Uncle Jodie which is one of the latest I had from Utah. I did not send your letter down to him when it came as I frequently do, as I thought that more than likely some of you had written to him by the same mail. I think perhaps you may have neglected him a little through pressure of work at home. However, I think between you and the girls he ought to have a letter once in two weeks. But don't suggest to any girls *but our own* to write to him. It is better for him to be entirely free in regard to girls when he goes home.

I want you to write to him regularly whether you do so to me or not. For I have much to take up my time and occupy my attention that I would not miss the letters like he does. I am going every week and have a number of letters every day and although they are not home letters, and some of them are anything but cheery, they all help to take up time and require answering. So I have very little time to get lonesome. He says he is feeling well, and I know he is very much interested in his work.

Now for Sister Stevens case. I wrote once to you and once to Wayne in relation to this matter and I would be very pleased to say or do anything to help her for I know she needs all she can get and more too. I have at present no recollection of the calf which Monroe refers to being branded in a mistake. But I remember distinctly a cow and a calf of Abigail's in the bunch at that time. The cow and calf that I told her about I remember quite well, and I think Wayne

228

perhaps will, but that was a heifer calf about six years ago. I have seen nothing of hers on the range since then, but the old bull which Eddie drove away to Fruitland some two or three years ago [Remainder of letter missing.]

LETTER 266

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, June 29, 1900, Mr. Albert R. Lyman, Bradford, England, Dear Son, I enclose letters from Mary and Wayne which may be interesting to you. After reading them you may return them to me. I have no especial news from home other than that contained in the letters.

I go tomorrow to Cardiff to attend the last of the series of spring conferences. Next week we will send away two small companies of Elders and Saints. How are you off for cash? I wish you would send me a copy of your account with this office.

Remember me to President Benson and the Brethren and Sister Heap, your affectionate

father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 267

Albert Robison Lyman, 41 Thirkill Terrace, Spring Hill at Bradford, Yorkshire, England, July 5th 1900, Mary Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Sister Mary Lyman and the Folks, I received your welcome letter this morning and read it over carefully. I am always much pleased to hear from you and learn that you are well. Several days ago I received a letter from Monroe Redd, and was well pleased with it. I hardly know what has become of Joseph. He has been owing me a letter for several months. But then, there are some who have written to me and I haven't taken time to answer their letters. I have been fixing up the accounts of the Leeds Conference for June and it was quite a tiresome job. There was the debt and credit account to balance, copy them in ink, make out another and send to Liverpool besides making out the quarterly statements for the *Star* subscribers and also receipts for every tithe payer, if the amount be no more than ½ d (one cent). In fact I have filled tithing blank receipts for children whose tithing was a half penny. The work took me the greater part of four days. It is as good as studying arithmetic, though it makes my head ache to stay with it too long at a time.

As I have said before, I am coming to make use of all my time, as I know this mission and chance for study won't last forever. In tracting I run against all kinds of people, and sometimes, have to meet the arguments of the learned who quote the words of infidels and agnostics, such as Tom Paine, Voltaire, Gibbon, etc., so I resolved to become acquainted with their pet authors and borrowed from the free library Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* and have went through the greater part of his argument against Christianity and must say that he makes quite a strong stand. While I think he has done very well against apostate Christianity (for he wrote in 1791) he could not say as much against Mormonism if he tried. Yet I wouldn't advise anyone to read his book without first getting a testimony of the Gospel.

229

I met some people who seem to know the Bible from beginning to end, and make desperate efforts to convert me, but as far as their efforts are concerned, I am still the same. People don't convert Mormon Elders even if the Elders can't convert them.

But I tell you, I have some investigators that I love, chief among which is a Mr. Metcalfe, his wife and father. Mr. Metcalfe reminds me of Wayne, and his wife is as lovable a woman as you would wish to meet. They have two fine little boys that I also think a good deal of. The father "grand dad" they call him (for that name is no reproach with them) is old and feeble with a long white beard, stained with the snuff he takes, and he is an old friend of Brother Naisbitt, in fact they were apprenticed together over half a century ago. I was at the Metcalfe home last night, and had a fine time. They had me tell them what cowboy life [was all about] but in all that I said, I was teaching up to the subject of religion on which we last began to talk, and it made me feel fine. They were at meeting last Sunday in Bradford, and I had the pleasure of preaching. I had visited them before, and when they entered our hall last Sunday, I felt as though I wanted to jump right upon the table and begin to preach, but all I could do was to hope and pray that I might be the first speaker, which fell out to be the case, and I was filled with the testimony I wanted to bear to them. I cannot describe to you the love we have for investigators, and the hopes we have that they might see the light. I imagine we hope and pray for them, something as a mother does for her infant. I notice the Elders love their own converts more than anybody else's converts and I suppose it is like Paul felt when he called his converts his children, and termed himself their father.

Well, you probably had a fine time yesterday, celebrating the 4th and last night a dance in all probability. I would liked to have danced one measure with you; could imagine about what it

would be like in your dancing hall, for that is, I suppose, where the dances are now. But never mind, we'll take an extra swing or two after my return, and our laugh will be all the more merry as we remember that we have just met after a long separation. Let us not pine away waiting for that coveted time, but be romantic and scorn every thought of melancholy despair. Let us imitate the courage and determination of Greek and Roman heroes for if they could show great fortitude, because they had been taught it, and believed it to be true, we surely can cheerfully make sacrifice of feelings for a cause that we *know* to be right. But then it supposeth me that I am speaking to myself, while I pretend to speak to you.

I shall now tell some news. Last night I passed a crowd on the street and went to see what they were looking at; it was a lady, respectfully dressed, but lying flat on the pavement and held by about five men. They said she was in a fit, but the way she shook, the men that were holding her, indicated that she was possessed of supernatural strength and I left with the belief that she had a devil.

A day or two ago I went to a Catholic meeting, and must say, though perhaps I am prejudiced, that I was thoroughly disgusted. I didn't wonder that Paine condemned it as a "mythology" and a "mysticism," and if you could see the way they cross themselves, bow to the image of the Virgin Mary, and cry "amen" to a lot of Latin gibberish, that they don't understand, I don't know what you would think; probably you would regard it as we regard the superstitions of the Indians. But, however devout or sincere they may have been, they were careful not only to have a receptacle at the door for the money people wished to give, but to pass a collection box twice till the money they didn't have the temerity to refuse to

230
give. Whatever else it may have been it was a money making scheme and would soon come to an end if people should cease to patronize it, and its priests would find a more honorable business. I try to look at such things with an unbiased eye, and while some that I have seen is good as far as it goes, such as "Salvation Army," "Jewish," etc. I have no love for Catholicism. And moreover, Catholics have always refused to have anything to do with me when I wanted to talk with them. But I better stop or this will be an anti-Catholic epistle. You remember you promised to send me a photo, and I will be pleased to see it. I suppose you have received my letter of the forepart of June in which I said I would be out of money now, which prediction was true. I have just now sold my old hat to a ragman; it is the one I got in Liverpool. My soft wide-rimmed one is waiting there for me. Well, I hope you find my thoughts interesting, though the real worth of them would be lost if it was not me that wrote them.

In any case, you know that I love you and cherish your memories, even if I can't say just what I want to say. Don't think for a moment that there is anything here, besides the Gospel that would tempt me to stay or forget my dear ones at home. Kindly remember me to all the people, and tell them I am feeling tip top and hope they can say the same. I will close for this time, wishing you an enjoyable time on the 24th, your loving brother and son, Albert R.

Lyman; P.S. Tell Edward to write.

LETTER 268

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, July 5, 1900, To: Elder A. R. Lyman, Bradford. My Dear Son: Yours of the 2d came to hand in good time. I am always glad to hear from you and especially to learn of your feeling well and having good prospects before you for spreading the Gospel and bringing people to a knowledge of its great worth.

Today we send out two small companies (eighty souls all told) for America. They come from Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Iceland and Great Britain. So you see they are

a mixed multitude. We have been crowded all this week, and it will be a relief when they have gone. I have had nothing from home since my last writing to you. There has been no money received here for you, but most likely there will be some before long. I enclose £2. Kindly acknowledge receipt of same.

If you are over-matched with your monthly report, perhaps Brother Comaby can assist you as I understand he is a bookkeeper.

We are all well, and quite busy today, so I must ask you to excuse [the] brevity. That the Lord may constantly bless you as your necessities require is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father. Platte D. Lyman. P.S. I have just received a nice long letter from Mary. All well.

231

LETTER 269

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, July 28, 1900, To: Elder A. R. Lyman, Bradford, My Dear Son: Your letter with one from Monroe came to hand in due time and I should have answered before but there seemed nothing much to write, and of late I have been quite busy. My letters from home arrive with considerable regularity and report things about as usual. Our folks keep well. I suppose they write about the same items of news to you that I receive from them. The money sent by Ma came to hand a few days ago. I am “fore-laying” for our Scottish trip in the latter part of August. But will await the return of President McMurrin before settling all the details. Love to all the brethren. Your affectionate father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 270

Albert Robison Lyman, 41 Thirkill Terrace, Spring Mill Street, Bradford, August 1, 1900, Dear folks at home, I received Mary’s letter and poetry last week and was pleased with the same. I suppose that by now your trip on the Elk is over with and I trust you had no mishaps. I took a trip last week that I will try to tell you about. It was to Bolton Abbey. We left Bradford about noon (Sister Heap, Brothers Burton, Smith and I). The day was clear and warm and all nature seemed to be especially bright especially to us who had been for so long in the smoky old city of Bradford. The distant green hills, for there are no mountains, were really romantic in appearance and each little old fashioned village, that suggested the civilization of a century ago, appeared to possess some hidden charm. The little hamlet of Eshott, half hidden by the tall spreading ... around it, was particularly noticeable for the fact that every house but one was the same size and shape and very ancient in appearance. My attention was drawn to a high knoll around which it is said that Robin Hood used to hunt and hide. Woods and fields, stone walls, hedges and farm houses rural in appearance all flew by the train window like a great panorama. Fat, sleek cows and lazy sheep grazed in green pastures, where gleaming ponds were speckled with ducks and geese. Up and down the pretty country lanes went the old fashioned farmer’s carts with the shaggy Scotch shepherd dogs keeping nicely between the wheels. Some fields were filled with busy haymakers loading their clumsy two-wheeled vehicles while happy children romped and played and sang as if they were in a veritable paradise.

This was the scene that touched me as my heart fair ached to romp with them, sing their songs and feel the pure happiness that children can enjoy. But ere this happy picture had time to cause a melancholy, a fresh scene hove into view and the stately steeples of the city of Ilkley was situate under a rugged little hill, and our short stop at the station was just getting interesting when with a puff and a whistle we moved on. At the depot of our destination we stepped off but were a mile or two from the abbey, so we boarded a wagonette and were taken down the road on a big swinging trot. The narrow McAdamized lane ran by a number

of spreading trees whose branches spanned the road and afforded a cool, refreshing shade. Past old inns and taverns we went till the great palace of the Duke of Devonshire loomed up among the trees, beyond which the ruined walls of the ancient abbey were to be seen. But we had a great walk before us, and didn't quit the vehicle here, but rode on past a hut and through a toll gate to the banks of the Warf River. Here the hills rose up rather steep on each side, and were covered with great oak, and other trees and shrubbery that gave forth a very
232

wholesome smell; and the lovely scene, the fresh air, and the clear river rippling over the stones, suggested the pine and quaking aspen groves sheltering the clear streamlets of my own native canyons so far away.

When we reached the Strid, a tributary of the Warf, we stopped in a smooth place and walked along the banks of the river near some rapids where the river boiled and bubbled through water pockets in the solid rock. At this place the river was narrow enough, as it ran under the worn rocks, to step over, hence the name "Strid." Many had stepped it and others had been drowned in the attempt to gain that paltry honor. There were tourists there from different parts of England enjoying the scenery, which truly was inspiring though you couldn't say grand, but pretty as if is not great like our mountains, but small. Over the river the rising hill was completely hidden from view by the many leafy trees.

Then we walked back down the river bank to the abbey and half way across the river on stepping stones that had been firmly planted in the bottom, and projected above the water having a smooth level surface for that purpose. One part of the abbey was still used as a church but the greater part had been ruined and carried away. Several old circles looked to be about ready to weaken and fall, and the thick growth of ivy that covered one side of the abbey seemed to be loosening the stones and slowly but surely working the downfall of the remainder of the building. On the premises of the Duke of Devonshire, whose palace fronted the abbey, and which was separated from it by a wall, I could see no signs of life but a hurrying servant and occasionally if the Duke was at home he was perhaps reclining in an easy chair being waited on. Well we were tired by now, so we sat and rested while Sister Heap took tea in an inn and then we walked to the station, which place we tumbled into tired and dusty about six o'clock, to learn that the next train to Bradford [was] late, and transferred up to "41" tired and hungry, and half a crown (\$.60) poorer, but having had one or two good sniffs of fresh air and our feet on something besides pavement.

August 3rd. I will now say one or two other things and seal up the letter. There are many things I might begin to tell you, but there is not much space. I often wonder if you think that my wide separation from you and my long stay does in any way diminish my love for you all. I think of you all very often, and would think more but it would make me homesick. I am anxiously looking for that promised photo. All the Elders but me, have photos of some of their folks at home. Remember me to all the people. If you see José Aragón give him the kind regards of an old comrade. I would like very much to hear from Edward. Hoping that you are all well and happy and that the Lord will preserve us till we meet again. I remain your loving brother and son, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 271

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, August 4, 1900, [letter difficult to read part of first page], My Dear Son Albert, your letter of today is to hand. It was entirely an oversight on my part that your money was not sent before the letter ... and the reference to the money was forgotten. I enclose a five pound note and you may make it go as far as it will. I don't suppose you will use anymore if you have a little on hand ... you had by 10/ at a time. Collie is now on his way home. He will probably arrive on the

9th. I should like for you to have met him. If there is a cheap trip up for a few days and you
233

would like to come up I should be pleased to have you do so. That is of course always supposing President Benson is willing and you can be spared from your work. I want to make a trip into the north between the 16th and 30th of this month. But I never defend making permanent arrangements, pending the return of President McMurrin, which I look for any day. If you cannot make it convenient or do not feel justified in coming up now, and I make my plan to leave immediately after the 16th it may be advisable for you to come up and start with me from here. If so you might come on the 11th and see the company off. Brother Wooton left on the 2d with a company of thirty-eight. I had a nice letter from Kissie and Ma a few days ago. The girls went on the Elk to be gone ten days and no doubt would have a great experience. I trust there were no mishaps of any kind to mar their enjoyment. Let me know if you receive the money okay. I will write again when my plans are perfected. Love to President Benson and the Elders, also Sister Heap. Your loving Father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 272

Albert Robison Lyman, 41 Thirkill Terrace, Spring Hill Street, Bradford, August 18, 1900, To: Adelia R. Lyman, Bluff, Utah, my dear Mother. I have just received the photos and the letter and though I could weep at sight of the dear familiar features, it would be as much for joy for the thought of the kindred ties that unite us as for sorrow at that of our wide separation. The fact that our relationship will exist eternally is enough to inspire me to as much or more than I am enduring by remaining here. I can look without tiring at the pictures, and am only pained by the haggard look on your face, which I fancy has come there more since I last saw you. But every line and mark of care and worry on the face of my Dear Mother will make her dearer to me as I realize more fully the great debt of gratitude I can only begin to pay. The memory of that face and that image before me will ever be a reminder and a strength in times of temptation and teacher of those eternal principles of truth that the same lips impressed on my mind in infancy and childhood. If there is one command of God that comes to my mind with more force than another it is "Honor thy father and thy mother." If I was ever told any good thing, it was by my mother. If I ever had a friend in time of need it was my mother. If there was ever an earthly friend, that did for me what I could not do, that wept and prayed and hoped, that untiringly cared for my childish wants and tenderly waited on me in my utter helplessness, it was my Dear Mother, and may I never cause her a pang of fear, but ever be found trying in all ways to repay the great debt of gratitude I owe to her. And here is the image before me. Here is the image of others whose welfare is dearer to me than life itself. Before I prove false to my sacred trust I must forget them every one. It cannot be; as our Helper is omnipotent, we trust in Him and will meet again unstained by the sins of the world.

Your pictures will be a great comfort to me, and as I show them to strangers, their very sight will bear testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel. I am often asked if I have home parents and brothers and sisters, or if I am a lone wanderer. I shall be proud to show these pictures, and let people see what I am sacrificing to stay here preaching to deaf ears. The testimony of the gospel rests mightily upon me as I write these things and I pray that as you read you may feel the same comforting influence.

August 27th. I shall now write somewhat of my experience. I had been appointed to preach in Halifax yesterday, so accordingly I started about 11 a.m. and walked the distance being only
234

seven miles. In the afternoon I met Brother Price and the saints at their hall, and spoke to them for some fifty odd minutes. After meeting, was asked to take tea with Brother

Longbottom and his wife, which I did and was very kindly treated, but among other things they offered me was some canned salmon, which I foolishly accepted and the result of this foolish action will form the pyth of my narrative. Attended another meeting and spoke half an hour and felt fine [rest of letter missing].

LETTER 273

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, September 29, 1900, Albert Robison Lyman, Bradford, England, My Dear Son Albert, Your letter of yesterday came to hand in the evening. I was glad to hear from you, but was sorry to learn you are so poorly.

Have you fasted, and drank hot water for your cold? It is an almost infallible remedy. Try it if you have not done so. I hope you will be able to make the trip to London with me. Keep me posted as to your health, and do not be in the least degree careless. I go to Nottingham today and will look for a letter from you when I get back.

I had letters from Mary and Dolly during the week, the most important news was that they were having lots of rain, and Mary was going to Provo. That the Lord may heal you is the prayer of your loving father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 274

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, January 11, 1901, Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Adelia and the children, the time goes very rapidly. It does not seem possible that it is two weeks since my last letter was written, but my books say it is.

Albert's letter of December 16th came to hand on the 3d instant. I am always glad to hear from home and I was especially glad to hear that his health is improving so nicely. He says he has let the cattle out for another year; that is all right with me.

He seems to be well satisfied with San Juan, and apparently thinks everything is going all right. I wish you would tell me whether my "Mosheim" and "Stars" are ruined so I will know whether to buy any others. I don't care so much for the books if they are not spoiled for reading. I was pleased to hear that Mr. Thompson is baptized. He must have changed his views materially since he first came to Bluff. We have five persons ready for baptism in Liverpool, and our "boy" Evan is converted and will probably be baptized before long. Our printer, Mr. Foggs who took the place of Brother Hatton, is a zealous member of some church. I really don't know which. And when he was thinking of coming to work for us, he told Brother Hatton he would not be a Mormon for the sake of getting a job. I said to the brethren "Now we won't say a word to him about religion but leave him entirely alone," and we did so, thus giving him a chance to become acquainted with us, and also to let him see that we were not determined to force our religion on any one.

235

The other day he asked if I would return home this summer and in the course of the conversation he said he had never worked for better people than we were, and said that six months he had been with us was the pleasantest of his life. I think that is very encouraging, especially in view of our having made no special effort to win his confidence. He told me how his friends had remonstrated against his working for the Mormons and prophesied all sorts of evil regarding it, but he had mind enough to his own so they could not turn him. I know he thinks a great deal of us, and he is very anxious to give satisfaction. I don't know whether he will ever obey the gospel or not, but I think he will sometime, and if he does not, he will speak well of the Mormons for he is an intelligent and honorable man, and is sure to be impressed by the influence that is in the house, and the personality of the men with whom he will be constantly thrown in contact with.

The office had one printer here for thirty years who never joined the Church, but in most cases I think "a continual dropping will wear away the stone."

In my last letter I devoted perhaps an undue amount of space to a parregyrie (don't call it a paregorie) of our female help, and expressed a hope that Marie might get away from this country before we were succeeded by others who might wish to keep her here during their occupancy. And it seems that now is (her) salvation nearer than when we believed, for next Thursday the 17th she starts for Utah. I have not been backward in recommending her to those who did not know her, and with those who did know her, no recommend was necessary. One of the latter was David Eccles' son of the Ogden capitalist of that name, and when he went home from his mission he told his mother of her, and that very day he wrote me to send her out. Sister Eccles is Swedish and Marie will have a good home, and I hope will do well. Her mother is in Denmark and is bitterly opposed to Mormonism, but Marie is delighted with the prospect of going to Utah. We have another girl to take her place in a few weeks, and she seems to be a nice good girl but we don't expect another quite up to the standards of our Danish girl. Brother Wilmot in Cache Valley is anxious for his wife to come out, and probably will insist on her going to Utah as soon as he can raise the necessary means, but she will not leave us for perhaps three months, and then when she goes we will have a job to get someone to take her place. There are plenty of girls but we don't want two girls at once in the house. We want one good sober respectable middle-aged or elderly woman without any children, a drunken husband or any other encumbrances, and they are hard to find even in this country where woman is one of the cheapest commodities and is in a most profuse variety. We have at last got a housekeeper for our London house, and have thus given our missionary sisters liberty to resume their ministerial labors. She is a spinster and not a member of the Church, but she may be sometime as the women seem to take intuitively to the gospel. Yesterday a young man from Sweden who went out to America in November returned here having been detained a month in Boston and then refused permission to land, it being claimed that he was debarred by five provisions of the "contract labor law" as he admitted that his fare had been paid by one of his friends in Utah for whom he was going to work to pay it back. Of course there are a good many who procure their emigration in that way, but they do not all give away their case as completely as he did. He was in to see me today and felt rather downcast. He will probably avoid that break if he ever sees America again.

We have had the smallpox in several parts of the mission and President Cardon of the Swiss Mission is now in the hospital as are several others. There have been fifteen or more of the

236

Elders who have had the disease in various degrees, but so far as I know, all are recovering, or have recovered. Still, I continue to hear of others coming down with it. And it all came from one Elder who did not know he was infected until half way from Boston to Liverpool. This and the World's Fair have been a detriment to us, and I am afraid our report of baptisms will not reach the figure we had hoped for, but for all that I believe the Elders as a general thing have done good, faithful work.

I believe I told you of a little community of deaf mutes who are converted to the gospel. We have deferred baptizing them for fear they were not fully prepared to take that important step, but from the report of the Brethren, I am of the opinion we are justified in baptizing them and they will probably comply with that ordinance in a few days.

Brother McMurrin has been gone to Scotland for two weeks and will probably return tomorrow. His folks have a harder time than mine do. One reason being that they have not as good neighbors nor as good a bishop as we have. But he has a good family. He has two wives and I know they are both good women, but they are in rather hard circumstances.

My health is fine. I am feeling as well as I have felt in twenty years, for which I thank the Lord (and Sister S.). I am anxious by waiting for a letter from Mary after her return from Oak Creek. I wonder how she is getting along, among the smallpox and the vaccination agitation. I hope she will keep well. I pray daily for the Lord to keep you all from evil and bring us together in his own good time. Your loving husband and father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 275

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, October 2d, 1900, Albert Robison Lyman, Bradford, England, My Dear Son Albert, I returned from Nottingham late last night and found your answer awaiting me. I am glad to hear you are feeling better and hope you will be able to make the trip to London all right. You can come up to suit your own convenience and take advantage of trip arrangements as much as you can. But if you can come up Thursday morning, you would be able to go on to the *Commonwealth* as she starts that day on her maiden trip. She is nearly 2,000 tons larger than the *New England* and I presume is quite as fine a ship in every respect. A few weeks ago I sent two or three small parcels belonging to Elders in the Leeds Conference down to Halifax by some Elders (whose names I forget) who went down there on a visit. I asked them to hand them to Brother Price and ask him to see that they were delivered to their respective owners. I am not sure but I think there was one for Brother Haws and if so it has gone astray or has been mislaid. If you see Brother Price will you ask him about them and make what effort you can to find the lost one. We are all as well as usual and busy. Love to President Benson, the Elders and Sister Heap. Your loving Father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 276

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, October 6, 1900, Albert Robison Lyman, Bradford, England, My Dear Son Albert, your letter 237

of yesterday is to hand, and I am sorry to learn that you are feeling worse for your walk down to the station with me. I was so disappointed because you could not accompany me to London that I almost repented after leaving you that I had not consented to your going. But your letter proves you are not in a condition to make a journey like that.

I have written Ma quite freely of your condition, and have told her you would write in a week, so she will be looking anxiously for your letter. Tell her how you feel so she will not surmise things so much worse than the reality. If you do not improve soon I think it will be well for you to return home on the 25th. There is a company going on the 18th by Canada, and when you go, I want you to go as direct as possible. You will not be over twelve or thirteen days between Liverpool and Thompsons. Don't fail to write me as I shall be anxious to hear how you are getting along.

The Norwich address where I shall be from Saturday evening till Monday afternoon is 114 Old Palace Road, Norwich. I shall probably return to London Monday and back here on Tuesday. The Lord bless you and restore you to health is the earnest prayer of your affectionate father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 277

Platte DeAlton Lyman, 97 Farleigh Road, London, October 11, 1900, Albert Robison Lyman, Bradford, England, My Dear Son, your letter of the 8th is to hand. I am glad to hear from you and glad you are no worse and I trust that with the blessing of the Lord you may receive your health so that you can remain and complete your mission. But if He does not see fit to vouchsafe that blessing to you, we must be patient and reconcile our feelings to the thought of your returning home. Take as good care of yourself as you possibly can. There will be a

good sized company on the 25th and a number of returning Elders. Our conference on Sunday went off very nicely. The weather was good and the attendance fair. A good spirit prevailed. And all seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

On Monday we had a five hour priesthood meeting and had a very good time. Elder George Q. Morris of the Welsh Conference was appointed to succeed Brother Hindly as President of the London Conference. Brother Hindly will probably return on the 25th. On Tuesday we held a meeting and dedicated the new house which we have just moved in to. It is nicely fitted up and is by far the best quarters occupied by our Elders in any part of the European Mission. I am not going about as much as I should have done if you had been here; as I have no particular interest in sight seeing. I shall probably go to Norwich on Saturday and perhaps return here on Monday, and go to Liverpool on Tuesday. Your loving Father, Platte D.

Lyman.

LETTER 278

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, October 7, 1900, Mr. Albert R. Lyman, Bradford, England, My Dear Boy, it is Sunday and the children have all gone to Sunday School, but Eva, who is here with her baby; the baby not being very well she (Eva) stayed at home with her. The rest of the family is well (that is those that are at home). Mary has gone to Provo to school and we miss her so very much. I can't describe my feelings when I think how my

238
children are slipping out from under my care; only three at home this winter. Sometimes when we gather around the table at meal time I can hardly eat, but I trust the kind Father will keep my children safe under his protecting care. Mary was feeling well when she went away and rejoicing in the prospect of going to the academy. I had a note from her at Thompson Springs. She was getting along all right. She went along with Zeke Johnson and Nettie Nielson (who expect to get married), Mary Jones, Jennie Wood (who is going to the academy) and Uncle Kumen, and Peter who expected to overtake them at Moab. Brother Jones and Peter are going to conference. Now the class that graduated here last winter is all in Provo. Mary was expecting to board with Arettie Young and perhaps chore a little for part pay for her keep.

Our district school (that is the larger school) commenced one week ago with a Brother Broadbent as teacher. He is a young man and I do hope that our Bluff girls will none of them break their hearts over him. The Primary School is taught by Lillie Decker. The people of Bluff have raised splendid crops this season which is all gathered in. We have been having frosty nights for two weeks past, but I would like to show you our hay stacks, two of them, thirty-eight feet long, one on this side (that is the east side) of the corral and one on the south, we having taken the calf pen away and keep the calves in the pen you fixed for the cows under the shed. This hay is all off the old patch of lucerne the two first cuttings of the new patch was mostly weeds, and I had it put on a shed that I have had made across the south side of the corral. We have lots of bottled fruit, peaches, plums, tomatoes and apples. And all the dried fruit I could tend to. And had about seven gallons of honey, a nice crop of squashes and a few apples put away for winter. So you see we have an abundance. The Lord is very kind to us. We are blessed in many ways.

Morning of the 8th. By this mail I will send a check for you to the President's Office of \$50.00. I am afraid you are out by this time. Your letters are a score of pleasure and satisfaction to us all. I did indeed sympathize with you in your efforts to make your accounts balance, but O what a comfort to know that it was a mistake and feel that my darling is strictly reliable and would scorn to do a dishonorable act. I will tell you of a poor mother in Mancos who has asked the people to pray for her in her distress. Perhaps you remember her,

Sister White. She let her son go to Salt Lake to work in his Uncle's store and when his Uncle began to lose money, he put a detective in the store and he caught Sister White's boy. They found \$600 that he had cashed. The boy now is in jail. And his poor mother is brokenhearted. Beatrice stayed with Kissie last night and her and Kissie and Edward are all writing on their compositions as they want to hand them in this morning. The children seem quite interested in their lessons.

Perhaps you will have heard before this reaches you of the sad news of the death of Sister Clistia Hammond who died in Moab a few weeks ago, left a little girl baby two weeks old, her 13th child. How sad to leave the dear little children without a mother. Young Fletch was going to school in Provo. He came down to the funeral. Frank is in Ohio as a traveling missionary. Poor Livis what a responsibility will be resting on her and so young too, only seventeen. I will have my hands full to get the writing done this winter and if your letters are short or do not come regularly do not feel cast down, but remember that Ma will write to her boy if she can, but now when they are all in school I will have most of the writing to do and
239

all of the work now, my dear boy. There is much I could say, but it is getting late and I want to write a few lines to Mary.

I am so glad you had a chance to visit Scotland with Pa. It done so much good to hear of your trip and how you enjoyed it. I hope Pa will take you with him in his travels once in a while. It will do you good. Wayne has gone to the Lake, José is with him. José came to see us, wished to be remembered kindly to you. Said you were the only one here that ever took any notice of him. Wayne and Caroline have another boy. I sent Brother Woolfenden a little note with a new hygiene. God bless you forever and bring you back safe to us is the earnest prayer of Ma.

LETTER 279

Albert Robison Lyman, 41 Spring Mill Street, Bradford, October 17, 1900, To: Adelia Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Mother, I have recruited up somewhat since writing you, but will sail from Liverpool on the 25th and will get off at Thompson about the 7th of November. If you wish you can meet me at Moab. I shall go to Liverpool tomorrow and spend a week with Pa before starting. I haven't a cold and the doctor says the voyage will do me good. I trust that you will not worry as there is no occasion for it. I am in a great rush to get this off by tonight's ship hence my blunders. Excuse a short letter. Hoping you are well, I remain your loving son, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 280

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, November 2nd, 1900, Albert Robison Lyman, Liverpool, England, My darling boy, Edward and I will be in Moab Friday if possible. The men and teams are away so I can hardly find a team to come sooner. I do so hope you are better by this time. Find a comfortable place to put up (or stay) and rest your self till I come. If you would go to Warmers, I think they would make you welcome. Tell them who you are and that you are coming home because of ill health and they will take care of you till I come. Or if you had rather stop somewhere else all right. I will hunt you up. Be sure and take care of yourself. We are all well here at home and in the town there is no sickness that I know of. We are all so anxious to have you with us again. And our prayers ascend continually for the Father to watch you and bring you safe[ly] home to us and make you strong and well. We will tell you all we can think of too tell when we see you. As ever your loving mother.

LETTER 281

Albert Robison Lyman, Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, December 16, 1900, To: Dominion Lines Co. Messrs, on my arrival at Boston, November 2, 1900, I was greatly surprised and

troubled when I opened my trunk for the custom officers, to find that it was wet through, and in a very deplorable condition, being sour, moldy and starting to decay. I could not at that time ascertain the extent of the damage, but I spoke to one of your men and wished him to look at it. He made note of it and took my name and address.

My trunk was nearly full of books, and contained also a fine suit of clothes and some very choice notes and letters, as well as a number of other valuables, articles that could not stand

240

the water. As soon as possible, I unpacked the trunk and tried to dry and preserve the contents, but found the greater part of it to be irretrievably ruined and the rest much damaged. The truck also is in a very bad state, and it together with the rest is so badly damaged, that I feel very conscientious in claiming \$50.00 to cover the loss, and even that cannot replace it all, as some of the things were keepsakes, and cannot be purchased with money. I have had to await letters from England telling the value of some of the books, and my accuracy in this particular has caused my delay in writing you. I hope this matter will receive your immediate attention, and trust that you will preserve the good name of your company by writing me at once. Yours truly, Albert R. Lyman (per) L. Lyman.

LETTER 282

Dominion Line, U.S. Mail Steamers to Liverpool via Queenstown, Boston, December 26, 1900, To: Mr. A. Lyman, Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. Dear Sir: We are in receipt of your letter of the 16th instant relative to your trunk and damage to contents by water, on the S.S. *New England*, which arrived in Boston on November 2nd.

We will give the matter our immediate attention and write you further with reference to same! We have no doubt we will be able to come to some equitable arrangement regarding settlement. Yours very truly, Richards, Mills, and Company.

LETTER 283

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, England, January 24, 1901, Albert Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My dear son Albert, your letter of the 31st ultimo reached me on the 21st instant and was read with much satisfaction, although the part of it referring to the young lady caused me some serious reflections, and although I might have some definite counsel to give in relation to your course, if I was at home and familiar with all the circumstances, I do not at this time, after so long an absence from home feel inclined to advise as to details, in a matter of such a delicate nature. You have an invaluable counselor in your mother to whom you can turn at anytime with perfect confidence for no one can have your welfare at heart more thoroughly than she does, and her judgment is to be relied on in this as well as other matters that are of importance.

Next to having my children grow up virtuous and respectable, and with faith in the gospel, [it] has always been my hope that they might marry well, and by this I do not mean to marry those who are wealthy or talented, but that they marry those who are upright, honest and intelligent, and who not only value a good name and standing among the people, but will live so that these inestimable blessings may come to them as the natural result of their course of life.

I think the most important step in a person's life is the choosing of a partner. For if a mistake is made in that particular, the disastrous results that follow are of long duration. Whereas on the other hand if young people in starting in life are properly mated, each one finding in the other those gifts and attributes that are deficient in themselves, then the union which was intended to make them one, does not fail of it's divinely ordained purpose, but they are one in very deed, and the whole course of life thereafter is uplifted, ennobled, and sanctified, as it

could not possibly be unless that union was formed in obedience to the higher laws that are intended for a personal application to the details of this mortal life, as certainly and positively as do the laws of nature relate to grosser things with which our coarse grained mortality is more familiar because of close and constant association.

It is unfortunate that custom has established a rule that in many instances prevents parents and children from conferring together regarding this most important matter and especially so as the great majority of young people are in the selection of a mate controlled by fancy or something less trustworthy, instead of that more deliberate and matured judgment that can come only with years and experiences. I have for years past acknowledged the special providence of God in the union of the sexes among my acquaintances, beyond anything that their own care or thoughtfulness, or trust in Him, entitled them to. If it were not so there would be less success and incomparably more failure in the ventures of marriage than we now see. I trust you will forgive me for not giving more explicit and positive counsel as to this particular case, for after all a man must be thrown on his own resources and make his own choice and then abide the consequences whatever they may be. But that does not prevent him from asking counsel of his best friends exercising the intelligence the Creator has endowed him with, and above all seeking and obtaining the unerring guidance of the Holy Spirit to direct him aright on this momentous occasion. My son you have my earnest faith and prayers on all occasions, and especially at this time to aid you to recognize the proper course to pursue and to enable you to avoid anything which you might hereafter have cause to regret. The Lord bless you my son and direct you is the prayer of your affectionate father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 284

Albert Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, February 11, 1901, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Liverpool, England, Dear father, we received your letter of the 9th which contained the private letter to me in regard to which I believe that the course I have pursued, and my present intentions are just as you would have them to be. I read your letter with a great deal of interest and though you did not give any definite advise, I felt, and had felt before, what was the proper thing to do.

I am putting in all my spare time at study, not only any spare time either, but regularly from 9 a.m. to 12 and from 1 to 4 p.m. My health is still improving. I have gained ten pounds since coming home and believe that with proper care I well get back to my normal condition all right. There has been a great deal of sickness in town lately, and the two worst cases were those of Charlie Redd and Carlie Adams, John's girl. Charlie has been in quite a bad way for about ten days, but is better now, though for a while the prospects seemed very discouraging. Carlie Adams has a very bad ring worm on her head that is fast spreading down onto her face and neck. I have not heard from them lately but several days ago they thought it was pretty bad. We fasted here yesterday for the sick.

Edward and Dolly have been quite miserable with bad colds, and though Edward can not yet go to school, I think they are both nearly well. Charlie's trouble they believe to be pneumonia.

242

We have had a few very light snow storms lately but the ground is bare now. Saturday I went out over first and second bench to the Butler [Wash] looking for some of our cattle and found them in the very lowest end of Sand Island. Peaye was fat and the others were in good fix, all but Reddie and I blubbed her calf. We have a two and a four year old steer in the bunch. I have not found all our cattle yet, but expect to make another hunt some of these Saturdays. I have a pair of shoes just about finished that I am making for myself. I have a great mania

for home manufacture, and hope sometime to be able to make at my own home, most of the things that I use, at least more than are made here in Bluff.

The men have had a ditch meeting, but not being there, I cannot say what they decided on, though there is not much else to do I suppose, than what they have always done.

The Bishop is around now, though I believe that each sick spell leaves him weaker. Brother Thompson sends his love to you, and often says he would like to hear you preach again. He has been up in testimony meeting a number of times, and bears a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel. He likes to talk with me, and last night he expressed a wish that we might sometime travel together as missionaries. He says that when he goes to preach the gospel, he will have very much charity for infidels, as he knows just how they feel. He is a zealous worker, and it gives me much satisfaction to know that he is what he is. Yesterday I spoke in meeting, and he afterwards told me that he felt a love for me at the time, so great that he almost wished to embrace me, and what he said was genuine, and had the right ring to it. Hix too is making a fine missionary and I feel good whenever I think of him.

Last night, a crowd of us young folks met for a social party at Thompson's and made out a program on which Thompson was to give the charms of married life, and he did so in a very laughable way, but the next on the program was "the charms of bachelorhood" by Peter Allan and as there was no backing out, Peter gave it, the most comical thing I had heard for a long time.

Elders Hardy and Miller from the valley arrived here last night to attend conference, but I am sorry to say that it is going to be held at Fruitland this time. George Adams has paid Bluff a visit and he looks quite thin. Brother Barlow also looks quite hollow-eyed, nothing like the great robust man he used to be. He has been up to Fruitland and will leave here for Monticello today. He is very careful about saying what he intends to do.

It is reported that they have had a big snow up at the mountain. Hope it is a true report. Jesse Thornell has been over in Utah working for the Thompson boys, and is here jobbing about now. I may have told you that Frank Hyde is going to live in Bluff. Him and Frank Adams have bought a bunch of cattle at Fruitland and are there tending them this winter. Give my love to the brethren and sisters, your loving son, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 285

Albert Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, February 19, 1901, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Liverpool, England, Dear Father: Ma wished me to write to you about a special matter [so] that she might have an answer in good time and that is why I write again, this sooner than usual.

243

I suppose that long before this letter reaches you, you will have heard what has been done by the Apostles in regard to San Juan Stake, and your returning home. We heard of it several days ago, and everybody in town were talking about it. The Bishop came here yesterday and told Ma that it was his wish that she should go to Salt Lake City to meet you; that you both might go through the temple, and receive your second anointing. The Authorities have requested the Bishops to send up those whom they felt to be worthy of receiving these blessings, and the Bishop wishes Ma to meet you there, providing of course that it meets with your feelings. Ma had not been intending to go, and had no ideas of any such thing, as the Bishop suggested. Ma would be pleased to receive an answer to this letter as early as you find it convenient, so that you may have a clear understanding between [you] as soon as possible, so to prepare and calculate accordingly.

If you could write in regard to this matter on a separate sheet it would please Ma, as she does not want to make the matter public. She has made a confidant of me in this matter and asked me to write this letter.

We are all in comparatively good health, with the exception perhaps of a cold or two. We were pleased to hear that you were coming home, though not exactly elated over your call to preside over the Stake. This, though, however it may strike us, is the settler of matters that we looked for and expected, as things would have been very unsettled in our minds, until something financial or religious turned up to decide things.

You perhaps seen in the paper an account of Uncle Jim Owens death. We had a letter from his son Frank last week, telling about it. He seems to have died of heart disease.

I am still studying in my shop, and am very much interested. I intend to keep it up as long as my health and other business will permit. My health is very fair now, only that I have a bad cold. Charles Redd is still confined to his bed, and suffers most of the time with quite a severe pain in his left side. Carlie Adams too is in quite a poor condition yet, with ring worm. I said I was anxious to study which is very true, but as I am able to do some work, if there is anything you wish me to do and I am able I will do it. I want by all means to go to Provo next winter with Mary, and I am willing to go through fire and water and make a big chest between now and then, in order to accomplish that end. I feel a determination which almost amounts to a mania, to study and accomplish something, and the next five or six years will determine it all; whether it is a true desire and strong enough to surmount and overcome circumstances, or whether it is only a superficial hope to be destroyed and forgotten by the sight of some pretty girl, or glittering fortune. If I can accomplish this end I will amount to much more and be better able to accomplish other good purposes in life, and as far as the next life is concerned, this is the only kind of wealth we can take with us there.

I know that circumstances seem to be against me, but it has been under opposing circumstances that men have obtained educations, in fact in some cases adverse conditions seem to be necessary as a stimulus to an action determined enough to win.

I hope you will not feel down-hearted at [the] thought of coming here to this log house, or of making permanent camp on these sands. For all of my inordinate desire to study, I will exert
244

myself while I am at home, and Edward and I can nearly do the work of two men. When it comes to work, I think Edward is better than I used to be.

Willard's house is made of lumber and if he were doing the work himself, it would be a very cheap house. I have been thinking that we are able to haul the material for and put up a house without any hired help, so the only money expense for a house would be the cost of the material. I don't feel a bit despondent and am not afraid of work.

Well, perhaps I am wearying you with my vagaries, but from the "fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." My mind is full; probably some people would say with some truth, that my head had wheels in it. But no real purpose has ever matured that did not have a humble birth in dream form in the mind beforehand. I am trying to improve all the time, and have a book in my pocket now.

Well I will close with kind regards to all the folks. Your loving son, Albert R. Lyman. Pa I'm going to write to you next time. I'm busy just now. Kissie.

LETTER 286

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-day Saints' European Printing, Publishing and Emigration Office, 42 Islington, Liverpool, March 22, 1901, Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Adelia and the family. I do not recollect receiving any letter from you since mine of two weeks ago was posted to you at Birmingham. But I have had a number from other sources, one from President Joseph F. Smith, one from Apostle Cowley, and two from Uncle Marion [Francis Marion Lyman]; also one from Marie who is in Ogden. From Uncle Marion I learn that he will leave Boston on the 8th of May, and will therefore land here about the 16th. There

will then be four conferences to be held on the four following Sundays. I shall in all probability remain to attend two of them, and the others if he desires me to do so. I hear that Uncle Eddie [Edward Partridge] is coming over here sometime this season. I was in hopes he would come before I leave but I am afraid he will not. Uncle Marion said he had seen our Mary recently. He says she is a fine specimen of womanhood – and very much like her mother. He will bring me the Navajo blanket if you get it to him.

I infer from his letter that the Brethren are pretty well satisfied with my administration here, in its financial as well as other aspects. This is very gratifying to me, as I felt fearful in regard to the business part of the mission more than the ecclesiastical or ministerial. But I am now in the closing weeks of my time, and the Brethren have been advised all the time of the conduct and condition of affairs here, and they have scarcely suggested a change of any kind, but have appeared to be entirely satisfied.

Sunday the 10th. We held conference in Hull and had a grand and glorious time. The weather was good, and we had a fine hall, well filled with Saints and strangers, and the Lord blessed us with peace and freedom to utterance, and I have no doubt much good was accomplished. Fifty-two have been baptized in the Hull Branch in the last twenty months, and the prospects are equally good for the future. Last Sunday we attended conference in Sheffield and had a good time, but not equal to Hull. There is where Aunt Lizzie Robison came from, and a prospective son-in-law of Janie Burton's who is in the Leeds conference was looking up his

245
anticipatory relatives and did good work in modifying their feelings towards the Mormons. I think I alluded some months ago to some mutes who are converted to the gospel. Nine of them have recently been baptized, and two more will be. I saw most of them at Sheffield and they seemed to enjoy the meeting very much, as regards intelligence they are quite up to the standard of our converts who are blessed with all their faculties. President Frisbey sailed for home last week and I hope will be better at the end of the journey than when he left here. Hardly a company goes out but has in it one or more Elders returning on account of failing health.

I go to Nottingham tomorrow for conference. I forgot to mention, I had a nice brotherly letter recently from Brother William Halls. Brother McMurrin is having a good time on the continent, and sends glowing reports of the progress the work is making there. My health is fine, and I am feeling first rate, only getting a little anxious or impatient for the arrival of the Apostles.

I hope this will find you all well, and I trust the Lord will preserve us all to meet again. Your loving husband and father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 287

Albert R. and Lucretia Lyman, Bluff, Utah, March 26, 1901, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Liverpool, England, Dear Father, Ma is sitting up with the sick and wishes me to answer your letter which came to hand about three days ago. I shall first answer your questions as nearly as I can, and then write the news.

In regard to the \$100.00 you wished Ma to send, Ma thinks it would be better for you to borrow it there if you can, as she cannot very easily get it here. The men in town are all borrowing from the Durango banks and are badly in debt. If we were to borrow it [it] would have to be from some outside bank where we have no credit, or reputation.

In regard to where and when Ma meets you, she wishes you to write your plans and she will try and work to them. She will have enough money for you to get a wagon, but perhaps not enough for horses. But as Uncle Jody is owing us several hundred dollars, it might come in handy for both of you [to] let the horses go on the debt. One reason that the Bluff men are so

badly cramped for money just now is that Brother Young called on the Bishop and his followers to save the Monticello mill. They have done it, and the mill belongs nearly all to Bluff, as much that had been paid on it was so late that it was sacrificed. The Monticello people were perfectly thunderstruck when Bluff came to the rescue, and though some of them were bitter as scorpions before they knew what we were going to do, they wept for joy afterwards, and the feeling between the two towns is better than it has been for a long time. Uncle Lem [Lemuel Hardison Redd] came home last week and they started right back for Salt Lake with Charley [Charles Redd], where they expect to have him operated on for an abscess on or near the left lung as a result of pleurisy.

A number of the Bluff people intend going to conference and Thompson and Annie are going up to go through the temple. France, Arthur, and George are released, and will probably be at

246
conference in April, and from there return home. Joseph P. Callister has written Wayne that he will be here in time to go to the Lake with him, but as to Uncle Jodie's intentions, I have heard nothing.

The trees are beginning to bloom, and the water is expected in the ditch now any time. I have been busy for the last month working on the ditch, tending the cattle around here, ploughing the lot, etc., and intend working for Brother [Hanson] Bayles as soon as he begins shearing. We have been having some furious old sandstorms and today has been one of the worst. I have driven our cattle off four or five times and I think they will soon begin to stay away. I have up here a yellow three-year-old bronco colt, brother to Baldy, which I have rode once and intend to break.

Lestia Handcock has given birth to a girl and is very sick. Sarah Perkins and Margaret Adams have also girl babies, but are getting on very well.

There are a gang of Paiutes camped on the red hills back of the tithing yard, and everything looks very much the same as it always did. I hope you will make a resolution not to be at all put out or discouraged with the looks of our hogan and the surroundings here. I feel able to do quite a bit of work, and believe I could build a house if you would turn me loose at it. When the people all get good houses, this will be quite a nice looking place, and is much improved with those already built.

Wayne's house, a stone one, has the foundation laid and is slowly growing. If you build this summer I can help you, but if not I will probably hire out and try to go to school.

We have quite a little bunch of cattle around here, and if there was any way of keeping them together we would realize some good from them, but they are of course scattered and able to get lost occasionally.

As to that book by Cannon Farrer, I am not certain as to the name, but it was about the rise of Christianity.

Well, Pa, we will all be very glad to have you here with us again, and we are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to that time. The people ask about you a great deal, and seem surprised that you are not going to be here to the May conference. I would like to meet you in the City, but it is out of the question, and I will try to take advantage of the time here. Well, it is quite late and I will stop until morning at least. [Albert Robison Lyman]

Albert hasn't got up yet. He told me last night to have this sent off. I guess he has told you all the news. Ma hasn't come home from Celestia's yet and I don't know how she is.

The winds are blowing like they do every spring. Everything is covered with sand. I haven't time to write any more. From your loving daughter Kissie.

247

LETTER 288

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Latter-Day Saints, European Mission, 12 Islington, Liverpool, England, October 16, 1900, Albert Robison Lyman, Bradford, England, My Dear Son Albert, I have just reached here from London, and have not taken time to get entirely thawed out before writing to you so that you may be able to write to Ma in time for tomorrow evening's mail. I think you had better leave here on the *New England* on the 25th instant, and you will probably reach Thompson in about 12 or 13 days' time. I cannot send you by Mancos. She had best come from Moab to meet you. I would be glad to have you come up as soon as you can. I think we can make you comfortable here. I should like as much of a visit as possible with you before you leave.

Have your luggage labeled Liverpool and see that it is on the same train you come on, and write me and I will meet you at the station. I will be compelled to be absent next Sunday and Monday, but I shall be here most of the time, and would like you to come up this week if you can.

I think all other necessary details we can arrange after your arrival. Kind regards to President Benson, the Elders, and Sister Heap. With fervent prayers for the blessings of the Lord upon you, I am your affectionate Father, Platte D. Lyman. P.S. I think I have received your letters and cards, also one from President Benson. Many thanks.

LETTER 289

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Office of The Northern States Mission of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 635 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, June 18, 1901, Albert R. Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Son, I am having a little visit here with Uncle Walter [Lyman] and Aunt Libbie. I arrived this morning after a tiresome ride of thirty-six hours from Boston. I think of remaining here until tomorrow evening when we will leave for Kansas City, where we will tarry for a few hours, and will probably leave for the west about Wednesday evening and will very likely reach Provo sometime on Friday. My health is good, and I am feeling very well, excepting a little tired. I hope this will find you well. I am looking anxiously forward to meeting you all. Love to all the family, your loving father, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 290

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Provo, Utah, June 23, 1901, Albert Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Son Albert, I arrived here Friday morning and was met at the station by Ma who seems to be quite well. We have given up our visit to Millard, for several reasons. We have heard nothing from you relative to your plans for meeting us at Thompson, and if we hear nothing from you during this week, we will leave here Monday night July 1st and be at Thompson July 2d. If we hear from you before then, and if any modification of our plans is necessary, we will make any changes needed in our program in order to harmonize with your arrangements, but we cannot possibly leave here before the 2nd proximate as I go to Salt Lake tomorrow and on to Cache in the evening and will return to the city about Wednesday or Thursday and will of necessity remain there over the following Sunday, returning here on Monday. I hope to hear from you soon, and trust your plans are such that our program will fit
248

into it so that there may be no loss of time in waiting anywhere. I think if you bring a wagon we should have four horses as I think of taking a buckboard home with me. Love to all the family and I hope you are all well. Goodbye for the present, your loving Father, Platte D. Lyman

LETTER 291

Adelia Robison Lyman, Provo, Utah, September 9, 1901, my very Dear children one and all. I suppose you are all anxious to hear from us, so I will write a few lines. We arrived here Thursday evening about eleven o'clock and came direct to Brother E[dward] Partridge who,

by the way is very good and kind to us, and so is his wife. Next morning, Friday, we went to see Dr. Robison, and Saturday the operation was performed, which I will tell you all about when I come home. There were three doctors, and one prospective doctor and Brother E. Partridge in the room. Pa was quite sick Saturday afternoon and night and all day yesterday, but is feeling quit a bit better today. The doctor says Pa is doing well and seems quite surprised that he feels as well as he does, that the case was a very critical case, as the tumor had grown in among a regular network of nerves and cords. Pa was under the influence of chloroform for two and a half hours. The tumor weighed 19 ounces, but the unhealthy flesh that was around it that was taken would have made as much more. Pa's bandages around his chest are a great source of worry to him. The doctor will change the bandages this evening. I think that he will be able to be out in a week or ten days.

I am getting along all right. I am very glad I came as Pa could not have gotten along without someone to wait upon him. Tell Uncle Kumen Pa could not learn of any cheap ticket that would suit his purpose. I trust you are all well. Take good care of yourselves and each other and be sure and write to us and let [us] know about everything, how you are all feeling and getting along, and believe us to be as ever your loving Father and Mother. I intend to come home as soon as I can leave Pa.

LETTER 292

Adelia Robison Lyman, Provo, Utah, September 16, 1901, my dear children one and all. How are you getting along? I have been so anxious to hear from you. I went to Springville with Sister Sorensen Saturday evening and returned this morning, and found your letter waiting me. I was so very glad to hear from home, glad Dolly was better and so sorry she has been sick – the sweet child. I know you done the best you could for her. If the evenings and mornings are getting cool there, see that she is dressed warmer. Sometimes I feel so homesick I can scarcely keep back the tears.

Pa is getting along very well and will soon be able to travel, perhaps next Thursday, and as you are getting along so well, I may go to Millard with Pa. Perhaps if I go to Millard I can get my teeth before I come home, though Dr. Robison advised me not to get them for from three to six months but I have not had them out yet, but expect to before long. I had a good time in Springville visiting with Sister Sorenson. Our Bluff girls came to see us quite often and I have been to see them two or three times. There is much I could say if I could see you, but will close for this time. The last time I saw Annie she was very anxious to hear from home. I
249

felt sorry for her. Kiss each other for me and take good care of yourselves. We are well as can be. From Ma to her dear children.

LETTER 293

William Halls, Mancos, Colorado, November 18, 1901, Adelia Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Sister, It was with feelings of extreme sorrow that I received the news of President Lyman's death. I feel to sincerely sympathize with you in your sore affliction.

I pray God to comfort you by the influence of his good spirit, and support you in the supreme trial. I am aware that no words from human lips can heal the wounded heart in your case and that nothing but the comforts from our Father in Heaven can soften the grief, and calm the troubled soul in the hour of such anguish as all must suffer in such a time. That the Lord will bless you and all the dear ones of your family, is the sincere and fervent prayer of your Brother in the Gospel, William Halls.

LETTER 294

Millard County. County Officers: Thomas C. Callister, County Clerk; Isabella E. Robison, Recorder; J. A. Melville County Attorney; Frank Rogers, Treasurer and Collector; Virgil

Kelly, Sheriff; F. T. Laughter, Assessor; Willard Burbank, Surveyor; Board of County Commissioners: W. R. Thompson, Chairman; C. W. Watts; John F. Hunter: Thomas C. Callister, Clerk; J. A. Melville, Attorney [This information was on the printed header of this letter.] Frank Alonzo Robison, Fillmore City, Utah, November 25, 1901, Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah.

My Dear Sister Adelia and family, I do condole with you in this sad hour of sorrow. I should have written before, but words failed me to express my feelings of sympathy and sorrow for you all. But we must be reconciled and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in depriving us of the companionship of a husband, father, and brother. But what is our loss is his gain, and the Lord's will be done, not ours.

We have no occasion to mourn for Platte, for his exaltation and blessings are assured, but we mourn for one another. The Lord can and will comfort your hearts and bless you with the companionship of his Holy Spirit.

We may thank the Lord that we were so favored and blessed to have such a worthy husband, father and brother. God bless you all and comfort your hearts, your loving brother. F.A. Robison.

LETTER 295

Millard County [same information as on Letter 291 header], Isabella E. Robison, Fillmore City, Utah, November 25, 1901, Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Adelia and children. Lonnie [Frank Alonzo Robison] wrote the enclosed and asked me to copy it and send it to you. We have both thought about you every day, and each day put off writing, because it was so sad a task. But Delia, I want you to feel assured of our love and sympathy.

250
An[d] our brother could not be better loved than was Platte, by me, and I was always glad to have him come and stay at our house, and you too. I always felt like you were my own people.

I am glad now to think that you came together to see us before going home, but wish that I had had more time to visit with you. I do believe Platte stopped for a moment to look at us before his spirit wended its flight to brighter realms, for in a dream I saw his face so plainly the night of his departure. He seemed to be above me in the air. I could see no part of him except his face and head. It was as though the rest was enveloped in mist; and he looked pale but very bright and fair, and seemed to be gazing at me, but did not speak. The next day I told my dream to the children, and I feared then that his spirit had taken its flight.

It must have been hard to see him suffer so, and he had a happy release, but I know that you cannot help but grieve. But our kind Father will send the comforter to you, and to your children. How I wish that you would or could come and live here so that I could see you every day and if you can bring some of the children and come and stay for a while. We have a good school here and they could go to school here this winter and you could stay with us and we would be so pleased to have you.

The children who are in the City have all written home expressing their grief. Platte had so many friends for he won the love and respect of every good person who made his acquaintance, and to know him best was to love him best.

I pray God our Heavenly Father to comfort and bless you all and to let you feel His divine influence that it may surround your habitation and abide with you continually, your ever loving sister and friend, Bird Robison [Isabella E. Robison]

LETTER 296

William E. Rydalch, Attorney at Law, Provo City, Utah, November 19, 1901, To: Mrs. Adelia R. Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Sister and family: it was certainly with a spirit of sorrow

that we heard of the death of "Uncle Platte," and we take the opportunity of expressing our sympathy and the wish that God will heal your hearts, and lift your souls to Him in this time of your great tribulation.

It seems but yesterday that he was here with us in the full hope that he would soon be well and restored to his accustomed health and strength – and now he lies cold in death and we are left to work out our salvation or fail.

There is this consolation, that though you are left without a companion, and the days look dark and dreary, still our husband, father, friend, and saint has worked out his sure salvation and in Eternity his exaltation is assured, and if we live as he has lived we will meet him there and share a crown with him.

May the Lord bless you and give you comfort in this hour, and may we all think and know that all is well. We are all well and getting along nicely. Your brother and sister, Mr. & Mrs. William E. Rydalch.

251

LETTER 297

Lillis Alvira Ander Robison [wife of Benjamin Hancock Robison], Sunday, Loa, Wayne County, Utah, December 8th, 1901, Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Sister Adelia: It is with feelings of the greatest sympathy, that I now address you. I trust that you are all well as this leaves one; only it is very cold here of nights but the air is very chilly through the day. I sit with my feet on the hearth as I pen these lines to you but no snow yet on the ground. There is in the mountains some on all sides of us but this last month has been very fine indeed for the time of year. I am in my own house again at present. Delia's little girls one of them stays with me at night and go[es] to school in the day about three blocks from here (little Cora) about seven years old in the first primer.

I hardly know what to say to you. If I could see you I might explain my sisterly feelings to you so you might think that what I say to you was from my heart. I can truly mourn with you and feel the loss of yours as I have passed a scene the same as you have; so has your dear sister Lucretia and your mother and my daughter Delia. We all have sensed it therefore Dear Sister I think we carefully realize your loss is a gain for the departed ones and if we live a life so that we may be sure of our exaltation as I think Platte done O how joyful it will be to have friends to meet and welcome us on the other side.

It is now nine years since Frank left me (and said it would not be long before I would go to him), and now it is nineteen years since his Pa died and I am here yet, but why I cannot tell, but think it is all right. Those that have gone are all right but would not wish it otherwise, but when we can meet them it will be a joyful meeting. Then perhaps we will know more at least I hope I will. I think I am slow to learn my duty. But Dear Sister do not think your lot is harder than you can bear. Others have borne their troubles but we cannot fully sympathize with them unless we hear a similar trial. I felt very sorry for Lucretia when she was so suddenly left alone without her husband. I feel that yours was not any harder at the time than hers as you were permitted to see the last and to try to bring yourself in line with what you knew would come soon.

Delia do not think that I censure in the least degree. Platte was a dear friend of mine. I loved him as such but was in hopes to meet him in the flesh again, but it is all right now, only trust that I may be permitted to meet him on the other side with J. C. Owens and all the rest of the good ones that have gone and left me here with those that live alone like you and Lucretia, Delia and others.

I wrote to you just before Platte came. I wondered at the time why I did not get an answer but now I can see it plain enough the cause, but it is all right. I was glad to hear by Mary's letter.

I am always glad to hear from anyone of you. I trust this will find you all well. It is rather cold today, stormy on the mountains looks like it meant winter this time for sure. Tell me in the next all you can of your family, how many went home, about Eva's babies, yes all the news you can. Is Albert's health good again? I think Dolly is as large as Ruby now, so you are all in school. O how I would like to see you all and have a good visit. Love to one and all. Now Wednesday. I have lain this aside three times. The mail leaves here everyday in the week. We have mail every day. All are as far as I know with us as far as I know well in Loa. I 252

saw Alvin last week. [He] said he was well as usual. My pen is so poor I will stop, asking God to bless you all and may his blessings be with you to comfort you in your hours of sorrow from Aunt Lillis to all.

LETTER 298

Wayne Stake of Zion, Willis E. Robison, President, Hans M. Hansen, 1st Counselor; Gearson S. Bastian, 2nd Counselor; Joseph Eckersley, Tithing Clerk & Historian. Loa, Utah, December 10, 1901, To: Mrs. Adelia Lyman, Bluff City, Utah. My dear Aunt, since receiving a letter from Mary, written after uncle Platte's death, I have been away from home most of the time, but have remembered you in your great affliction and have asked the Lord to comfort you and your family. Little did I think when I saw Platte at the October conference that it would be our last earthly meeting. President J.D.T. McAllister of the Manti Temple once said to me "Brother Robison I shall know you in Heaven, and rejoice in your acquaintance there." And should I be so fortunate as to mingle with such men as President McAllister, I know I will renew my association with Platte. Dear Aunt I should have loved to have met you at conference, but it would be a greater pleasure to see you now, but friends can not always be together and families drift apart and a fond remembrance is all we have for each other here, as well as when our loved ones leave us at the Father's call to labor in the other sphere. I can hardly realize when I look back to the time when I was a small boy, and you taught the little school in Grandmother's north room and it was my privilege to be one of your students; that time has wrought such wonderful changes in each of us. You having passed the half century mark by some two or three years, while I am so near the top of the hill, that in fancy I can see the downward slope on the other side. Truly has the poet said "Life at the best, is but a jest, a cruel winter's day," and yet not cruel either, only educational, fair weather is always appreciated more after a storm, and sunshine after rain, and so in the providence of our Heavenly Father well we enjoy what blessings he has in store for us because we have tasted of the bitter.

Well, Aunt, we are all well here: mother, my sister Adelia and family, and my own family. Alvin and Mary were here today to see us, and they also are well. I want you to give our love to Eva, Mary, Albert, and all the rest, and in your hours of loneliness cast an occasional thought to Loa, and remember that we have not only thought of you, but talked about you many times since Platte's death, for it was so unexpected to us, it came with such a shock but his labors were needed elsewhere. I took Mother and Sarah Ann to Fillmore the last of October to help celebrate the semi-centennial. We had a good visit and met many friends. Well, I will say to you, May the blessings of our Father be with you, by day and by night, until your mission is finished and your earthly days are numbered and join in sending love to yourself and family, as ever I remain your nephew, Willis E. Robison.

LETTER 299

Ruth Louise Partridge, October 17, 1968, Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Cousin Albert: Going through papers the other day I came across an item that I'm sure will interest you.

Platte DeAlton Lyman was operated on the dining room table in my parent's home. They then lived on the corner of 3rd north and first east [Provo, Utah]. The room was the southeast one. The house is no longer standing. The walls were hung with sheets. A young roomer named Horace Secrist was allowed to watch the operation, clad in a sheet. There were two doctors; one was Dr. George Robison, a close relative. The other was probably Dr. Samuel H. Allen.

A Navajo blanket was given to the Partridges by Platte, as they would not consider payment. Platte's wife was there. She looked like Mary Lyman (Reeves) and wore a black satin dress with a white collar. These are the recollections of my mother. She said, at the time I took her memories down, that she thought Platte had no hope of recovery in spite of the operation. Albert, I still have the remnants of that Navajo rug. It is orange, not red, and I have never seen another of that color. Must be the primitive Indian dyes. Ruth Louise Partridge, daughter of Elizabeth Truman and Ernest DeAlton Partridge.

LETTER 300

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, June 6, 1904, To: Albert Lyman, Grayson [Blanding, Utah], My Dear boy, I feel that I have neglected you in not writing before. Hope you will overlook my carelessness. I would like very much to see you, but it is impossible for me to come up there and I expect you are too busy to come here. I hope you and your folks are well. Edward said the baby was not well when he came away. I trust she is all right by this time. The little darling – kiss her for me. I can't help but feel dad when I think of us living, so far apart. It would be bad enough for us to live so far from everywhere if we were all living near together, but I must not complain. The Lord knows best. We have been having quite a bit of sickness in town lately, but the worst cases are better now. Brother Nielsen walked as far as his other house today. Leona too is getting around a little. Edward is cutting the lucerne today. I wish it was so you could help him as I am not able even to hire an Indian and I am afraid he will not be able to lift all of that hay himself. We are having very unusual weather; nights and mornings quite cool and so very warm in the day with no rain. The water is out of the ditch and when it is in, it only stays a day or two. Eva and family are as well as usual. The baby cries and has to be held most all the time. His face and head looks rough and sore most of the time. The others are not as well as I wish they were. My cow is doing well. My chickens are looking fine. Edward furrowed out the potatoes since he came home. They got trethday [thirsty]. Don't know as they will do any thing, but hope to have a few. Uncle Jodie has just come in and sent me the package Lell sent. I will send the things you and she asked for if I can.

June 7th, 10 p.m. Uncle Jodie has been here this afternoon and we have had a good visit. He says he will not be able to take all the things you sent for, but he will loan you some flour and graham. I hear that Beatrice is quite sick; was taken with the grippe and may result in an abortion, but I expect Sister Perkins will tell you all about it. Uriah is away in Colorado. Mary Ellen spoke of sending some money but I have not been able to find it. Hope it is not lost. I will watch for a chance to send some more things. Am so sorry you have been without

flour. Be sure and write and let me know how you all are. I am so glad the baby is better. I would give her the milk from one cow; take one that has a healthy looking calf; don't feed her too often.

I send the crab [apple] preserves Sister Perkins made as I am afraid they will not keep as well as some others. Also send pickles and chow, a bottle of vinegar and honey. Uncle says you are awful mad because I have not written before. Please don't ... [missing]

June 8th. Uncle says as Aunt Ida and Lucy are not young he can take some more for you. So I will fill up the tub and send some flour. Beatrice is still quite sick. Have sent for Uriah. It is raining a little this morning. As every your loving Mother, Adelia Lyman.

LETTER 301

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, March 9, 1906, Albert Robison Lyman, Grayson, Utah, Dear Albert, I am sending you by this mail *Self Helps*. It belongs to Uncle Kumen. When you send it back you put only 8 or 9 cents on it. I put on eleven by mistake. I hear, through Sister Perkins that Casse has been having the croup. I trust she is all right by this time. Eva's children have been having bad colds. And De was quite bad with the croup one night. There is quite a bit of colds among the people. Uncle Lem has had pneumonia, is some better and there is a good prospect for him to recover, but at one time we were afraid he was wanted somewhere else. George Perkins had a very narrow escape the other day. His horse fell or partly fell with him and hurt him quite badly about the head and face. We have Frank Barton back again and tonight there is a dance and refreshments in his honor. Edward is not out; is not very well.

Please send the enclosed check to Aunt Annie [Platte's other widow] when you write to her. I hope she won't feel injured because we can't help her build, but that is out of the question, though we will send her means to make her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Tell her this and more. Talk good to her as you do to me and let her know that we are her friends and she can depend upon us.

I wish I had a camp on my place up there so I could come and perhaps help a little towards getting things started there. Brother Thompson came in this morning from Ship Rock, N.M.; came all the way in a boat down the river. He is going to Moab to help on a large store that is in prospect there. Did I tell you that Kissie said she sent that acid as soon as she heard you wanted it. Kiss the dear ones for me, with love, Ma. Write once in a while. Eddie Nielson has received his call for a mission. He is writing by this mail to Box "B." He is a fine lad.

LETTER 302

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, J[une] 17, 1906, Dear children at Grayson [Blanding, Utah], I received M[ary] E[lleen]'s note the other day but did not answer at the time as we were all very busy. Eva is better but is not as well as she should be, but I can be at home part of the time.

255

Dolly has started to school again. I had to keep her out to help about the work on account of Eva being sick so long. J. P. got in about two today, said Albert was expected in there tonight. I am afraid he has suffered with a cold. Why did he have to go over to Moab in such cold weather? The weather today is quite warm and bright; looks some like spring. How do you like the machine? Am very sorry about the break in it. Albert, do you think it can be fixed or shall we send back for another piece? M.E. did not say anything about the garments. I guess you got them all right. The price was six dollars. She throwed off 50 c and I paid 50 c. She said you had paid \$5.00. There is no safolio [saffolio] in the store. You got the apples of course or did the guys forget to leave them. You must have apples when ever you need them. The frost has got into my cellar and some of the potatoes are frozen, also the apples, but I feel worse about the potatoes. The sick folks are all some better. I hope you folks will all keep well. Kiss the children for me and tell them about the grandma bless them and you all. I get hungry to see you and talk with you. Kissie is getting along all right; did not go away for Christmas. Said she was glad she did not, when she see[s] how tired some of the students looked when they came back. The Navajos are cutting wood and selling to the white folks 75 c for a load – that is a wagon box full of split stove wood. I shall get some if Edward

can haul it. He got one load the other day. Our men have commenced work on the river. Edward worked there yesterday and part of today. The men and boys of Bluff will always have a job as long as they live on this river.

Thank you very much for the poark [pork] you sent, also the beans. Perhaps I can do as much for you sometime. Please write and let me know how you are getting along. Tell me all about the children and every, every thing. We always remember you in our prayers and I trust you do the same by us. Good night from Ma.

LETTER 303

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, June 26, 1906, My Dear Children in Grayson, There is much I would like to say to you if I had a chance to use the old machine that I am so used to using [sic] but it is always hard for me to sit down and try to put my thots [thoughts] on paper. When I start to write, things I want to say come rushing into my mind until I get discouraged [sic] and think that the pen is of very little good for me. I received Edward's card of recent date and also Albert's letter of the 24th. Am always glad to hear from my dear ones and never tire reading what they have to say.

I have put off writing until this morning now the mail boy is liable to come any time and that makes me so nervous I can hardly write. We are all well in body and are struggling [sic] hard to keep our minds as healthy as our bodies. The older I get the more I can see the necessity [sic] of keeping the ming [mind] healthy, and I [it] seems it is harder for me all the time. If I was like Albert seems to be, I know the Lord would have more respect for and help me more. Perhaps if I had made a mighty effort while I was younger I could have succeeded better, but it will please you to know that though some what discouraged [sic] I am still trying to keep in the streight [sic] path for any other has no charms for me. Now the boy has come for the mail so I will stop for this time. Please send those railroad accounts to me as they belong to me. We asked Montgomery to send a parcel by mail and they sent it by express. With much love I am as ever, Ma. More next time.

256

LETTER 304

Albert Robison Lyman, Grayson, Utah, June 23, 1906, To: Mrs. Adelia Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Mother: I have intended for a long time to write you a letter and I shall begin it now, tho I may not have time to finish it for a day or so. It seems a long time since I wrote to you, but I still remember you, and hope that as you get older I may be truer, and more constant, and you may never have occasion to grieve because of me.

It is getting so near dark that I can hardly see what I am writing, and this may be a very poor expression of what I feel, but it at least [may] be an assurance to you that I have not forgotten you.

Edward is here and has been watering his oats today.

June 24, 1906. I have told you so many times how good I felt, and I feel better now than ever before. I am seeing things and hearing things all the time that I did not know were in the world. I can not tell you how good I feel, but I am sure I am getting more out of life every day; in fact I think some times that I am getting all out of life that my poor weak body and soul can endure. I know of course that much that I do is a failure in the eyes of folks who wear financial glasses all the time, but however poor and weak my efforts to make money, there are things that I am trying to do that I am really succeeding at. I know that there is a destiny for man to reach, and there is a providence whispering to them of the things they were sent here to do. I may be true to the laws of the gospel, so far as anyone can tell, and yet I may be neglecting the very things that have been revealed to me to do, and my condemnation for that will be greater than for going contrary to the things that I have only

read and not seen by inspiration. I thank the Lord that he has put something in my mind, besides a love for the things of the earth that are of such short duration.

Well, it seems that whenever I write to you, I write along these same lines and tell about the same things; but perhaps I am justified to a certain extent, when my letters are out of the fullness of my heart, and I tell you of the things to which I wish to dedicate my life and energy. I hope you will not get tired of me, because of the sameness and monotony of my thoughts, I know I am a freak, and that my works and hopes are different to those of anybody else in the country, but they came to me as strangely as they have stayed with me, and they are absorbing my thoughts and ambition more and more all the time. I would be afraid to see anything take hold of me as this has done, if I could not see so plainly that I am being made better for it all the time. I know that it is safe, because it is so closely allied to the gospel, and my study and work partake to such a great extent of the gospel, that I feel to go ahead and stake my whole being on the cause, to put my entire self up as the assurance that the cause must triumph at last. My undertakings are so great that it will require all the energy and faith and prayer that I can muster. I cannot do the works that I have started out to do if I do not put my whole soul in to it, and value it above all else. I will not be satisfied when I go out of this world, if I have not accomplished ten times more than any outside looker on would require of me. Now you may think I am getting over ambitious, but you need have no fear, I am getting ambitious to preserve myself for a labor at which I may continue without exhausting. The gospel not only teaches men to preserve themselves, but to be active, and to value the time at 100%. I believe as Henry W. Becher said "an intense hour is worth more than weary years,"

257

and I do know that the lives of some folks are so weak and slow and insipid, and so void of hope and action, that their time here is almost a failure; while others live so *intensely* and feel so deeply, and hope and work and act and are so much alive, that their time here on earth will count for eternities of such lives as others are living.

I cannot live any more in weary, dreaming inaction. I must be at work, or I have no desire to stay here. I believe that "the glory of God is intelligence," and that it must be flowing continually in to a man's mind, that he must be exerting himself all the time, if he would keep abreast of the inspiration that the Lord desires to give him. I feel that I am getting acquainted with myself, acquainted with the works and hopes that I loved during the eternities of my primeval life. I think that the things I am working at now are the things I sought after a long, long time ago, and the love I have for them is just an awakening of what has been struggling for expression since I awoke in this world. I love it because it stirs the noblest feelings of my being, and promises a full development of all the hidden resources of my mind.

I hope I do not seem dreamy to you, if what I have said is not plain, it is because I have not been given ability to make it so; it is plain to me, just as plain as day. I feel pleased and thankful that I am alive, and I want to live just as long as I can retain the ability to advance, and no longer.

Sometimes I fear that you will think I have a mania for saying I feel extra good, but whether I can make it plain or not, I feel that I have found another world, a world from which I never want to go till I can go to a better one. Well, I have much more to say, but this is the end of my time and paper, and I must close, Your affection son, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 305

Albert Robison Lyman, Grayson, Utah, March 24, 1907, To: Mrs. Adelia Lyman, Bluff, Utah, Dear Mother: I have a question to ask you, so I shall ask it and write all else that comes to my mind.

I have got to have a team, if I make any kind of success at the labor I have in mind, not only

the farming side of the question, but for the store as well. I am nearly out of goods, and know of no way to get any more in from the railroad. The question I want to ask is whether you object to me selling my cattle. I haven't time to tend them, and if they are not tended, I am liable to lose them all before very long. If I had a team of horses and a span of big mares, I think that from the four, I would realize more than I am liable to realize from the cattle for some time. And, besides that I would have a store, and my farm in good paying shape through their labors.

Last year my journalism brought me nine dollars more than I received from my cattle in the whole year. I do not know whether it will be better this year, but I am reasonably certain that their worth invested in teams, would bring in from them and the store and the farm, a great deal more than they can be made to bring, a figure too which I am quite sure otherwise to receive. I feel that my financial outlook is better than it has been for some time, and it will be vastly better still if I can turn the cattle to a more available purpose.

258

Edward left here yesterday with the other teams for Thompson. Tell Mary that I am sending the *Cigaretist* and will if she wishes send the other papers which she has so kindly ordered the Roycrofters to send me.

It seems a long time since I saw you, and I often wonder how you are feeling and whether you still think my literary course a dangerous one to follow. I still write and study with the same regularity that I pray, in fact I pray for the things I am led to write about and write the thought I am led to express in prayers. But along with these things I am making a great effort to improve my finances and am putting in just as hard licks at it as I ever did in the past. I have not eaten sweets and find my health somewhat improved on that account.

While I say I am working as hard as I ever did, I must also state that it is not with reckless abandon of my more youthful years, but with a greater reliance upon the hand of the Lord without whom there is no success. Along with my labored efforts, I pray more than ever before, and feel a greater satisfaction in working. I brace my greatest powers, and stop for breath with paper and pencil in hand. I am trying to learn the best ways of advancing in this school to which God has for the present assigned me, and make the time count as a very precious material, the ... [substance?] of which may be found exhausted any moment. I am seeking knowledge by faith, by study and by prayer. I am trying by my most diligent effort to gain those eternal principles of truth that will make me wise unto salvation, that when the time is accounted finished and I am called away, [I] may be found to have chosen the better part, and gained the particular virtue for which I came into earth.

I hope you will not take it as a boast when I say that I am learning, that by constant friction, with the creations of God, am beginning to master the liaisons they were intended to each, that of the great majesty and power and love of their creator. Nature itself is every day bearing a louder testimony to me of the Great God who sits enthroned in the mansions of His excellent advancement, whose eyes pierces all the workmanship of His hands, and governs in all equity and justice. I am beginning to read from the very rocks and trees and flowers, the eternal unfailing, unbounded, unlimited justice of God's rule, that as Enoch tell as "His curtains are stretched out still, and still He is there, and His bosom is there, and also He is merciful and kind forever," I say I have read it, yes I have seen it, and felt it, and the very works of God have stood up as a great man before me and with outstretched arms bid me to look and bear record of my maker, and speak with all loving kindness of His unfailing love towards me. No, I have used a figure of speech in telling you how I have been commanded to bear testimony of the *real* existence of God, but I do not have you to think that this knowledge has come to me in only a figurative sense, for God has made this testimony

binding upon me by virtue of all the reason He has given me, and if I ever deny it, I will by that denial remove the very foundation stones of my mentality.

As Joseph Smith said, some are visited in the temples, some in the deserts and some on the mountains. Some men are caused to have open visions, others to hear the voice of God, while others still have the testimony of God come upon them in such an unmistakable, irresistible way that they know that God lives as well as they know His creations are around them.

The study of this branch of learning is a thing entirely apart from my journalism, only as I learn by the latter how to better express the truths of the former. The journalism I could give
259

up if it were for any reason necessary, but the study of God is the great light that beckons me upwards, without which I would be left without purpose, without hope, without faith, and really without life.

Don't tell folks of the confidence I repose in you as my mother when I say that I am very much alone in this path, that I look and listen in vain for company, and find very few men crossing this field. It is a field which very few cared to choose in the primeval world and less care to follow it here. I am not far into it - I wish I were; it is the path over which the prophets and seers of God have gone successfully to all their hearts could desire. So being *that* path, you can well judge that I am not far into it, but I hope and pray to traverse its whole length to all the blessed places along its course. With kind regards to all the folks, I remain, your loving son, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 306

Gene Lyman Platt, #5 Suan Pluu South Sathorn Rd., Bangkok, Thailand, August 20, 1969, Dearest family, well, I'm now just a little short of being half way around the world and you know, the members over here are exactly the same as the members in Provo because the Church is true no matter where you live. The message we have is one that will bring peace in Asia and the world.

Here's a little information. There are 1.7 billion people in the Southern Far East Mission: one half of the world's population. That works out to mean that there are 120 million people for each missionary in this mission. I guess I'll just have to hold a few extra street meetings, but I'll see what I can do.

Today is Wednesday. I'm waiting for my senior companion to arrive from Khorst. Elder Hamilton is his name. He's been here about one year. He has the #3 spot in seniority in Thailand. Elder Hansen has been waiting for his senior companion too. They were supposed to be here by 10:00 o'clock but they didn't make it so I've got a minute and though I should be studying, I know you are concerned. Elder Hansen and I just went out tracting in the spare hour we had. Although we only knocked on three houses, we got into two. I gave the door approach on the third house and we got in. I gave the Joseph Smith introduction, my first, and we got a call back. Boy, do I love it here.

I'll be living in a new apartment with three elders that have been here for a while. They came and it's now Monday, diversion for a half day. A lot has happened thus far on my mission. Elder Hamilton and I have tracted very much. This is a new area and we don't have any investigators yet, but we'll get them. We've been tracting out slum areas mostly. We have much more success with the poor people than the rich people. I've given several introductions and the language is still very difficult and coming quite slowly, but I really enjoy it here and I'm sure the next two years will go fast.

It's taken quite a bit of money to get started here. It's a mission policy here to have \$50 plus our passport in the mission safe at all times, so just perchance there is an emergency we can get out fast. I don't want you to worry about me or the influence of Communism here.

Although the powers of the Devil are very strong here, I've got the best protection around.
260

I'll probably never use the \$50 but it is there. It cost \$30 a month for food and maid service and \$30 a month for rent. The transportation and Sunday meals (maid's day off) take up the rest of the money. Most of the missionaries here live on between \$105 and \$110 per month. I'll try the first month to get by on \$100 then we'll see from there. After buying linen, pants, shirts, etc. it will be tight but I can make it until Monday September 1, 1969. I'll plan on writing out a \$100 check then; sorry.

Dad, this place is quite exotic. I can see why you loved India; fireflies, beautiful nights, friendly people and blazing sun. It's easy for me to overlook the tremendous filth around here, but the smell bothers me a little. They have open sewers here called klongs and I'll really be glad to see blue water again. Well I must go to the district meeting. I'll write next Monday. It's tough work but the best in the world. Love you more each day. What's happening with the family? #4 Gene. Mission headquarters: 129/1 Soi 49, Sukhumvit Road, Bangkok, Thailand.

LETTER 307

Mary Lyman, Bluff, Utah, February 25, 1909, It is now 1:45 p.m. Our darling mother has been gone a quarter of an hour. She was making her round as a relief teacher and took sick at Aunt Em's, suffered intensely for one hour and a half. She did not know us, but we feel so grateful that she could go so quick[ly].

Eva, don't worry too much. She was worn completely out. She was smothered [smothered] with her heart.

Dolly, don't grieve! Be careful of Eva. Mary, Eva, R. Cretia.

LETTER 308

[Note: Great-Grandma Perkins did not speak English as her first language. I have included her spellings so that the family can get a taste for her English abilities after about thirty years in the United States. Lyman D. Platt]

Sarah Williams Perkins, Bluff, Utah, June 11, 1899, To: Mr. Albert Lyman, Bradford, England, Dear Brother, your welcome letter was received a few days ago. And I can say we were very glad to hire [hear] from you, and to learn you where [were] enjoying good health, as I am happy to say we are at present[;] which I feel very great-ful [grateful] to my heavenly [Father]. And which I think is one of the greatest blessing[s] we can enjoy.

While reading your letter it caused me to think a great deal of Wales and while you were speaking of the poor it surely made my heart ache for it was just the same in our country. I think the Lord as [has] been very murcieful [merciful] unto me in leding [leading] me out of Babylon to this blessed land of the free. The people of Bluff are enjoying good health and the young folks are haveing [having] a fine time lately[,] something going on all the time. I guess you have heard of our Colorado missionarys [missionaries] comeing [coming] to visit us[.] They are very nice men[.] Every body seemed to enjoy there [their] visit fine. And they also enjoyed them self [themselves] very much while they were here.

261

I was very glad to here [hear] you had meet [met] with such a nice lady[.] May God bless her and lead her to Zion and I praye [pray] that you will meet more such sisters, and my prayer is that you will meet many a friend and that you will be the means of doing great good while in your field of labor. I felt very sorry to know books where [were] so scarce there[.] I only wish I could send you a few but I suppose you will have plenty to do in a short time[.] Hope you will soon be able to see your pa and have a good long talk with him[.] Dan and Peter Jones left Monticell[o] last Thursday, June 8th[.] They seemed to feel all right. Auther [Arthur] and

George are geting [getting] along splindid [splendidly] so far. George write[s] some very good letters home. It gives me great Joy to know that we have such young and good men from our stake abroad [abroad] carrying the everlasting Gospel unto the nations of the earth. I hope dear brother that you will be the means of bring[ing] some good soul[s] into the kingdom of our Lord and that you will always enjoy his spirit[.] Be prayer full [prayerful] and deligant [diligent] and always bare [bear] in mind that the Lord always helps those who help them selfs [themselves]. You was saying you were ashamed to eat all you wanted till you got on the ship[.] I could not help but smile at it. And yet was sorry to here [hear] you were so sick on the ship[.] May you ever be provided with plenty and be not ashmed [ashamed] to take what you need. Well I suppose you have learn[ed] before this that Lell is in Cedar[.] She is well and is haveing [having] a good time and writs [writes] very good letter[s] home. I shall send her your letter. Well dear brother that is a very poor pen I am writing with. I suppose you get all the news from Bluff when your dear sister writes to you so I shall close praying God to bless [and] aid you at all times is the wish of your dear friend and sister in the Gospel. Sarah Perkins.

LETTER 309

Francis Marion Lyman, Tooele City, Utah, March 16, 1900, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England, [Platte writes in longhand at the top of the letter that he answered this letter of April 4th, 1900.]

My Dear Brother: Aside from my main communication I feel as if I must talk to you a little more privately. It has only been hinted to me that it may be desirable for me to take a trip to your mission during the coming summer. I wish you would write me at once and let me know about what it would cost me in cash to make the tour of Germany, Switzerland, Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway? Also, England, Scotland and Wales and perhaps Ireland. That is to make the main points in your mission.

Please give me this information that I may have it in my possession if I shall need it. I want nothing said about it as I may not go and I don't want any stir made over it. I wish I could talk to you for a few hours. I would have so many things to say to you. I can't satisfy myself at all in writing. I heard a letter from you to President Snow read yesterday in our council about an Elder who has fallen into trouble with a lewd woman. I would like to tell you how to deal with such cases, if I could be with you for the purpose. I understand that the young man was pricked in his heart and made his confession to his conference President.

Now if I am right in my understanding of the case, the President was quite competent, if he was satisfied that the young man had sincerely repented, to say to him, on condition of your genuine repentance, you shall be forgiven, go on with your work and sin no more. That is if it

262

was only known to himself and not to the Saints. Secret sins should be treated secretly and should not be published abroad. If sins are open and flagrant they must be treated openly. We should save a brother if we possibly can. And where we can save them from the reproach of the Church and the world, we should do so. Every presiding man in your mission should be informed that he has the right to treat confidently with secret sins of Elders or Saints if they are pricked in their hearts and their transgressions are acknowledge of their own volition. We should always avoid advertising our own shame as much as possible. Matters may come to your knowledge that it would not be necessary to tell to your counselors. See D&C, Section 42:92-93.

As soon as I learn certainly that I shall, or that I shall not visit your mission, I shall let you know. Don't let a hint of it get out. I want you to let me know what is the least I can get about as I have suggested, for I shall want to travel in all simplicity and so that you could be my

companion. I should want advantage of every cheap rate that I could reach. We are all fairly well I believe as far as I know.

I am trying to get our genealogy published in the Mason Family Genealogy. Don't know how I shall succeed. It belongs instead in the Lyman Genealogy, but father let the chance go by unimproved. I think I have written enough for this time. The Lord bless you and your colaborers

in all your ways. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 310

Francis Marion Lyman, Tooele, Utah, March 16, 1900, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Liverpool, England, My Dear Brother, I know not when I shall get this communication completed. I think the foregoing forms ought [ought] to satisfy any one. We are not inclined to set any unvariable [invariable] form but I thought that it would do no harm to quote what the brethren have done. You will notice that no two are just alike. If you follow the foregoing forms in a general way you will not go astray. If you do otherwise you may get wrong. In ordaining you always lay your hands on the head of the subject but it is not really necessary in your wording to say that you lay your hands upon him. See Section 13 [in] the D&C, and also Chapter 3 Book of Moroni, Book of Mormon, page 609.

You may bear in mind that the conferring of the Priesthood of Aaron is not a pattern for us to follow nor is the ordination of Joseph and Oliver to the Apostleship. Those ordinations were unique as they were to restore to the earth the two Priesthoods. We have come to use commonly a form of ordination such as I herewith enclose to you, but it is not indispensably necessary that all of those words should be used.

Should you or anyone else who has authority use a form as simple as this: "Brother John Thomas in the name of Messiah we ordain you an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Amen," he would be most thoroughly ordained and endowed with all the keys of authority and power that belongs to the office of an Elder and it would not be necessary to re-ordain him. As I say, you better follow the beaten track or the Smart Allecks will take you to task. God bless you my Brother, I am yours very affectionately. Francis M. Lyman.

263

Ordination by Apostle Heber J. Grant. Brother Joshua James Summerhays, we, the servants of the Lord, in the authority of the holy Priesthood which we hold, lay our hands upon your head and we ordain you a Seventy in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we seal and confer upon you all the rights, keys, powers, privileges and authority which pertain to this high and holy calling in the Melchizedek Priesthood, which Priesthood is after the order of Melchizedek, which is after the order of the Son of God, and we say unto you, seek for the light and inspiration of the Spirit from on high to aid you to magnify this office, to be in very deed a servant of God.

By President S. B. Young. Brother Christopher Anderson Allred, we, your brethren, ordain you a Seventy in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and seal and confer upon you all the keys, power and graces of office pertaining to this high calling in the holy Melchizedek Priesthood.

By President Joseph W. McMurrin. Brother William Albert Nuttall, we, your fellow-laborers, in the authority of the holy Priesthood, lay our hands upon your head and ordain you a Seventy in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we seal upon you all the gifts, graces, power and authority appertaining to this high calling in the holy Melchizedek Priesthood.

By President Rulon S. Wells. Brother Hyrum Chase Nicol, in the authority of the holy

Priesthood, we lay our hands upon your head and ordain you a Seventy in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we seal and confer upon you all the gifts, power, authority, and keys pertaining to this high calling in the holy Melchizedek Priesthood. By President Joseph F. Smith. George Albert Lyman; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, we lay our hands upon your head, and we ordain you a seventy in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we confer upon you all the keys, rights, powers, and authority which appertain unto this high and holy calling in the Melchizedek Priesthood; and we say unto you receive ye the same, that this power and authority and the rights and privileges that pertain to this calling may abound and abide with you from this time henceforth and forever.

LETTER 311

Office of the First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. P. O. Box B., Salt Lake City, Utah, April 17, 1900, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England, My Dear Brother: Your favor of the 4th instant I found awaiting my return this A.M. from Oak City, where I have been for a brief visit to our family and kindred. I met all of them in Oak City at 10 a.m. in Frederick's house and had one of my very choicest visits. I took occasion to verify my genealogical record of the family. Assisted by Fred, Joseph, and Edward Leo I blessed Aunt Caroline as I am wont to do, for my aged kindred as the Lord give me His Spirit to do. The family are all pretty well. I was at Leamington giving that ward a new Bishopric. Rodney B. Ashby was ordained Bishop and his counselors August Neilson and Christian Overson. They were unanimously sustained. Joseph A. drove me to Oak City and Fred brought me back. I sent to Annie Maud for record of your marriage with her which she has just returned. I will enclose you her letter to me.

264

I wish you would quote to me that part of my letter which seemed to annoy you a little. I can't imagine what it was. I can't write you much just now. When you give me your suggestive itinerary for my suggested trip in your mission it frightens me off as it will take so much time. I am very much crowded with work at home and do not see how I can spend the time that would be needed to make a reasonable tour. You must not count on me till you get word that I am to come. I have my work pretty well laid out to last me till October. We are all exceedingly busy. I suggested to President Snow that I thought it would be a good thing for me to visit your mission while you are in the field. He did not seem to enthuse over it at all. Unless he or some other of the brethren shall bring the matter up I shall not feel like mentioning it any more.

It would not be at all out of the way for you to notice that the Apostles are occasionally visiting the various missions and that you and your brethren would appreciate a visit from one or more of them. He might refer to send some one else beside me. I am considered a very useful member at home. They find ample work to occupy my time fully. I am not a very good sailor and rather shrink from crossing the ocean. I would hardly think of being away from here more than three or four months.

I am just now putting up our family genealogy in shape for publication and if I succeed in getting us published in the Mason book as I wish to, I may need to make a trip to Boston to place the matter in the hands of the publisher. I had thought of taking Rhoda with me if I went east, but I think she will shrink from the journey.

Oscar's son George Richard is here with us on his way to the Southern States Mission. He is twenty-seven years of age and I think will make a fine missionary. He leaves a wife and two babies at home. I will send you with this not only Annie Maud's letter but also the blank she filled out for me. I have taken a copy of it. It will let you see the kind of blank I am using in

gathering genealogies. I shall not write you more at this time. Should it be determined for me to visit you I will notify you at once. It will not be necessary to ask brother McMurrin to return until he has made his tour full. The Lord bless you and yours forever. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 312

Office of the First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. P. O. Box B., Salt Lake City, Utah, June 11, 1900, To: Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England.

My Dear Brother: Your favor of May 23rd came to me okay in due time. I note all you say about Samuel B. Tenny and his son-in-law John P. Wimmer, Jr. I shall give the matter my immediate attention. Our family is all pretty well and happy. I am moving about so much lately that I get in the way of some of our numerous family frequently. I have visited Oak City and Fillmore lately and had [a] nice visit with all the folks of those places. This week I go to Cedar and Parowan with Brother Joseph W. McMurrin. We shall be gone ten days or two weeks. He and I have just returned from Canada. I find no trouble in keeping busy. Being thus occupied seems to tend very much towards my safety.

265

I have fully succeeded I believe in getting our cousin Alverdo Hayward Mason to consent to publish in the Mason genealogy our complete family record. I have verified our entire record and have it now in hand ready for the printer. The work is expected to come out this fall. I shall hold my manuscript till he is ready for it and shall then go to East Braintree, Massachusetts, where he is situated and put it in his hand. President Snow is suffering with sciatica so that he is confined to the house. President Cannon is feeble yet he is about all the time. The rest of the chiefs are pretty well. I am programmed ahead to the middle of July. Then I commence again. The Lord bless you and Your brethren in all of your ministry. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 313

Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints., P. O. Box B., Salt Lake City, Utah, July 9, 1900, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England.

My Dear Brother: I have just received a nice little note from your daughter Eva L. Bayles and I thought you would appreciate it; hence I herewith enclose it to you. I was corresponding with her on genealogical matters and she told me of her approaching confinement and wished that I could step in and bless her for the ordeal. I wrote her a few words of blessing to which she refers in this letter.

I have our genealogy all in hand and in shape for the printers hand whenever he is ready for it. We have just eighty families and 330 children of Father's descendants. Mother's posterity has just one half of the families. At this point I had to stop my writing and bless Brother Howard Coray who in eighty-three years old and perhaps nearing the end of his mortal career. Eddie's Millie has just stepped in and is going to the Lake for a bath this warm afternoon. She is up here for school and I think it is the intention to give her an opportunity to educate herself fairly well.

President Snow is improving nicely. All the rest of the brethren are well. The weather is very hot, but I succeed in getting in good licks at work every day so that I hope to have some treasures laid up in Heaven. Yesterday Brother Lund and I released Bishop William Bills of South Jordan Ward and put in a new Bishopric entie [?] The Sunday before I made a new ward in the mining camp of Mercur in Tooele County. Next Sunday I shall attend the Juab Stake conference at Levan.

I have had and am still having the most interesting correspondence with our Cousin Alverdo Hayward Mason upon genealogical and other matters. He is a very intelligent and interesting

man and I am getting him interested in the study of the gospel. He is now reading carefully the Book of Mormon, and I have supplied him with the *Articles of Faith* by Talmage, the *Deseret News*, the *Era*, *The Juvenile Instructor*, etc. He claims to have time to read all I send him. When he is ready for our record I shall go down to Boston and put the manuscript in his hands with instructions as to how I wish it to appear in the work. He has promised to follow my plan. I may have him print 500 to 1000 copies of our record in excess of those that he puts in to the work that we may have it incorporated with the Tanner genealogy when it is published as it should be in the near future.

266

Elder Charles Wolfenden was on the south bound train when I was going to the Beaver and Parowan conference lately. He spoke in the very highest terms of your son Albert R. It is very gratifying when the boys develop so well. And then if they continue in the right way. The representatives of our family have so far done good work. Walter C. is doing a very fine work. Stanley A. Hanks, my grandson and Oscar's son George R. Lyman are doing splendid missions in the Southern States. My son George A. did a splendid three years mission in the South. I shall take him with me on my coming six week tour of the Southern Stakes of Utah. Weather is very hot and dry. Our daughter Lois V. Dunyon has a fine baby girl born May 24th and is named Melba. I think it is nice to have Rhoda live to see her baby girl married and have a baby. That is a great satisfaction to a mother. Mother and Aunt Caroline are both in good health and good spirits. I take great comfort with my Mother. Aunt Paulina and family are in good form also. The boys in California are in poverty. Lorenzo tells me that he is poorer than he has ever been since he was twenty-one years old. His family is scattered all over California. There is hardly any two of them in any one place. The others are in like manner scattered everywhere. Amasa's family is doing fairly well. I think they are all improvements on him. Junior is doing well with his civil and mining engineering business and is full of work. Richard is up to his neck in university work and George A. is dry farming and into other items of business. My John and Amy are taking training in the university. The Lord bless you in your ministry and presidency. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 314

Platte DeAlton Lyman, 42 Islington, Liverpool, England, July 24, 1900, To: Mr. James Wilson, Glasgow, Scotland, My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 23rd instant is to hand, and let me assure you that I take no offense at your writing to me for information on a subject which to me is sacred, whatever it may be to other people. You say you are a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and have been taught that Brigham Young was the author of polygamy and that Joseph Smith neither taught nor practiced it; and you say that our people in Glasgow have told you that my mother was the wife of Joseph, but you do not believe it unless I say so. You say that you are only after truth, and it is in my power to put you right on this particular point.

As my only object in being in this country is to put men right, as God may enable me to do so, and in my feebleness help the misinformed to a better understanding of the truth, I cheerfully reply to your letter: although I assure you it is not my custom to publish indiscriminately the statements which I shall now make to you.

My mother whose name was Eliza M. Partridge, was born at Painesville, Geauga County, Ohio, April 20, 1820, and was a daughter of Bishop Edward Partridge and his wife Lydia Clisbee. She was baptized when about eleven years old and, with her parents, passed through the persecutions that formed so large a part of the history of the Church, during the period of its travails from Kirtland to Nauvoo. After the death of the Prophet she became the wife of

my father Amasa M. Lyman and with the Exodus of the Saints, journeyed to Salt Lake Valley.

267

Among my earliest recollections of her teachings, stands out prominently the statement that she was the wife of the Prophet. Although no special effort was made to impress this fact upon my mind, it being told simply as an item of family history; but was of peculiar interest to me, because of the great respect and reverence in which my youthful mind held the Prophet of God. There were also a number of other women, whom she taught me were wives of the Prophet. Some of these I have been acquainted with for years, one of them being my mother's younger sister, Emily D. Partridge, who, after the Prophet's death, became the wife of President Young. Reports of the plural marriage relation of the Prophet Joseph were at that time generally understood and universally believed by the people of Utah, many of whom had been his intimate associates during the greater part of his public life and I do not remember to have heard his polygamous relation denied or disputed until, as a young man, I came to England as a missionary. While here I became familiar with the claim put forth, by the Reorganized Church that the Prophet never taught nor practiced polygamy.

On my return to Utah I therefore questioned my mother very pointedly and in detail regarding her marital relations with the Prophet, and she assured me in the most plain and positive terms, and in all solemnity, that she was indeed married to him in the presence of his wife Emma, and that she was a wife to him in all that the term implies. During her entire life her testimony on this point never changed nor wavered one particle. She was a[s] truthful [and] virtuous [a] woman as ever lived and could not have been induced by any consideration, to make a statement not absolutely true. Her duly attested affidavit made in the forty-ninth year of her age certifies to all the essential details of time, place, and witnesses, of her marriage to the Prophet. The affidavit of her sister Emily and of numerous other persons of both sexes, besides the solemn declaration of many others which have never been refuted, establish the fact that Joseph Smith did teach and practice, in his life time, in the city of Nauvoo, the principle of plural marriage, or polygamy, as it is commonly called.

And here I want to give my evidence from personal acquaintance as to the character and moral standing of those who furnished the mass of proof just referred to. I declare in all soberness and with the fear of God in my heart that they were upright, God fearing men and women, whose life was [lives were] as an open book, and against whose probity and virtue, not one word can be said. Their reputations for veracity are invulnerable.

In November of 1898, while in Salt Lake City, I called on my Aunt, Mrs. Emily Young, and questioned her regarding her association with the Prophet. Her answers were in substance the same as those given by my mother more than twenty years before; that she was married to the Prophet and that she became his wife in all that the term implies. Her testimony to the same effect, while under oath as a witness was given in the district court in Salt Lake City a few years ago. It is now fifty-six years since the death of Joseph Smith and most of those with whom he associated have followed him to the other side, but there are still, at least, two living witnesses to his position on this question. They are President Lorenzo Snow, and Mrs. Zina D. Young, both of Salt Lake City. Their testimony has been given in public many times, and has been on record for many years. Their lives have been unsullied and their integrity is unquestioned, and the solemn statements made by them in the fading twilight of mortal life should have weight with all right thinking men.

268

The legal evidence, of which reference has been made, is now on file in Salt Lake City, and copies may be seen at this office, by any who are interested in the matter. During the first or

one of the early visits of the President of the Reorganized Church to Salt Lake City, he was confronted by the living witnesses of his Father's teachings, and practice of plural marriage in Nauvoo. Not alone by the word of two witnesses was the truth in relation to his father's course established, but by a host then living who had associated with the Prophet during his brief ministry on the earth, and who could and did testify to a positive knowledge that Joseph Smith, and not Brigham Young, introduced the practice of plural marriage into the Church of Christ.

I have written this hurriedly and have made but superficial reference to the abundant and accessible proofs bearing on the subject.

Accept my assurance that if you really desire the truth on this phase of the Prophet's life, it will be profitable for you to investigate this matter further. Praying the Father of Light to direct you I am your respectfully, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 315

Francis Marion Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 2, 1900, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England.

My Dear Brother: I was pleased yesterday to get your very interesting letter of the 18th, ultimo, with copy of one you sent to the Josephite upon the subject of plural marriage. I quite approve of all that you wrote him. It was well and fitly put in every particular.

I am very much hurried just now, it being so near conference time; so if I write you but briefly you will not condemn me. If for the present I only tell you what is right in regard to the Sacrament, and confirmations, you can receive the explanations later, perhaps when we meet.

These two questions were two of those Elder Cowley and I had to meet in the Southern States Mission. They had introduced the fashion there of baptizing and then preparing the sacrament and administering it, to those baptized before confirmation. We instructed them that the sacrament was not part of, nor had it any connection with the ordinance of baptism. All that is meant in verse 68 of Doctrine and Covenants Section 20 is that before partaking of the Sacrament, all things should be expounded concerning the church of Christ and the same also before they are confirmed. It does not mean that they should have the sacrament given them before they are confirmed.

It is unfortunate that Brother Talmage has put down the words as he has done as the form of confirmation, because he has it just the wrong way about [backwards]. If I were confirming a man I should use about these words, after laying my hands upon his head, "Brother John, I (or we) confirm you a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and say unto you, receive ye the Holy Ghost, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen." That would be all sufficient. After that, when the party should meet with an opportunity to partake of the

269

sacrament, he would be entitled to partake of it. I don't think it necessary for me to offer any explanation of what the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery did on that of the organization of the Church. I do not hesitate to declare just how we should do today and let that suffice. Our family and kindred are all in their usual good health as far as I know. I had a splendid letter from Walter lately, but I have sent it to Joseph A. when writing to him about his new boy, born since the twins.

I have just decided to go East on the 7th of November as far as Boston to put the record of our family in the hands of Mr. Alverdo Hayward Mason for publication and shall be gone till about Christmas. I shall take Rhoda with me. We shall take in the important points on the way. I herewith return the letter you sent me. My health is good. Mother is real well for her.

Please remember me to all our mutual friends. The Lord bless you in all your ministry and presidency. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 316

James W. McMurrin [Platte notes that he answered this letter on November 1, 1900.] First Council of Seventies, No. 408-9 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Members of the First Council: Seymour B. Young, C. D. Fjeldsted, B. H. Roberts, George Reynolds, J. Golden Kimball, Rulon S. Wells, and Joseph W. McMurrin; George D. Pyper, Secretary and Treasurer; Leo Hunsaker, Assistant Secretary; Salt Lake City, October 10, 1900, To: President Platte D. Lyman, 42 Islington, Liverpool, England.

Dear Brother: Your favor concerning my brother James came to hand in due season. I was glad to hear from you and to learn of your feelings and judgment in regard to my brother's health. I feel constrained to make a statement to you which I do not want my brother to know anything about. I do not know what opinions have been expressed to you by medical men about James' disease. The doctors to whom I have presented his case are all of one mind regarding it and pronounce it to be of a most serious character. They all believe that the malady will prove fatal and that no remedy known to man will ever remove it.

Doctors, thank God, are often mistaken, and I hope they are in this case. We know that God can heal and remove all manner of diseases and in Him we must trust. I have thought it possible that the seriousness of James' case from a medical point of view might never have been stated to you and I wanted you to know how it was viewed by the medical gentlemen here. All are unanimous in saying the cancer will continue to grow.

I am sure from the spirit of your letter to the Presidency regarding my brother, that you are deeply interested in his welfare, and will make such recommendations, to the Brethren, in the future, as the condition of his health may demand. I know he is set on fulfilling his mission; and feel that it will be the proper thing for him to do; unless he becomes worse than he is at present.

May the Lord bless you and direct you aright in the responsibilities of your calling. With love and blessing I am your brother in the Gospel. James W. McMurrin.

270

LETTER 317

Francis Marion Lyman [Platte notes he answered this letter on February 23, 1901.] Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 8, 1901, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England.

My Dear Brother: Yesterday I was appointed to take a mission to England to preside over the European Mission, and to relieve you, so that you may return home and take the Presidency over the San Juan Stake, to which position you will be sustained on the 17th, instant, at Fruitland by President Brigham Young and Elder Mathias F. Cowley. I shall start from here soon after April Conference and shall take Rhoda with me. I am off to Heber City this afternoon to make a new Presidency for the Stake. Hence I must make my letter brief. I have the Genealogy of our family all in shape for publishing. There are 83 families and 339 children. We are all well and happy. God bless you forever, I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 318

William Halls [Platte notes he received this letter March 12, 1901 and answered it March 19, 1901.] Mancos, Colorado, February 26, 1901, To: President P.D. Lyman, 42 Islington, Liverpool, England.

Dear Brother, before you receive this you will learn that you have been sustained President of this stake. I can assure you, that you will be welcomed home; and heartily sustained in that

position. As it may be proper I will say a few words in regard to our affairs. First, as regards our financial condition, ever since you left and sometime before, we have had dry seasons all over this part of the country. In Mancos our crops have been very light; in Monticello almost a failure; in Jackson on the La Plata, an entire failure, and all left the place. You know how this would affect us, but I am pleased to say there is plenty of snow in the hills now, and prospects good for crops and feed the coming season.

There is a good feeling among the people generally, and as to tithing a great amount more has been paid the past two years than ever before, yet there are a few non-tithe payers and many more that do not pay a tithing in full, but a constant improvement in this matter is going on. In regard to the associations of the stake they are doing fairly well; the Sunday Schools are, I believe, all doing well. I think they reach more of our people, and have a wider range for good than any other help.

Our Improvement Associations are doing much better work than ever before. And I believe I may say the same of the other associations. I think I am safe in saying our stake officers are generally devoted to their callings. I am pretty aware of the need of constant labor among the people. Here is an excellent chance for all of us to work out our salvation.

In regard to myself I will say I am getting along better than might be expected in the accident which caused the death of our beloved Brother President Hammond; I was hurt, and though the pain has left my limbs, I can't use them as I could before; and the shock seems to have

271
hurt my nerves. On the least excitement or appearance of danger, I am fearful and trembling, and the changes of weather seem to effect me as never before, but I feel well in my spirit and though I am not able to travel and labor as in years past, I feel that by the help of the Lord I can do good in many ways, for there is room enough for all who are willing to work, and I feel very thankful that I am as well as I am and if I can do anything to serve the Lord and his cause however humble the position I can fill, I wish to be one with you and your brethren in the carrying out of any counsel for the good of the people of this stake.

Regard to any labors in this stake I feel to thank the Lord for his blessing to me and the Saints for their uniform kindness to me, and in retiring from any labors as one of the counselors to the President, I can truly say I do so with the very best of feelings towards all those with whom I have labored, and I believe I have the confidence of my brethren and of the Saints generally. I have done about the best I could and feel in the main satisfied.

I pray God to bless you and give you a safe and pleasant journey home, and I also pray that he will bless you in your ministry in this stake, and prosper you in all things spiritually and temporally. With kind regards I am your brother in the Gospel. William Halls.

LETTER 319

Matthias F. Cowley [Platte indicates he received this letter March 13, 1901.] Ogden City, Utah, February 21, 1901, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England, My Dear Brother: It has been so very long since you favored me with the kind letter which has gone unanswered until now, that I feel ashamed of my neglect and hope you will forgive me. Soon after receiving it, as I remember, I left home and have visited all the conferences in three of the United States missions since then besides several of the stakes of Zion and this with cares at home has so occupied my time that I have neglected answering your welcome letter. Please accept my thanks even at this late date for the trouble you went to in visiting that law firm in London regarding the property held for people bearing my name. I have very little confidence in proving myself an heir to it, and so have neglected to do anything in the matter. I may yet send the means and get a list of the legal claimants.

I am just on my way home from the San Juan country where with Apostle Young I attended

your conference, and had a very enjoyable time. Among the most pleasant features of it was the privilege of holding up my right hand to sustain you as the President of the San Juan Stake. The vote, you may be assured, was unanimous and heart felt. The people feel happy and well satisfied. This was the feeling also in our council when you were chosen. There was no hesitancy. All were delighted and whole hearted; just as we were when you were chosen to preside in Europe. And so you may feel happy in the knowledge that your brethren and the Saints want you in that position, and so does the Lord and that makes the satisfaction complete.

I have rejoiced in learning from time to time of the good work yourself and associates are accomplishing in the European Mission. No doubt, as elsewhere, you find the people on the whole very indifferent to the Gospel, but they must be warned, and our joy is not alone in a favorable reception, but in the consciousness of God's approval in having done our duty in the interest of human redemption. You will have learned before this reaches you that the

272

Presidency and Twelve have decided to open a mission in Japan and that Apostle Grant has been chosen to open the door of life to that people.

The times are auspicious and great events are at our doors. Other nations will soon be called upon to face the responsibility of receiving or rejecting the Gospel of Christ as presented to them by the Elders of this Church. I suppose you will remain in England until Brother Francis M. comes to relieve you, which will not likely be until after our general conference in April. You will kindly remember me to your counselors, Elders Naisbitt and McMurrin. I owe Brother McMurrin a letter, and will also write him a few lines. Upon your return home I hope to visit your stake more frequently and become better acquainted with you and the good people of San Juan. My recent visit is the first time in my life I have been to San Juan.

We have had an open winter and spring is upon us with the usual bustle of preparation especially with the farmers for the summer's harvest. May God bless you and your associates with all needful blessings and with kindest regards to yourself and them I remain as ever brother and friend, Matthias F. Cowley.

LETTER 320

Joseph F. Smith, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 29, 1901, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England.

Dear Brother: It gives us pleasure to inform you that we have appointed Elder Francis M. Lyman to succeed you in the presidency of the European Mission. You will therefore transfer to him all books, papers, accounts, and whatever else is necessary to enable him to satisfactorily take hold of the business of the Mission as well as of its spiritual concerns at whatever date is most convenient to you both; you will also give him all the information necessary to enable him to assume the duties of his new position in the most acceptable manner. You will then be at liberty to return home when you deem it most proper.

While thus releasing you from the many and varied responsibilities connected with this mission, we feel to say that your earnest and devoted labors in the presidency are much appreciated by us; and we trust that you will continue to be highly blessed of the Lord in all the duties of your future life where so ever His pleasure may call you. [This is appropriate wording, given his death six months later. LDP]

Praying the Lord to abundantly bless you and preserve you from all evil, we remain, your brethren, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith.

LETTER 321

Francis Marion Lyman [Platte noted he received this letter July 13, answered the same day.

Francis Marion Lyman is now the European Mission President and Platte is home.] Latterday Saint' European Printing, Publishing and Emigration Office, 42 Islington, Liverpool, June 25, 1901, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Bluff, Utah.

273

My Dear Brother: Your letter from Boston found me in Birmingham last Sunday, and found us all well and having the very choicest of times. Presidents Morris, Aagard and Pixton were with us. Had many strangers to investigate and listen to our remarks. President Daynes was exceedingly happy.

It was very pleasant that you could have such a good time on the sea. We had a very choice time in Grimsby and Holland; were very sick going and returning. We shall not cross the North Sea any more if we can avoid it and I think we can. We got along nicely also at Cardiff.

We have decided to start upon the continent Friday a.m. 20th, instant and will be gone till 8th of September. Brother Eckersley has been quite sick with a cold for a few days but is all right again. We have good harmony in our camp. The Sisters are doing well. Sister Povy was poorly for a few days and her daughter had to come and take up her Mother's part. The old lady is all right again. I had quite a shock today. Rhoda and I went down to Hope Brothers to purchase a satchel and on inquiring after our old clerk who sold us the rugs or shawls, we learned that he had suicided and his funeral was held last Sunday.

I have just issued all the releases and transfers that will be needed while I am away on the continent. Brother Gorman was just in and paid us a nice little visit and I told him I would mention him to you. He is in good spirits. Has a good letter from his son who crossed with you. I gave to Brother McD. the item about the Young matter.

Why did you make the Grimsby Conference instead of Hull? Why should Grimsby be made the headquarters? I shall release President Armstrong and appoint Brother Blood to that position. This is in harmony with President Armstrong's views. They are moving along and doing good work in the ministry.

Young McAllister did some kicking when he was released. He did not want to go home. I smoothed him down all right and he went along. He smelled a mice. I did not know anything. He felt he was being hurried away.

I met Mr. Cluse today first time. I like him. I hope you will visit Fillmore and Oak City. When you write again you will tell me all about your visit to the City. I have just put the matter of record searching for President Snow into the hands of Brother George Minns. In Holland we visited Amsterdam and The Hague; held a grand meeting in the former place. We took in The Hague in detail as well as we could. The three conference meetings were grand. Forenoon and afternoon meetings were held in a hall that held 350 people and in the evening held in a hall that held 500 persons. There are over 100 strangers present and gave the best of attention to fill up the ranks.

O! I must tell you the sequel to the shilling raise in Evan's wages. The press man at once wanted his wages raised from 25 to 30 shillings. We submitted our case to the bookbinder and learned from him that we are not paying the lowest strata of wages being given in the lines. We were obliged to give the pressman 27/6 and put Mr. Fogo's up from 35/6 to 40

274

shillings. We are still way below the lowest figures in that line of work but our men are contented and happy.

The repairs on our room and the straightening of the doors and casings will be done when we are away on the continent. The luxury of the water in the house as we get used to it is beyond any reckoning. Ramsden & Company are determined that we shall have a telephone. We

have repaired the speaking tube between the office and Editorial room. The Sister Beeching who was going to sell out for 700 pounds has done so but has taken the advice of the bank to let her money remain there till she gets to Utah, then decide where she wants it sent to. I am rather pleased that she relieves us of anything to do with it.

I shall be anxious to know how you got along with your report of affairs at headquarters. Did you succeed in getting a good hearing? Were you satisfied? Did you find Walter at Chicago and have a good visit with him? I am under the impression that he was already gone on to Salt Lake City. Am I right in my conjectures? I wondered if he had gone home to see about his family and to bring them with him to Chicago?

How did you find all of your folks? I hope by [the] time you get this letter you will be settled so that you can deliberately write your brother and tell it all. I hope you went to see Susan and told her what a nice husband she has and all about our visit to Aunt Kate. I shall send you by this mail four of our group pictures and let you distribute them as you choose. These pictures are in demand just now from Presidents of Conferences to put up in their headquarters. It kills two or three birds with one stone. I don't know whether my exchequer will hold out to meet all the demand. I must take twelve on the continent with me. Please remember me kindly to all our loving kindred. God bless them every one. I love them all dearly and wish them prosperity, peace and happiness. The Lord bless you in your presidency, and make you successful in all lines. I am your affectionate brother. Aunt Rhoda joins me in all these good wishes. Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 322

Francis Marion Lyman, Latter-day Saint' European Printing, Publishing and Emigration Office, 42 Islington, Liverpool, October 25, 1901, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Bluff, Utah.

My Dear Brother: Since I wrote you on the 19th of September I have looked in vain for some word from you, and I have the more wished to hear from you because I have read of you having an operation of some kind, performed upon you, and I would know something of it? What revolutions have taken place since you returned home! I stand dazed in the presence of modern history. The violent death of President McKinley, the choice of Apostle Clawson as 2nd counselor to President Snow, the sudden death of the latter, the ready re-organization of The First Presidency, and the Great Work moves on as if nothing had happened! I have scanned the new Presidency from every point of view that I can think of, and I can't suggest an improvement. Presidents Winder and Lund are in every point the best fitted of any I can discover. They grow in my estimation at every thought of them.

275

President Joseph F. Smith is the only counselor in the Presidency, who every came to be the President. He has had twenty-one years of training in that school that prepares him better than any other man who has ever come to the position. His counselors are superbly fitted by nature, and by long training for the part they must take. The Lord has done it and "blessed be the name of the Lord."

On the 21st of September in my dreams Presidents George Q. Cannon and Franklin D. Richards visited me here at 42, and I felt much encouraged in my labors by their visit. President Cannon did most of the talking. Three days later I met Presidents Snow and Smith at home as I thought in the President's office, and with them I had a very pleasant visit. I also, in my dreams had visits with Clara and Susan. They looked fine as could be. I realized that Clara was dead but I took hold of her and walked with her some blocks and had a very realistic visit with her in Fillmore.

Our force of Elders is being rapidly reduced and we are not getting others to fill their places.

We have now 200 only. I have written of our necessities, but with small response. The McDermott-Peel episode dropped out of sight at once.

Write and tell me all about yourself so I may not imagine something worse than the truth. Tell me also about Elder James McMurrin, as to how he is getting along and what are his prospects for recovery? I always regret that he did not go to Bishop Blackburn. I hear that you were going to Fillmore. I hope you saw my little folks and their Mother. I wonder if I won't get a letter from you at once after writing to you now. You and your counselors live in the hearts of the Elders and Saints and others where we visit. At Norwich the Copsey family was very anxious to know of your welfare? In fact on every hand your admirers are legion. The only one I have met that I felt was not really well pleased with you was Elder George R. Scott of Deseret. You had to reprove him and I have had to do the same thing, and he thinks as little of me as he does of you.

The condition of President Agard of Wales is a puzzler to me. It is now developed that he is without faith. I wonder if you had discovered it. Young Folland I am told is in the same state. Elder Woodbury from the German Mission is transferred to this Liverpool Conference in the same faithless state. We hope to revive him and get the breath of faith in him.

I only write these items for your individual information. We don't talk [of] them here. R.K. Thomas sent for our Jannette and she has gone home happy. Sister Povy and her daughter are taking care of us. Elder William B. Dougall sailed for home yesterday all crippled up with rheumatism. Brother Scocroft also and his wife and daughter went. He has had a stroke and is very helpless but is improving. There were also on the same boat, *New England*, Elders Roscoe W. Eardley, Francis T. Dailey, Francis F. Smith, R. Peery Herrick, Edward E. Jenkins and wife; also the body of Elder Henry Robert James. There were no emigrants. We are making every effort we can to get the traveling Elders into the field away from the branches, and among strangers. We arrange to have the local ministry attend to the work that should be done by priests, teachers and deacons. We shall keep the traveling Elders as district presidents in charge of the branches, but have the local priesthood to take care of them while the Elders are away. It will not be necessary for the Elders to hurry back to their branches.

276

The priests can administer the Sacrament and take care of the branches, thus developing themselves, and relieving the Elders so that they can go to the world and prove them. We are putting this order into practice on the continent also.

Some of the Saints have a feeling that nothing can be done only by an Elder from Zion. Our help is so meager that we must arrange it so as to get as much as possible done in the line of warning the world. John C. Cutler, Jr. tells me that you paid him \$50.00 for your note to me. It came in very good time as we are at great expense now in keeping Junior at the Sanitarium in Portland, Oregon. I believe he is gaining. I had a very good letter from him a few days ago written on the 28th of September. Rhoda finds it is all she can do to keep up with climbing stairs and taking cold, etc.

My health is good and I enjoy my labors. Elder Buchanan is ready to go home any time when I can get someone to take his place. Elder Eckersley lightens my work all that he can. Brother Naisbitt writes us occasionally. President Daynes will sail for home November 16th. I shall keep President Morris. When I have visited Newcastle, Scotland and Ireland by the 17th of November I shall have visited every nook and corner of the mission. We spent four days in visiting London. That was the same time we spent in Paris. Love to all. Tell me about everybody. Good bless you all forever. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman

LETTER 323

Francis Marion Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, [Platte indicates he received this letter July 20,

1899.], July 3, 1899, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Liverpool, England.

My Dear Brother: Your very interesting and welcome letter of the 19th of June from Bern [Switzerland] came duly to hand. Albert notified me that he received the watch okay. Your strictures of the youth of the Elders sent to the German mission are all quite appropriate. The idea that has prevailed to some extent has no doubt been that it was best to send quite young men to learn the language and it has been carried to too great a length, and there has not been sought out enough of the mature and able men. I hope that the necessary improvement in that line may be made. I shall draw the attention of the missionary committee to the matter.

On the subject of re-baptism you ask "are there any cases where re-baptism is proper and in order, only when people have been cut off from the Church?" As a rule I answer no. There may be an exception and that would be when the living oracles in a given case determine that re-baptism is necessary, and not otherwise. Let me quote back to you from your own letter, "It appears to me that a case that merits or requires re-baptism, would merit excommunication, and one that did not merit excommunication, would not require rebaptism, but might be satisfactorily adjusted and disposed of by repentance, confession and so far as possible, making reparation for the wrong done, of course with the forgiveness of all those who are aggrieved."

That is right with the single exception I have named. The virtue is in repentance and reformation, after one has been regularly and properly baptized. Such cases as you have to meet with are mild cases compared with some here, where men and women have had their blessings in the temple.

277

You will see by the *News* account of the solemn assembly just held in the temple yesterday. It was composed of the general authorities of the Church, presidencies of stakes, bishops and some invited guests, making a company of about 700 men and a score of the chief sisters of the Church.

The theme or subject treated upon chiefly was tithing. The word of the Lord through President Snow is that the law of tithing must from this time be faithfully and fully kept. The Lord will not excuse us in the future as He has done in the past. There seems to be a new era opening up to us in this movement. It is taking like wild fire, and yet there is nothing of an exciting nature about it.

Bishop Peter Anderson was up from Oak City and gave a good report of the kindred living there. Aunt Caroline's eyes seem to be failing her quite badly. Our daughter Lois V. will marry a Brother Phares W. Dunion on the 9th of August in the Salt Lake Temple. He is a very fine young man, a native of Tooele, an educator. He is principal of the Tooele schools. He performed a very good mission to the Southern States, or rather to the Southwestern States. He is twenty-four years old and she is twenty-three years of age. That will leave Rhoda lonesome as she is the last of her children to marry. It is comfortable for a mother to live to see her children well married.

July 4th, 6:45 a.m. I did not finish my letter last evening, and postponed it to go to the lake for a dip in the brine. The 123rd anniversary of the birth of American Independence is being attended to by the booming of fire crackers, pistols, guns, blunderbuss, and cannon. There will be [a] grand celebration at 10 a.m. in Liberty Park when the Declaration of Independence will be read by some elocutionist, if one can be found who will undertake it on short notice. The oratory of the day will be furnished by Honorables William H. King, Ensign Pearson, who was with Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, and Fisher Harris. The day opens beautifully and will likely be very warm. Our warm weather has not yet been very oppressive. I think of nothing more to set down at present.

I shall always be pleased to hear from you, and to answer your questions when I can. We are all proud of the administration you are giving to the European Mission. God bless you and your counselors and the Elders under your presidency. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 324

Platte DeAlton Lyman, Leipzig, Germany, June 1, 1899, Caroline Ely Partridge Lyman, Oak City, Utah, My Dear Aunt Caroline, as I have time and the inclination today I will write a little as I believe you would like to hear from me and I feel as though I would like to give you a brief account of my travels since parting with you in Oak Creek about the 1st of November. I do not recollect having written to you, although I have thought many times of you and the other members of our family in Millard County. My health is very good and in fact has been so ever since my arrival in Liverpool, with the exception of a few days that I have been slightly troubled with a cold.

278

The old house at 42 Islington has been occupied by the Church for forty-five years, and on my arrival there I met several reminders of Father who was there when I was a lad of twelve years of age. For about four months after landing in England my time was occupied in visiting the various conferences in Great Britain, and in other necessary labors. And on the 20th of March I left England to visit the various missions on the Continent. I landed in Germany on the 22nd and spent two days with the Elders and Saints in Hamburg and then went northward over the line into Denmark and after visiting the conferences in that Kingdom I crossed over the sound, a two hours ride, into Sweden and visited the Saints going as far east as Stockholm and then northwest into Norway as far as Christiana where there is a large flourishing branch of the Church.

We have 165 Elders working in Scandinavia and there are about 5,000 members and a very gratifying number of baptisms. I spent about seven weeks in the Scandinavian Mission and attended more than forty-five meetings, and although the Saints could not understand English, and I could not speak Danish, yet I spoke in most of the meetings, by the aid of an interpreter, which to me is a very unsatisfactory method of preaching. One of the brethren would interpret my remarks a sentence at a time, which made it very difficult for me to keep the sum of my thoughts or to connect my remarks together. I have to pursue the same course in this country but I am not getting any better satisfied with it. I was very favorably impressed with the Scandinavian people, and with many things I saw among them. Denmark is a low level country with good soil generally, but not much timber and no minerals of any kind, not even coal or salt, and no water power. Therefore, manufacturing is very limited and agriculture is the chief pursuit of the people. In think the people come more nearly being independent of other nations than any civilized people I know. Many of their ways are very primitive, and their implements crude, but as a rule they are of their own make and not brought from abroad. Wooden shoes are perhaps as common as they ever were both in Denmark and in Germany.

I met two men who saw Father while he was in Denmark thirty-eight years ago. One of them lives in Utah and is back on a mission to his native land. And he [father] probably occupied the same room that I do when I am there. I found one book there with his autograph in it. And his picture in the Quorum of the Apostles hangs just beside my bed. These things caused me many peculiar reflections, and I was much interested in tracing through the *Star* his letters, sermons and travels. And it seemed I was nearer to him than when he was alive. I read with very serious thoughts and in much amazement his expression of belief regarding the Atonement of our Lord and Savior. And it is almost impossible for me to believe that in those

utterances he expressed his absolute convictions regarding the shedding of the blood of the Son of God. As I grow older my sympathy, love and respect for my father increases, and I am greatly comforted in the firm belief that when we meet him he will be free from the heretical sentiments, the expression of which cost him and his friends [meaning "relatives"] so much suffering during the later years of his self denying and useful life.

Sweden is undoubtedly the rockiest land on earth where people live. There are some sections of it that are level with as fine soil as any in the western states but the quarter part is a great deal more rocky than our city lots in Fillmore. I can very readily understand how it is that our brethren from Scandinavia are so willing to take hold of hard work, and are not frightened at the forbidding aspect of our mountain regions. Both Sweden and Norway are almost entirely
279

covered with forests of pine and white birch. Many of the buildings are of wood and with the natural landscape, reminded [reminding] me forcibly of some parts of Colorado. In all the countries of Scandinavia there are some finely built cities with spacious parks and ornamental grounds and walks, furnishing the poor as well as others many opportunities for recreation, and free libraries, museums and art galleries, give them a chance for education in those directions.

Christiana is a beautiful city, and is romantically located at the head of a bay surrounded with pine clad hills which with the islands in the bay and the fine residences on them and the handsome houses, which are to be seen in every direction among the timber, makes one of the most charming pictures I have ever seen. In Malmo in Sweden a house was pointed out to me, where Father attended meeting at a time [at times], when the meetings were held from 10 till 12 in the evening and from 2 till 4 in the morning so as to escape disturbance. Now, however, we have a great deal of freedom in Scandinavia, and are restricted only in the matter of open air preaching.

At Aalborg in Denmark I met Ole Jensen who is on a mission. He is feeling well, although he is getting old, and strange to say, he reminded me very much of Uncle Edward [Partridge]. On the 11th of May I crossed back from Copenhagen to Germany and since then have been traveling with President Schulthess through the German Mission, attending conferences and meeting the Saints in the larger branches. There are now seventy-four Elders laboring in this mission and they are very much hampered and restricted in their work because of the lack of religious liberty and the bigotry and fanaticism that prevails. If only we had full liberty to preach there would no doubt be many thousands converted for with all the disadvantages we are under a few are added to the Church and we are very hopeful that the Lord will not suffer us to be more restricted by our enemies than we are at present.

Several of our brethren have been banished from very promising districts, and the Elders are compelled to do considerable dodging, much like some were made to do during the crusade in Utah to avoid being hindered from doing anything at all. When I came to Hamburg first I had to be reported to the police and my business, etc., in detail explained to them and after I had gone to Denmark a notice came for me to appear before the Chief of Police, and after I returned they were inquiring about me, but so far I have been unmolested. It is unlawful to hold a meeting without permission from the authorities and in some cases it is not permitted to administer the sacrament. We held conference last Sunday in Dresden, by permission of the police, who expressly stipulated that we must not sing or pray. So we held two meetings and the Gospel was preached to the people but our meetings were neither opened nor closed by prayer. It seemed so very strange. We have permission to hold meeting here this evening and to pray but not to sing, and this is one of the most liberal places in Germany. This whole country is a charming picture but there are many things among the people that should be

changed and would be changed if they should obey the Gospel.

I have seen hundreds of women working in the fields in gangs of fifteen to twenty, with a man and [or] boss [to supervise] the job and keep them to work. There is no work too coarse or hard for woman to do here. I have seen them loading and unloading cars and boats, picking, shoveling, and using wheelbarrows on the grade, and carrying mortar and brick on a

280
building, spreading manure and doing many such kinds of hard work. This is truly a woman's rights country with a vengeance. Everybody almost without exception drinks beer, and almost all the hotels or restaurants are provided with beer gardens where hundreds of people can sit and sip their beers and their leisure and on Sunday, which is a universal holiday, men, women and children by hundreds assemble in such places and drink, play cards, and listen to music which is furnished to attract the people. I have found but one place in Germany where a person can get a meal without having beer almost forced onto them, and in some places a notice is served on the customers that if they do not buy something to drink they will be charged more for their meals.

I shall go from here to Switzerland and from there back into Germany and then into Holland where a son of Brother Farrell is presiding, and then to Liverpool which I shall probably reach about the 20th of July.

Albert is in England and was well when I heard from him immediately after his arrival. The past twelve months has very much disarranged the plans of Walter and me with all our mental speculations and they were many and varied. We never happened to dream or think of anything like that which has happened to us. Instead of building houses and water ditches on White Mesa as we had planned to do we are as far from that as possible. And [we] do not know what the future has in store for us. I have had one letter from Walter. He seemed to be feeling well. It will be a great experience for him. I was pleased that he was located on the scene of your early life and if he should be there when I return I would like to go that way and visit him and the old landmarks of early Church history. I hope he was able to arrange his affairs at home to his satisfaction before leaving. It is quite a tax on a man's resources at best. Still it is time and means well spent, if a man does what is required of him. I am having a very enjoyable time in my labors so far, and if the Lord will continue to bless me as he has thus far I anticipate a pleasant time. For many reasons I am thankful for this call which came to me when I had passed the age which in a general way is supposed to disqualify men for active missionary service.

My most earnest desire is to perform my duties so that the Lord and my Brethren shall be satisfied with my work.

If you feel able to write I should appreciate a letter from you. Direct to Liverpool. Give my love to all of our family. I think of all of them and am always glad to hear of their welfare. I trust I shall see you again in this life.

May the Lord bless you with all needed blessings, is the sincere prayer of your loving nephew, Platte D. Lyman.

LETTER 325

July 25, 1896, I, William Jarman, of Excelsior Villa, Mount Pleasant, Exeter, hereby challenge any Mormon Elder from Utah to meet me in debate. I will charge that the Mormons are not Christians; that they preach blasphemy; that they preach and practice murder, called "Blood Atonement;" that the Mormons murdered in cold blood 120 men, women and children at Mountain Meadows, Utah; that Mormons are immoral, and that they

281
preach and practice Adultery and Castration, as well as their abominable polygamy, proxy

wives and spiritual wifeism.

Myself to have the first hour, and my opponent to have one hour in reply, then I have fifteen minutes for reply, and my opponent fifteen minutes for final reply. William Jarman.

LETTER 326

George D. Gibbs, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 5, 1898, To: Elder Platte D. Lyman, Bluff, Utah.

Dear Brother: At the meeting of the Council of First Presidency and Apostles held this forenoon you were chosen to succeed Elder Rulon S. Wells as president of the European Mission.

Please report to the First Presidency when you can be ready to leave this city for your new field of labor. Yours, etc., George D. Gibbs, secretary.

LETTER 327

Francis Marion Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 5, 1898, To: President Platte D. Lyman, Bluff, San Juan County, Utah.

My Dear Brother: I take pleasure in notifying you that in the Council of the Presidency and the Apostles at 12 o'clock today, in the Temple, you were by acclamation, chosen to preside over the European Mission, and to proceed to Liverpool at the earliest opportunity for that purpose. This is not your official notice, but it is perfectly reliable, and you may govern yourself accordingly, and put your best foot forward to get off immediately. The same inspiration and unanimity was manifested as at the organization of the First Presidency. No one could doubt its being the mind and will of God.

The heart of every man was touched, and it would have brought tears to your eyes, if you had witnessed the action. We had looked over the entire field and canvassed many men, but none seemed to fill the bill until President George Q. Cannon mentioned your name, which took like wild fire, and everyone who knew you was ready to second the motion.

My grandson Lyman A. McBride starts for Germany on the 22nd of this month. I hope you can put your affairs in shape to start in quick sticks, as President Rulon S. Wells must soon come home. He should make you acquainted with the affairs of the mission before he leaves. Brothers James McMurrin and Henry W. Naisbitt will most likely be your assistants.

Our folks are usually well. This is a grand call for you, and will be the stepping stone for something more. You cannot think of the good feeling there is in the hearts of the Brethren for you. I felt it a compliment to our family, as well as to you. Give my love to all of the
282

family and kindred. God bless you all forever. I shall want to see you when you come up. Let me know when to look for you. I am your loving brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 328

The First Presidency, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday

Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, November 3, 1898, To: Elders Platte D. Lyman, James L. McMurrin and Henry W. Naisbitt.

Dear Brethren: Elder Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin having been released from their labors to return home, you have been called and appointed to succeed them in the Presidency of the European Mission, Elder Platte D. Lyman presiding and Elder James L. McMurrin acting as first, and Henry W. Naisbitt as second counselors. It will now become your duty to take charge, as the Presidency of the Mission, of all the interests connected therewith; to see that the Gospel is preached, as far as possible, throughout the Nations where

the Elders now labor, and as the Lord shall open the way, to seize any new opportunities which may present themselves for the introduction of the Gospel to regions where it has not yet been preached. In short, we desire you to go forth as servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, fully equipped for the discharge of every duty connected with your calling, and to preside with wisdom and dignity over all the affairs of the Church in those Nations, with full power to regulate everything connected therewith, and to make such changes and appointments as may in your judgment, under the direction of the Spirit of the Lord, be necessary for the welfare, spread and prosperity of the work of the Lord and the warning of the people in the field where you labor, and over whom you are appointed to preside.

And that you may be fully sustained and qualified for these high and responsible labors, we beseech God our Eternal Father to endow you with power from on high, and to fill you with His Holy Spirit and all the gifts that pertain to your office and calling, that you may be a blessing and saviors to the children of men in your ministry and carry with you an influence and power that shall be felt for good by all with whom you are brought in contact. It is our most earnest desire that you should be examples in humility, in patience, in long-suffering, and in all the gifts and graces of the Gospel, to all men, that your words may be the words of the Lord to the people whom you address, and that you may feel there is a power and spirit accompanying you that is not of man.

We shall be glad to hear from you concerning your labors and the situation of affairs in your field of labor as often as it shall be convenient for you to write; and shall esteem it a pleasure ourselves to communicate frequently with you.

Praying God the Eternal Father to bless and qualify you for the work to which you are now called, and asking Him to preserve you and yours from the hands of all your enemies, and from every evil during your absence, and bring you home in purity, peace and safety, We remain, Your fellow servants in the Lord, Lorenzo Snow, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith.

283

LETTER 329

W. C. Spence, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, November 3, 1898, To: A. S. Anderson, Esquire, Manager, Passenger Department, American Line, 305 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

My Dear Mr. Anderson: This will introduce Mr. Platte D. Lyman, whom I wrote you about on the 2nd. Mr. Lyman goes to Europe to take charge of our matters over there, and will sail on the *Rhynland* on the 12th. The gentleman is a very particular friend of mine, and I shall greatly appreciate any courtesies extended to him. Kindly refer to my letter of the 2nd. I remain yours truly, W. C. Spence.

LETTER 330

Joseph W. McMurrin, Seventies' Council Rooms, No. 834 Constitution Building, Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah [Salt Lake scratched out: this letter was written from Logan, Utah], January 11, 1899, To: President Platte D. Lyman and Counselor, [Received January 26, 1899.]

Dear Brethren: You will probably have concluded by this time that the joy of home has caused me to forget you and other missionary friends in the European Mission. If such a thought has taken possession of you the reception of this letter will no doubt dispel the impression, and at the same time help me to retain the good feelings you had for me when I waved you farewell from the steamer *Canada*, as she slowly sailed down the Mersey and out of sight of the little group of friends who accompanied you to the landing stage to see

President Wells and I [me] off for Zion. I suppose Brother Wells has written you before this, and I will not weary you with any detailed account of our journey home, as such an account would only be a repetition of what you may have already heard from him. You have heretofore been made acquainted with the successful and pleasant voyage we had across the Atlantic, through the letters we sent from New York. Our journey by rail was also of a very pleasant character. We spent several hours viewing the wonders of Niagara and one day in the City of Chicago where President Kelsch and secretary Cardon of the Northern States Mission met us, and done [did] everything possible to make us have an enjoyable time. We boarded the Salt Lake Flyer at Chicago which should have landed us in Salt Lake Christmas Eve at 3:10, but owing to a collision our train had with a locomotive, we were detained four or five hours, and did not reach home until the 24th of December at 8:30. I am thankful to say that no one was hurt through the collision although two locomotives were badly wrecked. We found our families all well and experienced that joy in meeting with loved ones that can only be fully understood and appreciated by those who have had an experience of two and a half years from home. My heart is full of gratitude in again having the great joy of associating with my own beloved family; and I praise the name of Deity for their preservation, and for the privilege of meeting them all in the enjoyment of good health. My dear wife I find unchanged, the same face and form and the same spirit and manner. When I look at her there is nothing in her appearance to indicate that I have been away two and a half years, but when I look at my children I see abundant evidence of the fact that I have been

284

away from them for a long time. My oldest son, who was a lad in knee breeches when I left home, is now almost a man in appearance and is ready to take up an argument with me on religion or politics and I would not be surprised to discover that he hoped to change my views on both of these subjects. The babe of eleven months, whom I left cooing and crowing is now a sturdy boy and seems undecided as to whether he should welcome me home or turn me out, which of the two he will do I am at present unable to say.

A great change has taken place in the appearance of my other four children also, but all give papa a joyful welcome home but the baby, and he has taken the matter under advisement. I hope his decision when rendered will be favorable to your humble servant.

Before reaching home I had received an appointment from my Council to make a tour of Cache Stake in company with Brother Fjeldsted and I am here in Logan now. I left home on January 5 and expect to return on the 14th. I did not have a chance to see all my relatives in Salt Lake before I left to fill this appointment. I have however no complaint to make for I believe it is better to work than to rest in the Kingdom of God. I have seen my brother James L. and he expects to join you in April next. As you travel round remember me to the Saints in the Mission. Kind love to Elders Wooton, McFarlane and Holther, Sisters Hutchinson and Boreham, Brother Walton Diek, and the boy. Remembrance also to Brothers Gonyon, Owen and Murray. May the Lord bless you brethren and give you a joyful and successful mission, with much love I am your brother, etc. Joseph W. McMurrin

P.S. I met your brother Marion in the City. He was well and glad to hear from me about you. All the presiding brethren are in fairly good health. Special regards to the lady missionaries, may the Lord comfort and bless them and give them success. I have seen more winter here in Cache Valley the past few days than for many years. It looks as though the sleighing would be good in the valley for months to come, and still it snows.

LETTER 331

Francis Marion Lyman, Latter-day Saints' European Printing, Publishing and Emigration Office, 42 Islington, Liverpool, England, November 19th, 1901, To: Mrs. Adelia R. Lyman,

Bluff, San Juan County, Utah.

My Dear Sister: In Belfast in Ireland last Saturday evening at 10 p.m. I was handed a cablegram from President Joseph F. Smith telling me that Platte died on the thirteenth instant. We were in a confirmation meeting with a houseful of Platte's old friends and it was to all a tremendous shock. My heart seemed never so tender before. Platte is all right but it is such a killing blow to you and your immediate family and kindred. You have every sympathy of my heart. I mourn with you and the family who sustain an irreparable loss for this life. Platte was to me like the apple of my eye. I loved him without stint. All the time of his last mission as president of this mission I wanted to be with him here. Our three weeks' visit together here was the treat of my life. I corresponded with him much in 1900 on the thought of coming here for a visit with him in all the mission; never for a moment thinking that it would fall to my lot to come here to preside. I had a desire to be here with him. We kept up a correspondence all the time he was in this mission. We have always been like the Siamese twins in our attachment to each other. His mission here and his appointment to the presidency

285

of the San Juan Stake are the crowning promotions of his life of devotion to the cause of God. He has earned and secured eternal life and has gone to his reward. It will be glorious. He has passed from his prospects of a world of hard work. It is left for us. You shall be blessed of the Lord. He will be to you all that you lose for the time being in the remainder of your mortal life. You have good and beautiful children. The Lord will qualify you for the great responsibility that has now fallen upon your shoulders alone. You will find on every hand sympathetic hearts and willing hands to aid you in your great work. I want you to correspond with me when you feel like it and it shall be a pleasure for me to assist you and your children by my good offices in any manner that I can. You may feel free to consult me at any time, and I shall not feel that you are imposing on me. I know just how all the family will feel all broke up. Joseph A. will take it very hard and all the branches will feel that they have lost their right hand man. Write me fully of his sickness and what it was that brought about his death? Was it from his vaccination or was it cancer? I believe that you and he went to see all the folks at Oak City and Fillmore. Tell me particularly all you can. We are dazed over it and of course we know that you are too. Rhoda joins me in love to you and all the family. We shall be very anxious to hear from you in great detail. I have long looked for a letter from Platte. God bless you my dear Sister. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

November 20, 1901. I have just written to Walter C. at Chicago. He will very soon be going home as his successor has been appointed. Since writing you last evening I have thought much of your situation and I believe you will make your way all right. I can't remember just how many children you have at home and the age of the youngest. When I am home, I can always turn to my genealogical record and get all items I require but can't [keep] anything in my head. Tell me the names and ages of those at home. I know Albert R. and Mary but can't remember any of the younger ones.

This sentence I quote from Platte's letter to me of July 13th, "Delia has managed so that there were no debts staring me in the face on my return and saved money to buy a team and wagon which I will need at once." I shall typewrite Platte's last letter and put in my journal. I sent by Platte a very fine rig [article of clothing] to President Snow and his postscript to his letter says, "I handed the shawl to President Snow and he was wonderfully pleased with it." I answered his letter September 19th. I did not answer him sooner because I was on the Continent where I could not keep copies of my letters. I wrote him also June 25th and October 25th. My last must have reached him within a week of his demise.

The last letter he wrote me [in] July was just four months before his death. I was very anxious to have had another letter from him.

Tell me about your visit with him to Oak City and Fillmore. When did he think first that he would die? Write me everything about him, my Sister. Yours affectionately, Francis M. Lyman. P.S. No. 2, Senator Kearns has just telegraphed me from London to meet him at *S.S. Majestic* at 3:30 p.m. to shake hands with him as he sails for home today.

286

LETTER 332

Francis Marion Lyman, Latter-day Saints' European Printing, Publishing and Emigration Office, 42 Islington, Liverpool, England, December 24, 1901, To: Mrs. Adelia R. Lyman, Bluff, San Juan County, Utah.

My Dear Sister: Having just received the enclosed letter from friends of our dear departed Brother Platte, I thought I should send it to you. They are outsiders but very warm friends as you can readily see by their letter.

It is dressed in mourning because they have lost a son-in-law who was in faith a Latter-day Saint. I have been looking for a letter from your hand with some news from your section that I should know something of your present circumstances, and what your prospects are before you and the family. How many children have you at home and what are their years each? If I was at home where I could consult my records I would not need to ask you. I can't carry the memory of those dates in my mind. I can remember the ages of all of my own which is better than Rhoda can do. She has to ask me the ages when she wants to know. Brother Joseph A. wrote me all particulars about Platte's sickness and death in good shape, but I presume you can tell me some things that he would not know of. My visit of three weeks with him [Platte] here was the very best we ever had. I appreciated it very much. I am sure that he did. Last year he and I were in correspondence quite a time over the question of me visiting this mission and to go through it with him, but it did not come about as I had thought it might. I wanted to be with him here. We had never had a good close visit of any length of time and I longed for one. I was afraid his intimacy with Elder McMurrin would expose him to that terrible malady cancer. His sympathy with him would induce him to be more susceptible to the disease. Then they slept in one bed. They washed in one bowl, wiped on the same towel and in every way were as intimate as brothers could be. I never saw two men more sympathetically attached. He complained of the swelling under his arm before he left here for home and we thought it was from his late vaccination. I think it was [the] vaccination and cancer combined. I fear one about as much as the other.

No man has been more respected or beloved in this mission than was Platte. Saints and strangers alike all loved him. He was a universal favorite. Every person who knew him has a good, kind word for him. If you could hear the good things said of him as I hear them I am sure it would give you joy. You must take time and write me a nice letter as you know so well how to do. Tell me all the little items you can think of about him.

My last letter to him must have been received just when he was very sick. I have wondered if he realized it and its contents. Could he read it? By it he would see that I was anxious about his health. How will you be able to get along with your family? Are they getting up so that they can be of use to you and help to make a living? How is your health? Are you in vigorous health or are you shaky like we are getting? How is Joseph A. going to be able to make things go with his large family? Is he well contented and pleased that he has moved from Oak City? How are all the girls, our sisters' and your girls? How is Albert R. in his health and otherwise? How is Counselor Redd since his terrible accident? How are Bishop Neilson and his family? Tell me everything you can think of. Junior has returned home all well so we

hear. God bless you and all of the family. We wish you a happy and prosperous New Year. Rhoda joins me in all. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman
P.S. I hear that Fred's Edith has a girl baby following her two boys. She will help Fred and Ann out with grandchildren. The Lord bless you all. Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 333

Francis M. Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, July 24, 1908, To: Mrs. Adelia R. Lyman, Bluff, Utah.

My Darling Sister: This Pioneer Day, sitting down at home to rest and be lazy, I have just copied into my journal father's letter to Platte of October 6, 1867. It's getting about ready to fall all to pieces. If you would preserve its contents, have your daughter Mary copy it nicely and with it preserve the fragments of the original. We are all fairly well. I was in Fillmore on the 4th. [I] shall be there again on August 1 and 2 at their quarterly conference. Their new meeting house is fine and finished on N.W. corner of the state house square. Love to sister Ida and you and all the folks in which Rhoda and all join. God bless you all forever. I am your affectionate brother, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 334

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, October 28, 1966, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brothers and Sisters, this brief note will tell of Marshall's [Marshall Flake] passing and that we buried him today. He was with me in Holbrook about a month ago and suffered a stroke from which he never fully recovered. His funeral was a large one as you may suppose composed of statesmen, scholars and politicians, to farmers, cow punchers and commoners. While preparing my part (his history) I asked his family if they had any suggestions. There was only one response. One daughter said, "He never met a stranger." I feel safe in saying that he knew more people over the entire state of Arizona than any living man, to say nothing of the hundreds of Navajo, Hopi, and Apache Indians that he could call by their first name.

Tuesday morning early the news came to me just before I left for a cattle sale at White River. On arriving I climbed up into the auctioneer booth, and whispered in the ear of the auctioneer that I had heard of Marshall's passing. He stopped all business, and over his address system, called the crowd to attention and said, "We have just received word of the passing of Marshall Flake, an esteemed friend to all of us. Will you please join with me in a moment of silent prayer?"

I have never seen a more beautiful demonstration of reverence on the part of a great mixed congregation that followed. The grand stand filled with buyers and spectators and the corral fences lined with cow punchers and Apache Indians set for a short time with bowed and uncovered heads. That just seemed to put a pall on the proceedings of the day. It seemed that everyone turned to his neighbor with subdued conversation and I heard from ever so many,

288
"A great man," "A wonderful friend," "The best friend maker I ever knew. He never had an enemy in the world," "A good guy," etc., etc.

I felt constrained to say today in my talk that if the composer of that beautiful song, "I'm headin' for the last roundup," had ever heard Marshall sing it; he would have certainly chosen him to have introduced his famous song.

"I'm headin' for the last roundup, going to saddle Old Paint for the last time and ride; so long Old Pal, it's time your tears were dried.

"I'm headin' for the last roundup, to that far away ranch of the boss in the sky, where the

strays are counted and branded there go I.

“To ride in that last roundup, there’ll be Buffalo Bill with his long snow white hair; there’ll be Old Kit Carson and Custer waitin’ there to ride in that last roundup.”

You will remember that I tried to get him to sing this number at your birthday party last January when we were in Blanding. He seemed to have had a premonition that his time was near at hand. As he and I had a speaking engagement in Snowflake Second Ward about six weeks or two months ago, and he invited his nephews (his sister Ida Willis’ boys) who were in Snowflake visiting, he said to them, come to the Second Ward. If you want to hear my last speech, and you may well know it was a good one. He seemed to dwell more on a spiritual theme than I had heard from him ever before. Well, he is gone now to his great reward. Love and blessing, S. Eugene Flake.

LETTER 335

Francis M. Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 26, 1905, To: Albert R. Lyman, Bluff, Utah.

My Dear Nephew: I was delighted to receive your letter today which was written on the 19th instant. Thanks for the information on the genealogical blank. By the name of the baby I suppose it is a girl? Your faith and good works please me immensely. Your hopeful spirit on business matters is just right. Your acquired cheerful and optimistic disposition is worth a fortune to you and yours. I was well acquainted with your father’s disposition and tried to help him overcome it. It was too late in life when I discovered it. You have wrought a great victory in the last three years. The Lord bless you for your great courage, for few men could do it. I thank the Lord that you can say such praiseworthy things of Brother Hanson Bayles. Such men are rare specimens. I greatly appreciate the good things you say of your brother Edward. I hardly remember him. I certainly trust he may come up to the great virtues of his father. I am pleased you are old enough to have been in the mission field with your father and to have a little training by him in his lifetime. You are well set in the gospel, would and can steady and assist your younger brother to success. You are men now and know enough to do just what is right and to walk in the tracks of your illustrious sire. Do your duty and God will not forsake you.

289

You are blessed with a saintly mother whose counsels will be worth a fortune to you always. Albert you must take more pains with your writing. My hand is getting shaky and I can’t set you an example in this line, but it is a good thing for young men to take care of their handwriting. My children have not pleased me in this thing. This is advice I give and not criticism. You must be the more anxious to write to me that I may see that you are improving. The language and construction of your letter are fine. Your father was a splendid letter writer and I never had a better correspondent.

Aunt Rhoda joins me in love to your Mother and all the family and kindred. I would enjoy a visit to Bluff but it is a long hard journey and I don’t stand them as well as when I was about forty years old. I find I must take more care of myself lately. Two weeks ago I was at Deseret and saw uncles Frederic, Edward, Bishop Anderson, Annie, Harriet and Millie Lyman. I see Uncle Walter sometimes. Aunt Caroline is real well and so are Aunt Paulina and my Mother. Afford us a very kind remembrance to all our kindred, please, and to our mutual Bluff, etc. friends. I am your affectionate uncle, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 336

Francis M. Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 2, 1905, To: Albert R. Lyman, Bluff,

Utah.

My Dear Nephew: Your letter of the 17th posted in Bluff on the 27th found me on the 31st. We are all fairly well. In so large a family as ours we can always have some with cause to complain. I am delighted with your letter, your aspirations and good works. With such qualities as you display and with life and health, success is assured. Don't hesitate to enter upon your chosen line of literature. All our home magazines and newspapers will open their columns for anything you may produce. Your father was one of the best correspondents I ever read after. You have inherited from him in this line. You should cultivate hope and cheerfulness. Sunshine dispels the clouds. If I could talk with you I could tell you some things about living. You have plenty of fresh air in your home country. The more you breathe of it the longer you will live. Breathe deep and long. Eat long. Chew your food to a pulp before you swallow it. Sit thirty minutes after each meal. Do little if anything with your mind during that time. Sleep nights and work days. Never fail to write your first name and mine full. Treat everybody else the same. You wrote A.R. Lyman on end of your envelope and at beginning of your letter F.M. Lyman. Some names may be abbreviated as Wm., Geo., Jno. Jos., etc. Never just use the initial for first name[s]. Initial for middle name[s] is usually all right except in giving genealogy. I wish you the spirit of genealogy. You are the eldest son of [the] eldest son of Father's in the Partridge line. Someone of the boys should take up the work for the posterity of Aunts Eliza, Caroline and Lydia. I feel that it naturally falls to your lot. I will send you our published genealogy in the Mason Book. The work is not yet finished, but two parts out of five are done and I will send them to you by Uncle Walter if he is at our April conference.

290

In your writing for publication, write short sentences. Tell your story in as few words as possible. Use small, familiar words instead of long and unusual ones. Avoid slang. Don't write offensive or insulting words. A great writer one time apologized for the length of his article saying he greatly regretted that he had not time to make it shorter. You must not think my suggestions are a criticism on your letters to me, for I found nothing in them I could take exception to. Your last is a model. I have read it critically several times to scholars. I can't speak too highly of it. I shall enjoy a visit with you whenever we shall meet. Your father was to me a very dearly beloved brother. I shall feel as kindly towards [you] as I did toward him. Aunt Rhoda joins me in love to you and yours and your dear mother and all our kindred. God bless you all forever. I am your affectionate uncle, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 337

Francis Marion Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, December 30, 1910. To: Counselor Albert R. Lyman, Grayson, Utah.

My Dear Nephew: I think there can be no objection to your engaging to teaching school another winter. You must get your living some way and that is your line of training. Then when out of school devote your attention to your stake work. The Lord will open the way for you to live and do your duty. Love to all our kindred. I am your affectionate Uncle, Francis M. Lyman.

LETTER 338

Francis Marion Lyman, Office of The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City, Utah, July 2, 1911, To: President Albert R. Lyman, Grayson, Utah.

My Dear Nephew: Your favor of May 29th found me in Burtner [a former name of Delta, Millard, Utah] on my homestead entry at hard work grubbing greasewood, making ditches,

and establishing me a farm home. I was too hard worked to do much thinking at that time. I have now returned and secured my entry of forty acres under the Desert Land Entry. Your report of your travel and labors with President Redd was very good. It was concise and very satisfactory. It's such a report as I would expect from you, and such as I have no doubt you will always be able to report throughout the work of your life. Uncle Joseph A. is improving and the folks generally in your stake are well. All that to me sounds right. It is not just that way with us. Aunt Rhoda is in bed with lumbago. Aunt Ann is in bed with inflammatory rheumatism. Fred S's wife is in the hospital with spinal meningitis, and others are afflicted with lesser troubles. My health is fairly good. [I] am twenty pounds lighter for thirty days of hard physical work and eating my own poor cooking. The Lord bless you and all our mutual friends and family kindred. I am your affectionate Uncle, Francis M. Lyman.

291

LETTER 339

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, January 11, 1925, Benjamin Perkins, Bluff, Utah, Dear Brother Perkins: As I have it, you will be eighty or eighty-one on the fourteenth of this month, and you are nearing the close of a long and active life. Born in Wales, and forced to hard work at a tender age, you kept right on with hard work all your life. By planning and having a definite purpose and staying with it determinedly, you have brought about some tremendous changes in your life, and especially in the life and prospects of your children. By working your way to Utah, and bringing your family with you, and by pioneering and building up this mountain country, you have behind you some achievements well worthy of a mission on earth.

You should have a great satisfaction in contemplating all the long years of effort, and the part you have taken in them. Our coming here to spend a few years in flesh on earth was not for the sake of any temporal purpose, but we came here for eternal ends, to take certain parts in the great program in saving ourselves and saving others. As it is, a great company must ever look with gratitude to you for the necessary part you took, and the hard knocks you took in bringing them here.

And now you are nearing the close of this important period, and you have in your heart the satisfaction of having kept the faith and done all these good things for your loved ones, and as the change comes near, it should bring with it sweet anticipation of reward and promotion, and blessed reunion in the wonderful world from which we came, and to which we must all return.

You have been at a disadvantage all your life by being unable to read the scriptures and keep up with the printed instructions sent out by the authorities of the Church, but this will be made up to you, and as a reward for the faithful part you have taken, friends will rise up from among those who are indebted to you for the advantages they enjoy, and those friends will be delighted to assist you into an acquaintance with the things necessary to the progress you are going to make. As the husband and father of some of the valuable ones who will look with gratitude to you for much that they enjoy, I can understand just how much of a pleasure this work for you will be for them.

Life is a very short period, and we as the children of our Heavenly Father are eternal, with eternal purposes and eternal ambitions. We will awaken again to a remembrance of all those purposes and ambitions, and will understand that we consented to come into this stupor of mortal life for the accomplishment of the great object ahead of us. It could not have been achieved in any other way.

I wish your hearing were such that I could talk to you as I talk to other folks, or that you were able to read these things yourself, and it would be a pleasure to me to tell you about some of

the comforting phases of this wonderful science of eternal life as I have been able to study it out, and get it from choice occasions of inspiration. It would delight me to tell you some things which, if it still happens that you have any fear of the change, would hold it up in a light to free it of all fear, and show you that it is a wonderful release. The death of righteous men and women need be nothing but a pleasant matter. Of course they may suffer pain, but

292
they are made to forget it all in the joy of what it will and does bring. As it is, for the present, I live in my world, and you in yours, but we shall become acquainted, and find easy ways of making our best feelings understood. With best wishes to you for your birthday, and praying that your declining years may be filled with joy, I remain, yours very sincerely, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 340

Albert Robison Lyman, San Juan Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: Wayne H. Redd, President; Albert R. Lyman, 1st Counselor; Oscar W. McConkie, 2nd Counselor; Peter Allan, Clerk. Blanding, Utah, January 23, 1927. To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Monticello, Utah.

Dear Sister Perkins: When I read me your letter of recent date, asking that I write you again, I resolved to write, for I have recognized that very often in my letters to people, I have inspiration to say things to them which it is clear they should hear, but which, if I neglected to write, might not come to them, at least they would not come by my effort, and may be they would not come at all, and I might be to blame.

Having been compelled, by a program which I could not change, to live much of my life on the ragged borderline between life and death, I have had to make a careful study of things which I would not have studied at all if I had been given a robust health and prosperity in my temporal affairs.

It is a matter of surprise to me, with the failures and weaknesses for which I cannot but blush, that the things of immortality and the life which is to come, should be held up to me with the wonderful charm and clearness that I see in them. I look at the heart-rending trials of men, and see before them, if they are living in righteousness, nothing but a delayed crown of glory. But I do not see much glory nor much for which to rejoice with people who seem to be prosperous and in plenty, if they are not living for the riches of the great world to come. I [am] disgusted with and ashamed of my poverty – it is the result of my bad management, for I am not given wisdom to win the riches of this world. At the same time I have no feeling of jealousy for the rich, but more often I have a loathing for the life they are living and the ideals they cherish.

Of you it might be said from the world standpoint “pity her, she is alone – her life companion is gone – her children have died leaving their helpless and motherless babies to cry after her, and look to her frail and weary hand to comfort and be mother to them.”

But from the viewpoint of eternal life it might be said “Behold, how blessed is she! What a great and splendid labor she has performed, and how she is rounding that labor to a perfect fullness with unfaltering devotion; mothering the motherless – bearing in the infirmities of her age the burden of service and mercy, and filling the measure of her creation to the place of excellence where her calling and election is made sure.”

293

You should “rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven.” “Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things the Lord hath prepared for those who love Him.” Yet a few days, and the burden and toil and anxiety will end, and you shall rest in the paradise of God, and you “shall be received into a state of

happiness, which is called paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, where you shall rest from all your troubles and from all care and sorrow.” In case you wish to read something about this, you will find it in the 40th chapter of Alma.

I know the kindest thing the Lord has done for me, is to withhold from me the strength and the independence with which I might have rebelled against him. My proud hopes and ambitions have been shattered, and from my places of indifference and unbelief I have been humbled, and brought low near to death, that from it all I might praise the Lord and seek after Him and learn of His ways, and be the more useful in His service.

The most bitter things which have come to you will be sanctified to your glory and enlargement, so that you will see that “the Lord doeth nothing for men but for their wellbeing,

to bless and to save them if they will be saved.”

If the real truth of it could filter into our unbelieving natures, we would be surprised to see how watchful the Lord is over us. We are His eternal business – He is infinite and faultless in His operations, and “His work and His glory is to bring about the immortality and eternal life of man.” We credit Him with a certain amount of carelessness – we think He takes no account of little details, yet on those details may hinge the elements of our destiny. He does take account of details; He says, “Fear not for the hairs of your head are all numbered; and not even a sparrow shall fall to the ground without His notice.”

He says to us too “Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for I the Lord thy God am with thee whithersoever thou goest.”

I know the Lord will bless and comfort you, and you will have peace and rest and sweet assurance, and with the redeemed you will behold that all things have been overruled to your perfection and maturity in the celestial worlds.

With love and good wishes to the little girls and all the folks, I remain, your loving son [inlaw],

Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 341

Albert Robison Lyman, San Juan Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: Wayne H. Redd, President; Albert R. Lyman, 1st Counselor; Oscar W. McConkie, 2nd Counselor; Peter Allan, Clerk, Blanding, Utah, May 20, 1927. To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Monticello, Utah. Dear Sister Perkins: For some time I have been intending to write you again and there seem to be time for it this morning.

We each one have our gift, and each one our limitations “to one is given one gift, and to another,” and it is with the little gift of the Lord has given us that we as individuals are

294
supposed to contribute to the building up of his kingdom in general, and to comfort and support of His children in particular.

To me is given, in a small measure, the power to comprehend the ways of our life here on earth, and to see somewhat of the nature and purpose of the Lord in arranging our program for us. Because of this it is expected of me that I shall speak and write words of comfort and encouragement wherever I have reason to think they will be the means of doing good. If I contribute this, my little part, for the good of others, I shall be more worthy to enjoy the services which the Lord has endowed others to give me.

If I have any power to do good I feel that I am under more than ordinary obligation to remember you for the tremendous contribution you have made to my well being. After you have borne the burden and care of these strenuous years, and a multitude of people have their being through your labors and your sacrifice, it is certainly but fitting to them as beings to

make your remaining days as pleasant and happy as possible. It strikes me that Lell being the oldest of your children, she and I should be the first with these expressions and acts of gratitude.

We have thought of you often this spring while you are completing the first year, and meeting the first anniversary after Brother Perkins' going. The part you are taking is an advanced part, it is like the last artistic touches to a beautiful work of art, and when it is fully completed, it will be a work of eternal beauty. We speak of these accomplishments of men here in this finite world – of their art, their fine literature, their skill, but no achievement of art, or literature or science, in medicine, mechanics or any other line, can compare in the final analysis of worth with a life which has been lived consistently and faithfully to a place of worthiness in the kingdom of God.

The first great object ahead of us in coming here, was to prove our worthiness and return to the presence of our Father who preserved the world for our habitation, and sent us into it to prove ourselves deserving of what He had to give. All the riches and fame and power which men gain in this temporal world cannot compare with the eternal power gained by those who make their calling and election sure.

The fame of the worldly great, and the worldly wise, cannot be regarded as the Lord's choicest gifts – His greatest gift according to His own words, is the gift of eternal life.

The rich and the learned and the famous are not blessed, for the things which they prize as blessings have in them elements of poison and despair, and they are not [as] beneficial as poverty and hardship are beneficial.

As I look back at my own life now, and I suppose it is with other people as it is with me, my most trying and humiliating experiences are my most profitable experiences. The losses, the disappointment[s], the discomforts have contributed more to my growth and welfare than the times of pleasure.

If as a young woman you did not cherish hopes and ideals which have been cruelly shattered, then you are different to most women. You looked forward to and expected a home and
295

comfort of surroundings different to what you have received. You had ambitions and aspirations which have never been realized in the way you intended.

Instead of those things, there has come into your life bitterness and pain and heartache which you would have been horrified to have foreseen as a girl and many unpleasant burdens from which you naturally recoiled have been placed upon you in such a way that you have had to carry them. From the lofty height of your hopes and expectations the Lord has brought you by degrees to the sternness of the realities as you were to meet them and you have had to reconcile yourself to one disappointment after another till you have had to reconcile your feelings to a life altogether different to what you desired and expected.

But if your affairs had turned just as you wanted them from [to do] the first it is not at all likely they would have resulted as well as they have now. I know just enough about your life to see that there has been a special Providence protecting you all along and directing you from ways of evil and bringing you through the paths of adversity to better things than you could have planned for yourself.

How strange that it should ever enter into the minds of men that the Lord does or allows that which is not for their best good. He does allow the natural results of their actions to come on them in many cases as the only means of teaching them the true results of those actions; that they may learn to do different[ly]. But the Lord does nothing but for our good. He was laboring and building for us long before we came here. He watched over us during our period of helplessness and there is no time in our lives here or hereafter when His love fails or varies

in the least degree from the object He had at first to lead us on and give us salvation in His kingdom.

My awakening to a knowledge of truth is marked by a keener appreciation of the Lord's perfect love. The more I learn, the more I feel to praise the Lord all the day long, to speak of His goodness, and bear testimony of His unfailing hand over us. We speak of the love and constancy and kindness of men, but the best there is to be found in all the hosts of men in any of these lines, is but a very poor imitation of the real thing in the great heart of our eternal Father.

A life of praise and devotion to the Lord is the sweetest and best life to live; it is devoted to the service and blessing and encouragement of men as the Lord's children, and it is able to see its own hardships in the true light, because it is so much taken up in thinking of the good of others.

My own affairs and my prospects would be disheartening from a selfish standpoint of earth, but this greater view of things, and knowing that the most joyful thing is the thing which is joyful in the eternal sense, and not in the temporary sense only, I feel that the Lord has made a special dispensation of blessings for me, and I desire above all things to refrain from any word or feeling but that of gratitude and thanksgiving and willing service in every way which I have been made able to serve.

With love and best wishes, and praying the Lord to bless you always, I am, very sincerely your son, Albert R. Lyman.

296

LETTER 342

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, January 26, 1930, To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Monticello, Utah, Dear Mother Perkins: It occurs to me that I have not written you for a long time, and though I have nothing definite in mind to say I feel that I should write.

My unsociable habits, and my cold way of meeting mankind in general, could easily give a wrong impression, but I want to make it a point to assure you that I appreciate the good part you have taken in the years the Lord has given you in this world. It is quite possible that I have come through my own selfish interest to see your life work as I do see it, since I have benefited so much from it. But having thus benefited, I look to you with gratitude and a desire to bless you for your fidelity. I pray the Lord to sanctify to you all the trying and bitter experiences which you had to meet.

I think of your career as it began in Wales with a thousand possibilities before it – possibilities of much lesser accomplishment than this you have to your credit. I think of the snares and dangers which awaited by your pathway – of the darkness and danger of Babylon on every side, and how you were led as by the hand of God to come safely out and away from those perils and cast your lot with the Lord's people, bearing the hardships and privations which the world scorns to meet and as I contemplate these things I know that you are loved and blessed of the Lord – that you were chosen and given special guardianship for the accomplishment of a responsible and choice mission.

In taking into account how you were surrounded by the sins and snares of Babylon, I consider too how you were traditioned from your ancestors to accept standards contrary to the truth as it is revealed in these latter days. Mountain up over those traditions and conforming your life to this more lofty standard has been almost a superhuman struggle, but it is the great struggle and the important fight of the eternal ages, and the success you have achieved in it will be rewarded by a crown of immortality and eternal life in the kingdom of heaven.

In the blindness and stupor of this short earth life, men look upon this short uncertain period

as the main and perhaps the only existence. This mortal career is but “as a dream which passeth away.” “Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, glides swiftly away and the fugitive moment refuses to stay.” By the inspiration of Truth I am made to contemplate the glorious yesterday wherein we stood in the presence of God and with hearts full of praise and thanksgiving for our privilege of coming here we said “Yes, dear Father, we will go into this world of darkness and gloom and death for Thy name’s sake, that we may return with a good report unto Thee and be accounted worth of honor and trust and responsibility in Thine eternal presence.”

When we made that contract, and agreed to the program of our individual fortunes here in this world, we did not object to what we now call disasters, such as disease, sickness, misfortunes, loss of property and friends and comfort – and at the end of the program to which we agreed for ourselves, we saw inevitable death as an essential and joyful feature of the process. We had our agency to choose, we have our agency always only as we surrender it to the arch enemy who tries to take it from us. But the Father never does take it from us, 297

and the stern places we have to meet here are according to our own choosing there, or else they come as the result of our willful folly here.

In accepting that program there, it was in glorious anticipation of the honor and exaltation we would gain by meeting the difficulties arranged before us. We saw life as a day which passes quickly, for we looked at it and beyond it, and knew it would be but as a moment in our endless existence.

By the inspiration of Truth we are permitted, even here, to contemplate the glorious tomorrow wherein we shall be raised beyond all our adversaries and exalted to a fullness of joy in the presence of our eternal Father. By the light of Truth we can glimpse the infinite happiness which will fill our hearts as we are “added upon” from time to time, for we shall be heirs to a full and perfect maturity of having “glory added upon our heads forever and ever.”

What are a few days or years more or less to us here? There is nothing which those years could promise which would be worth considering for a moment if by accepting their promise we should imperil our claim to the great prize for which we came forth from the presence of our eternal Father. The days and the years do verily pass quickly away, “the millennial year presses on to our view and eternity’s here.”

After all, it is but a moment – an intense moment of test to determine our fitness and worthiness for the greatest gift which our great Father can give. His desire, as the desire of all true parents, is to bring us up to His standard, that we might attain His glorious maturity and be partaker of all the joys and powers which are his. He says of Himself “This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.”

To the accomplishment of that wonderful work He devotes His infinite powers and ceaseless and unremitting devotion. There is no depth and no length to which He will not go for the sake of its achievement. He makes great and far-reaching plans to bring it about, and in His world He is supreme so far as any adversary is concerned. He will not interfere with our free agency, and He will not give us things for which we are not ready and which we do not merit. In these matters He is restricted in His actions.

Yet He is all powerful, and “all things bow in humble reverence before Him.” He says of Himself “Known unto Me are all My works from the beginning to the end; there are none who can stay My hand, and there is nothing which I take into my heart to do, but that I will do it.”

In the contemplation of these things I am borne up over drudgery and disappointment and hardships which otherwise would be hard to bear. But I am learning that the real treasures

cannot be here “where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves do break through and steal.” I want my treasure and my hope where it will be safe, and where I can think of it with undisturbed satisfaction and assurance.

Now my dear Mother Perkins, you have a right to enjoy the sweet anticipation of your treasure, resting safely beyond reach of all your adversaries. You have a right to feel as Paul felt when he said “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown in the mansions of my Father.”

298

With prayers and best wishes for your peace and rest and comfort, I remain your loving son,
Albert R. Lyman

LETTER 343

Sarah Williams Perkins, Monticello, Utah, March 13, 1930, Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Albert, You have been on my mind a great deal this winter and I have [felt] that so much [that I am] writing [to] you. But [I] don't know how to write the things I feel and want to say. First of all I want you to know that I do and have appreciated your letters very much. And when I sit here alone and think of the things I could have done had I relized [sic] my duty before as I do now I believe I could have done better.

I feel that I have accomplish[ed] but very little. I know that I am a weak mortal and my heart melts within me when I think how careless I have been in doing my part. So I get your letters out and read them over again. And I'll assure [sic] you they fill my soul with the things I long for. And they give me strength [and] courage and fill me with renewed determ[ina]tion to try and do my part better. I know the Lord has been mindful of me in the past and I hope he will continue to think gently of me. A little advise come [sic] to my [sic] that partly expresses my feelings. I am travel worn, my faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn. Forgive, Oh hearts estranged forgive I plead – when dreamless rest is mine. I shall not need the tenderness for which I long tonite.

Though the path we are called to travel is thorny and rough at times, we find some dear sweet memories to cheer and encourage us on. But I find there is nothing that brings out our finer feelings and develops our love for each [other] like having trials together. It matters not where we live, but how we live. My desire is not to live long but well. I have tryed [sic] not to complain of my lot but feel to rejoice and hope to cont[i]nue and never give up until the prize is won.

I don't know whether you have heard of brother John Hammond['s] death or not. He died in Salt Lake about a week ago [and] was burried [sic] in Mancos. Frank Halls, Fletch Hammond, Sister Emma Wood and I went to his funeral. He was well spoken of and died as they say in the harness. He had been in Salt Lake all winter doing temple work. His wife looks and feels rather sad. Five of her sons were his pallbearers and by what I could learn he leaves a good family.

The mumps are still going around. Elmer and George Barton have been real sick with them, but are feeling better. The rest of us are well. Inez Conway is home at least and feeling much better. Dan and Mary Jane were over to Blanding Conference and said the folks were well. Lell expects to go to Salt Lake Conference if all is well. I hope Brent is well and enjoying his school. Sadie and family join Elaine and I [me] in love and best wishes for you both.

Grandma [Sarah Williams Perkins].

LETTER 344

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, November 21, 1931, To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Monticello, Utah, Dear Sister Perkins, I have just finished typing your life sketch which you

299

wrote for the Relief Society, and I have also typed the shorthand notes I took from what you

told me a year ago last April. They amount to five type[-written] pages each, that is ten pages all together. I am giving them to Lell and she will send you a carbon copy.

It is a real pleasure to me to help preserve these accounts, for I know they will be faith promoting wherever they go, especially among the multitude of your own posterity. And they will endear you to that posterity and make you real as you could never be without this record in their hands.

When you read them over, more things may come to you, and I hope you will write them, or have them written, at least in note form. If I am anywhere around I will be glad to take them down and put them in type as soon as I can.

In going over this record I am especially impressed that there was a definite destiny awaiting you here on earth, and yours has been a blessed and favored part, notwithstanding the hardships and humiliating burdens you have had to bear. All these trying experiences are intended to contribute to the great objective you came here to reach.

As a descendant of Joseph who was an outcast by his brothers your trials and labors have been made to bear a substantial similarity to what he had to meet, in being rejected by your people. For following your convictions, you have taken the true Ephraimite course, and in the unfailing justice of recompense you will be given honor and acknowledgement and gratitude till your joy will be full.

Among your numerous posterity there will be those who are slow to recognize the magnitude of the part you have taken for their good, but there is and will be among your descendants, men and women of faith and understanding who will ever cherish a knowledge of the very splendid labors you have carried on, the sacrifices you have made, and the resolute stand you have taken for the right.

I feel it a pleasure and a privilege to contemplate what you have done, and to hold it up before my children for their emulation. I want them to observe how you have come forth as it were over a straight and narrow road from a thousand dangers and perils that reached eagerly after you. For you I must say in the language of the old prophet "From henceforth there is laid up for you a crown of righteousness in the mansions of our Father." You have made the grade and soon you will enter into rest which will amply compensate for all the pains and tribulations into which you have waded these seventy years.

Personally I am greatly indebted to you for bearing and rearing the wonderful woman who is my wife and companion, the willing and devoted mother of my children, and the strong soul on whom I have learned to lean for real support. From you and your teachings she comes with great excellence of womanhood to me. If I have seemed unappreciative of you and Brother Perkins, I hope my course hereafter will prove how much I value the good part you have taken. Love and best wishes over, Albert [R. Lyman]

300

LETTER 345

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, March 23, 1936, To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dear Grandma: Lell has no doubt told you that I have finished the account of Brother Perkins, and in the work of preparing it I have gone over your biographies again and am impressed anew with the unusual program of your life, and the way the Lord has watched over you and led you to fortunes better than the average.

When I think of you being born in Wales, and of the ten thousand chances of making failure or shipwreck of your life, as so many of your associates have done, and then when I consider what you have become, your faith in the Lord and your understanding of the gospel, your family and the achievements of your life's labors, and the many places in your career where you could easily have been turned to something very much below what you have gained, I

feel that the hand of the Lord is very plain in shaping your career.

Having been born out of the Church, and having not been taught the gospel in your childhood, and then to have come all these thousands of miles into a new country among strange people and strange customs to accept and live this unpopular doctrine and make of it the success you have made, it is a great inspiration to me.

Especially is it an inspiration to me because it has contributed so much to my own life. In my own children I see the integrity and the virtue which they have inherited from you. And your faith in the gospel and your obedience to it are a distinct legacy of great worth to them. I take pleasure in holding up before them the splendid faith which brought you to do for them the great thing in accepting the gospel, and in living the principle of polygamy which has given them their parentage and birth. Surely the favor of the Lord was upon you to have the courage to come out in the face of the opposition you had to meet and become a plural wife, and wade through the poverty and the other trials more bitter than the worst of the poverty. I want to register my appreciation of the good part you have taken. I want you to know that I see it and understand to some extent the worth and unusual value of it. It is to me a miracle. Where among all the friends of your girlhood is one who has been blessed more richly than you? And where is one who has been led over such a narrow trail and kept in so many places from changes which would have resulted in sorrow instead of in satisfaction?

To my numerous posterity, I shall take pleasure in holding you up as one who has contributed richly to their heritage, and who has made it possible for them to gain things they otherwise would have found it difficult to gain. And I appreciate Brother Perkins as never before. His life was very unusual, and he took the part of Joseph to his father's household. In the account which I have prepared of him you will see quite clearly what he is to me. I have wished I might have another chance to show him my appreciation as I did not show it while he was here.

I pray the Lord to bless and comfort you in your declining years – ahead of you is, a crown of righteousness and the glory of immortality and eternal life in the worlds to come. With love and blessings I am ever, Albert.

301

LETTER 346

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, July 13, 1936, To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Montrose, Colorado, Dear Sister Perkins: I have not written you for some time, but I take it that you know pretty much how I feel, and my letters are seldom anything but an expression of my feelings.

In the last two months I have had very intense feelings. It might seem strange to some people when I say that the Lord arranges ordeals for me which are rich in new thought born of new necessities. Nearly two months ago I began having trouble with my teeth and I went to get them out with the result that I got only part of one out and got a bad crack in my jawbone an inch and a half long and a quarter of an inch wide. I have suffered more with it than with any operation I ever went through. The side of my chin is still paralyzed from the interference with the big nerve when the piece of bone was taken out, and somehow it has sapped my strength as nothing ever did before.

Now don't challenge my sanity when I tell you that this was allowed by the Lord for a very worthwhile purpose, and that these last two months have been the most profitable I ever spent in my life. I have had to spend long hours applying hot packs to my face with the hope of relieving the pain, but I have thought and written and studied with greater power to understand than I had before. Somehow, in my humility and my suffering I have been susceptible to influences I could not register before, and my accomplishments in that time, if

judged by nothing else but the things I have written, proves that it has been a very profitable experience.

I thank the Lord for it. I hope to get over this paralysis in my chin, but I pray that this and every other agency the Lord wants to use to make me more susceptible to the whisperings of His Spirit will not find me ungrateful and unwilling to receive the good things which are offered.

My uncompromising testimony is that the Lord is ever ready to do for us the thing which will be for our best good if we will receive it. Too often we misunderstand and complain instead of giving thanks and asking for wisdom to make the kind of response He expected. It seems that the Lord is more kind to me than to anybody else, and yet people come sympathizing with me for the hard luck that comes my way, the things I suffer, the sickness in my family and the stern partings [deaths of children] which to some people, seem worst of all.

But I believe the Lord is no respecter of persons, and that He is as good to everybody else as He is to me, but I cannot see into their lives and know how their peculiar experiences apply. I do see how they apply in my life.

I see too, to a very great extent, how they apply in your life. Bitter experiences have come to you as wonderful blessings in disguise, and over the long winding trail which you have followed there have been many places where by the slightest turn of events you would have been deflected from your good destiny to something of much lesser worth. There has been an overruling Providence keeping the bounds of safety on each side till you have come to this advanced age of unusual experience with a very unusual record of splendid accomplishments.

302

I didn't intend to write so much, and I must close. Give my kind regards to Phil and Gladys and the children. Yours in the bonds of love, Albert.

Just got word that Marion and June were sent for Ben's hardware. Lell.

LETTER 347

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, April 9, 1937, To: Mrs. Sarah Perkins, Salt Lake City, Utah. Dear Grandma: From every experience which gives me a broader view of life I have a greater appreciation for you. As the truth of things unfolds before me I feel it my duty and my privilege to make new expressions of gratitude to you. The more nearly I get to see conditions for their true worth, the more keenly I appreciate you, and I am impelled to rise up and call you blessed for the good part you have taken for your children, and for what they mean to me.

Your faith and your integrity have carried on in your children and your grandchildren, and there is an increasing multitude who have partaken of the good work you began and have accepted the standards you adopted.

My heart swells with gratitude to you for what you have done for me; you have contributed much to the sum of what goes to make up my best and most cherished possessions.

I can see as clear[ly] as the light of the sun that the hand of the Lord has been over you for good to give you choice blessings, blessings which are given to the few only. The deep and holy sense of love which I cherish for my own dear mother, for giving me my body from the flesh and blood of her own being, the love and gratitude I have for her loving service in teaching me principles of truth and safety, fills me with the impulse to thank and to bless you for the same service to my beloved companion, the mother of my children, who has transmitted to them the splendid faith and integrity she received from you.

In my children I see so much which they have inherited from you. When I am moved with gratitude and delight at soul-qualities like those we saw in Sara and in others of my children, it points me to you, and my love for them reaches out with blessings for my choice parents,

and the choice parents of my wife.

I feel that I have missed a great opportunity in failing to tell Lell's father how much I owed to him for the sterling qualities I found in her which she had inherited from him, who acted the "Joseph" to his own father's family. When I meet him a few years hence in the great world of spirits, I want to assure him I am not the ungrateful recipient of these things which I seemed to be while he was here.

I hope that your years will be full of comfort, that the long and trying struggles of your life will react more and more to your destined reward till you receive a fullness of joy in the infinite world. I hope too that I shall never fail of any thoughtful service which it is my duty and my privilege to render. With best wishes always I am ever, Albert.

303

LETTER 348

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, February 7, 1953, Dear Sister Mary [Lyman Reeve]: I have your letter of the 5th, and it has set me to thinking about some of the stern things which have come to us with the years. I can not afford to say anything which future events might bring against me as having been said too soon, but speaking in the light of things as they have been with me, and as they are with me right now, I want to say, in all humility, that I have been very generously sustained by the Lord in all that I have had to go through. I think with what I have had to bear it's been more easy for me than what [it has been for] the others of the family.

This was by no means because my strength was greater or my burden lighter than theirs, but because for some unexplainable reason... It is therefore my duty in response to ... that the mercies of the Lord never fail, to repeat... stretched out still and yet Thou art and Thy ... is there and Thou art merciful and kind forever."

It is mine to affirm that accidents do not happen in the way we are wont to suppose. The popular belief in accidents is a belief that God Himself is taken by surprise with events which were unexpected and for which no provision had been made, events which upset His program and frustrated His purposes.

It is mine to affirm that our consistent Father and God did not spend vast periods of time preparing the world for us, and us for the few short years we were to spend in it, only to have those years distracted and vitiated from their purpose by the caprice of circumstances which not even God could foresee would work out in that way. He declares "I know the end from the beginning." "Known unto Me are all My works from the beginning."

With His infinite love, and with His unsparing devotion to purpose, He put us here on earth for the sake of our immortality and eternal life. He knew who and what we were. He knew our capacities, susceptibilities, inclinations and limitations. He knew perfectly what each one of us was like, and just what would be the very means and experiences to achieve for us, to bring about the purpose for which we were born.

In the hills where the crude elements are taken to be refined, they are not coddled and petted along under conditions similar to those in which they have been before, but they are subjected to various strong reagents, which churn them up and distract and buffet them as they were never buffeted before. Thus they become refined and are worked into a state of perfection superior to any state they had ever reached in all their ages past. We do not come here to be coddled along in the way of our natural desires, to enjoy ease and comfort. We are not here for something easy and pleasant; this is the test of the eternal ages. We are subjected here to ... carefully – chosen reagent after another – floods, fires, ...

We are here to go through the bitterness of hell. Lucifer and his hosts were cast down to hell and, wherever that was, it was the place to which Adam and others went, and the place in

which their children have been tormented with the devil and his angels ever since. Hell is tempered to us in varying degrees of intensity according to our natures; it affects people very differently, some suffer much pain, some suffer in mind, some in spirit. It is terrifying to
304

contemplate what some people have to suffer, even some of the very best people who come into the world.

There are vast hosts of men and women who, by the tide of environment, fixed precedent, inclination and necessity, are swept into a life of shame, debauchery, degradation, and they live out their lives in depths of anguish which intensifies their love for and appreciation of the very opposite in a way that nothing else possibly could. These reagents, to which we are subjected in this purifying process, are chosen for the nature and severity which will be best for our individual needs.

You spoke of the promise made to you by brother Hinckley – cling to, be comforted by that promise. The Lord has not lost sight of any one of John Reeves' children. He has not been taken by surprise in any of the things which have befallen them. He knows, and He knew long before they came here what they would have to meet, and when they have been acted upon by the deep-searching elements and agencies to which He has allowed them to be subjected, He will avail to the full extent for the way the process has fitted them to receive the benefits for which He sent them into the world. I must close – time in demanding. Love ever, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 349

Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, December 15, 1954, Dear Sister Mary Reeve: I have just re-read your letter of August 29th, and it occurs to me that I am not justified in delaying answer so long, even with all the children and grandchildren and friends and investigators who write me, and expect a reply.

I do appreciate your letters, and I appreciate you, the life you have lived and what you have stood unflinchingly for from childhood. I sympathize with you in the distressing situations which you have to meet, and I admire you in the courage and fortitude with which you meet them. So far as I can see in all these things, you are not blamable for the way events have turned nor for the way you have reacted. Job was not blamable for the trying ordeals through which he had to go, and the way he met the hard things are to be accounted to him for righteousness.

From my point of view – I am saying this in all candor to you and not as a challenge to the ridicule of the thoughtless – from my point of view you have made the grade thus far, and your life is such that our father and mother will be proud of it. And again from my point of view, there is to be great restitution and compensation due to you, so much so that you will look back on these tribulations as a small price for the glory of reward which they are to bring to you.

Sometimes in the din and fury of confusion, it is difficult to keep our bearings, and such time the arch enemy seeing our distress whispers to us, "What is it all for anyway? Who am I? What could possibly come to me to recompense for all this long-drawn-out nightmare of frustration and contradiction?"

305

I thank the Lord for the intense situations through which He in His infinite wisdom has called or permitted me to go. Our Father in Heaven is the great personification of love and mercy and wisdom, and it is wonderful to know, and we can really know, that "His work and His glory are to bring to pass our immortality and eternal life." There is nothing of which we are able to think which could be more desirable than the things He is trying to bestow upon us.

We can not possibly devise a better way than the way He has marked out for us. There is in affliction, if your hearts are right, a sweetness and a comfort and assurance which is never known to those who go easily and smoothly along, learning nothing, doing nothing but enjoying themselves and getting nowhere. It is a mark of the Lord's confidence in us that he gives us heavy and difficult lessons to solve; to some people all that is entrusted to them is a little tin whistle which they toot noisily and fancy they are great, fancy that they are rich, for they have been given all that their little pint cup will contain.

I see people going wild over uranium which has been found in this country and all they want in this world is to find a rich mine. And many of them, if they get it, receive all the joy to which they are susceptible in putting on a great big show, and seeing their name in the papers, and an account of what wonderful people they are, and how they dress, the kind of house and all the other empty daub that they indulge. Thank the Lord that he gives us something better than uranium. I must close. Love always. Albert.

LETTER 350

Albert Robison Lyman, Huntington, Utah, February 28, 1929, To: Mrs. Mary Lyman Reeves, Hinckley, Utah, My dear Sister Mary: Your letter of the 25th came yesterday and I am up early to find time to answer. Before I got up this morning I lay thinking of you – thinking of your childhood, what you have been and what you are, and it came to me that if I have a right to bless anybody I have a right to bless you. You deserve to be blessed, and you shall be blessed.

O the lesson of immortal truth that came to us with the years! No one but God in his infinite wisdom could foresee how the values of the immortal world could be burned into our understanding by the long-drawn-out processes through which we have to go. And He loves us as dearly in seeing us go through these processes as He will love us when we have completed the preparation and are entering into our rest and our exaltation in His kingdom. To sing "O I have longed to rest," and ever we look forth with fond hopes to a time which we try to believe is near when we can find respite from the sharp heel of necessity or the heavy grind of poverty which bears down upon us. And as the old prophet says "We think the rich are happy," and in a way we envy them and feel that fortune has smiled unfairly upon us. But the love of our Father for us is a love that knows no failure, and there is to it no unfair limits or oversights; He sees us and He looks on us as on the House of Israel of whom He says "Yet a few days and Lebanon shall be accounted a fruitful field, and the field shall be esteemed as a forest." He says of them too "in a small moment have I forsaken thee, yet with great mercies will I gather thee."

306

And yet, though these things and many like them were written, the slow ages dragged on and Israel suffered persecution and oppression, and Lebanon lay desolate and neglected as a place of no importance. And relentless war drenched the countries with blood where Israel lived, and darkness and terror worked their fury among them. But in all this the Lord cherished His great purposes, indulging no foolish haste to upset the plan before it had time to fully mature. He sees the time of redemption ahead and His heart yearns and He says "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted, I will lay the gates with sapphires and thy foundations with precious stones, and great shall be thy rest."

We are preparing for an endless existence in the immortal world, and into this finite life of ours must enter a stern and far reaching program of preparation. How stern, how far reaching, how severe and long-drawn-out it has to be [only] the Lord knows, and He suffers it to go no farther than is compatible with his all-prevailing will. We long for respite from the torture of it, and we think how much better it would be if we could just have a little more to spend, a

little less to do, a little more comfort and rest from the oppressive weight of it. And yet under the weight of it we may be achieving the maximum, where with more rest and ease we would fail of the necessary accomplishment from a given time.

Gives lived in his palace in what seemed to me to be great fortune, and at his gate lay Lazarus in squalor and filth and misery with the dogs licking his sores. O why should Lazarus thus live? Surely his God had forsaken him and thrust him out from the confines of His mercy! And surely God loved Gives for he blessed him with great abundance. Right here remember this abundance came from the Lord, for “a man hath nothing except it be given him of the Lord.”

But the Lord was looking not at the moment, and at the wealth or the poverty which would soon pass away, but He was looking at the thing as it was to stand in the long, long ages of the eternal world, and when the short moment was over, He took Lazarus to his bosom, and Gives he consigned to the regions of darkness and misery for, said He to Gives “Thou in thy life hadst good things, and Lazarus had evil things.”

It is hard for our finite natures to see and subscribe to the process. I would like so much to be with my family, and I would like to pay my obligations and have a home where my children, now scattering away, perhaps to return no more to us, could rally in some central quarter to be with us, but it may be that such a thing is not in the program. It may be that the heel of urgent necessity upon me is doing more good for me than I could get out of things as I would like them to be. And if this is the case, I should subscribe willingly and thankfully to things as they are. I know it is ever the Lord’s purpose to have conditions arranged for us to get the greatest good out of our existence, and when it comes to real benefit, He sees it from the eternal and not from the temporal viewpoint.

I know of people who have said, as Jesus related to the Jews, I have succeeded in getting plenty, and now I shall take my rest and get away from the grinding elements which have driven me all my life, but it was only a little while till they were hewn down and carried away from it. In some cases I have recalled how Christ spoke of it when he related the Lord watching this desire to get away and He said “Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.”

307

Now I want to assure you that you are not living in vain, and the paradoxes, perplexing and seemingly unnecessary in your life, are not there because the Lord has forgotten or overlooked you, but they are serving their eternal purpose. However, your misfortunes may be considered to have originated, they have been permitted, for a wise and glorious purpose, and ahead of you and your faithful, plodding husband, is rest and immortality, and exaltation more glorious than is dreamed of by the most wealthy and blessed people of the world.

The Lord knows of you and your children and the prospects before them, the fortunes which await them, and the great destiny ahead, for to this destiny were you ordained and sent, and no interfering agent of earth or the adversary can have power to make any permanent failure in that program if you hold firmly to your point.

I shall have to conclude abruptly. May the Lord bless and comfort you and your loved ones, and may we endure all things brought upon us to bear and be saved in His kingdom, is the prayer of your loving brother, Albert R. Lyman.

LETTER 351

Adelia Robison Lyman, Bluff, Utah, April 12th [about 1898], Dear Albert, How are you getting along? Tell Edward all about yourself. He is so anxious to see you. I have consented for him to go and take you some clean clothes, and stay over Sunday with you. Take good care of him and send him home with Birtie Monday. I have put up some bath mittens if you

have a good place [to] take a bath. If not rub yourself all over with the dry mittens. Then put them and your dirty clothes in the sack and send them home by Edward.

There are two letters in your shirt, one from Pa and the other to you from some friends, I guess. We are all well and getting along the best kind. Kissie has been out of school a couple of days with a toothache, but is better now. She passed a good examination and intends to stay in school until it is out if possible.

We'll take good care of yourself. Edward will tell you all the news if there is any. Your loving mother, Adelia Lyman.

P.S. Eva wants Edward to bring Brother B's [Hanson Bayles] dirty drawers so she can have them clean for him when he comes. How long do you think you will be gone? We are lonesome without you. As ever, Ma.

LETTER 352

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Apartment 164 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, August 8, 1942, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lyman: I feel it the proper thing for me to do in writing to you and thanking you with all my soul for [your] being so kind and decent and in accepting me as you have. As I have told Allie, I think you are the finest people I have been privileged to associate with.

In becoming acquainted with Allie and Rene, I could see in them some training right from the start of their childhood that makes them what they are.

308

I truly love Allie and I think she is the grandest person I have ever met. As to our decision for the future, we both have sat sometimes for hours discussing different angles of it, and trying to do the right thing by each other. We have prayed about it. We have discussed it as completely as we know how.

We went up and talked with Allie's Uncle Albert and he was so inspiring and anxious to do the right for us.

I know for a surety that the steps we take in the future will be for our greatest benefit and happiness. We haven't decided a definite course to take as yet, but as soon as we do, we will inform you.

I again thank you both for the kindness shown to me. I hope I can become worthy some day of the one grand person I am privileged to know. Hope to hear from you soon. As always, Gordon.

LETTER 353

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Apartment 164 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, August 8, 1942, Hello Kay [Perkins Lyman]. How is the old brother? I'll bet 100%. At least as long as I have known him he has been just that. I truly enjoyed every minute I was privileged to spend with you.

I hope to, in the future, become more closely associated with you. Maybe not too much more before the war, but after there will be a few short years of friendship and then a continuation forever.

I have found in Allie (your little sister), one of the grandest, most appreciative and sincere persons I have ever met.

It will take me forever to be worthy of her or her family, but all I'll ask is the chance to see what I can do for her to make her happy. I have never found anyone, not even my own relation, whom I figured understood my views and outlooks as she does. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by doing the thing we are planning on.

I hope you will approve of me and my faults and be the type of person always that you were here. Thanks for your kindness toward me. Hope to hear from you soon.

Hello DeAlton (Deco) or how ever it is.

Allie told me of your misfortune; I'm indeed sorry, but I hope you can again become so that you feel descent. It was grand knowing you as long as I did, hope to see more of you.

Would like to hear from you, and if possible, get your approval on the thing you know all about by now. Write Soon, Gordon.

309

LETTER 354

Pvt. Gordon L. Platt, 1031st T.S.S.P. Flight 38 B.T.C. #5, A.A.F.T.T.C., Kearns, Utah. Camp Kearns, Utah, September 10, 1942, To: Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah.

Dear Mom and Dad: I suppose that you are about to disown me for not writing to you sooner, and you would have a perfect right to, but as the same old story goes, I haven't had the time. I'll try and do better in the future.

How is everything at home? Namely you people and all whom I was privileged to know?

Also, Beedie, Squeak, the geese, the burros and the rest of the Lyman estate? I hope you are all feeling well. How are you feeling mom? Did the doctor do you much good?

I suppose you folks are wondering just what my destination is going to be. All I can say is that my knowledge of the future is quite limited. Here is as much as I can tell you. While here in camp we have been taking a number of tests. My rating on these tests was such as to permit me into any field I cared to go in; that is my height and weight were not over the specifications. Therefore I took the one that would, in as near as I could hope, keep me somewhere near Allie and from off the battle lines. I chose the Control Tower Operator's position. I will attend school for twelve or fourteen weeks, then I'll be stationed at an airbase to direct incoming and outgoing planes. I have no idea where I will be stationed, but it seems possible that the west coast will be the most likely place. I have approximately three weeks left here at Kearns, and then I will be shipped out of here.

I surely wish that I could be able to take Allie with me, but I don't suppose I will. I suppose she is going to move in with Rene when Ross goes, and that will be nice if they can be together. Some fine sunny morn, when it's all over, maybe we can come back and spend the rest of our lives together. If there wasn't that to look forward to, I'm afraid this would be a hopeless affair. I'm certainly happy that Allie and I decided to get married before I left, because it certainly gives me a greater incentive to do all I can to better myself instead of doing the opposite.

Well folks, I must sign off for now. I just finished writing to Allie, and I've yet to write to my other mom and dad. Bye for now, and take care of yourselves. Your loving son, Gordon. P.S. write soon and long.

LETTER 355

Pvt. Gordon L. Platt, 1031st T.S.S.P. Flight 38 B.T.C. #5, A.A.F.T.T.C., Barracks 1924, Kearns, Utah, Camp Kearns, Utah, October 13, 1942, To: Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah.

Hello Mom and Dad: I feel somewhat ashamed for not writing to you before now, but maybe I can pawn off the old excuse on you. I have been fairly busy as of late as you can see, I haven't received my shipping orders as yet, but I am expecting them anytime.

310

Since I came here to Kearns, I have been into Salt Lake three times to see Allie. She has certainly been a peach of a wife. She has been all that anyone would ever ask for.

Today I have been shifting through my mind, the day that we went through temple for our endowments and also the next day, which I certainly will never forget. I certainly am a fortunate person, and the rest of my natural life will be spent in doing my best to make her

happy, by doing for her.

I received two letters from her today and also one from mother. Everyone is feeling fine at home, and Allie is well and sweet as ever.

How are you and dad enjoying yourselves in Blanding? At least you are where it is peaceful and quiet.

This army life is quite a test when it comes to challenging a fellow unto his wits end. The filth and rot that is present here would actually turn a person to bitterness toward all outside people. I am so very grateful for the parents and friends that I have, and that they were able to teach me of the higher principles of decent living. Also I am so very thankful for being privileged to marry one of my own faith, and to marry in the temple of the Lord. To be able to hold the keys to eternal life and through my deeds to be able (with my mate) to reach the celestial kingdom, means more to me than anything [else] possible [possibly could] to acquire or attain through earthly works.

In your letter you stated that dad was working on the west of town. What is he doing? I hope and pray that you people and your lives will not be changed or affected because of this war. It is upsetting so many people's plans for a happy and well-rounded future. I had some great plans myself, but for a while, I'll have to lay them aside. Some day, in the not too far distant future, this whole mess will be over, and then if it be the Lord's will, we might all return and live lives of peace and contentment.

Until then, may the Lord be with you. Your loving son, Gordon. P.S. Give my regards to all the folks, and we'll see them some time. G.L.P.

LETTER 356

Gordon Leavitt Platt, 13TH Tech School Squadron, Barrack 806, Scott Field, Illinois, November 30, 1942, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Mom and Dad: I'll bet you people are ready to disown me, for not writing to you sooner than this. I have to have some excuse, so I'll say that with my studies and all, I have been so darn busy that I have had hardly enough time to write to Allie. I'll bet my mom feels like disowning me for not writing to her any more often than I have.

You are probably interested in just what I am doing here, and where this will get me. Two weeks ago, I started school as a Radio Operator and Mechanic. I will go to school for another four months, and then will graduate. I may be given a corporal's rating upon graduating. I will then be transferred to an overseas training base, somewhere within the boundaries of [the] U.S., for another few months of advanced training. When I finish there, I should be able
311

to do most anything with radio equipment. From the overseas training camp, I will be assigned to a bomber squadron and then shipped to the place I'm needed most. I didn't want radio work but I was told to take it, so I will try to learn all I can in it.

I am hoping that you people are enjoying good health and pray for your happiness and safety in these troublesome times.

The greatest blessing a fellow in my predicament could ask for is a true course to complete happiness in the future, after this is all over. I have an ideal mate to keep me on the right track and she is very considerate and descent about writing often and sending nice little gifts too.

Even though I am far away from her, I have the grand satisfaction of knowing that I may be able to someday return again to her, if it be the will of the Father.

We have been given many grand promises as our reward for a well rounded and complete life if we live in accordance with his commandments. I will do my best to do just that.

Wish I had more time, and I'll write a lot more but I must hurry and get to school. Write

soon, and may you enjoy happiness complete with your daughter this Christmas. I will have to let this suffice for a Christmas card. I cannot get any here. Your son, Gordon.

NOTE: After this point there are many modern letters. There are several types of letters from the modern period that I have left out of this collection for the most part: 1) those letters written by family members to me or from me that were of a hurtful nature following my divorce; and 2) letters from individuals inquiring after research on non-family issues. Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 357

LaPreal Thompson, 40 Elysium Drive, Ely, Nevada 89301, January 16, 1995, To: Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

Dear Lyman De: After two years here I am again. I still have your letter of March 1993 and need to update a few things. You gave me the name of a lady in Hyrum (Mrs. Maureen Ward). I am wondering if you know whether she is still in charge of that museum and is she still alive. I will write to her or call her anyway; but if you know anything certain about that situation would you let me know, please.

I think I will be able to get these pictures to the two museums this coming summer. I'll get in touch with you when I'm ready to go to St. George. My youngest daughter who lives in Salt Lake will take me to Hyrum and also to St. George if she can manage it with her work. She is still a working gal! Please let me know what you know about the museum lady in Hyrum. I'll write to her anyway.

Now I'll give you an update on myself. But send me your phone number too! The years 1993 and 1994 haven't been very good times. First of all, in July 1993 I tipped my car over and

312
totaled it. Fortunately I wasn't hurt. About two months later I lost all the potassium in my system, caused by the blood pressure medicine I was taking. That really knocked me for a loop! From then on I started having these terrible dizzy spells due to "Meniers" disease. The dizzy spells just kept coming closer together and more severe, until in March 1994 I was operated on for that and now I am free of the dizzy spells, as long as I take my water pills. I feel much better now and I'm so thankful I am doing better. During the last part of 1993 I had two mini strokes which have left me not so sure or fast on my feet. I use a cane most of the time now. I stagger when I walk, just like a drunk! But all in all I am thankful for the health I have. I am much better now than I was a year ago. I still have much to be thankful for. Now I'll let you go and please don't forget to send me your phone number. Thanks a lot! LaPreal Thompson. P.S. This is not a good picture of your baby and Mary [Platt Sinfield] but we took it at the Platt reunion in 1975. I don't know which child it is. Information on the back of the picture. [The back of the picture says: The oldest and youngest at Benjamin Platt family reunion, Fish Lake, Utah, 1975; Mary Platt Sinfield and ? [Don Carlos Lyman Platt)].

LETTER 358

Gene Lyman Platt, 1701 Cedar Street, Newberg, Oregon 97132, March 6, 1995, To: Lyman D. Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84757.

Dear Number 1 Son: Greetings from the beautiful Pacific Northwest. All is well with the Gene L. Platt family. We are looking forward to seeing some or all of you this summer. The purpose of this letter is to apprise you of and invite you to participate in an activity which Ed and I have been cooking up for some time. A few years ago, Ed, dad, Gird and I with some of our kids, visited Grand Gulch and had a wonderful four day experience there. Ever since then, we have been attempting to get back to another similar such experience. We have determined to return to Grand Gulch this summer between July 20 and July 24, 1995, with the following rough itinerary:

In the mid afternoon of July 20th, we will meet at the Cane Gulch ranger station and hike in as far as Turkey Pen Ruin and camping area (a distance of about 5.5 miles) where we will spend the first night. If time permits earlier that day, I would like to take some of my children through a few of the short day-hikes at the Natural Bridges National Monument which is just a few miles down the road from Grand Gulch. I remember, with fondness, a family outing to view some of those bridges before Lake Powell was around.

On the second day, July 21, 1995, we would attempt to go from Turkey Pen Ruin, another 5 or 6 miles down the canyon, perhaps as far as Lyon Tracks Spring or, if no water is at Lyon Tracks, then on to Coyote Springs.

The third day, Saturday, July 22, 1995, we would go as far as Jail House Spring or maybe, rather than going back up to Jail House, go down to Step Spring or Dipping Canyon which is a little bit further down the main canyon. On the 23rd of July, which is Sunday, we would either spend the day resting and enjoying short side hikes or travel back to Jail House or even out of the canyon, depending upon the schedule that people want to pursue.

313

The next day, Monday, July 24, 1995, we plan to complete the hike out of the canyon. I understand that Roberta is in charge of planning the Lyman family reunion this summer. To the extent that she wishes to coordinate with this experience, I invite her to try to attempt to find a day on the end of this hike where we can get together with extended family. The 24th could be available.

The invitation to go down the gulch is being extended to a number of the lines on the Lyman side and it is hoped that we can have a good group hike down the canyon. I'm a little concerned because the San Juan resource people of the Bureau of Land Management tell me that they will only allow groups of twelve to go down into the canyon together. Accordingly, we have to organize several different groups to go in at different places and attempt to rendezvous in the canyon. We can work out those details after I hear back from those of you who specifically will be going.

At this point, it looks like I will be taking at least five of my children, with one to three spouses or significant others along with them. Ed is planning to take probably three of his children and I am counting on Briant Buckwalter coming with his two sons and possibly with Mickey. We are going to have a great time and I am very hopeful that many of us can make the trip.

After numbers are identified and commitments, we can work out the details of the meeting place, registration, supplies, etc. For now, however, please blank these days out on your calendar, and let me know if you intend to come. Love to all, Gene.

L.D. & Karen, are you too old for this? Wait a minute, I think you made it to the Lake on the Hole-in-the-Rock trip, and I didn't. Oh well, I'll be in better shape this time around.

I've invited Dan and Dave and asked them to invite any of their younger siblings they choose. Please feel free to invite Dru or others. I doubt the little ones could do it. Coordinate through Ed. Love to you. Gene.

LETTER 359

Valerie Yorgeson Platt, 228 West 725 North, Lindon, Utah 84042, December 17, 1993, Dear Family and Friends, Christmas time is fast approaching and would you believe it, I have not even purchased one gift. We do not have our tree up – no not even a single Christmas decoration adorns the house of the Platts, but we have a new home with LOTS of new paint. We have spent the last month trying to get the new home ready to move into and to actually move. Tonight should actually be the first night sleeping in the new home. It is a very comfortable home and seems like it should fit our family's needs just right. We are actually

only moving ½ mile from our present home but we are changing wards, stakes, and cities. The kids think the move will be traumatic, but we are really excited to make the change. We have had an exciting year to say the least. We have survived our first year as a family business. The kids have all worked hard to help us and our family has become stronger (at least muscle wise) because of this experience. We are enjoying Countryside Garden Center and feel very blessed to be able to have this business.

314

Rebecca and Noelle just returned from their first semester at Ricks and they are excited to be home (but not nearly as excited as we are to have them home). They've had some real growing experiences but I think it has been good for them. Jared just finished up his first semester at UVSC and is being Ed's right hand man at work. Some days I wonder what we would ever do without him.

Ben and Heather are excited for February to come so that they can turn 16 and (they think) actually drive. It's hard on this mom to have some of her younger children actually doing the driving bit. Somehow it's okay to have the oldest one (or ones, whichever the case may be) grow up but it is hard on me to have the younger ones doing this as well. Ben and Heather are leaving the day after Christmas and going to Mexico with Ed. This is their big "16" trip with their dad and they are all looking forward to it. They will be staying in the same Mexico village as Ed does every time he goes down and we hope it will do them all good (especially the villagers).

Tiffany is now fourteen and learning to enjoy life. It is so interesting to be a mom and watch as each child struggles in their own way and yet learns, progresses and grows because of these struggles. Tiffany loves to play the piano and she wants desperately to be a cow girl but I won't let her until she is eighteen. I think, however, she will win this one.

Amanda is eight and is very typical. She is fun and dear and very obnoxious. She is the only person who gets her very own room in our new house. Her bedroom has a telephone jack in it and so she thinks she will save up her money and buy her very own phone. This is the reason she is willing to move. She has already made several friends in our new neighborhood and so Amanda is not worried about this move at all.

Ed and I spend most of our time at the store. For the first time in twenty years we get to spend almost twenty-four hours a day together. I decided it would either make or break our relationship and I believe it is making it. We too, are growing and learning and having fun doing it. Ed was just released as Young Men's President in our old ward and for a while we have no responsibilities.

My Christmas message to you, our loved ones, is simply to remember the Savior. We would be nothing without Him. When I take the time to contemplate His goodness to all of us I feel very overwhelmed at His love and patience with us. We all have our struggles and trials and the Lord blesses us with the ability to conquer these things – we all have our joys and triumphs and the Lord blesses us with these as well so that we can handle the other. He loves each of us and wants us to return to live with Him again and that should be our goal here in this life. Please know that we love each and everyone of you and are so grateful to be a part of your family. We love you all and hope that you have a very merry Christmas and a wonderful new year. Sincerely, Ed and Val.

LETTER 360

Mrs. LaPreal Thompson, 40 Elysium Drive, Ely, Nevada, 89301-2037, April 10, 1995, To: Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

315

Dear Lyman: It's me (LaPreal) again! I wish you would send me the address and who to

contact at that museum in St. George. I have no idea where it is and I may have to get you or your wife to go with me to find it. I really don't know when I can get there this summer. I don't drive anymore and I'll have to depend on my daughter or one of her daughters to bring me down.

I wrote to that Mrs. Ward in Hyrum, Utah and she sent me a nice letter back [regarding] the museum that she is in charge of in Logan. She said for me to call her at her home when I come into Salt Lake and she will arrange to meet me at the museum.

I have a doctor's appointment in Salt Lake in July, so I'll get in touch with her then with the Sinfield pictures. Please send me your phone number will you? P.S. I just now found a card of yours with your phone number on it. Is this the correct number: 801-628-4944? As ever! LaPreal Sinfield. Phone 702-289-3244. [LaPreal placed the picture of Benjamin and Mary Greaves Platt at the D.U.P. museum, where it still hangs in the 2nd room on the south wall – 2008.]

LETTER 361

Julie Platt Taggart, 619 11th Street #4, Cody, Wyoming, 82414, April 12, 1995, To: Lyman and Karen Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

Julie Taggart, Degree, B.S. Psychology. The Trustees, the Faculty and the Graduating Class of Brigham Young University announce the Spring Commencement Exercises, Thursday, April twenty-seventh, 1995, four-thirty in the afternoon, Marriott Center, Provo, Utah. Convocation Schedule: Family, Home and Social Science, 1:00 p.m., Friday, April 28, 1995, Marriott Center.

LETTER 362

Dian Burd, 44100 Tenaja Road, Murrieta, California 92362, November 24, 1990, To: Mr. and Mrs. Lyman D. Platt, 145 West 200 North #36, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104.

Dear Lyman and Karen. Thank you so much for genealogy work! Sorry, I haven't written before this to say so and tell you of my intentions for further work and payment.

My mother had a couple of weeks in the hospital and we thought she might not pull through. I have been there three or four times a day and running crazy with work, Church and preparation for Thanksgiving. Mom was able to come home but can't be left alone for very long and needs help to walk and get up from chairs.

Next week I think I [I'll] put myself in [the] hospital for a few days of intravenous boosters and oxygen. Anyway, I hope all is good with you and your work. I do want you to pursue the Wilcox line for my boss. She is a dear friend. Right now our money situation is not terrific but I will send \$50.00 or \$100.00 ASAP (might be after the holidays). Then you can delve some more for me.

316

We have a beautiful new stake building that is already too small. Our area has grown so much but there is an economic problem now because industry didn't go hand in hand so homes are sitting vacant. It is so beautiful now to have had rain. Smells so fresh and clean. That was our first rain this fall and we really needed the water.

Surprised your letter [was] all business and no personal thoughts or happenings. Would love to hear from you. Better close and get ready for Church. Love you, Dian. [My custom as a researcher was always to write my reports professionally, so that in the future anyone could pick them up and read them without any personality issues getting in the way of the research – Lyman De Platt.]

LETTER 363

Dixie College, 225 South 700 East, St. George, Utah 84770, July 25, 1993. To: Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D., 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

Dear Mr. Platt: Thank you for submitting your application to Dixie College for the position of Library Cataloger/Reference Librarian.

Please know that, although you were not selected for a personal interview by the Selection Committee, your résumé reflected excellent skills and abilities. After careful consideration of all applicants and their experience, skills, and education, we selected the applicant we felt was most suited to the position. [I was over-qualified!]

Your application will be retained in our active file for six months. Should another position in your area of interest become available, please notify the Personnel Office and we will include your résumé with other applications for that position.

Again, thank you for making application to Dixie College! Sincerely, Ann D. Rogers,
Coordinator of Personnel Services.

LETTER 364

State of Utah, Department of Employment Security of the Industrial Commission of Utah, 40 South 200 East, P. O. Box 70, St. George, Utah 84771-0070, May 24, 1993.

Dear Library Applicant: Thank you for applying for the Library position in Washington County. We acknowledge the effort you made in submitting your application. There were many qualified applicants which made the decision very difficult.

Although you were not selected, we want you to know that we appreciate the opportunity to review your application. If we can be of any assistance in your job search, please let us know. Thank you again, we wish you good luck in your future endeavors. Sincerely, Kim Jorgensen, St. George Job Service. P.S. We sure appreciated the opportunity to interview you.

317

LETTER 365

Arthur R. Morin and Rene Lyman Morin, Shelley, Idaho, Christmas Season 1984. Dear Ones, the low temperature and the blizzard outside give us every reason to believe that the calendar is correct – it is getting close to Christmas! How is your year? Ours has been a happy year, especially busy: 2 new grandchildren, lots of family home to visit, and four weddings the last seventeen months!! Each one has been a source of pure happiness for us: Ben and Deanne in July 1983; Art and Norma in December 1983; Chris and Connie in August 1984; and now Carolyn and Wally this month. While we are feeling just a little sorry for ourselves that our last little girl will no longer be brightening our home every day, we are grateful that she is going to the Temple with a wonderful young man and will know the happiness which comes from having a righteous companion of her own and with him add one more family circle to our own. We are blessed to have so many happy family circles among our children.

Our Family Reunion this summer here in Shelley, at the time of Chris' and Connie's wedding, was complete with all thirty-five of us and we made some wonderful memories. The backyard was replete with three new picnic tables, a large trampoline, two new tire swings made by Grandpa, the tree house, treasure hunts, family ball games, good [food] – always good [food] – and beds everywhere. It was just delightful! The grandchildren got to see old friends and make new ones, but family bonds were strengthened by the abundance of love and caring, and we sang our new family song and felt true “oneness.”

What greater blessings could we ask for? Our prayers of gratitude ascend daily to our Father in Heaven for the privilege of belonging to His Family. In this day of false values and mixedup

priorities, nothing is more strengthening and uplifting than the love and support of families.

Here's a quick rundown on our family: Art and Norma are in Santa Barbara, excitedly expecting their first child and finishing his doctorate. Brad is teaching at the Y and enjoying his home (and looking!!) Marilee and Roger, much to our delight, moved back to our area this summer, with their four little girls. We are excited to have some grandchildren around. Julynn and Bob and their three little ones (a girl and two boys) are spending the next few years overseas with the government. They say that is where they should be but we say it is too far away. Ed and Lorraine are in the San Francisco area with their four - all boys. One says he will vote for President Reagan and President Kimball! Lynette is in Salt Lake with her two boys and one girl, courageously coping with some changes in her life. Ben and Deanne and their little Allie are in Mesa where they are working on his Master's Degree and soaking up sunshine (what we wouldn't give!) Burke is in Wyoming keeping law and order and getting home occasionally. Chris and Connie are in Provo - she finished at the Y in August and is teaching; Chris will finish next year. Charles has been running his Dad's Real Estate Company since May, and doing a great job, getting a real education in the business world and learning to operate their new computer. Carolyn is running around with real stars in her eyes, working as a secretary and trying to finish all the details for their big, happy day.

318

Art has had a major change in his life this past month when the doctor said: change your life pattern or else. So he gave up his beloved teaching in an effort to cut out some stress, certain that no one else could love his students as much as he did. After a few months of slowing up and resting (theoretically), he will be ready to go back to work in real estate and the temple again. We are so glad that he decided to slow down and take better care of himself.

The Mom in our family is just a happy homemaker, enjoying having some family and grandchildren around and doing a few things she has been waiting years to do. The Church, loved ones and good friends make our lives rich, and there are always just enough challenges to keep us humble.

We want to thank each of you for what you have shared with us, the happiness you have added. We owe so much to a kind Heavenly Father who loved us all enough to provide this beautiful world for us and gives us hope of Eternal Life with Him and all we love. We long for the day when all His children will know of Him and His great love for them, when peace will fill the hearts of men and suffering will cease. Have a wonderful season and may the beauty and promise of the Christmas Star fill each day of your lives. We love you, Uncle Art and Aunt Rene and gang. P.S. to Lyman De and Bertha: so happy you got your new baby and all was well. [Natalia; our last.] Love to see you all. Have a lovely Christmas. We sure love you.

LETTER 366

Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, August 25, 1984, To: Gordon L. Platt, General Delivery, Dawson City, Yukon YoB 1Go.

Dear Dad: we didn't know we had an address that you could be written to until this last letter or we would have written sooner. We've missed you like heck. Thank you for the three letters that you have sent us. At least we know you're not in the spirit world.

We're glad you are enjoying your time up there in the wilds of Canada and Alaska. It must be a rewarding time for you even though you miss the family.

The summer has passed beautifully but too quickly. We have had a nice harvest from our two big yellow summer apples, probably six to eight bushels that we have eaten daily for a month now. We are now eating peaches and grapes and corn and tomatoes. The three trees of pears are almost ripe. We had about a half bushel of nice apricots this summer also.

Bertha went to Church last Sunday for the first time in four months. It has been a very

difficult time for the family in having her down. She is just now getting over the leg problems four weeks after delivering Natalia, our cute little dark complexioned but very fair featured addition. You will be proud of her. She will be blessed September 2nd.

I am enjoying my work a great deal, having finished profiles on Spain and France since you left, totaling three million to ten million dollars apiece in microfilming recommendations.

319

David has made the ninth grade football team first string defense and back-up quarterback and is still trying to beat out the first string quarterback. He's better but there are some prejudices. David and Daniel made it with their softball team to the regional finals but were beaten by Lehi. Julie is getting contacts; Lena and Debbie are getting glasses. Patty is struggling with Kent [my brother-in-law and Roberta had taken Patty to try and settle her down a little, but she insisted on being a tramp and getting into all sorts of moral and spiritual trouble, which I wasn't told about for many years - LDP], but is enjoying being away from home and [being] independent. The boys have been a big help this summer. The little ones have had a lot of fun with the trampoline and swing set. It has been a very wet summer and is turning out to be a wetter fall.

I will be increasing my payment to you to \$225 beginning in September in an effort to cut into the twenty-four year repayment time. I want to have the house and you paid off by age fifty-one so that I can have four years to save for retirement at age fifty-five. I can do it with \$25.00 to you and \$100.00 to the house. That will mean \$800.00 a month payments to you for one year after the house is paid off. I can begin doing this in September with extra research work, and then with my pay raise in November, it should become a little easier. This assumes that everything remains on a status quo over the next ten years. I don't believe it will, however.

The kids will be in school by the time you receive this correspondence. They began on the 28th.

We have seven lilac rabbits that are about six weeks away from beginning their breeding cycles. It's kind of interesting and fun to finally have created the next-to-the-last step that I've been working on for six years now.

My doctorate is coming along fine. I should have most of the information in shape to begin final typing by the end of the year. I really feel good about the material that has been collected and feel it will make a major contribution to knowledge in the area of Latin American family history and local history.

Gene and Arlene called us a couple of weeks ago and asked us to plan on their supporting one of the twins on their mission. We thought that was very sweet of them and alleviates somewhat our anxieties of having three out during a one year period. We have begun a small savings program that will increase to about \$100 a month in November, but it still will not be enough by three years from now to handle our missionaries. Bruce has almost received his driver's license, will be sixteen next month, and is growing fast towards that missionary farewell day.

I believe the Leavitt reunion went off okay. I gave some materials to Ruby and she seemed to be prepared although somewhat harried because of her work schedule.

Football is here, Devin [Durrant] has signed with the Indiana Pacers, and fall is on us with cool nights and beautiful days. Norm Bangerter will be the Republican nominee for governor of Utah. The national campaign is under full steam, with the Republicans looking like the winners and the Democrats looking distressed.

320

I've had some good talks with Ed and Roberta and Gene this month. Irene has been over to

see the baby as has Val, and Roberta. The family needs a stronger leadership from you; they are adrift even though they are all doing fairly well. You need to be more personally involved in each of their lives with in-depth interviews of worthiness, spiritual counsel, goal-setting, and just time. If this doesn't happen, you are going to lose some of your children and a number of your grandchildren. I love you and will support you in any way I can. I assume that the many hours alone has given you time to analyze these things already – I perceive that in one of your letters. Please by ready when you return to assume a greater involvement – we know [that your love and] care has always been there – in each of our lives. Thank you for your constant example over the years. Despite your weaknesses, which you are your worst critic of, we look to you and need you to be more personally involved with us and our children. You promised me when I went to the hospital while you were recovering from the accident that took mom, that you would do this. I have not mentioned it until now, but expect you to keep that promise. I want to be in the Celestial Kingdom with all my family and yours. Without you I'm sure that will not happen. You were preserved for that very purpose. Your loving son, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 367

McKay Lyman Platt, Tacoma, Washington, December 18th, 1984, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Lyman and Bertha, rather impersonal don't you think [a form letter with our name handwritten] getting a letter addressed this way? Well, it's a clever gimmick to make you think that I have so many friends that the only way I could ever write to them all is to send a form letter like this. Actually you are the only friend I have in the whole world and there are no copies of this letter.

Let me update you on our family. We are living in a suburb of Tacoma called Steilacoom. It's a darling little town right on the sound. In fact our home that we are renting is right on the sound. That last sentence had very poor construction, splitting the subject and predicate, tsk, tsk, unforgivable. Back to Tacoma. From our dining room we can see the spectrum of transportation. The ferry, transporting people to and from three islands near-by, the train only 100 yards away, and the huge Army transport jets. It's a fun place to live. Katy and Carly have loved the huge yard. So unlike the communal Rosen House that we were used to in New Orleans. But now it is much too cold to be out of doors much. When we rented the room in the summer it looked like an absolute steal, beautiful, quiet, and secluded. But it was 75 degrees then. Now it's mid-30's and the house is an ice box. By sheer luck we put Eliza in the warmest room of the house and Katy and Carly in the next warmest and Pam and I took the upstairs bedroom. With the thermostat set at 67 degrees Eliza's room is about 70 degrees; the girls' room is about 65 degrees, and our room is mid-40's. Pam and I have relearned how to snuggle. It's not love, it's survival.

Eliza is just now metamorphosing from a beautiful pleasant baby to an obnoxious, indefatigable toddler. She's still the highlight of my day. The kind of kid that makes you want to have a quiver full. She has a friend in a darling little black kitten I picked up in August. Katy calls him Oliver Grundy. How about that, a cat with both a Christian and a surname. Katy and Carly are quite happy here. They are both very happy about their school. It's a clean, neat, middle-class school filled with normal American-type children. Something

321
of a change from New Orleans. But the teachers don't push them much. Katy is frankly bored with it and is stagnating I think. Carly on the other hand fits right in. She is well liked among her peers and struts around, the little socialite.

Pam and I are not quite so happy, but getting happier. We found the change to Tacoma hard. Partly [it's] because the city is spread out and very rural. The houses seem too far apart, the

people seem too far apart and there is no garbage on the streets. In short it just isn't New Orleans. The Ward here was also hard to get used to at first. Now we are making some good friends and that makes all the difference in the world. Pam was put in recently as second counselor in the Relief Society and that has made it easy to form some relationships. She is voraciously engaged in many good causes, much to my dismay. I drag myself home from a hard day at the office hoping to find the adoring welcome of my helpmeet only to find that she has a poster to make or a plate of cookies to bake or some beneficent deed that she must get done before she goes to bed. But she's happy.

I'm now half way through my internship. I've finished two months of Urology, a month of Medicine, a month of Pediatrics, Coronary Care Medicine, and am three quarters of the way through Orthopedics. The more difficult Surgery, Ob-Gyn, Emergency Room and Nephrology are yet to come. I have also completed the ACLS course (advanced cardiac life support) and have ATLS (trauma life support) scheduled in San Antonio, Texas in mid January. My schedule is reasonable for an internship. It's bound to get worse in General Surgery but thus far my hours are pretty much limited to about 6:30 to 6:00 often with a lunch break of some description. Call has varied but probably averages about seven times a month. That's quite humane compared to what many of my non-military peers are reporting. Late last month I was informed that I would not be able to stay here in Urology. I was disappointed naturally but not surprised. Urology is getting harder and harder to get into and the competition was keen this year. Of the Army's seven slots all of them were filled by Army General Medical Officers; that is, doctors who had completed an internship and had been in the field for a year or two before starting specialization. They, in the Army's wisdom, are given priority for residency consideration to lowly interns. So, next year I will, like it or not, be a GMO. We have not decided where we want to go yet; that's an optimistic way of saying the Army has not decided yet where they want us. It could be overseas (Germany) in which case we'd be gone for two years likely. Or it could be Korea which is a one year tour and [one where] I could not officially bring Pam and the girls, but might be able to do so under the table if I were assigned to a compatible location. Or, it could be at any location in the U.S. where the Army has doctors, roughly forty-five of the fifty states. We'll know in March or late February.

Too many people write rosy letters at Christmas highlighting the wonderful year they have had with no hint of any of the problems. Some would praise that as looking on the bright side. But I think it's dangerous. So I'll tell it straight. Internship is no picnic and being a doctor is no birthday party. I'm learning a lot and maturing as a physician, but the headaches and hassles of modern medicine are enough to lead us all into early graves. Some of it is fun and generally rewarding, but too much is done for "medico-legal purposes," a fancy way of saying keeping your tail covered. So the once star-struck single-minded redhead who wanted to be a country doc has come down to earth and is having a hard time finding much noble in medicine. But I have better days and am not always such a Scrooge.

322

Now here comes the Christmas message. The greatest job I find in life is the interactions I have with family and friends; the joy I find in service without compensation and the rare but much savored few moments each day where I find solace in meditation. May the spirit of Christmas find you, and may you share that joy in friendship with others as you have by being friends to us. Love, McKay and Pam.

[In long hand, given the fact that I'm really not his only friend]: Hi guys: I understand Bertha has been in and out of the hospital over the last several months. I still haven't been able to decipher the nature of her illness; rapid heart rate, stomach problems, etc. Are you doing any

better Bertha? You are in our prayers at night.

How are all you kids? Anything interesting going on in your lives? We would love to have come down for Christmas and spent some time with everyone, but I just didn't have enough leave. Have a happy New Year and may God bless you. Love McKay and Pam.

LETTER 368

Norma Perkins Young, 9258 South Betty Drive, West Jordan, Utah, 84088, March 30, 1994,
To: Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

Dear Lyman: Enclosed is a copy of a letter sent to me last August from Richard Nolte, the husband of Jeanne McQuarrie Nolte. I am of the opinion that the book you wrote is out of print [*The Perkins Family History*]. As this family evidently would like to get one of your books, I thought it best to pass this information on to you in hopes that they will receive a copy. I will be glad to know if copies are still available. Best wishes and regards, Norma P. Young. P. S. The Nolte address: Richard H. Nolte, 50 Cut Rock Road, Cos Cab, Connecticut, 06807.

LETTER 369

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Provo, Utah, May 31, 1966, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Dear Lyman and Bertha, I'm sitting here in the step down lounge of the Ernest L. Wilkinson Center and the time reads 1:30 a.m. I've changed jobs from custodial maintenance to night security officer. Same pay, but less arduous work. And I suppose there is a bit more respectability attached to this job.

I'm extremely sorry Lyman and Bertha that your trip to Juarez was such a floozy. That's a long way to go with only as little as you had to go on, and no measurable success achieved. You've done all you'd be expected to do to legalize this citizenship and I'd not blame you if you thumbed your noses at the immigration service.

How's your baby? Is Bertha feeling okay? Kiss her for me and let her be aware of our full love for her. I pray she'll go through this in good style. We'll always pray for you both.

How's your garden? Mine is doing swell and we'll have peas in two weeks. We've already had radishes, onions and could have lettuce soon. Hope your late season there allows you plenty of time for growing.

323

On the 6th of June (4 days before your 23rd) Ed, Gene, McKay and I are going to Blanding and either go with "The Hole in the Rock Expedition," or go through Grand Gulch. It will take us three or four days to walk the thirty-five miles through it and see all we want to see and do all that we'd like to do. We're taking sleeping bags and ropes, cooking equipment, etc., and will sleep 'neath the stars for three or four nights. The only thing we really need is to have Joe and you along. When you get out of the service though, we'll plan a good one like this.

I pulled a weak B in Geography and a strong B in Geology this semester. I thought I had an A in Geology – I got it in the lab work. I guess a B is nothing to be ashamed of, but I make such foolish mistakes at times I could kick myself over ten counties. Wish I were as good a student as you Lyman are, and I'd never hope to be as good as Bertha apparently is.

Joe left Thursday for Zion and we heard later that he made it okay. He visited in Cedar with Louise Excell in the hospital where she was convalescing from crashing her dad's car. Don't know just how badly she got hurt.

Joe has really changed lately from his last two years of poor conduct. You'd feel much better towards him, and he claims he'll go on a mission this fall. Of course I'm holding my breath for fear he won't. It has done so much for you and I'd love to see it do that much for Joe. He will always regret not having gone if he doesn't, and will be so glad he did, if he does.

We love you five (including the two kittens) and pray always for God's choicest blessing to be showered down on you. I was just telling mother today, that with the time on this new job, perhaps I can get the genealogy sheets ready that you asked for. Goodbye for now, Dad.

Dear Monie and Bosa: [Irene's pronunciation of Lyman and Bertha]. Just a note on the back of Dad's letter, then I'll write again when we hear from you. Thought you would enjoy Aunt Cretia's letter.

Yesterday we all had a day off so we went to Richfield and visited the cemetery, then went up the canyon with George and Thora and family and their neighbors. Had a nice time and lunch up Monroe Canyon. Got home last night about 10:30.

Heard indirectly from Joe. Did we mention that he and Kathy broke up before he went? He's taking it pretty good but still thinks quite a bit of her. Will be better this way if he goes on a mission – which he plans to do. He had an interview with the Bishop before he left. We're happy about his change of attitude and plans. He's made quite a nice change.

Do hope all is well with you and yours. We are getting anxious to come and help welcome our little one. How is Bertha feeling? Do hope she is getting along okay. Be sure and give her our love. You must be busy with the genealogy sheets. You don't write much lately. Will write again soon, Love, Mother.

324

LETTER 370

Almon Perkins Lyman, 719 Erma Avenue, Stockton, California, July 30, 1966, Dear Mom and Dad [Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah]: It would seem I am always writing just a note but this is better than nothing.

We appreciate your letters, and we were so unhappy to learn Gordon and his boys had been there, especially having gone to the Hole in the Rock. We could have been with you had we just known. We got Allie's letter telling us. [We] knew they were there after we called you. We felt really bad. I do so want Paul and Eddie to see and understand what the Hole in the Rock is in our history. It would seem that only by seeing it can the greatest appreciation be had.

Am enclosing a little something (\$100.00). Use it on the farm for help on your project [perpetual motion] or wherever you feel best. Meant to send this earlier – please see mom gets some too, okay?

We are sort of holding our vacation in abeyance, waiting to see if we are required to go to the northwest to sell our property. We shall try and keep you posted on our plans. Would love to sit down and chat with you now. [end of letter]

LETTER 371

Almon Perkins Lyman, Stockton, California, September 23, 1966, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah.

Dearest Dad and Mother: Since returning home I have meant to write and thank you for all you did for us and for what you mean to us.

I am reading the book you allowed us to take and must say it is written differently; nevertheless, I find my interest is held at all times I read. I did not realize men could be so hard of conscience, so much lack of concern for their fellow men. I suppose my bringing up was one of a sheltered nature also. I was not inclined to evaluate the happenings around me. I saw the small trivial events in most cases in great exact detail. This book, if I may, [I] would like to keep and let Paul read it. He is an avid reader and likely will not take so long as it is taking me. I am about $\frac{3}{4}$ through.

Last night I read the story of the Indian War, by John Rogers. I have read this before, but it would seem I do not recall so many details and names as Bishop Rogers clarifies. I have

made a copy for my files and am returning your copy. Thanks again.

The information about the Navajos I have also copied, and also [am] returning. This I have not read but shall shortly.

I am waiting word from you on the Grand Flat area. Please don't sit on this as it will take some time to get the quadrangle maps. Sorry to be so long in mailing this. Love, your son, A.P. [Almon Perkins Lyman]

325

LETTER 372

Kirk Cook Lyman, November 16, 1966, Dear Grandma and Grandpa [Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah]; although I'm way late in getting this written, I'm sure you're still looking for it. Might as well look in the Past Due section, as this is where it will be when you get it.

I don't know why, but anymore, writing letters is getting harder and harder. So, considering the source, if they are far and few in between, don't give up, but give patience a chance.

We're fine here. Little Lloyd is doing fine. He had a smallpox shot and was under the weather from it, but is doing fine now. He's 23 lbs. And 30" long. You'll find a couple of pictures enclosed and see for yourself what a great fellow he is.

We feel quite happy and proud of him, especially as he is the firstborn. We're sure he'll grow into a fine young fellow and a good man.

Myrna and I are doing fine. We're still doing Church work, with Myrna as ward organist and I've just been put in as Elders Quorum President. Between the two and selling insurance we find very few spare hours, unless we make them. However, we're happy and look for a wonderful future.

In regards to the genealogy sheets, we'll have to postpone them until we get them finished sufficiently for turning in. We're behind but hope to finish them in the near future.

As you may or may not know, RaeLeen is divorcing Larry. I don't know the details, but it's been brewing for a while now. She has the children and is still living in Blackfoot. It's too bad it happened but then it may have been for the best. We can't judge others' lives, but can only hope for the best for them.

Mom still has her ups and downs, as do the rest of us, but then, we all have our share. I'm sure mom will never be the same, but we can just hope for the best for her.

Well, tell everyone hello for us, and hope this finds you in best of health and in good spirits. Love, Kirk, Myrna and Lloyd.

LETTER 373

Klar Lyman Bishop, Washington, D.C., December 7, 1966, Dearest folks [Albert R. Lyman and Gladys Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah], you're welcome letter came yesterday; as always I drank it up.

Z.C.M. I. has their wires crossed some how. The record was from me – they got the other part of it as they were also to send one to Diane and from mom Bishop. This shopping by mail can be somewhat confusing sometimes.

326

What you wrote about the living Christ is interesting. I just hope you don't get into the same kind of a mess in the printing as in "The Edge of the Cedars." I for one will be glad to see it published.

I'm not complaining – I know all these things come for our benefit, but I can't help but wonder what will be next. Since the last accident Marva was in, there has been a continued stream of things happen. They have never received one cent to reimburse them for that. Their car is still masked in and will probably fall apart one of these days. Marva has had many

more doctor bills, not even counting the pain she has been in. This sewer flood was bad enough in itself – if these kids weren't out so much money (over \$500.00) from that. That was mostly property damage from the sewer, much had to be replaced – that price isn't counting our labor, anxiety, the time Ray was out of study time, or the baby sitting. We farmed the kids out while we moved. We were promised this apartment for the same price, though it rents for \$25.00 more. We have now been told to pay the extra or get out. We have been told we will be reimbursed for \$105.00 only, both of which Ray and Marva have rejected. They said if they have to get out, that the management can move them bodily. They had tried to salvage one carpet. It was brought back a complete mess, plus a tear in it. That same day was when they heard the manager's offer. This same day they had lost their renters in Bountiful, and left their place in a mess, and this same day Ray found out an upper and lower set of dentures he had put in days [working] on was not going to be accepted because the man didn't have any money for them, so Ray doesn't get any credit for making them. This same day Brant was real sick. In fact the day before, when they couldn't get in touch with their own doctor, they had rushed him to the hospital. He had a temperature of 105 and was mighty sick. Ray felt sure he had spinal meningitis and so did the doctor (not their doctor). They took tests, and just before they made a spinal tap, Ray blessed him. When they took the tap the doctor couldn't understand it, but it didn't show anything. Fifteen minutes [later] he was running around. But the next day he was sick again. When they were able to get hold of their own doctor, he spent fifteen minutes raking them over the coals for taking him to the hospital and everything they had done. (However, he is better and the doctors say there is nothing serious.) But about this time Marva plus her pain was near the end of her rope. I'm glad I was here. She needs moral, as well as physical support. Even in the face of all this these kids have a good outlook. Though at time, like this one day, it is difficult, a while after the doctor called and Brant was settled down. Ray was relaxing with the last piece of apple pie left from dinner. Marva came over and started smooching, so all in fun Ray picked up the pie and rubbed it in her face. She carefully picked it off and ate it. Now that may sound rather silly but right at that particular time, that is just what they needed, some crazy thing to break the monotony or rather I should say tension. I hear Jay will be moving to New Jersey. I don't know any more than that. I hate to see him move back there. I miss my family in Salt Lake but feel this is where I'm needed worse. Will stay until June, except to go out in March with Patsy and Garry to be married. Did I tell you Garry Bishop is mission secretary? He will be released in March. I love you both and appreciate you. Life continues to be interesting, Love Ky.

327

LETTER 374

Kent and Joy Lyman Olson, Gresham, Oregon, November 15, 1966, Dear Grandma and Grandpa [Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah], I will let the little card speak for itself and fill you in on the details. How many great-grandchildren do you have now? Grandma Olson really brags about her sixty-one grandchildren, but she's [as] old (exactly) as President McKay.

Our little Tanja (pronounced Tawnya) is the prettiest child. And it's not that I'm just prejudiced because everyone raves over her. She has Kent's eyes, Carolyn's nose and Aunt Rene's mouth, her face is shaped like an Olson and her hair is dark black and shiny and curly. I'm anxious to see what happens when it falls out and comes in again. Because of the shape of her face and her large Olson eyes, she looks very definitely like an Olson. That's okay with me cuz they're awful good looking people.

As the nurses in the hospital said, the prettiness more than makes up for her deformity that

she was born with. Both her feet are club-footed very badly. But the orthopedist said it was very correctible if he did something about it immediately. So he put casts on her feet up to her knees the day after she was born. Kent's mother calls her a toe dancer because her feet are straight down with her leg – she has not heel. A little later in the casting process she will turn her foot up so she won't be a toe dancer.

They change her casts every week and a half because she grows so fast. Already she's grown out of one set. The orthopedist says that with casts for about three months, then a night brace and corrective shoes, she'll be perfectly normal and it won't affect her walking development at all. Actually it's been quite easy for us to accept, so don't be distressed. Love Joy.

LETTER 375

Gordon Leavitt Platt, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah, December 1, 1966, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah.

Dear Dad and Mom Lyman, I thank you for writing and disclosing your information regarding the dry land ½ section. And, naturally, I am definitely interested and feel I would like for you to pursue it as far as you are able. I'm also willing and able to give \$25.00 for whatever costs of processing are entailed.

Ever since Anthon [Black] told me of his holding down that way, I've been wanting to go see his set-up. So, whatever I need to do from this end, let me know, and I'll do it.

Allie is good to keep you informed of events and happenings in our lives, so I'll not enlarge on them too much, but I do feel the need to thank you most profoundly for your gift to me of this precious and soul-satisfying spirit in the person of your daughter. Although she and I have never gotten along poorly at all, yet I feel to tell you we are most compatible and involved in the lives of our loved ones.

328

When I think of my brother Darwin and realize what his single life isn't doing for him and compare my existence to his, I feel to rejoice and trumpet my joy to God in Heaven. My whole purpose revolves around my family and the gospel and you have made this possible for me by giving her birth. Mom Lyman, you especially should be praised for your willingness to descend into the very jaws of death for her and a promise of a good life for her. I believe that Joe has given me back ten years of life in his fine attitude to missionary labor. I rejoice in his mental and spiritual well being. I know God plans to bless him even further for his turnabout attitude.

We are concerned that our eldest son, along with so many other people's sons and loved ones, is so far away in a land so uninviting, helping to fight a war that he neither understands, nor justifies. He lives in a mangrove forest a half hundred miles directly below Siagon, Viet Nam. He says the weather is muggy and at times quite oppressive but is willing to take it for the cause.

We know you are lending your prayers with ours for the safety and welfare of him and others. Please continue to pray with us.

We were so happy that you Dad could give each of them a blessing and I know the very vitals of those blessings will be cherished and remembered by those boys.

I'm going to work on Allie to go down to Blanding for a day or two during the holidays. We have a real fine car for the price, and should take a trip to work it into a smooth operation. Goodbye for now, your son-in-law Gordon Leavitt Platt.

LETTER 376

LaRee Nuffer Lyman, Stockton, California, November 28, 1966, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Dad and Mother: This may not be very long or with much continuity. I am writing at the office. Things are slack right now.

Most of the time we have more [to do] than we should do.

I got rather a scare the other night when Kay called. I had just driven up. Paul came running out saying there was a phone call from Moab. He says you are progressing. Tell him thanks for keeping me informed.

We had Aunt Kiss [Lucretia Lyman Ranney] at our place for a couple of weeks. She seemed to enjoy what attention we gave to her. She is so patient and considerate, not wanting to be a burden nor inconvenience. She just delighted in finding something she could do which need[ed] to be done, like roll up string in a ball, shell nuts, etc. She enjoyed our sitting down and talking with her. We went to the temple Saturday the 26th to a special priesthood session. On our return we: LaRee, Grandma Nuffer, Eddie, Paul and I, stopped and visited briefly with Aunt Kiss. You could see her brighten just by our stopping. I do every chance I get. I feel so tender toward her. All dependents upon others are somewhat unhappy with the situation she is confronted with.

329

Just wrote Carolyn a big, long letter – she has pleaded with me to write. Tried to give her some instructions that she might be preparing herself and needs for the trip to the Hole in the Rock. She is planning on going. Even Joy is planning – I doubt if she will make it but she says she will. Her baby will be about ten months old then.

Anyway, we are planning this as a real outing. As you suggested Dad we are planning on a possible walk the last day after we leave our jeeps, walk down and back in one day. How are you progressing with the jeeps? Need and help? You would let me know if and when, won't you?

Now more about the phone call Kay made. I am assuming we shall hear from him or you telling us all the things you are doing. It appears there have been errors made but you are correcting them. I am full of questions on this. Here are some of them:

How can I homestead when I am not even in the state? Can we get around the requirements of my having to reside at location?

Is there any cost involved here that I need to be doing my share?

When approximately will you need some money on the school section? And how much?

We are looking forward to our trip in June. Nevertheless, if it needs be on the bidding on the school section, I will come to Blanding even if just for a day. Please keep me posted and, please, try to answer my questions.

Grandmother Nuffer has been here 2½ weeks – she is enjoying herself but feels sadly at being alone. She never complains or lets anyone know about her sorrow, but I see it. She is a lovely person and really loves her family.

I am sending a box of walnuts to you – please see that Kay and Bob, and Clessa get a taste. Only wish there could be more. Am sending a few to Allie and Rene so don't worry about them.

Would you possibly consider coming down to see us if I would drive up and get you; and I would drive you back when you wanted to go? Would you consider this please? We would so much love to have you spend some time with your youngsters – who are not so young anymore. You could see many things in California that are like the Hole in the Rock; words cannot describe them to you.

Hoping this finds you well and happy. You know we love you with all our hearts and would be delighted to know if there is anything particularly we can do for you. Please answer my questions. With love, your son, A.P. [Almon Perkins Lyman]

LETTER 377

Gene Lyman Platt and Arlene Vail Platt, Newberg, Oregon, April 12, 1989, Dearest Family,

it's nearly time for the kids to arrive home from school, but if I hurry maybe I can get this
330

letter written before then. Seems life moves on at such a pace, there is hardly time to communicate with those we love outside of our immediate families. Please know we care about you and pray for your success.

Briant is nearly sixteen. Hardly seems possible. He is a good, clean and fun-loving young man. He finally succeeded in talking us out of piano lessons, but he did accept a calling to play in Priesthood Meeting each Sunday. He has a heavy class load for a sophomore and continues to place in advanced Math, Science and English. He will soon be presented with his Duty to God Award. Bri plans to spend a couple of months working and living in Hawaii this summer. He has also nearly completed his second year of early morning seminary.

Lisa is fourteen years old and is a freshman in Newberg High School. She is a sweet young woman and is beginning to tower over her Mom, but Mom isn't really too tall. Lisa is nearly 5'6" in height. Lisa too attends early morning seminary. She was selected, as one of two freshmen, to play for the #1 band at NHS, the Symphonic Wind Ensemble. All the hard work and lessons are paying off. She recently performed in a state-wide competition at Portland State University and at the conclusion of her piece the doctor who judged her told her she did an excellent job. She also has advanced classes and a 3.8 GPA.

Amelia is an energetic 7th grader. She enjoys sports and has participated on volleyball, basketball and track teams this year. She too has passed up her mom of 5'3". She is becoming quite accomplished on the piano. Amelia has maintained a 4.0 for two consecutive terms and was recently voted in as Student of the Month by her teachers. Amelia is a great helper with the little ones.

Allison is almost ten and will be old enough to have her ears pierced by our family rule. She is in the 4th grade now and missed straight A's by one B+. We are happy for the children's academic accomplishments. Her teacher said Allie is "every teacher's dream of a perfect student." She now has upper braces on her teeth. She loves to swim and jog; also plays the piano.

Sara will soon be baptized. Her date was schedule for last month, but it seems we haven't been able to find a time when all the family can attend. Her long red hair drives her classmates crazy, her teacher tells us. Not too many little girls wear their hair long these days and red is certainly a novelty here. She does very good in school and has lots of playmates. She also plays the piano. She is a happy little spirit.

Gordon is the neighborhood social director. He is often sighted riding his tricycle with the wobbly wheels (mom hit one, Dad got the other) down the sidewalk. Everyone seems to know him. Gord will soon turn four and is now a Sunbeam. He enjoys Primary and his teacher reports that he is very reverent, which comes as a surprise. He calls himself "Alma the Gordon" ever since the lesson on Alma the Younger. His favorite pastime is dirt especially if it's wet and is in the shape of a puddle. He is a sweet little guy and has added much personality to this family. [We are] so thankful we have him.

"Shauna Bo Bonna," as we call her is busy with a capital B. Seems she can open, climb, mess up, pull out and destroy all in a matter of minutes and yet melt your heart with a kiss. She
331

now says a few words we recognize, but mostly she just jabbars non-stop. Her favorite pastime is hunting down the cat (Morris, yes he's orange) and torturing him with her little fingers in his sleepy eyes. She has lots of dark curls and big blue eyes. But, no matter how busy, mom knows it will end all too soon and her activity will some day be "bigger" and more "worrisome," so for now we enjoy her baby stages. Dad things mom's too mellow, but

it's her last.

Gene continues to be 1st counselor in the stake presidency. He has anticipated a release this year, but no word so far. The anticipation of calls and releases seem akin, but if the former knew of the latter, there would be no aspiring. He has enjoyed his time of service, but feels a bit burned out. He has been and continues to be very effective. His career in law is also rewarding, and challenging, but extremely hectic. The family very much misses his "cushie 8 to 5 job." He has missed out on lots of time with the kids. He anticipates partnership later this month, but not sure what that will add \$ wise. Our IRS debt weighs heavy these days, but we are doing okay.

Arlene is doing fine. Guess you know who writes these letters. Ha! Life has become faster than the fast lane, but with the Lord's help I'm able to endure. My surgery was a blessing and I'm able to do even more now than before. I quit babysitting once and for all; after seventeen years and nearly seventy children, I decided it was high time for me to tend to my own. I'm taking piano lessons, water aerobics and a weight control class. My greatest anticipation for this year is the completion of the Portland Temple. Those of you who have temples close by I hope you enjoy that work as much as I do. It has literally saved my spiritual life. I feel such peace and physical rejuvenation by attending. I can't think of a place I'd rather be.

Well, I've rambled on enough. Please stay strong spiritually and healthy physically, as in the days ahead we will all need each others' strengths. Love, Gene, Arlene, and kids. P.S. Those of you with teens, we strongly recommend a Jack Weyland book entitled *Stephanie*. It deals with drug and alcohol addiction among L.D.S. youth.

LETTER 378

Edward Lyman Platt, Countryside Garden Center, 1145 North State Street, Orem, Utah 84057, July 28, 1993. Dear Family: I recently received a check from Uncle Kay Lyman for \$1500.00 (copy included). It represents Mom's portion of the last of Grandpa Lyman's estate. Apparently, there was one last lot remaining from Grandpa's land that had not been sold. Uncle Kay recently sold this last lot and felt that since Mom is no longer living, that the money should go to her children. I've talked to Dad about this and he has no problem with the money being distributed this way. \$1500.00 divided eight ways is \$187.50. I've cashed Uncle Kay's check and reissued check to each of you for this amount. Love, Ed.

LETTER 379

Gene Lyman Platt and Arlene Vail Platt, 1701 Cedar Street, Newberg, Oregon 97132, January 11, 1992, Dearest Family: if you're like me, copied letter seem very impersonal, but at this point in my life you're lucky to even hear from me! Ha! If you write back I'll write you personally, okay?

332

Last I wrote we were busily getting ready for the holidays. Since that letter, my father, Leslie Vail, has passed away. Due to his lung condition we realized his life expectancy was shortened. He developed an infection and was hospitalized on December 16 and was responding to his treatment. He even called and we had a nice visit. On the afternoon of December 19, my sister Shauna called and said she had a feeling we should come, even though the doctors were planning to release him the next day. I immediately packed and took four children with me to Wenatchee, and Gene would follow the next day with the other three. Bri had just arrived on Amtrak the afternoon I left. We had a very enjoyable visit with Dad. He planned out his funeral, his obituary and explained his estate. He told Bri he was not afraid to die and was anxious to be with Grandpa and free from pain and especially his twenty-four hour oxygen. He kept telling us he wouldn't make it through the weekend, even though the doctors insisted he was fine for now. As we left for dinner he asked that each of us

hug and kiss him and tell him we loved him. When we arrived back he was peacefully sleeping. I asked the nurse to check him as he seemed comatose to me and then it was apparent to all that he was near the end. He was comatose and his breathing shallow. He had requested “no machines” to prolong his life, but had not signed his living will. The nurse was looking for the suction machine. My sister, Shauna was on one side of his bed and I on the other holding his unresponsive hand. I suggested we say a prayer to ourselves that he quietly slips away, as that was his desire. We did, and within minutes he was pronounced dead. It was so beautiful. We tearfully rejoiced in his passing. Just then Gene walked in with Allie, Shauna and Gordon. We explained that Grandpa’s spirit was probably still in the room and they could tell him they loved him, so each one hugged him and told him of their love. Isn’t the gospel beautiful? Dad told me a couple of years ago that he would love to just go to sleep and slip away when it was time for him to die. The desire of his heart was answered. He was so brave and died without the world attitude of fear. We miss him very much.

During this past year we have experienced several deaths. I serve with a Crisis Team at the high school which helps the teens deal with grieving. It has been a great opportunity to help people work through their emotions. Last spring a popular baseball player had taken his father’s car without permission for a very fast ride, which ended in his death. Another young man, John Morales, who frequently came to our home, called me and asked if he could attend the funeral with us. It was a beautiful service at the Methodist Church and started young people asking questions about God. Living in the mission field is such a choice experience at these times. Six months later another accident claimed another life, our friend John Morales the young man who attended the funeral with us. It was another loss which affected more than just students; everyone knew John, not just for his abilities on the soccer field and the track, but he was probably the happiest young man I knew. Teachers and parents were hit as hard as their youth. We live in a small town where sports are very popular. We are a part of the metro leagues 4-A status, even though the school is small. Last year NHS placed #1 in the state for water polo, track and wrestling. Again we attended a funeral – Catholic service. These services give the “vain repetition” phrase new meaning, but at the end of the service the Reverend Father broke his coldness and showed great emotion as he was impressed by the numbers who attended John’s funeral. The beautiful cathedral was packed and the walls were lined as well as the front lawn, hundreds of people attended.

I visited with Lisa’s boy friend’s mother on the way to our cars and I stated I didn’t think I’d survive losing a child. Cheryl said, “Yes, because we have faith and a strong inner strength.”

333

Her father has joined the Church and serves in the Philippines at the Manila Temple. Cheryl is a Baptist, but Gene and I have decided when she joins the LDS Church she will probably be translated. What a Christian! She puts us all to shame. Cheryl is a middle school PE instructor. One month later her son Matthew, age 15, was killed in a motorcycle accident. Cheryl put her words into action and was a strength to the entire community. One of her two children was killed, yet she lifted others with her testimony that he lives and we all need to prepare to meet our maker. She spoke at her son’s funeral to help those grieving to realize there is a God, he still lives and we must prepare. Then she individually hugged each person who attended. This funeral was bigger than John’s. Then, just before our Wenatchee trip, a thirty-two-year-old father in our ward after much turmoil and countless hours of priesthood counseling, “chose” to commit suicide, one week before his second child was to be born. What a contrast we have experienced this past year. I have come to think suicide is very selfish. I feel the Lord prepares us for experiences which we must face in this life. Three weeks after Cheryl’s son’s death was the day I left for Wenatchee. Cheryl had taught class all

day and Ryan (Lisa's boyfriend) had just finished basketball practice, yet they were the ones who came and insisted on taking our little ones who were remaining behind to come with Gene. They took them with them out to dinner and to their home for games and movies until Gene's evening meetings were completed, as they didn't want them to feel alone with me gone. What compassion! We many times think as LDS people we are the "best," or the "chosen," but in actuality we have the gospel and don't always follow it, while others are living it and waiting to receive its fullness.

This year, 1992, is going to be a great one. Briant will leave on a mission, we will attend both family reunions, Lisa will graduate and begin school at BYU in September, and Mom will complete the Gene Platt Family History, at least to date. But, perhaps the greatest event will be our individual opportunities to share the gospel with others. I am working with a senior, a young man who is so anxious to learn about the Plan of Salvation. It is so exciting to watch the truth being accepted. Please "keep the faith," set a good example and write, so we can strengthen each other. Love, the Oregon Platts. P.S. Please write!!

LETTER 380

McKay Lyman Platt, Germany, May 6, 1992, To: Lyman De Platt, P.O. Box 2650, Salt Lake City, UT 84110. Dear Lyman and Karen: I hope you are both well. I really enjoyed your last letter. It sounds like you are situated quite well in your little home. I've learned from Roberta that you are president of a genealogy company that is apparently doing well. I am coming to Utah in August to do some job hunting and attend the reunion. If possible I'd love a tour of your place and to go over some genealogy questions with you.

Roberta came to Amsterdam for a conference last week and for a week our two families toured Holland and Paris. She and Kent are now in Italy if Kent hasn't run his rented Mercedes into the Mediterranean. Roberta told me that since Dad went on his mission you and Karen have had very little contact with the family. She also expressed her opinion that if offered a position out of the state that you might well take it and that we could forever lose any contact with you. Forgive me for being so direct but it [is] the possibility of that happening [that] prompted me to write this letter. Whatever you decide to do, my request is that you leave open lines of communication between you and me.

334

Several years ago you asked me to hold a second copy of some microfiche records and histories. Before any more time passes I would like to enlarge my own genealogy holdings to include existing family records that you might have that I don't. Below is a list of records which I have copies of:

Ancestral Name Index – an alphabetical listing of 1,108 direct ancestors of Lyman De Platt compiled by the same. 22 pages.

History of Allie Lyman Platt – an autobiographical history of her life including a year-end synopsis from 1962 under the end of the year 1978. 142 pages.

Untitled Journal Summaries of Allie Lyman Platt – summaries of her diaries prepared at the end of each year 1979 – 1981. 51 pages.

Thoughts Given in Behalf of Allie Lyman Platt – a eulogy and life summary of Allie Platt given at her funeral by her third son, Edward Platt, 9 pages.

Thoughts Prepared in Behalf of Allie Lyman Platt – a eulogy of Allie Platt given at her funeral by her second son, Joseph Platt. 10 pages.

Ancestral Patriarch Blessings – patriarchal blessings of Benjamin Platt (1875); Lucretia Robison (1895); Mary Ellen Huntsman Leavitt (1875 & 1909); Joseph Platt (1931); Mary Graves Platt (1875); Joseph Smith Huntsman (1875); Mirriam Parker (1858); Hannah Davis Huntsman (1844 & 1895); Solinda Eastman Parker Huntsman (1858 & 1875);

Zadoc Parker (1858); James William Huntsman (1844); Eliza Maria Partridge Lyman (date not given); Adelia Robison Lyman (1875, 1895, and 1908); Benjamin Perkins (1878); and Sarah Perkins (1909 & 1911).

Jeremiah Leavitt and Mary Ellen Huntsman – a well referenced history of the couple by Lyman De Platt. 28 pages.

Jeremiah Leavitt (II) and Sarah Sturtevant - a similarly referenced history of the couple by the same author. 51 pages.

History of Sarah Sturtevant Leavitt – an autobiographical history through seventy-one years of her life. An interesting and easily readable text. 42 pages.

Edward Partridge Lyman – a short synoptic history of the father by his youngest daughter, Allie Lyman Platt. 7 pages.

Irene Perkins – a similar history of Edward Partridge Lyman's wife, Irene Perkins, also by Allie Lyman Platt. 7 pages.

The Journal of Bishop Edward Partridge 1818, 1835-1836 – Bishop Partridge's journal entries from April of 1818 until July of the same year and from January of 1835 until June of 1836. Two brief historical summaries are included, the first from the Edward 335

Partridge Family Association *News Bulletin* (3 pages) and the second from *Our Priceless Heritage* by Lucretia Lyman Ranney (4 pages). The *Journal* is 31 pages.

The Perkins Family History – a four part history of the Perkins family compiled by Lyman De Platt, consisting of (I & II) the history of Benjamin Perkins, his two wives, Mary and Sarah Williams, (III) the children, and (IV) the grandchildren. 331 pages.

Life and Journal of Eliza Maria Partridge (Smith) Lyman – an autobiographical history of Eliza Partridge. It includes a 9-page synoptic history and journal entries from February of 1846 until February of 1877. 68 pages.

Emily Dow Young Partridge – an autobiographical synoptic history of Emily Partridge, the sister of Eliza Partridge, written in April of 1844. 15 pages.

Amasa Mason Lyman – table of contents of his personal journal. 13 pages.

Edward Partridge – a short biographical sketch of Bishop Partridge written in July of 1916 by the *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*. 7 pages.

A History of My Life – a detailed synoptic personal history by McKay Lyman Platt, incomplete. 95 pages.

A Short History of Irene Perkins Lyman and Edward Partridge Lyman – an insightful short history by Mark Edward Lyman. 24 pages.

Adelia Robison Lyman – an “offhand” account of his mother by Albert R. Lyman. 37 pages.

Platte DeAlton Lyman – an account of Platte DeAlton Lyman by his son, Albert R. Lyman, written with “homely wording.” 46 pages.

Missionary Diary of Lyman De Platt – microfiche.

Missionary Journal of Lyman De Platt – microfiche.

Diary of Bertha Vega Platt – microfiche.

Huntsman Annals – microfiche.

Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia Robison - microfiche.

Our Priceless Heritage – microfiche.

Council Point Journal – microfiche.

LDS Family and Individual Record of Mary Ellen Huntsman – microfiche.

The Perkins Family History – microfiche.

History of Allie Lyman Platt – microfiche.

In addition to these works I am aware of the following: a biography of both Amasa Mason Lyman and Platte DeAlton Lyman by Albert R. Lyman; a family history of Alberta Lyman O'Brien recently published, Mom's journals (in Gordie's possession), Joe's history, and Dad's beginnings of a history. I'm also sure family group sheets have been made for the 1,108 ancestors that I mentioned. I heard a rumor that Uncle George was writing a history of his parents and have never heard of any other history of Joseph Platt and Clarissa Leavitt, Benjamin Platt or Mary Greaves.

I look forward to seeing you in August if that is possible. Love, McKay.

LETTER 381

Gene Lyman Platt and Arlene Vail Platt, 1701 Cedar Street, Newberg, Oregon, 97132, February 2, 1992, Dearest Family: Since I didn't receive a response from anyone in the Platt Family after my last letter, I decided it must have been too long, so this time I will promise to keep it much shorter.

Spring seems to have sprung a bit early in this part of Oregon, as many flowers, trees, and bugs seem to be coming to life. But, Oregon is famous for hail storms or frosts which kill most of the vegetation by March.

Gene continues to be very busy with his calling and law work. He has started swimming at the pool early in the mornings. He seems happy and is anticipating sending out about ten young men on missions this year.

Arlene is busy with the many things which keep moms busy, tending a little one for a friend. She's got the family history "bug" and is having a great time organizing pictures and writing our history. She even located a tape she recorded of her grandaunt (died ten years ago), which she had recorded in 1976 and is in the process of dubbing for her extended families. Great history information. Having a great time.

Briant is very close to turning in his mission papers. He's very excited and hopes to leave in the late spring. He is enjoying his studies. On the side he is studying Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He is very fascinated with other languages.

Lisa has a few months left at NHS. She and Amelia will be attending EFY June 29 through July 3. That weekend we have a Vail Family Reunion in Jackson Hole, so we will go from Provo to Jackson Hole on July 3rd. Looks like with Bri's mission, the girl's EFY, the Platt Reunion and taking Lisa to BYU, the family should be fairly sick of us by summers' end – ha! Lisa is going to be greatly missed by all.

337

Amelia will be starting Spring Polo soon, water that is. Amelia and I are planning a trip in March (20-29) as it will be Briant's spring break. We are thinking about coming on down to Utah (another time I forgot about) so Bri can take advantage of the missionary discount stores before he leaves school. Amelia loves to travel and wants to check out Ricks as that is where she would like to start college and hopefully she [will like] to go on to BYU-Hawaii for the next three years. Amelia is getting so tall; in fact I think she may pass up Lisa.

Allison is learning to play the flute. She first learned how to play the piano then has taken oboe and is studying the flute for a few weeks. She's doing very well in all areas of her life.

Sara spent last weekend at the beach and had a great time. We are all going this weekend

for three days; hope the weather is as nice as it was when she went. Sara will be in middle school next year and hopes to follow Lisa by playing the flute.

Gordon is nearing the end of his wrestling and will soon begin spring soccer. Lost one of his front teeth; he looks so cute.

Shauna is studying hard so she can test for early entrance into Kindergarten next fall; as we'd prefer Shauna begin her senior year as an 18-year-old. She is anxious to go and we feel ready, as she is bored when everyone is gone. She's a fun little one and should be a good little student.

Just thought I'd let you know when we'll be in your area. It would be so fun to visit.

March 20 - 29 Bri shopping for mission (Arlene, Amelia and Briant).

April 17 - 21 Gene and Lisa picking up Briant from Ricks. Lisa will be visiting BYU for her "on campus visit." She'll be living at Deseret Towers. Briant's trip to the MTC with Mom and Dad.

June 29 - July 3 EFY.

August Platt family reunion/Lisa to BYU for school.

So far that's our schedule; however, we may have a few changes. Hope we can visit while we are in the area. Maybe this will make up for the past several years of always being "too busy" to come to see the family.

Well, I promised not to make you read a long letter, so I'll close. We love you and would appreciate hearing from you, but we do understand how busy it gets. Love, Oregon Platts.

338

LETTER 382

Edward Lyman Platt, Countryside Garden Center, 1145 North State Street, Orem, Utah, 84057, June 9, 1993, To: Lyman De Platt, 316 W. 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

Lyman: I hope this birthday greeting finds you well and enjoying your new life in St. George. We received the invitation to the family reunion in July. With our new business venture here, we probably won't be able to make it. Best wishes, Ed and Val.

LETTER 383

Gene Lyman Platt and Arlene Vail Platt, 1701 Cedar Street, Newberg, Oregon, 97132, December 13, 1991, To Lyman D. Platt, c/o Roberta Bylund, 583 East 3400 North, Provo, Utah 84601.

Dearest Family [Lyman and Karen], I've decided I owe the Platt extended families a humble apology. In the day to day rush trying to keep pace with all my children, I've really failed in the communication responsibility I have with all of you. I realized recently that Gene's been taping letters and having his secretary type them for him ready to mail. I jokingly asked him if he'd ever seen the movie *Nine to Five*, but seriously I'll try to do better.

We are all doing very well as this holiday season approaches. We are all in excellent health, money has been a little tight, but we always seem to have plenty to eat, warm clothing and a comfortable home. How could we ask for more? Actually we have very little to complain about. Our real weakness has been not visiting our families, resulting in the fact that our children have forgotten many of you. But, hopefully we'll be taking a trip down south next summer and we'll be able to renew our love then.

Gene has served as Bishop since May 1991 and is loved and respected by all. He has a great capacity to relate and effectively lead others in the name of the Church. His firm keeps him very busy and he continues to work many long hours. He does enjoy his legal work and the people he works with. Bri commented during his visit at Thanksgiving, "Dad looks great!" I don't think I've ever seen him so happy. It all does seem to agree with him.

Arlene continues to teach the Gospel Essentials (Missionary) Class and enjoys it very much.

She'll be speaking at a young sister's baptism tomorrow, a girl who graduated in Briant's class. She baby sits a baby to help out with money flow and does lots of little things for the three schools her children span. She is also part of the Crisis Team which helps students at the high school when a death or tragedy occurs. Gene and Arlene were set apart as Temple Workers in September. She continues to enjoy her home and role as wife and mom. Briant graduated in June from high school and now has nearly completed his first semester at Ricks College. He wasn't real convinced he'd enjoy Ricks as he'd rather just live on a snowy mountain for the rest of his life, due to his love of snow boarding, BUT miracles never cease. He claims Ricks to be one of the greatest experiences of his life and he's enjoying some of the greatest powder at the same time. (Isn't Mom clever?) Every time he calls he thanks us for sending him. A side benefit to this wholesome environment is he has now requested to be

339
ordained an Elder at Christmas as he plans to leave for his mission in May. It was his decision and we are thrilled. He really enjoyed his visit with Rob, Ed, Irene's family and looks forward in seeing Joe's and Gord and Lyman.

Lisa is currently a senior headed for BYU in the fall of 1992. She continues to play the flute in the Symphonic Wind Ensemble and will travel to Florida over spring break for competition. She is a member of National Honors Society and Pep Band. She is a mild, soft spoken sweetheart and attracts people like honey does bees. She is going with a wonderful young man who is not LDS, but his grandfather and step-grandmother are LDS and are currently serving a mission in the Philippines at the Manila Temple. Ryan has very high standards and his Mom is a close family friend. Last week Ryan's only sibling (brother) was killed in a motorcycle accident. The funeral was very well done and his Mother gave a beautiful talk. It was very special. She is up for Winter Formal Queen. Ryan was HC King. Amelia is a sophomore and is looking forward to May so she can turn sixteen and date. She has participated in many sports this past year including softball, water polo, swim team, in which she just received her letter. Amelia plays the piano for Sunday School and trades off being the chorister. She too maintains a high GPA and has lots of friends. Last summer Lisa and Amelia drove to LA with Misty and Mickey Buckwalter. They had lots of fun and made many new friends. We many times answer the phone with ... Amelia's answering service. Lisa and Amelia are very opposite in personality, but are both very compassionate and caring with others and seem to be unaffected by their looks and popularity. Many people in the community [remarked] how helpful they were with others during Matt Derry's (Ryan's brother's) funeral. The Derrys are very well known in the community as the father is a Principal and the mother a PE teacher and of course Ryan was NHS (4-A) Quarterback and B-ball Star. (Ryan has applied to many colleges including BYU).

Allison is blossoming this year as a 7th grader. Sometimes it's tough following older sisters, but she's holding her own. She has just received another 4.0. She tends to be more like Lisa in personality, meaning she is quiet and calm. She plays the oboe in the school band and loves to participate in Young Women. Allie loves little children and has many friends.

Sara, the red-haired beauty, is now in the 5th grade. Mr. Abbott is her teacher and is very proud of the fact that he has taught five Platts thus far. Greg is out of Salt Lake (inactive) but a wonderfully creative soul. Sara spends many recesses working for the four first grade teachers. She is Amelia all over again, bubbly, busy and boy-crazy. Ha! She is a fun child and very helpful to her parents and siblings. Gordon is a VERY well-liked little one. It seems he has a big sign on him which reads BE MY FRIEND. No kidding, everywhere he goes people automatically are drawn to him. Last week we attended a wrestling tournament in Portland and every time someone walked by they patted him on the head or stopped and

talked to him. He played soccer this fall and is now wrestling. His coach coached the NHS (4-A) team and took 1st at state, so he really works these boys hard and Gord is a good little athlete. He loves climbing ropes, and jumping on the walls. He also is a super reader and is enjoying First Grade.

Shauna is a darling little “air head.” She is so cute with her dark waist length curls (natural), but when it comes to “smarts” we are all holding our breath. The other evening she walked
340

into a group of senior boys and said, “My hair really isn’t this color, I’m really a blond!” She loves hearing people tell Amelia their latest jokes and has decided Amelia hasn’t done too badly as a blond... maybe she’s smarter than we give her credit. “Bubbles” as she is known, due to her love for bubbly baths, is four and will start school in the fall of 1992. She is really her Mom’s salvation and a fun little companion while the others are at school.

Well, that’s what life is like for #4 son. Yes, we do have all that money can’t buy and then some. We have been very blessed. Grandpa Vail is very ill due to his weakened lung capacity, but his wife Ruth continues to love and care for him. He is unable to travel due to his heavy oxygen levels. He is positive and enjoys life in Wenatchee. Love, Arlene.

L.D. and Karen, wish you all the best for the season and the coming New Year. Hope to see you in the summer. #4 son [Gene Lyman Platt]

LETTER 384

Almon Perkins Lyman, 719 Erma Avenue, Stockton, California, December 10, 1966, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Dad: Thank you so much for your last letter dated December 1, 1966. I know what an effort it is to write. There are some questions yet in my mind; see if you can answer them for me.

Who is in our organization? How long after filing do we apply for [the] deed?

I am assuming we are in the northerly portion of T36 S R18 E, also in the southerly portion of T35 S R12 E. I have written to Denver to the U.S. Geological Survey for information on a base quadrangle map. Can you be a little more specific on the section we are talking about? Please!

I mailed your Navajo papers with book *Men to Match My Mountains* today with an old letter I wrote quite some time ago. Thanks for allowing me to read it.

Your arrangement concerning the trip to The Hole in the Rock sounds okay to me. You likely will need some money to have your jeep worked on. I am sending \$50.00 – if you need more please let me know. Thanks for being my dad. I love you. Your son, Almon.

LETTER 385

Lyman De Platt, A/2C, AF19833220, DET 1, 505 TCMS PACAF, APO San Francisco 96227 [Mother wrote in long hand: A/2C Lyman D. Platt, 505th TCMS PACAF, APO San Francisco 96307, address received December 6, 1966). To: The Platt Family, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah. [This letter is typed elsewhere, but mother’s handwritten notes to her parents weren’t included in that copy.] She says:

Dear Folks: Just a note to go along with this. L.D. stopped in Honolulu, Okinawa, and Japan before Saigon. His base is close to Siagon. I’ll put his address on the back of this letter. It’s different than the one I sent before.

341

Mother – the books were for Joe – not L.D. – your letter sounded like you were sending them to Lyman.

So glad the Morins had a nice stay and got home okay. Dad, Gordon really appreciated your letter. He will very likely answer it tonight. Sounds like a good thing. Hope it goes through. I won’t take more time now. You don’t have to send that letter of Joe’s back Mother. Love to

you all, Allie.

LETTER 386

Joseph L. Platt, 35 Ethelbert Road, Canterbury, Kent, England, January 17, 1967, To: A/2C Lyman D. Platt, 505th TCMS Box 1827, APO San Francisco 96307.

Dear Lyman, well your last letter covered a lot of material. Yes, I do accept Bertha. I'm sure you love her and that she loves you. I myself am of the opinion that we should marry members of our own race – but this doesn't mean that I'm right. Bertha is every bit a woman and our disagreements, and animosity, were due only to immaturity. That sure is a cute baby you've got.

I know the answer to your question – a full account of the story is given in *The Pearl of Great Price*. In the book of Abraham 3:22-25 – the Lord tells Abraham to say to the Egyptians that she was his sister, otherwise he would be killed in order that they might have her. There are many such cases that could be considered dishonest. *Isaac's blessing of Jacob and Esau*; Joseph's blessing of Manasseh and Ephraim, etc. How could all the nations of the earth be blessed through Abraham if he were killed before he had offspring? The part that puzzles me is why (leaving aside the fact the God didn't will it) didn't Pharaoh kill Abraham when he found out that he had deceived him?

I've got one for you: The Prophet Joseph Smith said that anyone who would have accepted the gospel here on the earth if they had had the chance to hear it would accept it in the Spirit World. Why is it important for us then to baptize, etc., do missionary work now if the people we teach or could teach would accept the Gospel in the Spirit World? (I know the answer.)

I agree with you what you said about Mom and Dad concerning the facts of life. When I went with Kathy Jones we talked very freely ... [I have deleted this paragraph of information because it is sensitive and pertains to people still alive - LDP.] The information would have to be volunteered or else I wouldn't find the answer, because I wouldn't want to put anyone (you) on the spot by asking questions – the answering of which could probably be only from a personal viewpoint and might not be medically and spiritually correct.

Thanks for the clippings – sounds like the Y might have trouble. Mom and Dad sent me \$10 for my birthday so I bought the three volumes of *Doctrines of Salvation* by Joseph Fielding Smith. They are really excellent – you ought to purchase them. I have been greatly concerned with the responsibility we all have of doing our genealogical work, thus being “Saviors on Mount Zion.” I was wondering if temple work could be done in lieu of the actual tracing down of ancestors. I would much rather do temple ordinances and endowment work unless of course the “tracking down” is of more or even equal importance. Mainly I wouldn't know
342

where to start. Well, I gotta go out and search, teach, expound, and exhort. See you, Love,
Joseph Lyman Platt.

LETTER 387

Edward Robison Lyman, Pinion, Arizona, June 26, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Folks, Made it back okay. Everything seems to be all right here. Duane will leave for Salt Lake today some time.

Dad, several months ago I gave you \$45.00 to take care of a bill at Palmers. I know you paid it but I keep getting bills from the credit bureau. Do you remember this? If I remember right you paid it and gave me back the change. I'd appreciate it if you'd stop in there and check on it for me. Thanks, Bob

LETTER 388

Wilbur Ranney, July 21, 1967, Livermore, California, To: Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Uncle Edward: I suppose that you will be surprised to hear from me,

but since I got back home I have thought an awful lot about the ride we took and the country we saw, with you as our guide. I feel I owe more than just a "thank you."

I have been up to the northern part of California around Yureka and have seen some beautiful country, but none of it can compare with San Juan County. I thought that I had seen a good deal of San Juan until we took that trip, but I hadn't seen anything.

I haven't heard or seen Almon since coming home. I suppose he is as busy as I have been. I found a lot of work waiting for me when I reported for work.

Two of our officers were killed by two marijuana smugglers while I was in Utah, but they have been apprehended by the FBI [as well as] two others that were involved in it to a certain extent. Since March of this year, and as a result of the investigation of these murders, there has been 2½ tons of marijuana confiscated in the state of California. It is worth more than two million dollars on the present market. The use of marijuana in California is getting to be a big thing.

I am sending you some knives and I hope they are something that you can use. One of them is a "budding knife" used in grafting trees and grape vines. The other one is a good pocket knife - at least I hope that it is; the metal appears to be good. I have thrown in a stone for good measure.

I would like to take another trip some day, but I don't know when that will ever be, but the one that we took I will remember for a long time.

Give my regards to Aunt Irene, and I hope that this finds you well and enjoying life, as ever, Wilbur.

343

LETTER 389

Allie Lyman Platt, 470 N. 300 E., Provo, Utah, February 23, 1969, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Daddy, Wonder how you have spent this Sunday. It's always such a busy day for us. I hate to see it come to an end because that means that I have to go to work in the morning. I keep trying and trying to think of some way to stay home, but haven't come up with anything as yet. I'm glad I can work though, and realize there are many, many things worse than that; so will try to be patient. But I would love to stay home with my family and do things for them that I can't seem to get done being gone during the day.

I was so disappointed when Mark told us that he almost brought you with him and then you decided against it because of the weather. Not that I blame you any - as the roads really worry me too. Mark said they were fine however, and we were both wishing you had come with him. We would love to have you here with us for as long as we could get you to stay. So please keep thinking of it and decide to come when you get another chance. Mark seemed to think that Gordon would be coming up before long to get Kynra's mother, so maybe you will come with him.

Did you get the application for the government taken care of, or is there anything else I can do for you on that? I wrote LaRee and thanked her for the things she sent. I haven't heard any more from her. Guess she is glad to have made the decision as to what they will do and it will be a lot easier for her in a way to stay where she is and not have the worry of moving.

I haven't heard too much from Rene and Art. Brad let me read a little letter from Rene the other day. She said Art was still on crutches and they hoped he hadn't hurt his leg permanently. I'm trying to find a job for Brad so that he will be able to work a few hours a day and help himself a little, as I know they are having about all they can meet. He hasn't anything yet but we are hoping to help him get something. All our boys are working some now on campus and it helps to have them have their own money. Lyman is working as many hours as he can get, as Bertha isn't working at the Language Training Mission now. They are

getting along fine though. Little Bruce is still having a time trying to get to feeling better. Isabel wrote a letter from Peru saying they got there all right. There is lots of unrest in Peru now, as you have likely seen in the news.

Ed wrote really sweet letter and we are happy for his attitude and devotion to the gospel. He has been gone a year now counting the time he was here at the L.T.M. We had a letter the other day from an Elder who is working with Jed in California. He used to live in the same dorm here at the Y with Mark. He said Jed is a very fine elder. He wants a place to live in the fall and was wondering if our apartment would be available to him. I haven't answered him yet, as I don't know just what the boys who are here now are going to do.

Peg was here in Provo for a week or so. She fell and hurt her back. She went back to Salt Lake yesterday, so I hope Wesley can help her. She will likely stay up there now for a while again. Wesley seems to really appreciate her and she feels like he really needs her. I talked with Barbara a day or so ago. I asked her about her mother and June and she said they were fine. The other sister had been pretty well this winter and they had decided against surgery at least for now. Have you heard any more from them?

344

Has the furnace been acting okay since we were there? How about yourself? Have you been taking good care of our Dad? If it just weren't so far down there or I wasn't so busy, I would surely love to come down more often to spend a little time with you.

I need to tell you one more thing. The other day someone was in the office that noticed the name plate on my desk. She said her dad's name was Platt and I asked her a few questions and found out that his name was Platte D. Lyman Ward. His father was on a mission when Grandfather Lyman was presiding over the European Mission and he thought so much of Grandfather that he named his son for him. He lives in Idaho.

Please write a note and let us know how you are and if we can hope to have you come and see us. All our love, Allie and family.

LETTER 390

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, June 13, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Brother and Sister, I'd about as soon be hanged by the thumbs than to say what I'm going to say in this letter. But the sad truth is that we're not coming and the best that I can hope is that our delay has not inconvenienced you. Ronnie Evans our son-in-law from Safford thought up until yesterday that he could go but finally phoned that he couldn't get off his work. My brother Vincent is the same. My two sons in the law enforcement business can't leave. Brother Butler, our patriarch, who would almost give his pension to get to go, has been trying to get over a cold that he contracted going to General Conference. Wilford Rogers, an old pal, and an Indian for the woods, has been watching his health problem and dares not go. Herbert Gardner, a Boy Scout man has a pre-arranged camp program that will keep him. Lee Brewer, a natural sportsman and one who loves the pioneer stories of our people can't leave his work. And I'm not worth helping myself to the luxuries of such a wonderful trip to the extent of having to go alone so there you have the story. And oh, how I regret it.

But as I say I hope that our failing has not interfered with your program, and that you will have a glorious time, and I'm sure that you will, for in the words of President Heber J. Grant, it is always possible to have a good time if you "take a good time with you."

We have an unusual backward spring and have had lots of wind. Some of the old timers have said that is a sign that we will have lots of rain this summer, only hope they're right. Hope you can forgive us and hope for your safe and very enjoyable trip. And may the Kind Father bless and protect you. Sincerely yours, Brother Eugene Flake.

LETTER 391

Almon Perkins Lyman, 719 Erma Avenue, Stockton, California, August 8, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dearest Dad and Mom: This is going to be brief. Seems I don't ever write any other way. I am busy – many items to be taken care of, mostly my family.

345

I had a short stay in the Vets Hospital (three weeks). I am home now. Some day it's going to get me. I am enclosing a \$50.00 check. Sorry to be late, but our love goes with it just the same. Ad-Ant was good to me. They kept my checks coming all the time.

We have a convert of many years ago living with us briefly. Kay may remember her. He and I visited her in Los Angeles when he came through going home. (Margaret Thorpe). We are enjoying her company. She lives in San Jose but plans to move to Stockton.

We are all happy, but busy. Carolyn was having some bowl trouble. We feel she has it taken care of. She and LaRee went to the doctor yesterday. Enclosed are a few pictures of a couple of the largest signs in the world. We built them. They are in Las Vegas. With all our love, Almon Perkins Lyman. [The main signs for Bonanza hotel and Frontier hotel in Las Vegas are in the pictures.]

LETTER 392

Edith Lyman Smith, December 29, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear, Dear Aunt Irene and Uncle Edward – you may look on this card as being very late for Christmas of 1967, or as being very, very early for Christmas of 1968. I do want you to know I have thought often of you during these past weeks – more especially since your dear Almon and Allie have been in this area. Due to my work in Relief Society I simply did not have time to get Christmas cards out. Two months today that I was sustained as President in the ward and we have had one assignment after another. I felt it more important to do the Lord's work.

Bud [Orville Smith] and I have just come from the hospital where we visited with Almon and LaRee. She will be driving back to Stockton tomorrow to there resign her Relief Society position so she can spend her whole time with Almon. He was on the artificial kidney tonight while we were there. He has this treatment twice a week for twelve hours at a time. He seemed cheered to have us come. My loves goes out to him. He, Allie, and all of you have been much in our thoughts and prayers. I talked with Allie yesterday just as she was leaving the hospital. The last time I saw her was Sunday and I thought she looked very fine. I marvel at how well she has done. I marvel, too, at the generous way she has given of herself for her dear brother. Almon says they are doing everything for him that is humanly possible. He says he has good care. He looks and sounds so much like you, Uncle Edward. We pray the kind Father's blessings on all of you. Love ever, Edith.

LETTER 393

Minerva Perkins Rowe, Sunland, California, December 29, 1967, Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My dear Sister and family. I have been trying to get at writing you for days, but with all the swirl of the holidays, it has been rush, rush, rush, but you have surely been on my mind much of the time. I can just imagine what you have been through and for that matter still are. We have been out several days to see the children, went Christmas day and met Allie's husband and family. What a wonder brave bunch they are; and dear Almon and his family; oh, how proud you must be, of their faith and loyalty to each other.

346

Am wondering if Allie got away today, surely hope she doesn't overdo something. She looks just like she did twenty years ago, certainly keeps her age. Almon is surely the living image

of his Dad and he has been so brave through all of this, it is heart breaking that the transplant wasn't a success, but I understand the doctors are planning on starting over again, so we must all just keep on praying and hoping for the best. Do hope Almon can keep up his courage. Bless his heart. He has surely been through a lot. I wish it wasn't so far out to the hospital. I can't go by myself because it's all freeways and I just don't drive on the busy freeways anymore. It petrifies me, so I can only go when someone can take me, but will try and get out again real soon.

Ed's folks haven't arrived yet. We have been expecting them all week. Surely hope they aren't snowed in some place. The highways have been so terrible and the storms have been through a lot of the place they would have to travel through.

Another year is almost with us. I always wonder what's going to take place the coming year, but guess it is best we don't know what's ahead of us, or we might lose courage. At the moment all my family is pretty well. Well, my dear. May God give you the courage and strength to carry your heavy load, with love, Bob [Minerva] and Ed [Rowe].

LETTER 394

June & Eva, 399 Sherman Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 26, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Friends. We have been thinking of you, especially since the tragic death of your grandson and want to express our sympathy and love to you and your family. It seems you have had more than your share of trouble the last few years.

Another summer is going fast and we are still hoping to get down to San Juan to see all of you again. I am still in school for about three more weeks. We have school all summer now. We saw Aunt Dolly only once while she was in Provo. We don't get down there very often. Lola Dawn and Grant's daughter has been with us for a week. She was here from California for the M.I.A. dance festival. We are hoping all of their family will be here sometime this summer when their second boy is called on a mission.

I understand Aunt Lucretia is in Moab or Blanding now. We would like to see her, too. Give her our love as well as others of your family.

We hope you two are in good health and still jeeping around the country. We think often of our happy association with you and of your many kindnesses. Our warmest thoughts are with you and your fine family. Love and best wishes always, June and Eva.

LETTER 395

Arthur R. and Rene Lyman Morin, Lancaster, California, Sunday, December 17, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Mother and Daddy. I have gone to the H.S. musical with Marilee. She is singing in the chorus. Marilee is 347

having a harder time than any of the others adjusting to a new school. I hope it will be more enjoyable for her as she gets acquainted with more of the kids. She gets acquainted easily in a small group but in a big group she has a harder time. I've enjoyed her so much this fall since she came home. Being gone for the summer was a good experience for her. She came home more appreciative and so pleasant and willing.

We are fasting with you today and our hearts are full of many tender feelings as we think of tomorrow and what it brings to our dear ones. We will be anxious to hear. If you get some word be sure to drop us a card, or call us collect. Who will be down to Los Angeles with LaRee – do you know? I hope someone will be with her. It would have been nice if Gordon could have been with Allie – but she said they felt it would be best if he stayed with the family. It would have helped if Allie had gone while Bertha was there to help out. But I'm sure they will manage. Gordon is so good to help and Allie said people had been very sweet

with offers of help. I called her the day before she left. We were disappointed that we didn't get to see L.D. but our car was in the garage so we couldn't get down to see him. I was glad they could get down to see you folks. I told Allie she was welcome to send some of her children up her if she wanted, but she decided not to since Gordon was going to be home. We have really had a rash of accidents. We had several very cold days – schools were out for one day. One night as Eddie was walking home, carrying his books with his one good arm, he froze some fingers. He didn't have any gloves on. He has had some mighty sore fingers – couldn't use them at all. I didn't know they would be so tender, but thank goodness they are getting better. He had to be out of school again. Lynette stepped back just as Charles dropped the scissors and she stepped right on them. They went into her foot about an inch, as near as we could tell. So she has been laid up since Thursday and will probably be off her foot for a week. She missed her school Christmas program – Charles did, too. He was out with a cold. Their program was so cute.

Wednesday morning. The musical was very nice. I've been so happy and grateful ever since you called Monday night about the operation. Bless their hearts – I do hope everything continues to go well with them. I wonder how LaRee is getting along financially. I'd like to send her some money but our move and school this summer was so expensive that we're still trying to catch up with everything.

We are very busy as usual with school programs and three programs our family gave. They turned out pretty good and people seemed to enjoy them. If we can get our recorder fixed we want to tape some of our songs and send to you for your Christmas, but don't hold your breath because it may take us a while to get it done. The little ones beg to go to Grandma's and Grandpa's. We would all love to but can't do it now.

I do enjoy your letters about the family Mother, since I don't write to anyone. How is Bob? He has a big responsibility with Terry and family. Is he still working? Allie said she had such a sweet letter from him.

Well, dearest ones, it is five thirty and I want to write Almon and Allie. Would love to spend some of the holidays with you but we will be thinking of you and our hearts will be full of
348

love and gratitude for you. We hope your holidays are full of joy and happiness. All our love, Rene and Art.

LETTER 396

Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, January 3, 1967, To: Albert Robison Lyman and Gladys Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Aunt Gladys and Uncle Albert. We do appreciate your letters and your check. Thank you so much. It was so sweet and unselfish of you.

Have I written since your other letter? We (Almon and I) really did appreciate them. Aunt Gladys your "dream" was certainly an inspiration to us, and both Almon and I agreed that it certainly portrayed things as they really were. Never have I seen such love and concern and a spirit of "oneness" as the whole family has shown. For that reason it has been a wonderful experience, even though there have been pains and heartaches along with it. I do hope dear Almon will have the strength to go through the additional trials he will need to before this experience comes to an end.

Glad you are both feeling better and hope you will have health and happiness during the coming year.

I'm happy you got to see Lyman and his family. They are all settled in Mississippi and we have talked to them a couple of times on the phone.

Please take care of yourselves. I'm grateful you folks and Mother and Dad have each other.

We love you, Gordon and Allie.

LETTER 397

Almon Perkins Lyman and LaRee Nuffer Lyman, Los Angeles, Wadsworth Veterans Hospital, March 17, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dearest Mom and Dad, I surely appreciate your letters. I know what a struggle it is to write. Right now I'm having a little set-back with serum hepatitis. Otherwise I'm doing really well except for being a little weak. I weigh 101 pounds. I just had my shunt removed today. If you recall a shunt is where a mechanical kidney is hooked up to me. This indicates everybody is happy with my kidney.

LaRee has been back from Stockton a day over a week now. It surely seems good to have her here.

It sounds good Mother that you are doing a little walking and getting around a little. It really requires an effort, doesn't it? I hope you continue to progress and that your pain will be alleviated. And Dad, I'm so glad you are doing such a wonderful job, also that you are letting people help you. May the Lord bless you wonderful people whom we are waiting so anxiously to see. We love you dearly. Almon and LaRee.

349

LETTER 398

Almon Perkins Lyman and LaRee Nuffer Lyman, Apartment 317, 1581 East Temple Way, Los Angeles, California, 90024, April 14, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Folks: This is intended to include all at Blanding. I am so appreciative of your letters and the news they bring. Mom's improvement, the return of Charles [Uncle Kay's son from a mission], etc. Keep it up Mom, you certainly have our faith and prayers.

For almost two weeks now I have been in our apartment. It has been so good. We were visited over the weekend by Joy and Tanja and Carolyn. Last week by Paul and Eddie. I feel so much better while I am in our apartment. I do gain strength but it comes very slowly. I went to Church today the first time in over six month; you just know how good it felt. It was on Easter Sunday.

Edith and Bud, Ray and Elaine were each here last week visiting us. They are so good to come and visit, so are Aunt Bob and Ed.

Edith just had a daughter come home from a mission just a week ago. Elaine has one in Provo teaching who has a non-curable disease – looks very sad. I have not been aware of so much illness in all my lifetime; could be for our betterment. We love you, praying for you each day. All our love, LaRee and A.P.

LETTER 399

Almon Perkins Lyman and LaRee Nuffer Lyman, Apartment 317, 1581 East Temple Way, Los Angeles, California, 90024, May 21, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Folks. We have been too long in writing. Forgive us. Since our last writing our family in Stockton visited us for a weekend. We did enjoy having them. They have done such a fine job taking care of things. Did we tell you they had a fire in the kitchen, but got it out before the firemen arrived. About a thousand dollars damage, covered by insurance except for \$50.00

I have been in and out of the hospital several times since writing. The hepatitis is gone – now my hold up is my feet are swelling some.

We have heard nothing about Kay except that he had a heart attack. Please let us know; let us hear how he is; also how mother is doing in the rest home. How are you doing dad? Doing some farming? Our faith and prayers are with all of you there. Please keep us informed. We

are anxious for the day when we can come and see you. We send our love, LaRee and A.P.

LETTER 400

Lyman De Platt, 657 Airline Road, Columbus, Mississippi, December 17, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Grandma and Grandpa, we arrived December 15th in Columbus without any problems. The reason we didn't call is

350

because we found the housing situation scarce and had to partially furnish an unfurnished two bedroom house. In this, too, we were blessed because the house is just across the street from the Church, and as there were no houses around the base, we're well off. The base is fifteen miles from the house, but all can't be roses.

Our trip was without any trouble. We hit a lot of ice, snow, sleet and rain; saw a lot of wrecks, but with our heavy load and going slow we made it fine.

My job will not be radio operation here. It looks like I may become a telephone operator. Our prayers are with yours for the well-being of mother and Uncle Almon. Love, L.D. and family.

LETTER 401

Edith Lyman, Sawtell Hospital, Los Angeles, December 31, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Dad and Mom. Edith is writing this letter for me: bless her heart; she doesn't know how much this means to me. LaRee went home yesterday. Just called me and reported she arrived home okay.

We had a little set back Friday (this happened after Bud and I left) of internal bleeding of my stomach. Everything is under control – was before LaRee left for home. Just ate my first food since that experience. The mechanical kidney caused the problem (Almon was on the mechanical kidney when Bud and I were here Friday evening) this is a typical problem and nothing to worry about.

The nurse is helping Almon sit on the commode so while she is with him; I've [been] out in the hall. He seems to be in much better spirits than he was when Bud and I were her Friday and it did my heart good to see Almon eat his supper – baked potato, meat loaf, beets, slice of bread and butter and apply jelly and a little lettuce. He didn't eat it all but he seemed to enjoy what he did eat.

I have felt badly that Bud and I have not been able to come more often. This is our fourth visit here. Almon came here right at the time that I was simply swamped in Relief Society. I'm back in the room now. Almon has two other visitors so I'll sit back and finish this while he visits with them.

Almon says his only hope now is for a kidney from possibly one of his own children or a brother, sister or blood relative.

Alberta Lyman O'Brien called me Friday after she had heard the transplant failed and she said her Patti wanted to give a kidney but Almon says they would not touch anyone unless they are twenty-one. Patti will be twenty in January.

Almon says to tell you Happy New Year. He says to tell you he and I are sitting here drinking the New Year in. Bless his heart! His is so restricted in his liquids. Bud just went out to buy a chap stick for Almon. He is back now. I think we'll go home and try to see Almon in a day or two. He wants me to mail this on our way home. Heaps of love, Edith.

351

One thing Almon wanted me to say was how very, very much he appreciates your letter, especially to have you write to him, Uncle Edward.

Bud and I will go as often as we can. I don't know my way on these freeways and I just panic when I think of going alone. We'll keep you posted.

LETTER 402

S. Eugene Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, December 22, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear Folks, I have had in mind so many times to write that I could become confused and have supposed that I did write. We are in the snow at the present time; it fell to a reported depth of twenty-six inches in the first fall and has repeated two or three times since with light storms, it is somewhat settled and crusted now and terrible to ride in. A horse's ankles get so sore they just almost refuse to tackle it. Cattle are hunting the high ridges and browsing the Bitter Brush, or Buck Brush right to the wood, and don't attempt to go anywhere for water. I suppose this is common to you folks in that area, but it is very foreign to us. So we ought to be able to take it once. We have had tough winters at about twenty year's intervals but never this depth of snow with it.

We (my sons and brothers and some of the neighbors) have another Dude Ride on our annual list, making three; thus the officials try to make us think that we are needed. The thing of it is they couldn't find another group that would keep sober and on the job. This one called Los Charros Desiertos. They operate South of Tucson towards the Mexican border. Theirs is in October. The one out of Scottsdale is in March and the one in Colorado in July. Well, they pay off in missionary work. We are known among their ranks as "those milk-drinking Mormons," and we have been able to make some outstanding contacts. I'll tell of one that we are seeing results from. A man by name of John Seeleg, assistant to the President of the Baptist College, Ft. Worth, Texas; the college that turns out the Baptist preachers, was attracted to us and our way of life, as we met him at the Colorado ride this summer, and has been corresponding with us more or less since. But he paid us a visit two weeks ago. He was en route across the country and asked permission to leave his plane at Phoenix, where he hired a car and drove to Snowflake and stayed the night with us.

We gathered our group together and cooked up a cowboy dutch oven supper and filled him up in a way that you would like to treat royalty, and then went into Glen's house; where he was to spend the night. After all were comfortably seated, Glen in a very tactful manner explained that we would like to take up our conversation where we left off last July, and tactfully explained that we didn't want to take advantage of his being here alone with so many of us, but we did want to talk over the things that meant more than anything else in the world to us; that it means so much to L.D.S. people that they try to share it with the whole world wherever, and whenever they can find anybody that will listen. Well he admitted that was what he came for. We first showed him one of the missionary films with the record on the stick of Judah and the Stick of Joseph, which opened up a beautiful and most pleasing evenings' conversation. After about ten p.m. we all bid him a pleasant and affectionate good night. Sanford and Glen stayed. Glen had previously shown him his bed and invited him to retire when he wanted to, but he stayed right there asking questions until 2:00 a.m. and very reluctantly let them go to bed. He said "Well, I'll go to bed but I don't think I'll sleep any.

352

I've heard so many wonderful things." He said "I know what you think of my position. You say I haven't had all the truth, and that Mormonism is in possession of all truth, and if that is so I want to know it."

When he arose early and started back to his plane. He wrote back one of the most appreciative letters you could hope for. We immediately got in touch with the missionaries in that area, and told them to assign their top men to visit him. His wife is a distinguished singer. He sent two of her records, where she sings gospel songs. She and another woman sing duets. These two long playing records with their beautiful numbers on both sides of the records were a wonderful gift. They travel with Billy Graham to do the singing for his big meetings. The boys remarked that we would have her in the Tabernacle Choir. Well that is

one of the kind of contacts that we are able to make. We have bank presidents, captains of industry from the big cities of the nation that we meet on very common ground. They are approachable in that kind of an environment; where they would be unapproachable in their own haunts.

Well folks, I class the Lyman folks as Kindred Spirits, the kind of folks I would rather be with than any other. I would only hope that our association can continue through "The Great Eternities." Sister Flake has been losing ground [but] is well otherwise for which we are thankful; all are very kind and we are doing okay. Come see us. Love and best wishes, Eugene.

LETTER 403

Lyman D. Platt, Tan Son Nhut Air Force, Vietnam, June 1, 1967, Edward P. & Irene P., Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandma and Grandpa, as mother has been so good to copy our letters and send them to you, I have been lax in writing to you personally, but take this occasion to do so.

My wife has expressed a desire of not attending this month's Lyman Reunion. She doesn't feel like another trip so soon after the last one. However, she may decide to come. If she doesn't at least rest assured that if I could be there I would jump at the chance. I love Blanding and the people there and I really hope that the Lord will continue to pour out his spirit on you all.

When you are gathered together to the family reunion, I would like you Grandpa to read this to the family for me.

Dear Relatives: To a church-going person of Mormon-grown quality, a war has deep and lasting impressions that others may possibly not experience. My deepest feelings are that we all need to be even closer to our children, to fortify them against the frightful increase in ways to do wrong. Prayer, counsel, understanding and example must become more than words or routines.

I love you all and send my best wishes for each of you and a prayer for a united war against sin.

353

I have felt what it is here to be lonely, frightened, and have felt during those times. Going into actual combat or having it thrust on you is very traumatic. I bunk with guys that have to go out almost daily, and I get the first-hand reports from them and over my own radio position while at work. I have been in combat a number of times myself; and the morgue for all of Vietnam is right next to our barracks, with the bodies, smells, and trauma constantly before us. To leave the war behind, 5½ months really isn't very long and if I'm fortunate five months is all I have left so just a little while now and I can be with you all again in the mountains. There is actually strength to be gotten from the mountains, as I realize every time I leave them.

I've appreciated your letters, am happy that you're both well and would so like to see you both again soon. I hope we can come to Blanding on our way to our next base. It will depend on where it is.

Thanks for being the fine examples you have been to follow. Continue faithful; we love you both so much, your grandson, Lyman D.

LETTER 404

Lyman D. Platt, Siagon, Viet Nam, August 5, 1967. Dear cousins, uncles, aunts, grandparents and family. How's that for cheating on letter writing? I'm sure you'll be forgiving and will enjoy the letter just the same, anyway. The time here is going so fast and there is so much to do that I'm even pressed at times to write my daily letters to my wife.

Morins – mother informs me that you will be teaching up by Logan this year. Do you plan to sell your place up in Tabiona? Please drop a line even if it's just 10 to 15 words and let me know how you're doing. I wish you all the best of luck in your move and future teaching jobs, schooling, church work, and life in general. As dad told me in his last letter, we are all being blessed far beyond what rightly seems to be our due and so we all need to try even harder to be good and help others to do the same.

Grandparents – I feel continually grateful to you for your lives because they have been fortresses of strength for your children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and there are many of them who try to live even better than they normally would because of this guiding influence that you have given them.

My job is extremely interesting and very rewarding. We have been working on helping the VNAF take over the USAF responsibilities of air strikes and now that we have been in the very midst of it for two months, I can say that we are making good progress. However, it is slow, their aircraft are not as good as ours and they have a lot of trouble with their radios, but it is gradually being done and our center is the first place where this changeover has started, we feel that even though there has been a lot of confusion and problems, things are taking positive shape.

In my new job locations, I work hand in hand with the VNAF (Vietnamese Air Force) and the U.S. Army. I work in the same room that controls all artillery, air strikes, ground attacks, etc. for the Army and at times get involved in helping them do their job as it gets very, very

354
busy around here many times a day. It is a rewarding work, especially when you're able to prevent V.C. attacks or get them captured in a sweep.

I was supposed to receive my assignment the first of November but there were sixty of those in my squadron that are going home in November who didn't receive their assignments. This happens; the assignment will very likely be in about the third week of August. A very high percentage is getting their 1st or 2nd choices of assignment and most everyone is getting the general area of choice. This would mean that I'll probably get assigned to Ogden, with an alternative of Mountain Home, Idaho and barring these preferences, somewhere in the west, which is okay with me. Just so long as they don't send me east of the Rockies too far.

The missionary work is a lot different here than it was in South America. We have only found four or five that have been really interested in the Church and none of them have been baptized yet, but there are still good hopes for several of them.

It is good to receive letters from those of you who have written since I've been here and don't feel too badly if you aren't able to answer this letter right away; but if you don't I'll be able to see you in person and that will be so much better.

I love you all. If it were possible to choose relatives, I'd stay with the ones I have. May you all be blessed in your endeavors to live exemplary lives. Your roving correspondent, Lyman D. Platt, South Vietnam, Southern Far East Mission, Siagon Warrior.

LETTER 405

LaRee Nuffer Lyman, Stockton, California, December 12, 1967, To: Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Dear folks, they flew Almon by airambulance

to Los Angeles Sunday – also Allie Platt arrived at the San Francisco hospital Sunday evening. She will go to Los Angeles [on] Wednesday. Think I told you I go down Saturday and the boys and Carolyn [will] go with me. Allie and JoAnn will go down on December 23rd. Our new address there will be 17535 Napa Street, Northridge, California 91324. We are all well here and hope we can stay that way. Hope you are all well down

there. We will keep you informed. Love, LaRee.

LETTER 406

Arthur R. and Rene Lyman Morin, 435 West Locust, Shelley, Idaho, 83274. To: Lyman De Platt, 149 West 200 North #3, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103, December 23, 1987. Dear Lyman De. Our thoughts turn to loved ones during this special season. We miss you and hope things are working out for you. We hope the season brings happiness and peace to each of us, and to a troubled world. We've had a busy year, with many new grandchildren and a few minor crises. But things are pretty good with us. Art had shoulder surgery yesterday so is still in the hospital in Utah Valley. We're hoping to sell our home and move back to Utah soon. We have five children in the Salt Lake – Provo area.

We just received copies of Dad and Mother's history by Mark. It was so dear to read and evoked such tender, beautiful memories and feelings. Unfortunately I too often allow the
355

demands of daily routine to "dull my appreciation" for all that was given to me by the dear people who have gone before me and sacrificed so much that I may enjoy. Merry Christmas to you. We love you. Aunt Rene.

LETTER 407

Roberta Platt Bylund, Torrey Pines Bank, 245 Santa Helena, Solana Beach, California 92075, To: Irene Nielsen, 1732 South 50 East, Orem, Utah, December, 1987. Dear Sister, someday I'll catch you up on all the details of our complicated lives but for now, you must know that I am happy and for the first time in many years I believe I am living as mom would have approved. The separation from all our loved ones has made us take a pretty hard look at what truly makes on happy and we find it is the simplest things we do together; the struggles and the sacrifices we make together are what make us strong.

We have been through a lot but I can honestly say that the end result is all very worth it. Kent and I are very happy in our new jobs and it is like a whole new beginning for us. I work as a loan officer for Torrey Pines Bank which is only a block from my house, so I walk to work and home for lunch and nurse Kasse (can you believe she is 10½ months old and I'm still nursing here? She has been such a sweetheart to raise. She is the best little girl for her grandma and is hardly ever anything but all smiles. She really accepts her grandma's love which is good for both of them, so it makes it easier for me to leave her.

K.J. was so dang cute when I read him your letter and the part about James carrying his picture around and kissing him made him so happy. He asked me to read it to him at least twelve times. He misses his Aunt Renee and James and Uncle George and talks about you constantly. You should have seen the disappointment on my kids faces when Kent informed us we were not going to Utah for the Holidays!!!?!

Allie is getting so grown up you would hardly recognize here. She still drives me crazy in the mornings getting ready for school because everything must go as planned else she falls apart, which as you might understand, happens once a week at least.

She is a good student and is learning so much so quickly it is scary. Her teacher loves her and she has a steady stream of activities planned of who she is planning to play with on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, etc.

I guess she is too much like me because I really have to work at our relationship to get along. That must have been a hard sentence to admit, because I put this letter down for an entire week without finishing. Anyway, we are learning to handle our problems and for the most part we get along pretty good. I know for sure that I'm in trouble with her as a teenager though because already I have trouble getting through to her when she doesn't want to let me in.

So often I think of how close I felt to you when mom died and how I wanted to always be there for you and how when you needed me the most you couldn't even come to me and confide in me and let me love you. I think that hurt my ego where Allie is concerned because

356
I looked at us only twelve years different in age and compared with Allie (twenty-seven years different) and knew I didn't have a prayer with her.

Just recently I have decided that the only way to handle the situation of growing up and the daily problems that will arise with my family is to trust in the Lord and lose myself in worship to him and his teachings and all the rest will work itself out.

Kent and I and Zelda and the kids made it through our first three hour meeting today in our family's history. We have slowly been grasping at bits and pieces of getting active again in the Mormon Church, but finally after being away from where we took it for granted, we understand how truly important the teachings are to our lives.

This new we are coming slowly and we don't want to push it, but we feel a strong need to get close to our Heavenly Father after way too many separated years.

If I could have had a crystal ball and realized what a move away from our environment would have done to our spiritual lives, we would have moved ten years ago. It is great to finally be at the point in our lives where we are finally getting down to what really is important out of life.

Irene, I hope you can read this letter with your heart instead of your mind and sense all that I'm trying to relay to you between the lines. You're the only person I have trusted enough to open up my heart and express a few of my deepest emotions.

I love you sis, and hope that even though we are separated by distance that somehow we can remain close to each other and share each others lives. I love you too much to not be the big sister you need to help lean on and maybe learn from my mistakes, even though you are entitled to make your own, as I'm sure you will, as I have done.

All I can say is my patience with Kent over the past ten years is coming back ten fold to me today and I'm truly glad I gave our relationship the effort I did. It's a match that's here for the eternities and I hope our lives haven't wasted too much time on the worldly things that only cloud our spirits and confuse us.

Sometimes it takes getting down to basics and losing all the material things that you thought were important in this life before you take a hard look at the simple joys that your children and your mate bring to your true happiness.

I'm starting to ramble on so I'll close for now. I do love you sis and hope you know that.
Love.

LETTER 408

McKay Platt, CPT, MC, 43rd Surgical Hospital, APO San Francisco 96271 [Korea], March 15, 1986, To: Lyman De Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003.

357

Dear Lyman and Bertha: It's been too long since I've written. I won't offer any excuses. All of us are well. Pam continues to be active in Primary and teaching 1st and 2nd graders in a non-command sponsored, not for credit school. If she weren't teaching them, most of those kids wouldn't get any school. Both Katy and Carly go to the school, half a day, and Pam and I supplement their education with home lessons. I am teaching Katy English right now and Carly reading. Both are doing very well.

Things are going a lot better at work. We just got a new doctor (actually a physician's assistance) and Dr. Miller is back from leave so the burden of care of the 7,000 people we're responsible to treat seems a little lighter. I'm going on leave next week, the first leave I've

taken since I arrived. We're planning to drive our beautiful 1979 Ford Cortina the length of the country and see the ancient palaces of Kyongu, the beauty of Mount Sorak and all the other sites of this strange and beautiful country [Korea].

We are right now in the height of Team Spirit, a yearly muscle flexing exercise by the Army. The U.S. Military population over here is nearly doubled with tens of thousands of reserve and active duty troops from all over the continent here for two to six weeks. It has tremendously increased our work load at the hospital but it's a lot of fun. Many of the units on post have left for distant sites to "play Army." Last year some doctors from the support hospital in Seoul came here to man our facility while our unit deployed to a field site, but this year we are being home bodies.

We had your name for Christmas and we're really excited about that. We bought a few things over here (clothes mostly) for your family but need to know the sizes of your children before we can complete the shopping. Please send such a list. I don't know if you received our other letters, but this makes the third such request. One the older kids we just need adult sizes, small, medium, large or extra large.

Hope all is well with you. Seems like I haven't heard from anyone in ages. Please write when you get time, okay Lyman? Give my love to Grandma Lazo. Love, McKay and Pam.

LETTER 409

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Fairbanks, Alaska, July 9, 1984, To: Mr. and Mrs. Lyman De Platt and family, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003.

Dear Lyman, Bertha and family. Much has transpired since leaving Provo at 4:30 p.m. on Roberta's birthday. I began this venture with a brand new $\frac{3}{4}$ ton, four-wheel drive vehicle and a thousand dollars. I have \$110 left and 4,000 miles indicated on the odometer.

I came through Idaho Falls and stopped the evening of the 26th at Art's and Rene's. Marilee and Roger and their four daughters were there. Charles also was at home for the summer from B.Y.U. They caught me up to date on the children. They are a wonderful family and I'm proud to be affiliated with them. From Idaho Falls I drove to Butte, to Missoula to Kalispell and left the good old U.S. of A. at Eureka, Montana.

358

I had a delightful drive past Flathead Lake and through Jasper National Park and forest. I saw the biggest Bull Elk I've ever seen in my life just unconcerned about me or my wonder at him. Also, three cows and four calf elk, a black bear, a brown bear, a moose, a rocky mountain big horn, another mother bear and twin cubs and numerous small wildlife.

I arrived at Whitehorse, capital of the Northwest Territory on Saturday, spent Sunday in Church there and met Joe at the airport on Monday evening. I parked my camper at Tom Barney's for a day and we did lots of running around in Whitehorse – back and forth doing this and that until we left for Dawson City. We brought a seventeen-year-old L.D.S. boy from Nottinghamshire, England with us to Dawson City where he caught a ride going to Anchorage, Alaska. He was a delightful person and I really enjoyed him. He has worked in Anchorage and he's acquainted with a ward bishop there.

From the day we arrived in Dawson to Saturday – rather Friday evening, we spent in going throughout the canyons of Dawson area, meeting and speaking to the area's gold miners. Joseph seemed to know them all and introduced me to them, because I'll be working with them.

We didn't get much accomplished the past week except meeting and hobnobbing with miners and their wives and children, but they are a fine lot of people and you can really learn to like them.

On Friday evening we left for Fairbanks, Alaska because Joe had to return to his work. We

traveled over 200 miles of gravel road and it was cut up fairly badly. When we got to Tok Junction, it was a breeze into Fairbanks, as we had pavement the last 200 miles.

I went to Church last Sunday in Whitehorse and this Sunday in Fairbanks, and the people are the same all over the Church. I had two invitations to dinner last Sunday and just avoided some this Sunday. I've been having a little problem with the truck starting properly and needed to stay over for Monday to get it fixed.

I saw Joe off on the plane to Salt Lake City last night at 11:50 p.m., and he should now be at home enjoying his family. He really misses that tribe when he's away for a week as he had to be while getting me adjusted here.

I now have ten weeks before I come home and I've a lot to do while here to try and help out the cause. I tried my luck at panning gold and got color the first time. I panned what might amount to three or four dollars worth of value.

Though I've not remembered all to tell you, this is a general description of what I've been doing since I left.

I love all of you and want you to know my love is genuine and sincere. If I had no further or additional benefit from this trip, I've at least re-established the real value of the loved ones in my life. So much more is life of value when family is real. So more is life when love is spoken between loved ones.

359

I've seen some beautiful country between there and here. Here it is eternal green or white; there we have the browns, grays, and blues of desert landscapes to help bring variety to life. This is grand and fruitful and a bounteous land, but that is better land where we live, believe me; all my love, your husband, dad and grand dad.

LETTER 410

Patricia Hamblin, 32006 Arya Court, Union City, California 94587, June 13, 1988, To: Lyman Platt, 149 West 200 North, Apartment #3, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84103. A Father's Day "Hello" to let you know you're thought of especially today. Have a Great Day! With love, Patty, Dru and Trevor.

LETTER 411

Patricia Hamblin, 32006 Arya Court, Union City, California 94587, June 16, 1988, To: Lyman Platt, 149 West 200 North, Apartment #3, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103. For all the times you've helped me see further, reach higher, and try harder... I love you, Dad! Happy Birthday. Hope your birthday was fun. Sorry the card is late. Don't have any money. Love, Patty, Dru and Trevor.

LETTER 412

Mr. and Mrs. Rick Gardner, 129 East 300 North, American Fork, Utah, 84003, January 20, 1997. To: Dad Platt, 316 W. 500 North, St. George, UT 84770. Dad and Karen, we wanted to write and thank you for the juicer and bear. We bought a huge box of oranges and we use it all the time. We meant to get a card out for Christmas but I was waiting to get these pictures developed; they have been down at the store for over two months but we haven't been able to get down to pick them up because Rick's younger brother was in a really bad car accident and we have spent the last month up at the hospital and at Rick's house. But my intentions were good. So, I'm sorry this is really late. Some of the pictures didn't turn out very well but I put them in anyway. Each year the city does a Christmas story writing contest and I won this year (a \$25.00 gift certificate). So I am going to write it in this letter so you can read it.

I wasn't tired, but mama made me go to bed;

Santa won't come if you're still awake she said.

So I closed my eyes and tried to sleep,

But down the hall I heard him creep.
I jumped out of bed and ran down the hall,
But as I was running I slipped on a ball.
It flew through the air and thumped Santa on the noggin.
Santa yelped out loud and dropped a toboggan.
The toboggan landed on my cat's tail;
Santa started to cry: Christmas is hell!
I look at Santa in dismay,
Santa was swearing; what could I say!
360

Santa bent down to pat my hair of silk,
And just as he did he knocked over the cookies and milk.
Now if you think Santa was making a mess,
What he did not, you'll never guess....
Santa asked to use the bathroom, I said yes with a yawn,
Then I heard a gurgle, swishy, swoosh: Santa had flooded the John.
Now he's done it I said to myself;
When down the chimney came an elf.
Santa he said, what's taking so long;
At this rate we'll never make Hong Kong.
So dripping wet pants all a sag,
He flew up the chimney and forgot his bag.
Yeah, He's a Winner!!!

Anyway, Rick is looking into going full time National Guard and Russell is getting really tall and has two teeth. Nothing new with me. Well, we hope you had a great Christmas and wish you the best for this next year. Love you, Rick and Debbie and Russell.

LETTER 413

Nathan and Maria Day, 65 East 1100 South, Orem, Utah 84058, August 29, 1998, To: Dad and Karen, 316 W. 500 North, St. George, Utah, 84770. Dad and Karen: Merry Christmas! We hope you get this before Christmas. We wanted to say thanks to you and Santa for sending us gifts. We don't know what we got yet. But we love them. Hope all is well with you. And we hope you will have a wonderful Christmas. We love you, The Days (Nathan, Lena, and Sunny).

LETTER 414

Julie Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003, December, 1989. To: Lyman De Platt, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dad, how have you been? I hope well. I miss you so much. I hate to be a bother but I need my money. School will be here in a couple of weeks and I haven't been working as much as I had planned, and I need clothes. Bruce told me you had it. So if you could please *send* it as soon as possible, I'd appreciate it very much. I love you! Julie. Patty just called and would also like her money sent to her. Here's her address. 39400 Alvany, Common Unit M, Fremont, California 94538.

LETTER 415

Julie Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003, February 21, 1989, To: Lyman De Platt, P.O. Box 2650, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110-2650. Dear Dad: I'm doing great! School is going really good, but I'm getting a little tired of all the homework. I love my senior year, even though it's hard work preparing for college, and getting straight A's.
361

Our drill team went to state competition because we took all superior ratings at state for our

dance routine. I'm really enjoying my senior year in high school.

We just got a letter from Dave. He already had one baptism. Thanks to you and mom and the way you brought us up, Dave and Danny are happy serving the Lord, and excited to preach the gospel. I'll always be appreciative of you, for your good example to me. If it weren't for good parents, I don't know where I would be in my life right now.

The job sounds great, but I need more details like where I'd be working, and the hours, and when I'd be starting. It might be too hard for me.

I get off work from the school office job at 4:00, then I'd have to drive to Salt Lake, then get home, probably at 11:00 and then I'd have homework. I might just have to pass, but give me more details first, before I decide. Thanks, Love ya, Julie.

LETTER 416

Sister Cynthia Eisenga, 9 Lantern Road, Belmont, Massachusetts, 02178, December 16, 1987, To: Lyman D. Platt, P.O. Box 402, Fairview, Utah 84629. [Cynthia and her mother were friends of mine in genealogy. They were from California. She was converted to the Church as a result of our friendship.]

Dear Family and Friends: This year has gone by so quickly, and many changes in my life have come about. The most important happening this year has been my calling to serve as a missionary in the Massachusetts Boston Mission. What led me to this day, you might ask? Reflecting upon the past three or so years, I see the hand of the Lord guiding me to His Church. I was transferred to Reno to work in the mining division office for FMC, my employer of the last fifteen years. I figured that move would result in my growing up and taking care of me.

As you know I have a tremendous desire to do genealogy work. Traveling to Salt Lake with Mom and Aunt Barbara was a usual occurrence once or twice a year. In March 1985, I came down with the flu while there. I received a priesthood blessing by a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints [Lyman De Platt]. It was a beautiful experience. In July I was given a copy of the Book of Mormon and was asked to read it. I had a desire to know if this Book was true. So I said a little prayer that my heart and mind would be open to the truth. As I read the Book I was filled with the Holy Spirit. A repentance process started taking place. I was filled with joy and sorrow as I read the Book. And one day I felt it was time to return to Church. With some help I found out which ward I was to attend. I went to Church and had such a peaceful feeling. I knew I was "at home." Love was in abundance at the service and is always there. The Saints or Mormons are a beautiful people. I was introduced to the sister missionaries who taught me six discussions which gave me a knowledge of the Church and also committed me to baptism in the Savior's Church. I was baptized September 14, 1985. I had finished reading the Book of Mormon just prior to baptism. I know that it is the true word of God, and you can get closer to God by abiding by its precepts.

362

Attending Church and working at my callings have been a joy. I was choir president, a primary teacher and an assistant genealogy teacher. I was trained as a teacher and in conducting music. I've never considered myself very good on the piano but I was soon playing at baptisms and not being scared to play in front of a group. The Lord has given us the strength we need to do what he asks of us. And I am able to talk in front of my congregation because I know the Lord will help me.

I wanted to go on a mission soon after baptism. I found out I had to be a member of the Church for a year before I could go. Last Christmas I proposed the idea to my family. And I started getting the papers and other things in order. I received my call in August to the

Massachusetts Boston Mission. I was excited to go there because mom's family is from Massachusetts.

I moved in September – spent a few weeks with mom and then flew to Salt Lake via Reno. I entered the Mission Training Center in October, and spent three weeks learning and improving my relationship with God. I arrived in Boston November 5th, and was assigned to the Belmont area. My companion Sister Leithead and I tracted homes in the snow, rain and cold. It's great to be serving the Lord. I am grateful that I have been called to serve in his army to bring the world a message of our Savior, Jesus Christ.

I have a new companion as of December 3. Sister Farr has been out four months. She is from Tempe, Arizona, and is in her 50's. We work in the mission office by day and do our proselyting work in the evenings and on weekends. I'm back to computer work again, but this time it's more enjoyable. Sister Farr is a great person to be with. We study and pray together often and are both growing from the experience.

My life has indeed changed and I feel it is better and richer. I would not give up this opportunity for anything. Being a member of Christ's Church has brought me peace, understanding, growth of self, and joy that has not come from anything else, including other religions.

May this time of year bring you peace, joy and happiness that will be felt throughout the year. God bless you. Sister Cynthia Eisenga. Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to You Too!!

LETTER 417

Sister Cynthia Eisenga, 9 Lantern Road, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178, December 18, 1987,
To: Lyman D. Platt, P.O. Box 402, Fairview, Utah 84629.

Dear Brother Lyman Platt: Mission life is great! When I arrived in Boston, I was placed in the Belmont Ward area. They haven't had sister missionaries for quite a while. This is also the ward that was burned down by an arsonist just before completion. An article about it is in a 1987 *Ensign*. They have a few traditions. One is the clam bake (about September), the Messiah Sing Along (complete with orchestra and soloists, and I did sing along), and a wreath-making party. We each made a wreath; gave one away to an investigator and kept one for our Christmas tree.

363

Belmont Ward members are largely from the west. It's made up of students attending the universities. Some families have opted to stay and go into business here. The membership is growing slowly with hometown people.

Three weeks into the mission, the ward called a new Ward Mission Leader. Brother Bennett is very enthusiastic. He served in Japan, and was Mission President there for a few months until a new president was found. He transferred himself into the field a few days before the new Mission President arrived.

We will be doing member/missionary splits in tracting, and home and visiting teaching. There are about ten inactive families. A Book of Mormon testimony and marking (family to family) program will run throughout the coming year. We will use these books as placements in the Belmont area. Brother Bennett feels that getting to know the members, and in effect, their referrals to us of family and friends will be one of the most effective ways to use our time.

My first companion was Sister Leithead from Boise, Idaho. She has been out for ten months. We were together for a month. Getting oriented was difficult at times. I knew I should be working, but how and doing what was the question. So getting into the swing of things took some time. We did place fourteen books.

When President Gardner told me I would be working in Belmont, he said there were two problems. One, we didn't have a car; and two; we didn't have a place to live! We lived with a member for three days. With God's help we had an apartment in three days. A member is renting their basement to us, and we use their kitchen. Ten days later, we were driving the mission passenger van. What a big critter for these small country lanes!

For a month we mostly tracted, using a survey form, which did open doors. Some people here are familiar with the Church because of the fire, especially where the members live. When I arrived it was in the 80's. The next day it was cold and rainy. They say "If you don't like the weather, just wait a minute!" We had snow, bitter winds. I'm told it will get colder in January! I'm slowing getting to know the members. This is a very friendly ward.

My second companion is Sister Farr from Tempe, Arizona. She has been out four months. Her husband passed away a few years ago from cancer. She is fifty-four, and a lovely lady. We are getting along very well. We have companionship study which has been very rewarding. I'm learning a great deal about the topics we study weekly. This also allows us to get to know one another better. For the most part we have the same likes as to eating, orderliness, desires to follow rules, etc.

Our work is different. We were called to serve in the office; Sister Farr is financial secretary, and I am secretary to the President. I'm back on the computer again, learning Word Perfect. It's coming fairly easily, and training has been great. Elder Wiest will be leaving at the end of the month. He has the job in good order so I just had to step in. We work Monday through Friday. Evenings are for member/missionary work. We have been giving the members a Christmas message as to using our precious gift of the scriptures. We are coming across members who are very enthused about doing missionary work.

364

Wasn't the Book of Mormon film great? What a wonderful proselyting tool. I purchased a copy along with several other videos for missionary work.

This area is very beautiful. I did arrive in time to see the autumn leaves. The small city squares have a lovely glow and flavor at Christmas time. Small lights are strung on trees and roof lines. The homes are elegant old styles. Wreathes adorn the front doors, candles glow in every street front window. I love the beauty of it all! Trees abound. In some areas it's like driving through the woods.

About drive, oh!! Narrow roads are common. Work hours they are congested, and with that van, people tend to give you room. One thing wonderful about it though, drivers are very courteous. You have to be with the unique creation of a rotary. Not many stop signs. Everyone merges on each other. I haven't seen many accidents which is very surprising. President says there are no moving violations, don't make eye contact and keep one hand on the wheel and the other on the horn.

My life has indeed changed and I feel it is better and richer. I would not give up this opportunity for anything. Being a member of Christ's Church has brought me peace, understanding, growth of self, and joy that have not come from anything else.

May this time of year bring you peace, joy, and happiness that will be a part of your life throughout the year. God bless you. Sister Cynthia Eisenga. Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to you too!!

LETTER 418

Sister Cynthia Eisenga, 9 Lantern Road, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178, December 20, 1987.

To: Lyman D. Platt, P.O. Box 402, Fairview, Utah 84629.

Dear Brother Platt: Thought you might enjoy both of my Christmas letters! How have you been? Are you snowed in or close? We had a nice soft snowfall this morning. Walked the

hill, as usual, to Church.

I really like the missionary life. No outside headaches or stress. I think I'll remain in missionary service the rest of my days. With a good companion, one can do very rewarding work. The only worry is being able to find someone to teach, and if I'm doing everything I can right now.

I don't want to finish my mission and think I could have done so much more. Pleasing me is difficult. I'm going to learn here to do that. I've also decided that my attitude is very important and needs improvement. So I'm going to work on that too. No more negative thoughts and actions.

In companionship study, I'm learning so much. We talk over our thoughts and feelings about our topic of study. It's a good way to learn and [it] really helps to have another person's point of view. Sister Farr is a very caring person. She has cared for me a good part of this week since I've been sick – bad sore throat and cough. Most colds affect my equilibrium and that

365
happened this time too. Got to visit a big city hospital – Massachusetts General – for a throat culture. All clear. Hope the coming year brings peace and contentment. God be with you.
Sister Eisenga.

LETTER 419

James J. Rose, December 19, 1967, California, To the Platt Family, Provo, Utah: I want to share with you one of the greatest Christmas stories I have ever witnessed first hand. It involves something to give as a Christmas gift.

Tonight I met your mother. That in itself was a thrill I'll always remember. I had never seen her before or even heard of her. But in the few minutes I talked to her I was overcome by compassion and admiration and love for me.

I live next door to the Lloyd Paulson family. He is in our ward bishopric. The Lyman family has been staying at his home while Brother Lyman is in the hospital recovering. Lloyd asked me to stop by the hospital on my way home from work today because Brother Lyman had asked to be administered to.

He looked fine after receiving your mother's kidney yesterday. It started functioning almost immediately. He told us that in hours it takes off as much waste as his defective kidneys did all day. He bore his testimony to us and told us how strongly he had been pleading with the Lord these past few days. His eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude as he thanked the Lord for answering his prayers.

Then he asked us to go upstairs and visit your mother. By this time I was beginning to catch the story of the transplant – his nearness to the end of the trail – how perfectly everything tested out – their blood and tissue types being almost exact matches; how he [was] kept on an artificial kidney for several days to build him up and restore the vitality he would need for the operation.

Your mother, as we entered her room, had a sweet angelic expression that tugged at my heartstrings. Brother Paulsen and I, with our voices already breaking, introduced ourselves to this total stranger. We chatted for a few minutes as she told us a little about her wonderful family. She spoke with pride of her son on a mission – I think she said he was in England – and I can share her pride there because I have a son in Germany on the downhill leg of his mission. She was softly grateful that another son was returning safely from Vietnam. She told us how they decided that your Dad had better stay with you than be at the bedside of his eternal sweetheart. We mentioned that the children would miss her this Christmas. She just said quietly "It'll be a different kind of Christmas for them."

We noted that her contribution of a living organ to make her brother's life possible was a

kind of gift similar to what the Savior gave each of us. She smiled through wet eyes and said simply "It's my Christmas gift to him. I just did what I had to do."

366

As long as I live I'm sure I'll never find a more suitable gift for Christmas – that of giving someone life when it was ebbing away.

I'm grateful to the Lord for being a member of this Church – and that in spite of my state of unworthiness he has entrusted a part of His priesthood to me. In all the ordinances I have assisted in performing I have never felt such a strong spiritual need and an urgency to be worthy to call upon the Lord Jesus' name to grant what I was certain was what He wanted to come to pass too. We administered to her with unsteady voices and I know that Jesus Christ will surely intercede on her behalf.

You are fortunate to have such a wonderful angel for a mother. The glow and warmth of her love for you radiated from her hospital bed like a radio beacon. I am thrilled to sense her devotion. When she assured us she had a wonderful family she ended "but that's just talking."

I hope that your Christmas will be enriched by the knowledge that she has touched my life – and that I love her for what she has done. Be assured that she's coming along fine and will soon be back with you.

May your Christmas be sweet and tender as you share in this miracle gift – it's the expression of the kind of love that Jesus and Heavenly Father have for us.

May the Lord bless you all and keep you – and may you all walk in your Mother's footsteps which I am sure are also the footsteps of the Savior.

Merry Christmas to you all. Sincerely, your brother in the Gospel. James J. Rose.

LETTER 420

Gene Lyman Platt, 1701 Cedar Street, Newberg, Oregon 97132, February 4, 1986, To: Lyman D. Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003. Dear Lyman and Bertha, Just received your newsletter. What a great idea. We are really enjoying your monthly correspondence.

Wondered if you'd be interested in some letters I have from 1975-1982 – Mom Platt always was such a faithful writer and kept us up-to-date with the family. She was always so uplifting and positive. If you're interested, we could send excerpts from these letters – which would pertain to other family members.

Last Spring we sent pictures we'd taken *or* Mom Platt had sent us of different families in the family. They were sent with Irene – if you haven't received them you might ask her. It was our intent that she would disperse them to the appropriate family.

Hope you are all well and happy these days. We are just doing fine. Briant is a few short months from his Eagle Award. Lisa loves junior high. Amelia received a special leadership award. Allison is reading. Sara is anxious for kindergarten in September and Gordon is very close to walking (early just like Bri!). Gene's busy as usual. I'm very involved in Primary,

367

PTA, and Relief Society. We love and appreciate all you do to keep us close. Love always, Gene and Arlene, Briant, Lisa, Amelia, Allison, Sara and Gordon.

LETTER 421

Kent and Roberta Platt Bylund, Solana Beach, California, December 1985, To: Lyman De Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003. Lyman and Bertha and Family, I have for the most part already lost contact with the family, so please any chance you have, drop me a line and update me on how everyone is. When I ask I just hear everyone is fine and I hope that they are, but a few more details would be nice.

Kent and I have just recently started new jobs and are finally starting to feel settled in here. We love this area and are very happy with our little family.

I can see why Bertha has always wanted a baby around because our Kasse has brought us so much joy and happiness that I already regret the day. I can't have a baby to brighten my day. Allie is such a good student and is learning Spanish very quickly in a special class she takes an hour before school. She is growing up so fast and loves to learn.

K.J. is finally enjoying his pre-school and actually even looks forward to his school days and being able to learn and play with new friends.

We are well and happy and hope this holiday greeting finds you the same. Love, Kent and Rob, Allie, K.J. and Kasse.

LETTER 422

Gene Lyman and Arlene Vail Platt, 1701 Cedar Street, Newberg, Oregon 97132, December 8, 1988, To: Lyman and Karen Platt, 149 W. 200 North #3, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103. Dear Lyman and Karen. It was good to hear from you. We hear very little from the family also. Pam and McKay's address, 706 Lafayette, Steilacoom, Washington 98388. Our phone number is now non-published. It is 503-538-6942.

Gene's very busy at work and Church as usual. Not sure how he continues to manage it all with a smile. Briant is pushing six feet in height. He's a good young man. Lisa has passed me in height and is now a freshman in high school one year behind Bri and has honors classes also. She was just selected as one of three freshmen for the symphonic orchestra and will be going to Hawaii this spring. She is still very quiet and sweet.

Amelia is a fireball, 7th grade. Has many friends and teachers love her. A good student and continues playing the piano. She is as tall as I!

Allison also a good student and plays the piano. She is darker like mom and a real sweet spirit.

368

Allie is a 4th grader and loves to read the Book of Mormon.

Sara has waist length red hair, which seems to attract lots of boyfriends in second grade. Has much the same personality as Amelia. Good girl – lots of help, a tender heart.

Gordon is quite an individual! Brings lots of laughter and fun to our family. One morning during scripture study Gene was telling about Alma the Younger. Gordon said "I'm Alma the Gordon." Needless to say, we all enjoyed his comment.

Shauna is a great joy. She's our last little one. Wish she'd cuddle more, but she's very independent and loves to explore. She's a happy little one. We heard a little regarding the twins missions! Bet you're proud of your children. They are all so beautiful. Well, guess I'd better close for now.

Please take care and know we love you. We'll write again before Christmas. Have a special holiday season! Love, #4 family.

LETTER 423

Debbie Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003, December 1988, To: Lyman De Platt, Salt Lake City, Utah. Dear Dad, I'm sorry I could not come with you, but the next time we go I will be able to go. I love you a lot and I'll try to make it as often as I can. Love, Debbie. P.S. I love you. P.S.S. I'm real sorry I could not go with you. P.S.S.S. I promise I'll go next Wednesday.

LETTER 424

Edward L. Platt, Caixa Postal 862, São Paulo, Brazil, Monday, May 27, 1968. Dear Family. I'm here. We left Salt Lake at 10:00 and arrived in New York at 5:30 – left there at 9:00 p.m. and arrived in Rio at 9:00 a.m. the next morning, then got on a little four-engine plane for the

trip to São Paulo. The trip down was great but cloudy all the way, so I didn't see much. We had a good talk with Harold B. Lee and from New York to São Paulo talked with a Brazilian general, senator and a young girl about the Church. We got all of their addresses and sent them out to the Elders in those districts. We had President Hicken meet us at the airport and about died in the São Paulo traffic. Everyone tries to kill everybody else I think. Our first night we stayed in a little hotel downtown and had dinner with the President and his family. The mission home is beautiful and one of the nicest homes in the area.

I've been stationed in Osasco, a city just outside of São Paulo, so my mailing address will be here at the mission home (circled above). The branch out there has about 120 members; we meet in an old building which the members have fixed up pretty good inside. But the outside is plastered with "Yankee go home" and "Imperialists" – due to a little demonstration they had a little while ago, two months. The members are great – really friendly, humble and helpful. There are six missionaries in the district and last month they baptized five people and the month before fifteen. The work is going good. We're teaching a really nice family in Osasco with seven people of baptismal age, which we hope to get in next month.

369

The food is different but it hasn't bothered me yet. Our quarters are cramped and cold and little. The water is undrinkable unless it's boiled or filtered but I still enjoy it.

We get up at 6:00 – study for 1 hour 45 minutes, take a shower, eat and start working at 9:15. We come back for lunch at 12:00 and eat and study till 2:00 then go back out 'til 5:30 – eat and then go out again at 6:30 till 9:30 and have to be in bed by 10:30. We keep busy but it's great and I'm really enjoying it. I'm still lost part of the time when I try to understand, but it will improve. We do our own cooking so save a little bit of money there.

I'll write out a check for \$50.00 today and see how long it lasts. This month I'll get by pretty good because I had some left over from the \$150. Starting with the first of July though, it will probably take nearly \$100 a month. But anyway I'll use as little as possible.

I don't know how the mail system is going to be but I haven't received any yet. I will try and write every Monday. I love you all and would appreciate your prayers. Chau, Ed.

LETTER 425

Joseph Lyman Platt, London, England, May 6, 1968, Dear Family: They have changed our diversion day from Saturday back to Monday, and so I'll take this opportunity to write.

Thanks for your letter. We missionaries can always use letters and advice. Tell Gene I'm sorry that he didn't make it. I would have had the problem, as I can't differentiate too well between colors. At least this way Gene, you'll have the opportunity to go on a mission if that be your desire. We can have some good times at school next year. I can't wait.

I went ahead and made arrangements through our mission home to come home by boat. I will sail on September 12 if all goes as planned. If I find that it will cost more, I'll merely cancel and come by "Silver Bird." That would put me home about September 20, just in time to register.

Happy birthday Gene, I didn't forget. If I can get off any earlier I would like to tour around for a week or so. It could be done very cheaply.

Big surprise. Elder Joseph L. Platt is the featured lecturer at Hyde Park Chapel on Friday nights for the next month. These lectures are attended by as many as 150-200 people, mostly investigators. This is the first time that they had had an Elder lecture. Usually they have stake presidents, mission presidents, etc. It should be a lot of fun as some of the investigators will ask really good questions. I hope I don't let those down who have placed this confidence in me. My first lecture will be concerned with the internal witnesses of the validity of the Book of Mormon – taking my material from the first two chapters. I feel very confident but

nevertheless concerned.

My new companion is from Calgary, Alberta. His name is Malcolm Evans. He's a good guy and we have much more in common than Adams and I did. He was Fox's greenie.

370

Today we took our full-day diversion. We played tennis for about 3½ hours. I even got a little bit burned. Our weather here is also very moody and we went from sun to rain about four times.

Everything is going quite well. Mark E. Peterson is going to be here to interview us all on May 27, so we're really looking forward to that. Congrats to Rob on sub-deb – it's a good group even if it is a bit exclusive in some of its status ideas. Bye for now, Love, Joe.

LETTER 426

Joseph Lyman Platt, London, England, Thursday, May 23, 1968, Dear Family: "What profiteth it a man to gain the whole world and neglect his family?" I was just asking myself that question and decided I should write and inform you of my circumstances.

First of all, the lecture went really well. I felt very much at ease and there were only a very few questions asked. Usually you associate the asking of questions with interest in what the speaker says, but for this type of controversial lecture, I was quite happy that a minimum were asked.

Monday is a big day – Brother Peterson will be here. It will be, I'm sure, a humbling experience. Don't be surprised to see me home about 3-4 months early!!! Brother Peterson really gets around. Nearly every Church News mentions that he's been here or there. He must have a lot of energy.

My lecture for tomorrow night is one of the most conclusive in the nature of its proof. It is concerned with the examination of proper names in the Book of Mormon, showing their Middle East[ern] origin and prevalence in existing names in America today: Example: Egyptian – Packhi Book of Mormon – Pachus American – Pacha-Camac

I have sure learned a lot and it's greatly strengthened my testimony. If I weren't so interested in law and politics, archaeology would certainly have a pull.

How's everything at home? Dad, slow down. Your plans sound good, but if you don't stop working so hard, there won't be anything left of you to go camping with. I'm certainly looking forward to having some fun together – especially some good conversations on laws, evolution, astronomy, scriptures, etc.

What are the chances of me being allowed to tour Europe for a week or ten days? I'm sure that it wouldn't cost more than \$2 per day. I'd sleep out, eat cheap and hitchhike. Of course it's conceivable that an early release won't come through, but if it does, I'd surely like your permission. Tell Ed and Lyman and Almon and Grandma and Rene and everyone hello.

Thanks for all, Love, Joe.

371

LETTER 427

Allie Lyman Platt, Blanding, Utah, May 27, 1968, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi. Dearest Lyman and Bertha, I'm here in Blanding with my Daddy. Mother passed away the morning of the 24th. I came down from Provo that afternoon with Lyman Bayles and have been here with Grandpa ever since. Rene came yesterday afternoon and our families will be here today sometime.

Grandma's funeral will be tomorrow at 2:00 p.m. I didn't let you know sooner because I didn't know just when you would be going back Lyman and knew you couldn't get here. She had been in this beautiful little new nursing home for about ten days and was happy and contented and progressing well we thought. Dad and the others saw her everyday and they

were doing everything possible for her. She took sick during the night Thursday and didn't want them to call Daddy until 4:00 Friday morning. He and Kay administered to her and Dad stayed there with her for several hours. None of them figured that end was so near. She collapsed and went into a coma. They put her in the ambulance and just started out of town when she died.

It was a shock to us all, but we feel the Lord was kind to mother and to us to let her go so quickly and not suffer longer. Evidently she had a large kidney stone that caused the trouble at the last.

Well, now it's Wednesday morning. We had a lovely funeral and so many nice things have been said and done. Mother loved everyone and everyone loved her. And the nice things said about her were all true. She and Dad have lots of friends. All of Rene's family was here. Dad drove Peg's car down and brought Roberta, McKay, Gordie, and Irene. Ed got off okay for Brazil. Gene couldn't get off. I did want some of my big boys here.

It's going to be really hard for Grandpa to be alone, but he wants to stay here in his home. He said it is lots harder than he ever thought it would be – he didn't realize she could leave such a big hole. But of course he has the knowledge and faith to see him through.

Almon and LaRee came from Los Angeles, but none of their family came, as they are all in Stockton. We tried to talk Almon out of coming but the doctors said he could, so LaRee drove him all the way. He was so thankful to be here and see all the family – though of course he had so wanted to see mother. He is so frail – you wouldn't believe it. He is just skin over his bones. He got down to ninety-five pounds and weighs only a little more than that now. His kidney is working very well. And if they can keep everything else in balance, he will be all right. He can eat pretty good most of the time but has to be very, very careful and has little strength. He could go very easily one way or the other yet. He is so sweet with me and says without my help he would not have ever made it nor had the chance to get this other kidney. LaRee has been so wonderful to him – we love her dearly.

And Velma – we don't know what Mother would ever have done without her. She has really been an angel. Please write to Grandpa – I know you will. He's going to need all our love and support now that little grandma is gone.

372

There is lots to say, but not now. Hope all is well with you all. We love you so much. Mother.

LETTER 428

Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, May 1, 1968, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi. Dearest Lyman, Bertha, Patty and Grandma Lazo: Hasn't been too many days since I wrote to you before, but want to write and send you a copy of Ed's letter telling of his flight plans. It is rather coincidental that he will be in New York on the 22nd – the day that you are through in Washington, D.C. Wouldn't it be nice Lyman if you could meet his plane and spend a few hours with him back there like you did Joe in Denver? I don't know just how far it is between Washington and New York, but as near as I can tell it is about three or four hours by bus or car and much closer by plane I guess. Anyway, it will be something to think about and try for won't it? The time is going so fast that that time will soon be here.

Bertha's check came in the mail today, so I will send it to the bank tomorrow. I guess it is always the same amount, isn't it? Anyway, I will put the amount of it on this letter before I send it.

We finally got summer, as it usually comes – just overnight from cold weather. The last two days have been very nice and warm and there are sunburned kids all over from staying in the

sun too long. George and Thora were saying the other day that every year before [in the past] they have had peas up, and other things by now, but they haven't even been able to plant anything yet. They will be able to now though with this change in the weather. Don't know if we will have any garden or not.

Charles came back from Blanding last night after being there several days helping out with his dad's business. He will go down again tomorrow night and spend the weekend. He said Kay was doing pretty well but is going to have to take it easy and not overdo for quite a while. We hope there hasn't been too much damage to his heart. Grandma is making very slow improvement now I guess. The doctor said she had improved all she would, but they don't always know. Uncle Almon is doing fine now too, according to JoAnn. I talked with her tonight. She will be going home on the 19th to work there for the summer. Almon will soon be able to spend some more time out of the hospital. Boy, it's been a long old siege for them – going on eight months now. Surely hope he can soon go home to his family.

I had a nice letter from Carolyn Bosil the other day. I had written her to thank her for their visit at the hospital and their gift they brought me while Rolando was down there. She says they have postponed their marriage for awhile longer, so that they can start off in a little better position (financial mostly I guess). She said they had long term (eternal) plans so a little longer here didn't matter, as they loved each other very much and wanted to have every advantage of a happy marriage they could to start with. She is a sweet girl and I hope they will be really happy together. [Unfortunately, this marriage didn't last. We had some good times together in Arequipa as friends, and later. Rolando sang in the Tabernacle Choir for several years. They're both good friends, and I was sorry to see them split up. Lyman D. Platt]

373

I don't know if we mentioned the job Dad applied for at the BYU or not. But we were in hopes he would get it as it was a better job with more responsibility and more pay. But he found out today that he didn't get it, so hope that he can find something else. If he could get something with more money so he wouldn't feel he had to work so hard at so many jobs, it would be better for him. He hasn't felt at all well today. It started out with a real bad case of hay fever, but he has been sick and says it feels like he may have a heat stroke (maybe similar to yours).

We will be happy to do any names you send to the Salt Lake Temple. We are just glad that someone in the family is interested and active in doing research, etc. We will be glad to do any names for Bertha's family or our own, which ever you want.

Take good care of yourselves and keep us posted on things. Be a good girl Patty and learn how to speak English and Spanish well. You and Irene will have lots of fun together when you are back in Provo. Be good to Mommy and help her all you can. Don't pull the kittens' tails too much and have fun with them. We love you all, Mother.

LETTER 429

David Lyman Platt, Layton, Utah, April 6, 1997: To: Lyman and Karen Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah 84770. Dear Lyman and Karen, thank you for the \$100.00. We really appreciate your thoughtfulness. Karlee will have fun with the bag of goodies too.

I'm glad we were able to see you even though it was for just a short time. Here is a picture I thought you would enjoy. Danny has the negatives to the picture with all your grandchildren in it. He would probably send it to you if you request. I thought you could use this copy for your files. Have a Happy Easter! P.S. I put another picture of Karlee. Love, Dave, Holly, Karlee and Lexi.

LETTER 430

Maria Elena Day, 65 East 1100 South, Orem, Utah 84058, August 11, 1997, To: Grandpa Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, 84770, Dad, I think of you often and wish things could be different. But anyway I want you to see what Devin looks like, and Sunny as well; she is getting big. We love you. Take care. The Days.

LETTER 431

Holly Platt, 2526 North 1000 West, Layton, Utah 84041, December 19, 1997, Lyman and Karen Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770. Lyman and Karen, we hope everything is going well for you. I wanted you to know that from the visit last summer you planted a seed in your granddaughter Karlee. She has an interesting love for gardening. It was fun to watch her fascination with our first garden; she talks about you often. Things are going really well for our family in our new home in Layton. Love, David, Holly, Alexis, Karlee.

374

LETTER 432

Elder Ben Platt, December 19, 1997, Ar. Nazare 532 Sala 412, Royal Trade Center, Belem, Parana, Brazil, 66035-170, Lyman Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, 84770. Dear Families and Friends (The Lyman Platt Family), well I'd like to start this letter expressing my love for each of you. Even though this is a form letter it comes from the bottom of my heart. Besides I've got about sixty people to write to and it cost \$1.00 to send one letter. I hope now you see my purpose for writing this way! There have also been a lot of questions asked and I hope to get them all answered in this letter!

I started out my mission with Elder M. Johnson from Arizona as a companion. We worked together for two months in São Luis of Maranhão; during these two months there were a lot of trials and quite a few blessings! Four missionaries living in a one room apartment which was always running out of water was not a pretty sight (nor good smelling)! During this time we had only one baptism, Alan. The last time I heard he was the helper of the janitor and was preparing to serve a full time mission. Then, after two months, I moved to a different area in São Luis with Elder J. da Silva from Brasília as a companion. We stayed together for one month and baptized seven people. Until this day I haven't heard anything else from them. Elder da Costa from São Bernardo do Campo (São Paulo) was my next lucky companion. During the twenty-seven days that we were together we baptized eleven people, of which was the family of Paulo and Lourdes. Talk about a modern day miracle, Paulo was determined he wouldn't be baptized yet, but we made him promise to go to Church one last time. While he was there he said a prayer and asked for guidance. In short he received an answer. But he still thought he wasn't ready – so I called him outside and invited him to keep a clear mind and decide after the first baptism. Well he said one more prayer during the closing prayer and received one more answer. So Paulo Roberto Pereira Silva was baptized that Sunday. His wife followed his example the following week. They have two kids and are very happy with their decision.

After that wonderful miracle and a handful of others I had to leave that beautiful city to come to Belém (Cidade Nova). Elder Townsend from Salt Lake was one of the luckiest people to get Elder Platt as a companion for one month. During the time we served together we baptized a few people but the most exciting was Raimundo. He is a thirty-five-year-old man who was born and raised in Manaus. Ten years ago he saw our Church and decided that when he was ready to live a "good" life he would be baptized in our Church, "The Church of Christ." We met him on a Sunday and the next Sunday he was baptized. Since then he has received the Aaronic priesthood, both passed and blessed the sacrament numerous times and last Sunday was interviewed to receive the Melchizedek priesthood. Talk about a blessing, but of course Elder Townsend was transferred and made AP and I received Elder Franco

from Santa Catarina.

Up until this date all of my companions have been zone leaders (including Elder Franco). During the month that we have been together we've had the following happen: our three teaching groups fell through, we moved our area of proselyting and have been abundantly blessed with goldens to teach. Just this Sunday coming we have Max, Clayton, Maycon, Edivam, Rosana, Ada, Andre, and Alair marked for baptism. We truly had the heavens opened for us for a short time (along with a few doors slammed in our faces).

375

That brings us up to date with the proselyting and all my companions. Now to Brazil itself. Hot, humid and beautiful describes Brazil the best, but you'd be surprised with the similarities it has with the USA. It's not all just a big jungle with tropical birds, fruits, and plants.

Belém has about three million inhabitants. The majority of them are short, and very loving. I can knock on just about any door and expect a warm, friendly smile with a cup of water, but then comes "no I don't want to hear your message." About everybody would but it's the capital of the Assembly of God, Jesus Christ is the Lord, Baptist, Spiritists, and the Universal churches. Just about everyone was Catholic but switched to be *crente* or a believer.

Interesting isn't it?

We wash our clothes by hand and love it. In this mission we sacrifice a lot but we are spiritually and physically blessed. Last month our mission baptized 531 people. Wow! One zone of eight Elders baptized sixty, miracles! Our mission is truly a blessed one. President Gody is a spiritual giant and is leading this mission to greater standards. We now have 160 missionaries and just around the corner we will have 250. *Só Subida Guerreiros!*

I am happy with life and pray that your lives also might be as blessed as mine. I hope I shared enough with you that your vision has expanded a little. For all those young men preparing for missions two words of advice: START NOW!! (Alma 13:27). Don't wait until the last minute because it all starts now. I love you all and wish to hear from each and everyone of you. Thank you so much for your support, advice, teachings and love. As this Christmas season ends, don't forget to thank the Lord our God for the mountainous blessings he pours on each and every one of us. Keep the faith and keep in touch, with sincere love, Elder Ben Platt [son of Edward Lyman Platt].

LETTER 433

Edward Lyman Platt and Valerie Yorgeson Platt, December 9, 1997, Pleasant Grove, Utah. Dearest Family and Friends, it is absolutely amazing to me to realize it is that time of year again when the snow is falling. It is cold outside, everyone is trying to get ready for Christmas and I get to write a letter to all of you. Time is going by so quickly for me, it feels like only last month that it was Christmas last year.

Life has been good for us this year. We've had a hard, very busy year at Countryside Gardens and have felt the loss of our three missionaries as we have tried to fill the voids their leaving created. However, we have all survived and are only a little bit exhausted and are very grateful to our Heavenly Father for the blessings we have enjoyed.

Ed is keeping busy, almost to the point of exhaustion, by trying to create a new store in Lindon. His brother, Gordon, has been helping us over there and has been a tremendous bonus to us. Ed is the Young Men's President in our ward and has a very large Priest Quorum, but he enjoys this calling and is trying to help prepare these young men for their missions.

376

Jared has been home from Brazil for a year now and is still wishing he could go back and

serve for another two years. He is in school at UVSC and working for Countryside Gardens. He maintains a pretty busy social life, and other than the fact that he can't seem to find the girl of his dreams, he is happy and doing well.

Rebecca is in the Columbus, Ohio area and is absolutely loving her mission. I would like to quote from a recent letter of hers: "What a blessing it has been to teach the gospel to so many wonderful people. I must say, though, the biggest change I've seen is in my own life. I always thought the Church was true. I knew the Book of Mormon was true, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet, but I never knew how important this knowledge was. What an honor to testify to people – to be a servant in the Lord's hands." Does that tell you how she is doing? We honor and respect her as she goes forth spreading sunshine and the gospel in Ohio. She will return home the end of March sometime and we are counting down the days.

Noelle is back in Queen's Jamaica in New York. She too is loving her mission. We have been so impressed with her ability to drive, walk and survive on the streets of New York. She, too, testifies of the truthfulness of this work she is doing and has a wonderful peace inside her heart that the Lord is protecting her and she is where she is supposed to be. She will be home the end of March as well, and we are excited to get these two daughters home. Benjamin is in Belem, Brazil and is having an incredible time. His health hasn't been the greatest and so he has struggled with that, but his mission president assured the Church Missionary Health Department that he is doing much better. He said in a recent letter "I knew this mission would prepare me for life – I just didn't know how hard it would be." We rejoice with him and the lessons he is learning and the growing he is experiencing, and are very grateful for this bond that is forming between Ed, Jared and Ben. He has been out nine months now and loves the people of Brazil.

Heather has finished up her second year at UVSC and is counting the months until she can send in her mission papers. She has been a great help to us at Countryside Garden Center this past year as she has managed the nursery part of the garden center. She had the opportunity to spend a week in New York with Noelle this summer. She was a mini missionary and learned to appreciate the things Noelle is experiencing on her mission, but also came home with a desire to serve a mission.

Tiffany is at UVSC as well. She worked really hard and graduated from high school a year early and is enjoying her time in college and going to school with Heather and Jared. She, too, has been a great help at the garden center as she has been the head cashier and helped us keep up with all of the paper work involved in the business.

Amanda is enjoying and surviving her 7th grade year. She has adjusted to junior high school and actually seems to be doing quite well. She loves going to Young Women and being part of that organization. Every once in a while, when we really need her, she works at the garden center as well and we look forward to the day that she can be with us all of the time.

And what am I doing? It feels like I just run around "putting out fires" at home, work and in the mission field. I love being with my family at the garden center, but as it grows we are

377

learning to adjust to new employees and I keep telling myself that change is good. I teach Relief Society and am a little nervous about the changes in that area next year, but hopefully I will meet the challenge. Mostly, however, I just spend my days being grateful for life, for our families and friends and for the gospel of Jesus Christ in our lives.

It is probably time to end this epistle, but we want to thank you all for the wonderful influence you have in our lives – for your examples, your love, your guidance and for your faith. As Christmas draws near I pray that we all will remember the birth of the Savior and realize the full impact that it has on our lives. We pray for peace and love in all of our hearts

and that you are all well and enjoying life. Have a very Merry Christmas and a Wonderful New Year! Love from Ed, Val and family. [In longhand]; Lyman, I don't remember if I ever paid you for those pictures. They were just what I needed – please let me know how much I owe you. Thanks, Valerie.

LETTER 434

Edward Lyman Platt and Valerie Yorgason Platt, Lindon, Utah, December 16, 1998. Dear Family and Friends. Merry Christmas! My mom just reminded my dad that it was his turn to write the Christmas letter, but he “didn't have time.” I (Noelle) volunteered thinking they would kindly reject the offer, but here I am. Hopefully I can write with as much flair as my dad would.

This month has been an eventful one. On December 10, Dad turned 50. It was a sad day for him but we think he's through the initial shock. I don't think that turning 95 would even slow him down.

We are in the process of selling our store in Orem and so work is just as busy as ever. Dad plans to have a new building built at our Lindon location by spring and so this winter we will try our hands at being builders. The business is doing well and we are grateful for it. (Well, we're mostly grateful for it. Sometimes we wish Dad believed in taking time off.)

Mom is still just as busy as ever. She somehow finds time to do her regular “mom” things, to write to her missionaries, and to spend time every day at work. Her dad has had to quit driving and so mom spends a lot of time with grandpa, driving him to his appointments and making sure that he stays out of trouble.

Together, our parents never cease to amaze us. They are an incredible support to us and we love them for all that they have taught us and for all that they continue to do for us.

Becca returned from the Ohio, Columbus mission in March. Since then she has been busy with school, work, and more school. She has applied to BYU and plans to get a double major in Botany and Horticulture. I say, go Becca! She and a companion from her mission are leaving the day after Christmas to go back to Ohio for a week. She's really excited to spend time with her “other family.”

Jared is also working and going to school. Right now he's in the Business program at UVSC, but is thinking of changing to Law Enforcement. Every time he and mom talk about it, mom

378 suggests that he become a seminary teacher. Jared stays busy with his friends and sooner than later he may surprise all of us by getting engaged. (It could happen.)

I also returned from my mission in March. I miss New York like crazy and wish that I were going back for a week. I'm moving to Logan in January. I'll be going to school at USU, majoring in Sociology. I'm pretty excited for the change. I love spending time with friends I've made from my mission, and hate marriage questions (just in case any of you were wondering).

Heather got her mission call to the Santiago West, Chile mission. She goes into the MTC on February 10th, her birthday. She's more excited than any of the rest of us ever was. She talks non-stop about her mission and can't wait to leave. All we can do is hope that her mission president can handle all of her energy.

Ben has about four months left on his mission. He LOVES Brazil and he's had a great mission. We're amazed at the person he's become. Ben has forgotten the English language almost completely and Dad and Jared have to translate a lot of his letters.

Tiffany is definitely the dramatic one of the family. She is busy in school and changes her major almost weekly. She loves life and goes from one person to the next spreading laughter. Tiffany wishes she were twenty-one and leaving on a mission. She's not sure what she'll do

with Heather gone.

Amanda is busy in school. Between band, dance, and friends, she says she has no time for homework. She is Dad's tutor for the interest, and Dad is her tutor for math. Amanda makes all of the rest of us old folks tired just watching her. She love playing games with her friends, and mom says when she turns sixteen the rest of us have to raise her from there. (Whatever). Life is good in the Platt household. The Lord has truly blessed us. We are thankful to each of you and we hope that you have the happiest of Christmases. With love and best wishes for the New Year, love from Ben, Heather, Rebecca, Amanda, Tiffany, Noelle, Jared, Ed and Valerie.

LETTER 435

[The following are a series of e-mails between Mark Tuller and Lyman De Platt; Mark became my boss at Ancestry.com and is a Leavitt.] 10:39 AM November 19, 1998: Hello Lyman, I hope your projects are going well. I was hoping that we could get together at some point and discuss what you are doing these days. I'd like to continue our Labor Day discussion about your Irish database as well.

Things at Ancestry.com are going extremely well. Next week we are going to announce a major VC investment. Our content acquisition efforts are in high gear. We had added at least forty full time employees since late August and have plans to add thirty to fifty more over the next few months. We are very interested in working with serious genealogists such as you on projects that are significant and mutually beneficial. I understand that you are busy working on some major projects yourself. Still, I think it would be worthwhile to have a conversation
379

over the telephone or over lunch next time you are in Orem. I look forward to hearing from you soon. Warm regards, Mark Tuller, Director of Business Development, and Ancestry.com.

My response: Thursday, November 19, 1998, 11:28 p.m. Hi Mark: nice to hear from you. Yes, I'm very busy with a number of significant projects. All are satisfying and uncomplicated as far as daily life activities are concerned. I've been able to do well each month financially since leaving Broderbund and am glad I made the move.

I'm not sure in the comments you made whether or not you're interested in discussing the possibility of my working for Ancestry, filling one of the slots you mentioned are opening. I'm sure I could make a significant contribution to Ancestry's fine progress, but it would have to be on a contract basis out of my office here in St. George. I'm not interested in changing locations, or in working in a structured office environment again, where too much time is spent in interactions with other people, meetings, etc. Fifteen years has spoiled me on the benefits of working by myself.

What is a VC investment? I would be glad to discuss with you the mutually beneficial aspects of the two major projects I am working on. I would need to have non-disclosure agreements in place before the talks took place. Also, because of their money-making potential, and because I have been burned both at Automated Archives and Broderbund in giving away ideas with little return, I would need contractual arrangements in place for a percentage of the profits derived from the projects before I would discuss them. The ideas are unique and significant in the contributions they will make to the genealogical world and will very likely revolutionize the way we do genealogy. I believe if Ancestry were to copyright the processes, it would make a major difference in the company's image, market share, and serviceability to its patrons. We will need to meet in St. George on this phase of our discussion so I can show you the two projects.

My view of how I want to see my Irish database marketed may not fit into your current

operations. However, if you are changing your marketing structure and would be willing to sell it as a separate CD, then I'm interested in talking about it, or if we can work out an arrangement where I'm paid a percentage based on its usage as one of your website files, we can discuss the pros and cons.

Thank you for the follow-up. I'm encouraged at the progress you are making and am pleased to see you're growing. Lyman.

Mark replied: 1:14 p.m. November 23, 1998. Hello Lyman. Thanks for your reply. Yes, I would like to meet with you in St. George to learn more about your projects and to discuss how we might work together. In such a case, we would be willing to consider contracting with you on a project basis and would not require relocation. In fact, last week I just finished a similar arrangement with two notable genealogists in Chicago.

In the meantime, I would be happy to send you a new NDA, which you may amend to include the protection that you need.

380

I will try to email this document electronically, unless you prefer a fax copy, in which case I would need your fax number.

I look forward to telling you more about the things that are doing here and especially to learn more about your exciting projects. By the way, that was an interesting *Deseret News* article about you. However, I thought that you were no longer working with Broderbund. I presume the reporter just made an error there. By the way, I was referring to our Venture Capital Investment, which will be announced this week. I'll send you a press release on it, if you like. Regards, Mark.

I responded: Thank you Mark for your kind comments about the article. You're right; she pulled the information about Broderbund off the web and didn't run it past me. We interviewed twice and I told her I worked here in St. George privately, but it skipped by her. Otherwise, I appreciated the article. It always boots sales and gets people in the know about what you're doing.

There should be no problem with an electronic version of the NDA. Let's get that signed and then set up a meeting sometime at your convenience after Thanksgiving. Regards, Lyman.

[From these initial e-mails, I signed a contract with Ancestry and worked with them for several years, selling them many of my databases and benefiting very well financially from the association. In the end, we had a disagreement on a database that they refused to pay me for, which cost me \$25,000, but the time I spent with them allows Karen and me to build our home in Harmony Valley.]

LETTER 436

From George Alma Platt and Thora Stapley Platt, March 12, 1993. In commemoration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary the children of George and Thora Platt request the honor of your presence at our Open House on Saturday, March 13, 1993, from five until seven that evening at the Richfield Second Ward, L.D.S. Church, 190 West 400 North, Richfield, Utah. You are cordially invited to attend the 11:30 session at the Manti Temple with the family, Friday, March 12; and a family program Friday evening in Richfield. Also, we are having a family dinner Saturday afternoon before the Open House. Please come.

LETTER 437

Alberta Lyman O'Brien, 1647 West 1100 North, Provo, Utah 84604, December 6, 1997, To: Mr. and Mrs. Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah, 84770.

Dear Lyman and Karen, what a treat it was to visit you in your fascinating home! I am so extremely impressed with what you have done and are doing, and I thank you for making time for us to drop in. I have thought much about your exciting library and the great treasure

of information you have accumulated and worked to acquire. I am impressed with the ingenuity of both of you; you have so much to share and teach others. You are truly an extraordinary pair!

381

I am so happy with the book you gave me, Lyman. That was very generous. I have not had time since returning to read it all, but I have made a beginning, and again am so impressed with your research and great effort in making it available. I look forward to finishing it. I hope you have a pleasant Christmas. There wasn't time to ask enough questions, like what are you doing for Thanksgiving and Christmas, but after twenty-five years of being alone, I have learned that any and every day can be pleasant and fulfilling when you're with the one you love; otherwise, it can be challenging. Thank goodness I have children all over the place who want me to be with them. I'm grateful for them and for so many other things like heritage, Church membership, health and a zillion other things. I have far more blessings than I feel I deserve. I do hope you both have a pleasant holiday and a great new year. Thanks again! Bert.

LETTER 438

Ellen Lyman Atkin, 830 South 900 East, St. George, Utah, 84790-4050, November 13, 1997, To: Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah, 84770. Lyman De, I have read the account of Emily Dow Partridge Young and the one of my mother and am grateful to you for your generosity in giving copies of both of them to me. Any histories or stories of our people, give me greater appreciation for them and the great people they were. Thank you so much.

I am reading your *World Book of Generations* and finding it most interesting. There is much, however that I do not understand, but am absolutely amazed at the tremendous amount of research and work that have gone into the book, and you told us that you have written – was it 26 or 36 books? Amazing! What a wonderful contribution. I am so proud of you for your great accomplishments.

Seeing your wonderful library with the many books, records, tapes, etc. that you have accumulated and worked on during the years, speaks for the great mind and dedication that you have given and are giving to the important work of genealogy. I want you to know that I am impressed! But favorably!!!

Thank you again for sharing. I will treasure these records and your book and your friendship and generosity. And thanks to Karen for her great contribution in furthering the work. Ellen

LETTER 439

LaPreal Thompson, 40 Elysium Drive, Ely, Nevada 89301, May 9, 1993, Lyman D. Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah, 84770. Dear Lyman De: I hope this little bit of family history will help you. I asked Mirriam (my oldest daughter) to fix a sheet of her and her second husband. She put his two daughter's names in, but I don't think that part was correct. Am I right? We have left her two daughter's names on it because Mirriam's husband (Hebeler) had her two girls sealed to him and Mirriam, but he didn't adopt them. You know more than I do about that. Her (Heberler's) two girls are not members of the L.D.S. Church so maybe you can figure, or know what to do about that. I'll try to get a sheet put together

382

after Church today of Mirriam and her first husband. Also one of just her and her present husband. They have no children.

Some of this work is done on the old yellow work sheets, but I don't have access to a typewriter anyway, and I know you'll know what to do.

I'm also putting a copy of the four generation sheet in here. That's what I sent into Church

headquarters when they asked for it a few years ago.

Days later: I forgot to put this note in with that bunch of sheets I sent to you a while back. Sorry for that! Guess I really am getting old and mixed up. Hope this explains things a little bit. Do you ever see Barney and Dee Seegmiller? Love, LaPreal.

LETTER 440

LaPreal Thompson, 40 Elysium Drive, Ely, Nevada, 89301, January 24, 1993, Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah, 84770. Dear Lyman De: Don't know whether you remember me – LaPreal Thompson, or not, but I remember meeting you at the Platt reunion when it was held in Bountiful at Laurel's place. I can't remember her last name now. You must have been at the reunion when it was held at Fish Lake, near Richfield, too, because I remember your former wife and all those little boys, especially the twin boys. Anyway, Verna Platt Davis sent me one of your business cards, and I am glad she did. I need to ask someone a question and you seem to be the most likely one to ask. In our old home in Lund we have a picture of our grandparents on both sides of the family. Mary – bless her heart – was one to say "yes" to anything anyone asked for, but didn't write all things down. Consequently, she has told two of mother's and dad's grand kids that they can have those pictures. Now, I am hoping that the Church wants them so I can find a way out of this mess. Do you know if that museum in St. George could give me any information on it?

The pictures of grandma and Grandpa Platt are in two separate frames. The frames are of brass, I'm sure, although they are tarnished and need polishing. The one on my father's side, has two of them together, and are in a wooden frame, although the wood is in good shape. My dad's folks were married and lived in Ogden and Paradise, near Logan.

And you know that the Platts raised their family in Southern Utah, mostly Pinto. Would the museums want both or just the ones who spent their lives in the certain vicinity they lived in? Any help you can give me on this subject will certainly be appreciated. I do hope the Church wants them though. I can have photos taken off from them for the two kids, but Mary had said they were to leave them in the frames they are in. So now you have heard my trouble! Tell me about your family and life so far. I didn't know but what you were still working in the Church Office Building.

My hand writing is getting so bad I doubt if you can read it. I'm getting a little shaky in my old age. After all, I'm only 82 years old. I don't feel like it any other way only a bit wobbly when I walk. I'm the only one left from a family of seven. Fernly was the last one to pass

383
away two years ago. Guess Verna has told you about Leila hasn't she? I'll close now! Love – LaPreal.

LETTER 441

Lyman D. Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, 84770, To: LaPreal Thompson, 40 Elysium Drive, Ely, Nevada, 89301, March 1, 1993, Dear LaPreal: sorry to take so long to answer your January 24th letter. I've had so much correspondence of late that it's hard to find time to answer everyone. I'm glad to renew our acquaintance through this letter and yours. It was good to hear about you and the family.

Yes, I was at the Fish Lake reunion. I remember Aunt Mary reciting "Laska," which I saw in print last month, and marveled again in my memory as I reviewed how well she remembered all the verses. And I cried at the memory of "Laska" itself and of past family times when life was more simple and happier as it seemed.

I am now a grandfather three times and a step-grandfather once. My oldest daughter is married with three children. Bruce is in Florida working. The twins have returned from their missions and one is married, and both are going to school. Julie is on a mission, and the rest

are at home with their mother. We see them as often as we can and are allowed to. Natalia is the youngest, age 8. The divorce was nasty and the wounds have not healed. Fortunately the children have been protected from most of the negative garbage but it has been hard for them. We enjoy them so much when they are with us. Karen and I have recently moved to St. George because of her job. We have a lovely home, garden, and surrounding yards. I work at home in genealogy and have the best possible circumstances in that regard. We attended Aunt Blanche Leavitt Holt's funeral last week in Gunlock, the last of both the Platts and Leavitts in that generation. Uncle Roland and Uncle George and wives were there also. In regard to your question about the photographs for the Ogden, Paradise photographs, contact Maureen Ward at 433 East 300 South in Hyrum, Utah 84319. She belongs to the D.U.P. and has collected a lot of photographs from that area. They have a lovely museum in that area. I have contacted the museum here and they would love to receive the photographs of Ben and Mary Platt. I would appreciate an updated family group sheet on your family so as to update the histories in the *Platt Family History* that I wrote. Love to you and yours. Thanks for writing. Let's keep in touch. As always, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 442

Note: On February 16, 1843, Betsy Leavitt, daughter of Jeremiah Leavitt I and Sarah Shannon, and wife of James Adams, and her daughter Sallie Adams, wrote from Twelve Mile Grove to members of the family who had gone ahead to Nauvoo. The letters reveal the emotional and spiritual closeness of this large family, though their varying circumstances had separated them. They also reveal that the constant goal was to continue their journey to be reunited. First the letter of Sallie Adams to her cousin Lydia and her husband William Snow, already in Nauvoo. Sallie would later become the plural wife of William Snow. Then her mother continues with her message until the paper is filled.

384

Twelve Mile Grove, February 16, 1843. Absent sister and other friends, I now seat myself alone this evening to write a few lines. Our health is good at present and hope this letter will find you the same. We received your letter last Friday evening after looking so long for one and was overjoyed to hear that you were all alive and enjoying a usual degree of health. We received a letter from Aunt Hannah [probably Hannah Fish] and Nathaniel at the same time we got yours. Nathaniel was then at Dundee County, Michigan, but was going to start for Kirtland the next day. He intended to stop with Uncle John about a week and then return with Brother Crosby back to the Twelve Mile Grove and stop here until after sugerin [?] and than go to Nauvoo with us.

We are looking for Brother Chidester back soon. Nathaniel said he was going to start in a few days. The reason of our not writing more particular about selling our farm, Nathaniel wrote a letter to Nauvoo while he was here and wrote all the particulars about the farm, which I suppose you have not received. The man we sold to lives in Indiana. His name is Putnim. He drove his cattle here the last of November. He has boarded to Uncle F's [probably Franklin Chamberlain] ever since until about two weeks ago, he went back. He told us he would make all possible arrangements to pay us in April. He is to give us \$900.00, \$200.00 in a span of horses and a new wagon at cash prices, and the rest in money. Uncle Franklin got \$700.00 for his. He does not receive his pay until a year from now. I do not know who will move here when we leave. He talks some of getting the General that held up the cellar door for you while you got some potatoes, and his mother.

Miss Harvey wishes to be remembered to you, says to tell you she never expects to leave Twelve Mile Grove. We think it is uncertain about their going with us.

Mr. Robert Hardy and wife and two children came here visiting and stopped about a week.

They said Mr. Whitcomb's folks are well. Almira's foot is no better. Father has been to Chicago with a load of pork. It comes to about \$30.00. Got each of us a new dress and some other things. I teach school in our little school house this winter. Think of you often. Ephraim Perkins boards with us, Mary with Uncle Franklin's folks [and] Harrison Bloom to Mr. Harvey's and goes to school. Lucy goes every day and learns very fast. She has learned all the capitals on the map of the United States, and Europe and Asia; some of the multiplication tables and can read and spell in two syllables. We have had a number of spelling schools. I'd rather be going to school myself than teaching. Oliver boards at Mr. Smith's and goes to school. He is well contented. We have a severe cold winter. Right smart of snow. The snow is quite deep now. It is so cold tonight my ink freezes in my pen. You must write the day you receive this. Tell Julia I have not forgotten her nor any of the rest. I must draw these scratches to a close and leave room for Mother. May peace and prosperity attend you forever so Goodbye, Sallie Adams to Lydia Snow.

LETTER 443

Betsy Leavitt Adams, February 16, 1843, absent children: I can now seat myself to write a few lines to you of particulars which Sallie has left out. It has been a general time of health since you left. But as Mr. Snow mentions some complaints at Nauvoo, you must expect some here. Rebecca complains a little, but I hope these complaints will be over before we leave
385

The Grove, but my health has been better than usual. I have but little help from the girls for their time is almost all spent at school. We have had no uncommon bad luck since you left. We lost our winter's cow last fall and had no milk for a few weeks, but you know we have good neighbors. We have three calves and plenty of milk [now]. Billie continued about three days after you left then came up missing one morning before the children were up. They found his wings on the shelf. They laid it to your father. Hannah wants me to write that she walks your heifer often and that she makes maple sugar cake. Get your churn prepared for making butter by the 1st of June when we hope to come and drive your cow. John can hardly wait for spring to come that he may take you sugar cake. Hannah says that Mr. Snow and Abigail shall have one too. We soon expect Brother Johnson back to go with us to Nauvoo as soon as the grass grows for our cattle. Your father says he means to drive the cows and sheep and two white pigs, if no more. He hasn't yet concluded whether we shall come with one wagon or two, but wants to get his pay and then we can tell better what to do.

Give my respects to Aunt Hannah and family. Tell her I often think of her situation when they were all sick. Would have been glad to have been with her. Hope the time will soon come when we shall enjoy each others society again. Tell Aunt Phoebe [Weare's widow, Phoebe Cowles Leavitt] that we often think of her and her family and all the rest of the friends at Nauvoo. B.A. [Betsy Leavitt Adams]

LETTER 444

Dixie Leavitt, President, Western Association of Leavitt Families, Cedar City, Utah, December 1, 1999, To: Lyman and Karen Platt, 316 W. 500 N., St. George, Utah, 84770.

Dear Lyman and Karen, year-end assessments are natural to me, and as this year draws to a close we feel a deep sense of gratitude for the progress we've made together in the Western Association of Leavitt Families. We write to express our thankfulness for the blessing it has been to work with you, and for your diligence, your enthusiasm and for the remarkable personal gifts you have brought to the effort.

As this amazing century draws to a close, it is a blessing to be a participant. We've learned this year, to appreciate the potential power of the technology that has been given us. We are finding fulfillment of our WALF mission statement in ways we hadn't dreamed of, when we

formed it.

Each week we watch for the *Church News*, to read of the dedications of new temples. Could we have imagined that we would see such miracles? The accelerated pace seems to verify that our family organization is engaged in a work that is pleasing to the Lord. We thank you, for your part in our success.

Anne joins me in sending our warmest wishes for a wonderful Christmas season for you and your family. We hope, too, that the coming year will be filled with peace and joy in your lives and in your homes. And may we share the exhilaration of even greater accomplishments. Please know of our personal appreciation, and of our love, Sincerely, Dixie and Anne Leavitt.

386

LETTER 445

E-mail from Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D. [lplatt@infowest.com], to Anne Leavitt [aleavitt@netutah.com] subject: Janet Smith; date: November 29, 1998.

Hi folks, hope all is going well. Talked to Joe Leavitt this morning and we're going to have him handle the website, etc., as the misunderstandings have been worked out on why it was down. We have the WALF name registered and paid for two years and everything else appears okay.

In Bill's book, page 104, it says that Janet Smith was born to John Calvin Lazelle Smith and Sarah Fish, Hannah Leavitt Fish's daughter. On pages 93-94, of *On the Ragged Edge*, it explains that she was an adopted Indian. I've always been told she was adopted and an Indian. Her photo certainly would confirm that. I assume that the story of my 2nd greatgrandfather's

[Amasa Mason Lyman] asking Dudley to marry her is correct. Anyway, if it is, Dudley married his foster 1st cousin. I never knew the relationship before. Was she a Paiute or do we know?

I'm working on a large pedigree chart trying to fit all 800 families on one printout for demonstration and other purposes. So far have 400 names into the computer. No dates or other material are going in so that it will fit into a nice printout. Can't use any of the other files in the family as they print out too large.

Our little house is up six levels of block and the window frames are in. Tomorrow we will just about finish the eight levels – new a few more block; then we'll be ready for the trusses. We should get it enclosed by mid-December it appears. Love, Lyman.

Email from Anne Leavitt [aleavitt@netutah.com] to Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D. [lplatt@infowest.com], subject: Janet Smith; date: November 29, 1998.

So good to hear from you. We've had thirty-six for Thanksgiving at Loa, and almost that many ever since. We're home at Cedar City, since last night and this is the first moment of only three in the house. It's been an adventure and a good time. My mother is not at all well, so I will be making Loa my home frequently in the days to come, so my correspondence may be a little sketchy.

I can't imagine Bill not knowing that Jeanette was an adopted daughter and an Indian. It is one of the first stories I heard in the family lore. She was an adopted daughter. I always heard that she was reared in the household of George A. Smith, but the following history, if it is accurate, would correct that.

I am going to try to scan an excerpt from the history of Sarah Fish Smith McGregor, daughter of Hannah Leavitt and Horace Fish, written by her granddaughter Wanda McGregor Snow. I will send it as an attachment to a subsequent document. If the scan doesn't work, here is the sketch briefly.

It seems that Sarah Fish Smith (long before she was widowed and married McGregor) was disturbed one evening by a band of Indians dancing around a bonfire, threatening to kill a child, if they could not sell her. It strongly implies that this was a Navajo child, stolen by the Paiutes, and not one of their own. Sarah tried to buy the child for a bag of flour, but the Indians refused. She ended giving them a gun and a bag of flour for the little girl. She reared the child as one of her own.

The Parowan census of 1854 shows Jeanette Smith (a Lamanite) aged seven, as part of the household of Calvin Lazelle Smith, President of the Parowan Stake, and Sarah Fish Smith. The history said that she had the look of the Navajos when she was grown. I think the age reference is a guess, rather than a fact, since no one really knew how old she was. Juanita's story of the marriage seems to be accepted by the writer of this history, and in fact she quotes Juanita's version.

There is a definite date discrepancy contained in the history, but it is a valuable detail. I do not know how you are related to the Smiths. We will come by and check on your house project as soon as we can. Love, Ann.

LETTER 446

Edward Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, April 27, 1968, Dear Family: How's everybody? I received my flight plans the other day and they are as follows:

I leave the Salt Lake Airport May 22nd at 10:00 a.m. – arrive in New York, 3:50 p.m., leave New York at 8:30 p.m. and arrive in São Paulo at 9:00 a.m. May 23rd. I'll have about three hours at the airport with which to visit if you think you want to spend that much time with me. They've appointed me to be the group leader for those going down.

I passed off the third discussion yesterday so only three more to go.

Mom and Dad, along with our flight plans they gave us a few instructions about what to do and what not to take down there. It looks like I'm going to need a few more ties as I only have six, and four are silk. They told us that because of the humidity, that silk ties don't last well, so I should have at least four good Dacron ties. Could you either get me some or give me the go ahead to get some. I should also have two more pair of garments and they should be Bemburg and also about four more pair of socks and maybe two more shirts. I hate to be telling you these things now but I just found out myself. So if you will give me the go ahead I'll get them now so I don't have to rush later.

As you know, I need \$150.00 in travelers checks or cash to take down with me, whichever you thing will be best, and then after I get down there I don't know how much I'll need or how soon.

As you have probably noticed, Mom, while washing my clothes, four of those shirts are old. Two of them I've had ever since I started working at J.B.'s and they just won't last much longer.

388

Everything is fine here with me except I still have hay fever. I've gained ten pounds, but you can't see it. What's going on at home? Love, Ed.

LETTER 447

Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, April 28, 1968, Lyman D. & Bertha P. V. Platt, Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi. Dear Lyman, Bertha and family, it's Sunday morning and I'm sitting here under the hair dryer before getting ready for Church. We went on daylight savings time today so we all lost an hour of sleep.

Sounds like things are happening down your way. Soon you will go to Washington, D.C. Lyman and then before you know it you will be in school this fall. Glad you heard.

Gene got his letter finally and was rejected because of defective color vision. Everything else on the report was marked qualified and acceptable [for West Point Military Academy]. Isn't that something to get so close and miss on something like that? It was rather a let down for him, but he has taken it really well and we think maybe it's for the best. In just a year now he will be eligible for a mission.

Well, we have another one in the hospital – Uncle Kay with a heart attack. That makes the whole family (except for Grandpa), who have been hospitalized the past year. We don't know yet how much heart damage it has done but we hope he won't be impaired too seriously. Charles has gone home for a few days to help out with Kay's business. Will let you know more. Grandma's improvement is pretty slow. Rene is fine now. Almon is back in the hospital after spending two weeks in the apartment with LaRee. The hepatitis hadn't cleared up like it should but we hope it won't be too much longer until he can be home with his family.

I have two checks to deposit to your bank account – your rent check for \$90.00 and tax refund for \$93.95, so will send them in tomorrow.

I'll have your books ready for Brother and Sister Jex to pick up. I guess they are in order. They are just like you left them except for the sheets I took out and sent to you. Hope you have some success in Washington, D.C. with the genealogy, son. It should be an interesting and profitable experience. Lyman, while I was home a while back, Gordon Dee asked me about histories on Grandpa. He is working on one and didn't know you had one. Would it be possible for him to get a copy of yours just to refer to? If you don't have an extra copy, perhaps you could Xerox one for him. I'm sure he would be glad to pay for it. Please let me know in your next letter.

How are our Pattie Cake and Grandma Lazo? How are you feeling now Bertha? Do hope all is well with you. We love and miss you all. Irene is growing up so fast. Love to all, Mother.
389

LETTER 448

Joseph Lyman Platt, London, England, May 20, 1968, Dear Loved Ones: How are things on the Western Front? I'll bet they are anything but quiet. It was surely good to get your letter as always. At best missionary work is very hard and sometimes the only spark of sanity in the whole week is your letter (and Linda's – you've just got to meet her).

In spite of what the missionary committee said, I've found out that I wouldn't have to pay the \$85.00 extra. The mission takes care of all travel plans, and if they say I can go home by boat, then it's final. Salt Lake might discourage the boat trip and hence the bit about \$85.00. I'll make definitely sure before I decide. Getting a bit of an early release might be another thing. We'll see.

How can I get a hold of a catalog of BYU courses? I've got a really good idea about what I want to take but I need to know some specifics.

Anymore word from Fox? He still hasn't written me. Neither has Swinton. Everyone after they go home seem to forget the mission.

We have a baptism tonight. She's a young Japanese girl.

One of my friends over here hasn't been a very hard worker on his mission and so he's never gone into leadership. Hence, he thinks he has been done dirt by. He's rather a different type individual. In order to give him a chance, I told the President that I'd work with him. I wanted to go back to normal missionary work and just be a bloke Elder, but they only trust him with me. I guess I'm the only district leader he's had that really bothered to get to know him. If I do work with him, it will be hard, but maybe I could help him out. It's funny – whenever I'm trying to help someone else out with their problems, I don't really have to

worry about my own – they take care of themselves.

How are things in Provo? We've surely had some awful weather here the last little while. Spring is a rough time of year on a young man – especially in London. If the girls' dresses get any shorter, they might as well take them off. Now they're wearing see through clothes with no underwear. It's hard to believe. How anyone could marry a girl who has been so exposed, I'll never know. The blokes really have warped morals. Even on TV over here they show things that aren't fit for anything but adult movies at home. The end cometh!

It's funny that in spite of having a tremendous testimony, the Gospel still isn't easy to live. All the time I become discouraged because I slip back into old habits and thoughts. The best way I guess is to work on one particular thing until you've mastered it and then watch and pray continually.

I heard from Ed this week. He's doing really well, isn't he? Make sure he knows I'm thinking about him even though I can't find time to write all that much. I love you all, Joe.

390

LETTER 449

Karl Robison Lyman, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Provo Fifteenth Ward, East Provo Stake, Provo, Utah 84601, January 9, 1971, To: Albert Robison Lyman and Gladys Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah.

Dear Pa and Aunt Gladys: In the letter dated December 22, sent to me from Kay, you asked for some information about the families, birth dates, etc.

Clayson Wells Lyman was born September 26, 1936, in Cortez, Colorado. He was married September 1, 1961, in the Idaho Falls Temple, to Patricia Ann Prescott, of Jerome, Idaho. They live in Freemont, Michigan. He is the man in charge of foreign distributions of Gerber's Foods, and in his work travels all over the world. He is the finance chairman of the ward, and the Explorer leader in the ward. His wife is the teacher of the M.I.A. They have no children. Joyce was born in Cortez, Colorado, March 1, 1938. She was married June 25, 1961, in the Salt Lake Temple, to Everett Hughes. They live at 514 North Cullen, in Glendora, California. Her husband is a teacher and realtor. Joyce teaches one of the lessons in Relief Society and Everett is the Elders Quorum President. They have two children: Stephanie, born September 12, 1964 and Darin, born April 23, 1968.

Chad was born February 22, 1947, in Moab, Utah. He is not married, lives at home with us, and will enter B.Y.U. next month as a senior. He is presently serving as the organist in Priesthood meeting.

Our son Terry, you recall, was lost with a gun accident in his sixteenth year. He would have been 30 now. He was born April, 1940, died November 24, 1955.

In 1945 our fourth child was a miscarriage. I trust this is sufficient for your needs. Your loving son, Karl.

LETTER 450

Allee Lyman Hamilton [daughter of Uncle Almon], 1968, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandpa, it's hard to begin writing; it's been so long since I've written to you.

Carolyn said she really enjoyed visiting with you and all the folks in Blanding. Maybe someday we will take a trip back to Utah and have a good visit.

I remember those summers as a child when we would visit all of you in Blanding. They are choice memories that I'll always cherish.

I would like to thank you Grandpa for raising such a fine son as my father. I couldn't have asked for a better father. You must have been an outstanding example for him because he always talked with such respect and love for you. Daddy was such an example for all of us. It

makes me feel badly sometimes when I'm not doing my best, knowing that I've been taught
391

the best. But I keep striving to live such an exemplary life as Daddy did, and as our older brother, Jesus, did.

Since I've been married three years it has been a challenge for Alan and me to adjust to married life. We are trying hard and learning to give more. We have been blessed with a little spirit in our home. Troy is almost two years old. It is hard to believe he has been with us this long. We hope to have more in the home to teach and love.

Mom sends Paul's letters to all of us girls. It's easier on Paul; he doesn't have to write to each of us. The letters are so full of love for the Gospel and are such an inspiration to read. He is much like Daddy and in his letters he expresses himself much like Daddy did.

One thing Paul mentioned and I'll always remember Daddy saying: "Be thankful for your problems because without them we could not grow. You must have taught him this. Not always do I look at my problems like this but I surely try. We send our love, Alan, Allee and Troy.

LETTER 451

McKay Lyman Platt, Box 1362, 2nd General Hospital, APO New York 09180-5000, August 19, 1990, To: Lyman De and L. Karen Platt, P.O. Box 2650, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

Dear Lyman and Karen: We have safely arrived in Germany and we love it. Let me give you a little travel log. After three very enjoyable days at Disneyland, we flew into Stuttgart where we were greeted by friends (a pathologist and his wife). The Stuttgart airport is small and going through customs was very easy. Virtually all GIs coming to Europe go through Frankfurt which is much larger and more complicated. The following day I took a train to Landstuhl, a two hour ride. Landstuhl was just as I remembered it, a sleepy little German village tucked away in a shallow canyon between two hills. On the first hill is Berg Nanstein, the Landstuhl castle. And the second hill is home to Landstuhl medical center.

I got right to work looking for housing. Housing is comparatively scarce because of the influx of East Germans and I anticipated a difficult time but fell in love with the 2nd home I looked at. After looking at a dozen others I made a contract with the landlord. Pam and the girls stayed in Stuttgart for a week until I could get all the arrangements made. I rented a car, drove to Stuttgart to pick them up, getting my first experience with the German autobahns. Some drivers really do drive 160 mph.

We live in Miesenbach which is a twelve minute drive from Landstuhl hospital and less than that from Ramstein Air Base. Ramstein is home to one of Europe's multinational military communities and so the Air Force has really created a nice base here. We have a gorgeous commissary, BX, theaters, and schools. About the only thing missing is a swimming pool. Our home overlooks the fields north of us which are planted in alfalfa and corn. Yesterday Carly and I saw some wild deer about the size of dogs.

392

We are in a new building on an established street. All of our neighbors are German, with a few Americans nearby. The house has four bedrooms, one for visitors. I bought a used car for commuting. Our Mitsubishi wagon hasn't arrived yet.

My work should be nice. I like both of the other urologists that I'll be working with. As one of my first duties here, the heads of service got together to make plans to turn Landstuhl into a 1,000 bed hospital capable of running twelve operating rooms round the clock, taking wounded from the Iraq-Saudi war. If or when that happens I become a general surgeon doing belly and chest cases. For a couple of days that looked very likely but not so much now. Our church is in Kaiserslautern, twenty minutes away. It's a nice ward. We don't have

callings yet. In our stake is a four star general, the highest ranking Mormon ever. I'm glad we were able to see you and Karen this trip. I have not been good to keep in touch with any of the family while I was in my residency least of all you Lyman. There are many excuses, none of them good. We're all going to have to become better letter writers or we'll just not keep in touch. Phoning is just too expensive. Love, McKay and Pam.

LETTER 452

Sarah Williams Perkins, Bluff, Utah, February 24, 1943, Elaine Perkins Walton, Dear Elaine and Ray, I hardly know what to say. First there is so much I would like to tell you and this is my first trial at writing and you may not be able to read it. But I am happy that I am able to see a little. It's just two months since I had my eye operated on so I may be able to do better after a while. I guess you were disappointed in hearing I was in San Juan and I guess I wouldn't have been if Edward and Irene hadn't come up for Almon's wedding and wanted to take me back. And I knew I had to get away from poor Aunt Min [Minerva]. She was worrying so much about me and I knew it was hard on her. If I had been a little stronger I might have tried to come and see you as I didn't care to come down here. But I am lucky to have so many daughters and loved ones and a host of friends wherever I go. I am so happy for you both that you are still together and that you are feeling better Ray and that you have made life so pleasant for my dear Elaine.

I hope she is doing her part to do the same for you. Bless her heart. I hope she is taking good care of herself. She has been wonderful to me. I would love to come and see you both while [you] are so happy together, but I can't make up my mind yet what to do. I am feeling fine, sleep and eat well, so may be able to call on you some day. It's nice here in Bluff. Aunt Beatrice has such lovely beds and Uncle Rye keeps up the fire and sees that I don't get cold. I can't say how long I'll be here but it may be quite a while as it is so quiet and nice here. I hope Iris has written you and sent you Almon's address. I asked Rene to do it before Almon was married and she said she would but the dear girl was in a hurry; guess she forgot. Sister Turgeston called on me about two weeks ago. She only stayed a little while, but I was surely glad to see her. She seemed a very fine person to me. Well I must quit. Do hope you can make this out. Be faithful, keep up your courage, do your duty and you will be blessed. Good here for now, with all my love, Grandma.

393

Dear Elaine, we're happy to have mother with us. She is feeling fine and as thrilled that she has been able to write you. I hope we can keep her contented here. There really is no place for her at Gladys' now. Aunt Be [Beatrice]

LETTER 453

Sarah Williams Perkins, Blanding, Utah, June 2, 1943, Dearest Elaine and Ray, guess it's time I was dropping you a few lines again. Your card came yesterday. It made me homesick to see you now [that] you are alone with your darling baby, Ray away all day. No doubt you miss Erma but I did wish she could have stayed another week until you got a little stronger. I believe if I had been in Salt Lake. I would have got on the train and come right down if it was only to be with you. But I am so glad you are all well and hope you are still gaining strength and that the baby is growing and being good. It's strange isn't it that you love him so already. They'll bless you; they are very precious jewels to have and I long to hold him in my arms. Take care you treat him right but do not spoil [him] and let him be the boss. And do take care of yourself for the sake of yourself, Ray and baby.

None of the baby [babies] has arrived yet. Poor Ellen has been expecting hers for several days and Iris is looking most any day now. She is a very happy girl today. Tim [McCoy] came last night and seems very happy to be here. Beatrice and I came up here Monday. We

are keeping house for a few days for Inez. She has gone to Colorado with Conny [son-in-law to Aunt Beatrice, a Conway] and Clyde [Aunt Beatrice's son] is in Salt Lake for a few days; we look for them all back tomorrow. Then we go back to Bluff. Rye is home alone. Rene has given up her job and house keeping and is home for a week or two then she will go to Ross. She looks rather bad and is real thin. I think she has been doing a lot of worrying and has been working too hard. She went up to see Maxine and family today. They have had bad colds since they were down but are feeling better. The little ones are just darling, so cute and good looking. Freeda and baby were here yesterday. They are all well. She is always so good to come and see me and will do my things for me. She said you hadn't written for a long time.

This light is so poor I can hardly see to write at all and I want this to go off in the morning. So we'll say good night. All are well and send their love.

Oh yes what about the summer? Are you going to come and see us? I am getting pretty homesick for you. I will help pay your way so please come. Love and worlds of it to you both. Grandma. We have just got word that Ellen has a girl and that's all we know.

LETTER 454

[This was the last letter that Sarah wrote. She died on June 30th in Monticello. She was active right up to the end, interested in and surrounded by a growing family.] Sarah Williams Perkins, Blanding, Utah, June 21, 1943, Dear Elaine and Ray, well here is your wandering Jew in Blanding again. [I have] been here six days but think I will move on to Monticello in a day or so. I didn't know Iris would be coming home for a week or ten days yet but she and Allie came Saturday night. Edith and John also are here. They came Sunday. Will be here a week. They are on a vacation and believe me we are cramped here just two little bedrooms

394

and Uncle Albert insists that one is mine whenever I am here. Guen has been in Salt Lake on a visit four weeks. She also came home last night. But she will stay with Ellen for a few weeks. She is home with her young baby; both feeling fine. Iris has one room. Edith and John [Powell] sleep on the couch in the front room. Uncle Albert took a few quilts and sleeps outside on the porch. Aunt Gladys sleeps with Iris on account of the baby crying so much through the night. The dear little darling cries nearly half of the time since she came home. Allie's baby has been rather restless also, but [has] been better today. Allie feels fine. Iris [is] rather weak and sore yet the doctor had to take ten stitches after the baby came. Really I don't see how Aunt Gladys stands it. She is on her feet all day and most of the night. And all last week she went to Platte's every morning and did the work there. His wife is in Salt Lake going to summer school. Platte is in the hay field every day and she has also put up 40 quarts of cherries for them and 30 for herself and they have two or three trees of another kind ready in a few days and we[re] just loaded but the birds are sure getting away with a lot of them. I have been stoning cherries and sheeling [shelling] peese [peas] nearly every day since I have been here.

D... helped Gladys a lot last week and took cherries for helping. Only wish I could put you up a few quarts but that I can't do [them] alone and everybody seems so busy. Freeda has also been busy putting up stuff. I am feeling pretty good again now and can help a little, but have to be careful not to over-do and how I get around. I sure hate to go to Monticello as I never feel good there anymore but don't know what else to do as I feel so much in the way here, just now especially now, but Gladys doesn't want me to go. No telling how long Iris will be here. The dear girl has no place to go and when Tim is away, poor place to live. Tim wants her to rent or buy a place here if she can and go to herself as quick as she is able to. But places are hard to get. Allie will go to her husband if she can. Rene is still here; will go to

Ross before long. Elaine that was sure some letter you wrote. Freeda [and] I had to laugh at all the news you give her and still I felt bad that you and baby were having such a time with that rash. Well another day has dawned and it's a beautiful day and thank goodness the baby has slept all night and is still sleeping. It's now nine a.m. Iris has to wake him up to eat. She calls him Tim Michael. Allie, her boy Lyman De Platt; Ellen calls her girl Marilyn.

Elaine, I am sure sorry you are going to put your baby on the bottle if you can make him at all do so, but give him the bottle also if you haven't enough milk for him. So many mothers these days think they can't be bothered to nurse their little ones. I hope you are not one of them. I'll bet Ray wouldn't want to get up in the night and warm his bottle for him. I am so thankful Ray's health is better and is still with you. I am trying to make up my mind to go to Salt Lake for awhile and may take a few treatments. I am so stiff and lame all over but feel like I would be in the way there again, so it's heck and hard to know what to do. I hardly think I will have anything done to my other eye. Well, guess I had better quit and make my bed and write Aunt Jane a letter. Edith has the dishes all washed so I sign off with all my love, Grandma.

395

LETTER 455

Sarah Williams Perkins, Bluff, Utah, June 12, 1943, to Elaine Perkins Walton, and Ray Walton. It mentions the birth of Lyman D. Platt, and Timmie McCoy Iris's son, both great-grandchildren of Sarah Perkins.

Sarah Williams Perkins, Bluff, Utah, June 12, 1943, Dear Elaine and Ray, your letter came yesterday. Was glad to hear from you again and that you were well. This is Saturday afternoon, dark and cloudy and the sand is blowing and has been for days. So to get my thoughts off the weather, I'll talk to you a little. While we sure need the rain, the country is so very dry. But we are grateful and happy that we have nothing worse to put up with. And we are also very happy to let you know that Iris has a boy, born on the 8th, and Allie a boy on the 10th. I will send you Aunt Gladys' letter so you will know how they are getting along. If we hear anything before this letter goes off we will let you know. Poor Iris she had a tough time; but how lovely that they both had their husbands with them. Hasn't anyone told you of Ellen's baby? She had a girl born on the 2nd of June. I believe [she] got along fine. She is in Salt Lake yet. The babies are sure coming more this year. Did you know Vint and family are back in Blanding? They have two girls and a boy and beautiful looking babies they are. Maxine is the same sweet girl and Vint is a fine fellow. DeAlton's health is about the same. Venna is feeling all right now. She hardly knows yet what she is going to do. Said she may go back to Salt Lake. She had her little girl's tonsils taken out yesterday at Blanding.

I am so glad your baby is doing so well. Oh, but I would love to see him. Hope his pictures will be good. I am glad Ray is feeling better but sorry he is away from home so much. It must make it very unpleasant for you to be alone so much.

I was glad to hear of Nyda but too bad her boy friend is so far away. I was glad to hear of Aline and that she could be with her husband. Bless her I would like to see her. I was also glad to hear of the boys you mention only wish I was able I would write them all. Hope they are all well and doing their duty. I have a warm feeling within my heart for them all. I didn't know Shelby was in the service. So you find housekeeping with a baby to care for is quite a problem. Well, your lessons will get more pleasant as your baby grows older, if you do your duty. And with the kind of a father he has I am sure he will grow to be a blessing and a useful man. And my prayer is that Ray can always be near you and help make your home a home, sweet home.

Well, yesterday Connie and family, Aunt Gladys and Elda [Aunt Gladys's daughter] came

down and spent the afternoon. Elda came down a week ago; has been with dear Iris part of the time in Moab. She Elda will be going back to Salt Lake in a few days. She seems very happy and believe me she looks well. She doesn't work anymore. They have a lot of chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, a big fine dog and bird so she is happy taking care of them. Iris and Allie are getting along all right; also their babies. Allie's husband arrived in Blanding on the 9th. She took sick that night. The doctor took her, Gordon, and Rene to Moab early in the morning and the baby was born about three o'clock that day [mother always told me it was 7:30]. Gordon only had a few days furlough so the poor boy only [had] four days to stay home. He had to leave Saturday and Tim left Sunday. But, I am glad they got to be with their

396
[wives] that long and got to see their babies. During this time Iris was in labor Gladys said Tim felt so upset he couldn't stay in the room only a few minutes at a time, but walked the floor and held his head with both hands. The doctor had to work ... [missing]
Aunt Beatrice and Aunt Naomi write each other once in a while. Beatrice was telling her of your baby and how sorry we were that some of us couldn't have been with you during your sickness. Aunt Naomi said she would have been glad to be with you as she is alone so much and nothing much to do. She also said you had written and called Kate up several time and would be glad to see you. Guess we have too many relatives but I think it was kind of her anyway. Monday evening just [at] 9:00 o'clock, great big washing out clothes as white as snow out of this lovely soft water. Separating [milk], breakfast over, and dishes all done; don't you think we are smart, but not me. I don't get in one such jobs but very little anymore. But Uncle Rye is sure good to help and is as handy as any [of] the men.

... [missing] Aunt Gladys says he has five or six teeth something very unusual the doctor said. Rene will be going to Ross in a few days. Gordon's mother and one of his brothers [Denzil] was with [them] most of the time he was home. Iris and Ella [Allie] are in the same room at the hospital so that helps a lot. I am feeling all right again but sorry to say my eyes are not near so good. Guess I will be going to Blanding right away and may go on to Salt Lake before, Ut I am not sure yet what I will do or what I will do when I get there. U.A. and Kiss are still in the ...[missing]

Rye is ready to take our letter to the office. So goodbye with worlds of love to all. Grandma.

LETTER 456

Sarah Williams Perkins, Bluff, Utah, May 26, 1943, my dear Elaine, Ray and the darling son. Really I hardly know what to say and learn that all is well and baby doing so fine and that Erma has been able to be with you. Received your and Erma's letters and birthday gifts yesterday, also the baby's picture. He sure looks like he will make a fine baseball player or a fine leader for [the] U.S.A. and really I think he looks like his father. Well, here's hoping he will make just as good a man. Sorry Elaine dear your breasts are so sore. I know just how to you [feel] and that you haven't much milk. I do hope your breast will soon be better then I am sure you will have more milk. If your nipples are sore, wash them with alum water real often.

Thanks indeed to you girls for your nice gifts. But you should not have done it as I know you have plenty of places to put every penny. But thanks a million any way. I surely had a grand birthday. Sade, Gladys, Albert, Edward, [and] Irene came down and were loaded with all kinds of good food to eat, and Aunt Beatrice had cooked up a lot of good things. Donna [Beatrice's daughter, who married Glen Black] and family and one of Glen's brothers and wife were also down. Freeda and Inez were going to come, but there is two cases of whooping cough in town and was afraid to come. I also got money and some nice gifts from nearly all. Iris and Allie would have come down but was afraid the trip would not be very

good for them. No more babies have arrived yet that we know of. Aunt Bob [Minerva] sent me a nice pair of hawk shoes, Ione a box of hankies. A nice letter and cushion cover from Doyle [brother to Erma, Elaine and Freeda] two pair of stockings from Platte and Edith, 397

hankies from Inez and Donna, dollar from Irene, Gladys and Iris; a box of stationary from Sade and such a lot of lovely letters and cards.

Aunt Sade is here yet but will go home this afternoon. She seems to enjoy her visit very much and we have enjoyed having here, Aunt Beatrice's lawn is just healthy now and lots of shade and lovely flowers all around....

Myrtle and Venna [a daughter of Beatrice] went to Monticello and called to see if she wanted to go with them. All the folks say to tell you hello and send their love. Hurry and get strong and well and come and let us see the young and wonderful boy. Heaps of love and good luck to all. Grandma.

LETTER 457-1

[This is a series of letters which were written as one family letter. We sent the letters on and wrote our own.]

Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, May 26, 1981, Dearest Family: What a delight to sit and read all of your letters and know that they had made it "all the way around" the first lap. Now just four months later – here is the starting of the second time around. We do appreciate each one of you responding and your seeming enthusiasm for this little project. I feel strongly that it will keep us closer together – something we need in these scattered times. We really enjoyed the news from each of you about your families and your thoughts, etc. I have copied them all and will send them one or two at a time to Gordy in our letters to him. I know this will be good for him to be included, and I am sending a copy of his last letter in with this. We were glad to finally get one from Brazil, and to know that he is where he was called to and can start laboring with those people down there. However, he did have some very good experiences in California and I'm sure would have been happy to stay right there, if his call had not been for another area. He and his companion did have fifteen baptisms in the 2½ months in California, so it was a profitable time for him.

Well, you should see our house these past few days. It's been pretty torn up, but some of the rooms we have been working on look really nice. I took a week of vacation last week and stayed home to get some projects done that I have been wanting to do. I papered and painted the bigger bathroom and had tile put down (vinyl) on that floor and the floor of the other bathroom. Got rid of the ugly carpets and we found quite a mess on the floor under the one, from being wet for so many years. Don't know how long that carpet had been down but I'm glad it is gone. Dad had to put a new floor in to lay the vinyl on. Then I papered and painted Irene's room, after Dad patched the ceiling and I sanded it down and painted it. Irene picked out her paper, and it looks very nice, she is pleased with it. We also had the carpet from our living room put downstairs in the two bedrooms and had it cleaned well, so they will be a lot warmer and nicer when you all use them. All in all, it was a fun vacation, and I really didn't want to go back to work today after all that time off. It was fun to get tired physically instead of mentally for a change.

We had a fun weekend, as we spent Sunday and Monday with the Morins in Shelley, Idaho. Irene and Dad and I went up and visited with Rene, Art, Artie, Chris, Charles and Carolyn. 398

They are a special family and we did enjoy ourselves. Charlie had his interview for his mission and Chris just reported his a week ago. This will be the last one of this generation I guess. We also stopped in Blackfoot to see SueZann and Merlin and their dairy farm. They

have a really nice setup. Artie is going to the University of California at Santa Barbara with a teaching assistantship for a year. He will work on his doctorate and may decide to go on to Law School. Bob and Julynn have gone back to Maryland to work for the government (National Security Agency: NSA). Marilee and Roger are moving to Texas, where he will work on his doctorate. Ed is still training with the FBI in Washington, so they are getting quite scattered. Brad is in Provo for the summer and Ben is working selling someplace. Burke is still in Wyoming in police work.

We enjoyed Joe's visit last week when he spent a couple of nights with us between meetings. We also enjoyed seeing their land in Sandy that they hope to build on in the not too far distant future. Beautiful area, view, etc. Had lots of wild flowers that were abundant where I grew up. Joe, we are anxious to know if the herbs are helping at all with the cankers. I'll leave the other side of this for Dad to write on or Irene if she wants to. We love you all so much and hope you will take good care of each other and all our little ones. We love hearing about all of them. Tell them we love them. Mother.

LETTER 457-2

Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, May 4, 1981, Dear Family: The family letters were marvelous. It was good to hear from all of you. It has been a long time since we've communicated what is happening to us.

The family is growing fast. Patty will be fifteen in July and will enter high school this fall. She just tried out to be a cheer leader and made it into the finals. She tried very hard. It was the first thing she has wanted with all her heart. She didn't get it and she cried her heart out. It was a good experience for her. She wants to work this summer and I believe we've found a job for her. Bruce is growing quickly also. He is now a deacon and serving as their secretary. He's a hard worker and a go getter. Bruce, Dan and Dave are playing their second year of little league and today they won their first game 4-2. They look really sharp in their uniforms. Patty, Dave and Julie have been taking piano lessons and Bruce and Dan will this summer. All the kids down through Lena are doing well in school. We're proud of their progress. The little ones are a lot of fun. Debbie is very headstrong and independent. Her most obvious quirk is that of changing her clothes five or six times a day. Niki and John are both getting into trouble daily. Niki is a real talker and a lot like D.C. in her attitudes, although a lot more lively and sassy.

Bertha is working very hard assisting me in keeping us from going under. She and Grandma tend up to fourteen extra children each day of the week. Besides this extra work, she helps me in indexing projects and the farm work. She's very tired each evening but happy to help. She just had her dental problems taken care of, which should help her health quite a bit. It's been too long in coming and it's a real relief for both of us.

399

My life is busy as usual. We've planted a large garden and are looking forward to some good harvests. We'll have apples, peaches, cherries, pears, plums, apricots, grapes, raspberries, strawberries and currants this year. We've expanded our orchard, fixed our pond, planted a lot of flowers and other plants, etc. We published two books in the last six months and are working on four other publications.

We've had a new calf lately and the spring crop of rabbits is starting to come along rapidly. We're getting about eight gallons of milk a day, which is helping a lot.

Jim Parker and I have entered into a partnership with a banker, computer man and financier to begin publishing our indexes. It looks very promising at this point. We hope to have our computer in July or August: 15-20 books a year.

The family has started a swimming pool fund, putting our unexpected income and any extra

we can save into it. We hope to have the pool by summer of 1982. Meantime, we'll swim in the pond along with the fifty trout we planted there this week.

I'm planning on retiring by June, 1983 – age 40. Just thought I'd drop that in so you wouldn't be surprised when I did. More on that in the next letter. Love to all from all, Lyman, Bertha and the tribe.

LETTER 457-3

Joseph L. Platt, Palm Springs, California, June 1981, Dear Folks: Suz had the privilege of writing last time around; this time the privilege is mine. I'll add my vote to those who've already been counted in favor of this family letter. My favorite literary period is eighteenth century England; my favorite literary form is biography. Both rely extensively on letters. Our modern age is cheated artistically by the convenience of the impertinent and non-permanent telephone message. I'm sure we'll all be glad for the historical record of our correspondence if we continue the habit.

While I write, the ear-shattering tones of our youngest waft through the room with all the ease of a skyscraper demolition. He'll probably be a rock singer or a politician; as a long shot, maybe a drill sergeant. He's just starting to say a few words, but already understands a lot of things we tell him – most importantly my requests for kisses and paper-fetching. We took the kids to Disneyland yesterday and Brady went on the Matterhorn roller coaster with me while Suz took Clay on the motor boat ride; indicative of their different temperaments and developing personalities. Clay likes to read and to go places. Brady likes the sun and to do things. Clay hardly eats anything; Brady eats everything. Clay won't go to sleep without one of us with him; Brady could care less. Brady loves to kiss and hug and always has; Clay is a late convert as an aficionado of affection. Both of the boys were afraid of the kids dressed up as Disney characters. They also were afraid of a lot of the animated animals on the rides. But they loved the merry-go-round, Dumbo, the train, the cars, the boats, and the crowd of people and fifteen minute intervals of junk food.

The rush of events seems [to be] pushing us towards a return to Utah by the end of June.

Once we made the decision to go, putting it off at all seemed impossible. With the

400

temperature hovering around 110 degrees F. it's easy to rationalize leaving. Suz wanted to teach her July lesson in Relief Society before leaving, but we'll forego it in the interest of preventing a body going through the midsummer meltdown. I'm anxious to get back because I've accomplished all my goals for this office and want some new challenges. I'm also very restless for the hard physical kind of labor that getting our Willow Creek property ready for building will require. We hope to do all the work ourselves, including putting in the roads, utilities, fencing the whole thing, etc. Ken Fox is our partner on the property, so we're enjoying the planning states together. He'll probably design the homes. We're thinking seriously of doing earth-shelter, passive solar construction. I'm looking forward to the landscaping, gardening and orchard work. We've got enough acreage to keep us both busy for quite awhile.

Although the social climate here in Palm Springs has been considerably outside our ken, we've enjoyed our pool and all the sun. It's been great to have a lot of family and friends visit. We only wish others could have made it. There's no market for home sales right now, even if we're willing to sell without a profit, so perhaps we'll be able to offer our home for visits for many months (shudder, shudder) to come. It's a nice home with a very good assumable mortgage, but the golden goose of California real estate is really putting out foul (!) smells of late.

My reading for the last four years has been of the Greek and Roman civilizations. The 1,200

years of Roman preeminence seems especially impressive in view of America's current ills and yet short history. I've become rather disaffected from things political and sociological, thinking that the only area where my influence is likely to be effective is in my own home. A simple enough truth, but not always easily learned. Generation after generation of Greeks and Romans subscribed to some unselfish, service-oriented public role only to have their public brilliance destroyed by private vice. The words of the prophets, simplistic, unadorned and therefore perhaps unattractive, ring out with as plaintive warnings that only a few are hearing but of which everyone is in need. The humble, apolitical personal message of the Savior, telling us that His kingdom is not of this world, and "ascending our own self-built steps of glory" we spend 90% of our time doing what is only 10% important, and postpone for yet another week, another month, another year, the things of importance: spiritual relationships with God and Jesus, unity in the family, service to others.

We all love you all, and think about your struggles, joy and miseries, and wish to be more [a] part of all of them than we are. Joe, Suz, Clay, Brady.

LETTER 457-4

Valerie Yorgason Platt, August, 1981, Pleasant Grove, Utah, Dear Family: Well, I suppose we've had the letter longer than anyone, and I really am very sorry. Ed asked me to write it a couple of weeks ago, but I forgot! Please forgive me.

We are all doing great and keeping busy. Ed's work has slowed down once again just in time for the yard work to become overwhelming. It's amazing how much faster weeds grow than the plants. Our greenhouse is full of house plants now and so it keeps us busy. Last week Ed

401
and Dad picked about 10 lugs of apricots off our own trees. It is such a good feeling to grow your own fruit.

Ed did a really special thing in July. He took three days vacation and tended all the kids and I got to go to Fountain Green (my home town) and sew for three days. It was nice to get away, but I was anxious to get home.

From the sounds of your letters, you are all doing great! I'm sure all you mothers are busily engaged in getting ready for school. Our triplets will be in first grade starting August 24th. It will be fun to only have three at home all day. I'm sure I'll enjoy it. Ben and Heather are 3½, going on ten. They really keep me going. Tiffany will be two in September and she has completely mastered the English language. I'm going to potty-train her after school starts, then I'll have all of my children out of diapers – hooray!

Well, I'm sure you men can tell this is a letter from a woman, but you'll have Ed to blame for that. We sure love you all and the kids remember you all in their prayers. Take care and no one keep this letter as long as we did. Love, Ed & Val and the troops.

LETTER 457-5

Gordon Leavitt Platt, Provo, Utah, August, 1981, When after World War II mother and I decided to move to Blanding, I was impressed with a situation which also obtained in my growing up years in Richfield, that of a grandfather and grandmother going to Church and sitting in the same chapel with married sons and daughters who were having their families. I remember the Marion Peterson families and the Ron Jensen families and how those families made up large blocks of the ward attendance. And then again in Blanding the Lymans, Shumways, Blacks, Guymons, Browns, Redds, etc. I remember the brothers and sisters of Bishop Ervin Palmer – there must have been ten children and each of them were having big families, all attending Church and having a type of family participation and unity which today pretty much has passed from the scene.

What I am getting at is the deplorable way in which each of you have acted to shred and tear

asunder any hope of such unifying of family on our family's part. Gene would be the first one of you to say: "It's all your fault, dad. If you hadn't jounced and led us hither, thither, and yon, when we were growing up, we wouldn't have this wanderlust." This bit of drivel is to plant in each of you the idea of a community of families of Platts and see where it leads. This is all for me now. I love you very much. Dad. P.S. The first round of the family letter was a marked success. If we can do it once, we ought to be able to keep in going. Where there is a will, there is a way. The feature of the first time around is that your letters were so newsy. Let's keep it up.

LETTER 457-6

Gene Lyman Platt, Newberg, Oregon, September 2, 1981, Dear Ones (also any twos or threes out there): I feel a little like the old pioneers in that much of the news received in the mail packet is as much as five or six months old, but again like our ancestors, old news is still the best news when it comes from dear ones far away.

402

At our last writing on March 16, 1981, we were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Sara Jane (though at that time her name was Scott Robert). Now it is difficult to imagine life without her. She's a small prototype of Namu the whale without the flippers (just kidding Arlene) because her mother's milk must be 100% cream. It seems all of ours but Lisa have been cozily corpulent in infancy but slim down later. Allie can't say Sarah (it comes out Sala) so we call Sara our little Salad and just love her.

The kids having just started school again (Bri in 3rd grade, Lisa in 2nd and Amy in kindergarten), life is once again returning to the comfortable convenience of a scheduled routine. It seems our unscheduled summer totally destroyed any semblance of family scripture study, so we're glad to be up together again with an 8:00 a.m. deadline to meet. We have scripture study and family prayer around the breakfast table, daddy usually directing the studies while mom takes care of setting breakfast. It's amazing how much can be taught in ten minutes.

One of my major accomplishments this past summer, and an activity I highly recommend to you all as your children are old enough, is family reading of some of the classics. I suppose my desire to read to the kids came from those nights of listening to Mom read *The Voice of the Intangible* and my choice of materials came from a love of literature and a resolve that my kids would grow up with an acquaintance of someone besides El Kabong or Yogi Bear. Our opportunity came when the TV went on the blink in the spring. Rather than fix it, we started reading *Swiss Family Robinson*. Once we got into the swing of things, we read *The Hobbit* and *Treasure Island* and are now half way through *Kidnapped*. At the conclusion of each book, we try to have an activity to celebrate our conclusion. First, we went to the drive-in and saw *Swiss Family Robinson* (it's still as good as it was twenty years ago). After *Treasure Island* we tied Briant's leg up and got him a crutch (Long John Silver), we tied Lisa's hair back with a scarf and an arm band (Black Dog) and the rest of us had pirate's hats and patches. We paraded around the neighborhood for a while making fools of ourselves and making sure the memory would never fade, then followed a map to a buried treasure, which just happened to be the exact amount needed for six dilly bars at the Dairy Queen. What fun!

It must be obvious to you all that, as Joe described in his letter, Arlene and I have decided that the only true job and success comes in associating with our little ones and each other. I'll never forget the look of dismay on my two old missionary students' faces, when in response to their exuberant questions regarding my goals in life, I responded "To raise my family up in honor before the Lord." What more noteworthy or worthwhile objective

than to turn out five (or six or seven or eight, etc.) young people who will revere God and obey his laws.

I'm grateful to come from parents who make the above realization a natural and accepted conclusion by their examples. I'm proud to be numbered and counted with you as descendants of noble stock and heirs to the kingdom of our Father. We're anxious to see you all again sometime. Looks like we'll see Mom and Dad and Rob before the others, but we'll keep in touch. Give your little ones the love and kisses sent from their Aunt Arlene, Uncle Gene and cousins. Love to all #4 son and tribe.

403

LETTER 457-8

Roberta P. Bylund, Springville, Utah, September 19, 1981, Dearest Family: Allie and I just got back from another convention – this time at Brian Head ski resort outside of Cedar City. Kent was unable to go with us, due to work, so we took Irene in his place. Allie is getting to be quite the traveler. I feel it very important to include her whenever I can, because I leave her so much during the days. She is always a hit with everyone there and I think she really enjoys herself. She adapts well to any environment and I'm sure it is because she has had a lot of exposure. We arrived there Thursday evening about 7:00 and were starving, so we went to dinner at this Mexican restaurant. The table right next to us had five really nice looking guys at it, so Irene decided this trip might not be so bad after all. Three of the five hung around after dinner and taught us to play backgammon. Irene is at the age where the opposite sex always notices her, and she enjoys every minute of it. I'm afraid she is as big a flirt as I was or am or something! Maybe it has something to do with growing up with six brothers and learning to talk with men without feeling inhibited. Anyway, we had a good time and Irene is a good companion to me. I love the fact that she has her driver's license because it makes it easier on me to let her be a little more independent.

I assume by now that all of you have heard the news about our soon to be addition? We are very blessed and think the timing is perfect. The baby is due on Allie's third birthday, April 27th, so what better present could we give Allie than a baby brother or sister?

This second child was a hard decision for Kent and me because it meant me finally giving up my career after ten years of banking. It took a lot of thought and discussion but what it all boiled down to was Allie and what was best for her. She has been trying for nearly six months to make us realize that she wants and needs her mommy home with her, so I finally just had to listen to her to make the decision. It's funny how just all of a sudden one day the bank and its problems and challenges meant nothing to me. All I could think about was how badly I wanted to stay home with my daughter and share each minute of her busy day with me.

I have announced my quitting to the bank and it is such a big relief to know they know and that the decision has finally been made. All the other managers (all men) were sorry to hear I wouldn't be coming back, but they all understood and supported me in knowing I was doing what my duty is as a mother. Kent is a lot more excited than I imagined he would be. He has been my biggest supporter in working, but I think he is ready to have a wife and mother in the home to help relieve him of those pressures. It has been so long since I have done any of the domestic things a woman should do that I hope I haven't forgotten them. I am more excited than anyone realizes, to fulfill these needs that have been bottled up for so many years. I feel extremely good about what I have accomplished

in my short ten years of banking and I received a valuable education in many areas that I will benefit from the rest of my life. I also feel confident that when I am ready to go back, there will always be a place for me if I want it.

404

This next part is mainly for Gord, so I hope I don't bore anyone with details. Before ending my career as manager, I had the terrible experience of catching one of my employees embezzling from me. One of my customers complained one day about not receiving his overpayment on his loan like I had promised him he would get. What had happened was I had just refinanced a loan for my customer, Lynn Richards, a couple of days after he had made a payment on his loan. This hadn't shown up when I refinanced it for him, so I informed him it would take about one month to come back as an overpayment, and he could just apply this \$305.00 to his new loan. Well, after a month, he had heard nothing from the bank, so he came in to see what had happened. I told him it had been enough time and I would check into it closer. So I went to Amy who was supposed to be doing the overpayments on loans and asked her to check on this particular account for me. She said that Steve had been doing all of the overpayments for about three weeks, and I knew immediately that something was wrong. For those of you who don't know Steve, he has never volunteered to do anything extra in his whole two years of working for Zions Bank. I went to Steve immediately and asked him to tell me where he had put the overpayment on Lynn Richards. He said he had probably just credited it to installment loan income. I told him I wanted to see proof of it. Well, of course he couldn't come up with the proof he needed and he made several attempts to cover himself during the next two weeks while I was getting the proof I needed to convict him. Everything fell into place as I got more and more researched and I was feeling so proud of myself that I had actually caught him stealing from me. Then, after I had reported it to my superiors along the necessary channels, it started to hit me on how totally this was going to affect the rest of Steve's life and how truly serious it was. He had stolen from a national bank, which was a felony, which is a federal offense, which could mean imprisonment. All of a sudden I wondered what could be so important with less than \$1,000 to do this to his life.

But since I knew the facts, I was as guilty as he was, if I didn't report to my security officers, so I did as I should have and reported it to them and confronted Steve on it face to face with them present. Thank goodness, Steve realized he had been caught and confessed it was all true, which made it a lot easier on me. You never know when an employee is going to deny it and make you prove every last detail before he admits he was involved. When asked why it happened now, after two years of employment with Zions First National Bank, he said he just wanted to see if he could get away with it. He was just finishing an audit class in his accounting major at BYU and was convinced that our bank didn't have the security control it needed to track him, so he had an arrogant attitude about him to show Zions Bank that he, Steve Morrill, could get away with it and never be caught.

This was a really good experience for the entire office, because it made us all realize that anyone is capable of doing anything, and we better not be so trusting among our own staff and think we are all above temptation. You never know all that goes on in an employee's head and it is stupid to think you do.

405

Well, enough on that subject. Kent finally got his third store opened up in the new addition of the University Mall, and it is gorgeous. He really outdid himself this time and without a doubt he has the most attractive store in the entire mall. Kent has finally, after two and a half years severed the ties that have made Bylund Optical his father's. He has taken on a whole new image and style and this time he has put a little piece of himself into it. If I do say so myself, he has done a good job and I am really proud of him. His only mistake was that he wishes I could have been a bigger part of it with him than being so involved in my own profession. He wanted me by his side to share in the pride of his grand opening and hear the comments and share in our business that he had created for us. I was involved as much as I could be, but of course I had the everyday pressing problems that needed my attention at the bank, so I was somewhat limited, which I resented. Allie and I have not seen our Daddy during the past month since he opened and has all new hours to add to his already busy schedule. It will take a while to adjust but I'm sure we will manage.

I was proud of how quickly I got this letter answered, but then I hung onto it waiting to find five minutes to write a final paragraph and it has been to Oregon and back before getting mailed. Mom and Dad and Suz and her boys and Allie and I all took a week's vacation to go see Gene and Arlene and family in Oregon. We had a really nice trip, but I'm afraid our individual families are getting too big to travel together and then impose on a whole family for any length of time. It was really good to see all the kids and get reacquainted with them. Allie and Briant really made close friends. They were so cute with each other. This association with cousins is so important and I'm really glad we went.

On Mom's birthday Gene and Arlene had a nice party for Mom. They invited Aunt LaRee and her family down for dinner and a social get together. Joy and Kent and Tanya even came down off the mountain to visit and it was good to see them. Paul and Barbara and son Eric were there, along with Ed and Tina and their two boys, so it was good to get caught up on their lives and see each one of them. We all sang songs and sat around a visited most of the evening.

We had a good trip home and are all back into the grind of work again and making up for vacations. Love, Rob

LETTER 457-9

Irene Platt, Provo, Utah, October, 1981, Dear Family: I hope you all keep this letter going because it's a neat thing. I only have two more days of being a junior. I will be working for some ladies in the ward, cleaning their houses this summer. Well, keep up the good work. Love to all, Irene

406

LETTER 457-10

McKay and Pam, New Orleans, Louisiana, November 3, 1981, Dear Family: I enjoyed everyone's letters a great deal. All of them were fun to read, fun to hear about your changing lives, your growing families and about all of your challenges. The theme, if I correctly read between the lines, is families are important, far more important than whatever is second on the list. We agree.

We're seeing some important changes in our little family. Katy and Carly are growing into sweet little ladies. (That may be thought of as a reference to their sugar intake.)

Halloween night we let them eat as much of their candy as they wanted. And they opened

nearly every piece of candy they had and ate some and some they just tasted and then threw away. Katy dressed up as a witch and Carly went as an angel, complete with wings and halo. Day after tomorrow she turns three and for her birthday I'm giving her a doctor's kit so she'll quit pestering me about playing with mine.

Rosen House (Tulane's married student housing) is a nice place for us to live. The girls play with little kids from all over the globe: Iranians, blacks, Egyptians, South Americans, etc. And there's a big playground to keep them entertained. We're happy here.

Pam is ambivalent about working. Mostly I guess she doesn't like it. She works for Steve Hales, an LDS pediatrician in town. Her job involves weighing kids, getting them ready to get their shots, working the office records, taking calls, etc. She enjoys learning but hates being away from the girls. Pam's working just until January when the girl who used to have her job returns from a four month leave. We're all anxious for January, most especially Kate 'n Carly. They've been staying during the day with a neighbor whom they like a lot but neighbors can't replace moms.

The biggest change for me this year is my new job as Elders Quorum president. Our ward is so small and weak that to do the job right would require a great deal more time than I have available, so consequently I rely heavily on my four counselors (wish I had a few pages to explain that).

I've picked up three shifts at work which means I'm paid for thirty-two hours a week. I don't really work all that time – ten of it I sleep and for about fourteen I study, but two nights a week I'm away from home. I believe I'm working more so I can get some good study time than for the money, but the extra really helps.

My course work this year is a lot more clinically relevant than last year. We're studying pathology, microbiology, and physical diagnosis. A great many members of the class have developed a bad attitude toward school. I think a lot of us are tired of book work and are anxious to get into the hospital and start dealing with patients. The problem is we still don't have the knowledge we need to understand disease and that's just what we're learning now. I've fallen victim to this impatience with class work along with the rest of

407
the class, but I'm trying to develop a better attitude. The material is intensely interesting and a lot of disease actually makes sense. That part is fun to learn. Oh, by the way Joe, as a small consolation to your canker sores, I learned today that they occur predominantly among those with high IQ's. That should ease your suffering.

Carly and Pam have both had some dental work come up. Carly will need to have her top right incisor pulled. She somehow damaged it last year I guess and it has become abscessed. Pam's dental problems are legion. She's having root canals done on two teeth and fillings put in one or two others. Her teeth have been giving her pain nearly every day for the last month. She's consumed an entire bottle of aspirin (100 tablets). She's been a pioneer through it all though.

I guess that about sums up our lives. We are for the most part happy and healthy. We have friends and lots of neighbors. Our lives are busy but not always hectic. And though we haven't yet fallen in love with New Orleans, at least we feel comfortable here.

I really want to say something to you all, but I'm not sure quite what it is. Perhaps it's merely "I love you" or maybe I want to be sure you are all happy and in love with life. I wish we could see you all again frequently, but these letters go a long way in that regard.

Keep 'em comin'! McKay and Pam.

LETTER 458

Carolyn Lyman, Provo, Utah, January 1, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandpa and Grandma, Hope this first day of 1968 finds you all well and not snowed in. How is the snow there by now? I must take time also this first day to say I love you and appreciate your prayers and love to me and my family. I'm so thankful to be a Lyman.

Just returned from Aunt Allie's I hope she doesn't try to do too much. This was a big thing she has endured and it will take some time and quiet days before she feels like running and jumping. I'll try to do all I can. I flew here with her from Los Angeles. Our flight was delayed 1½ hours because of fog, but once in the air we did well. Her family was anxiously awaiting her return.

Mark had me over for dinner Sunday. He's so good to me, always making sure I'm O.K. When I left Los Angeles, Daddy's spirits were high. He's quite sick but has lots of faith and knows that all will be well when we do as we should. He is where they will take good care of him. The hospital he is at is the center for kidney problems here in the west. There are only a couple of other places in the United States that specialize in kidneys. Allie's kidney was a good match and did lots for daddy while he had it. He looked better that week than he had for three months previously. He has a shunt on his arm now. This entails minor surgery to install and enables him to hook up to a kidney machine. He will be on the machine until they are able to find another way, such as another transplant.

408

Mother will return to Stockton to complete some Relief Society business. I told her to ask to be released from her position as Stake Relief Society secretary. I'll be home again at the end of this semester to work and ease mother's burden at home. I was planning on going home anyway to work so I could go on a mission, but that can wait. Grandma Nuffer will be coming to Stockton about the 17th of January. Our family will joy in having her with us.

Joy is such a dear sister. She sent a Christmas package to Allie's family while they were in Los Angeles. It was a treat for them especially since they weren't even sure they were going to be there until they left. She had made puppets for the little ones, popcorn, cookies, a loaf of homemade bread, something for Allie and Gordon. She knows too what it is to be away from someone dear at a time like this.

Don't worry about anything. Daddy sure appreciates yours letters. Everyone has been so good to our family. It is a blessing to be a participant of the gospel.

I love you and hope to see you before returning home. If you are up this way be sure and call me so I can get to see you. Carolyn

P.S. I was thrilled to meet Aunt Bob and her husband, and Edith and her new husband. Ray and Elaine had them over for dinner and our family also. It's wonderful to be a part of such a kind family.

LETTER 459

Allie L. Platt, Provo, Utah, January 1, 1968, Dearest Ones in Blanding, Irene and I are watching the Rose Parade. Everyone else is asleep. Most of the family was up late and Gordon worked.

It was good to talk to you Mother after I got home and it was nice Rene was here to talk to you. We had a good visit. They stayed over night and left early the next morning. Hope

they didn't have any trouble as it was snowing. Mark and Jed made it here without any trouble. It's good to have them back. The kids will be going back to school tomorrow. Irene is looking forward to my being home with her for awhile. Don't know how long it will be. I'm not bouncing back quite as fast as I hoped I would, but guess I shouldn't be impatient. I'm sure my recovery would be faster if Almon were home with his family too. I'm going to see a doctor here. Dr. Hatch is an urologist and trained with the doctor who operated on me, so he suggested I see him.

Guess we haven't even thanked you for that lovely meat Mother and Dad. Bless your hearts. You shouldn't try to do so much. Was glad Rene came down to get hers. We will really enjoy it. Thanks so much.

Gordie had his seventh birthday yesterday. The kids are growing up so fast. Ed has an interview with the stake president tomorrow, so shouldn't be long until he gets his call.
409

Joe has moved but hasn't ever sent a different address. We still use the mission home address. His companion for the past little while has been a son of Wendell Anderson, whom I worked with in the Farm Loan in Richfield.

Lyman called the night I got home. They are fine. It was such a relief to know they got there without any trouble.

I wrote Almon and told him about Enone. Surely sweet of her. Will write later (want to share this sweet letter with you. Love to all, Allie.

LETTER 460

Almon Perkins Lyman and LaRee Nuffer Lyman, January 3, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Dad and Mother: This is the first I am able to write. After several set backs I now am starting to get a little strength so I can see for the first time. Feels good.

LaRee will be back tomorrow (Thursday, 4th). She called me yesterday and told me she was coming.

Edith [Lyman] Smith and Bud [Orville Smith], with their son David, were just here. Since LaRee has been gone, Edith, Elaine and Aunt Bob [Minerva] have been in to see me. Edith and Aunt Bob have both written to you.

It looks like I am really headed up now. I have [been] and am now still flat on my back, but I can see the last couple of days. I am gaining in strength.

LaRee Lyman, 719 Erma Ave., Stockton, California, January 5, 1968, Dearest folks: I got back down here yesterday at about 4:00 p.m. It was good to get back down. I really hated to leave last Saturday, but I had to get the children back and didn't want to drive on Sunday or New Years day, as the traffic was really heavy.

Almon seems much better than when I left and seems to be quite a bit stronger. We don't know yet what they will do for him, except they are trying to get him in at one of the two kidney machine centers in San Francisco. They don't have room for him here, but will continue to keep him on the kidney machine here twice a week until they can get him somewhere else. He is also on the list for another kidney transplant. Don't know when one will be available – there seems to be a long list. However, they couldn't do another for at least two months. As to another kidney from someone in the family, they don't seem to think there is anyone else that they could use – Joy, Carolyn and JoAnn (they are all over twenty-one, which they have to be) all offered theirs, but they don't want to take any of them – many others have offered too – you Dad, are one of them, and thanks so

much. There seems to be some reason for not accepting any – however, they are still working on that angle too.

410

Almon's spirits are quite good. It was a real disappointment to him, but he hasn't given up for a minute and feels that things are going to work out yet. In spite of all, we have certainly been blessed and know it is all for a purpose. We have to keep up our faith and continue to serve our Heavenly Father and know all will turn out for the best.

We both really appreciate your faithfulness in writing. It has meant so much to Almon. Folks and friends here, Stockton, and in all the other places our loved ones and friends have been so wonderful. The Lord has truly blessed us. May we only continue to live worthy of all the many blessings we receive.

Surely hope you are both keeping well. Give our love and regards to all down there. P.S. Please give the enclosed note to Aunt Ellen and Uncle Fred. Thank you. Love, Almon and LaRee.

LETTER 461

Emma and Ira, Logan, Utah, January 5, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Irene and Edward, was so glad to get your letter and we do hope your son and daughter are well on the road to complete health now.

We remember Almon and his family of girls. I suppose most of them are married now. Do let him know we often think of them and that we wish them all of God's choice blessings in the future; Edward and you and all included.

Our daughter-in-law is doing real well now. We have not been able to get in touch with your Rene. We have a granddaughter that goes to the Junior High in Richmond and will graduate in May. We do not know the last names or his first name and the phone book does not list the number and name until the new one is out, which is due soon.

We hope to get in touch some way. Give them our house number and maybe they can call this way when they shop in Logan. Seems all the towns come to Logan to shop. We had a very nice Christmas and hope you did too. We wish you all the best in the New Year and we hope Albert and Gladys are doing well and feel better. Our love always, Emma and Ira.

LETTER 462

Allie L. Platt, Provo, Utah, January 9, 1968, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Daddy, I was so happy to get your good letter. I really appreciate the effort you made to write – also to Ed. I'm sure he will appreciate it a lot. We have always felt a letter from you was really special. Dear little Mother was so good to write all the time. I really miss her letters that kept us informed of how things were going.

To answer your questions Daddy – I'm quite sure Rene and I didn't take any certificates. I don't have any and I'm quite sure Rene doesn't. It would be my guess that they might

411

be in your desk with your pictures. We have written to Salt Lake to see if we can get your marriage license and Almon's birth certificate. We can get Almon's and they told us to write the County Clerk where you got your marriage license. Was that in San Juan or Salt Lake? We may come down this weekend, if the weather is good. If we come, I could help you look for these things and if we can't find them, we'll get some new ones. If the weather looks like it is going to be good, we will likely come down Saturday and come back home Monday. Don't worry about us coming; if the weather looks threatening, we

won't come. But I do want to spend a little time with you.

Gordon is off work for a few days, so I have permission to take a day off. Daddy, it's time to go home for the day. I didn't get this finished, but think I'll put it in the mail in case we don't get down – you will get it tomorrow.

Take good care of yourself and I hope we will see you Saturday. All my love, Allie.

LETTER 463

Karl R. Lyman, 35 North 900 East, Provo, Utah, January 13, 1968, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Uncle Edward, Allie phoned just a few minutes ago and told me of Aunt Irene's sickness. You have our prayers and hopes for the blessings of the Lord to attend her and you in this time of trial.

I have just read this morning of some very interesting occasions where the petitioner to the Lord sought and received His comfort and blessings in time of great decision or sorrow or trial. I am sure it can come in the life of any of us, if we take the essential steps to enjoy it.

As I reflect [on] the stern realities of life and the lessons that are to be gleaned from living, I am thrilled at the prospects of additional opportunities that await those who have the courage to measure up to these situations. I am fully confident these things do not come to us as a sign or show of the awful majesty of Our Creator, and His determination to remind us of His position as God, but rather they come as a sweet and wonderful opportunity to gain lasting good from the experiences we have. I have thought often of the statement made of the Christ. "Though he was a son, yet learned he obedience by the things he suffered." And then the passage in the D & C 122, where the Lord consoles Joseph Smith with these words: "these things all give thee experience my son."

And so Uncle Edward, with all my heart I pray for the Lord to sanctify to your good and to Aunt Irene's good these trying situations that come.

I have, as I think you know a very wholesome love and appreciation for you. I would welcome any opportunity to do anything [I] could to assist. May the Lord bless you and sustain you both in this test that is now yours to experience. My love to you ever, Karl.

412

LETTER 464

Gladys Perkins Lyman and Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah, January 14, 1968, Irene Perkins Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dear Sister Irene, this is Sunday morning; the sun isn't up yet, but there are only a few clouds along the horizon that makes the sky a most glorious sight as he heralds his appearance. And my first thought as I looked at it was, "Oh, I must call Irene to look at it." Then I realized I couldn't do that. But I decided I could and should by all means write you. We have thought of you and prayed for you almost constantly ever since you went to the hospital in Monticello. Yesterday we got a letter from Elda telling about your condition since you have been in Salt Lake. She is good to write.

And we are so thankful that all is as well as it is with you and hope conditions improve rapidly. And we think so much about Edward too and Elda said Casse was going to get him to come stay at her place. Hope he will.

I went up and took care of things in the fridge as Edward asked me too, but haven't been back to check on things since Kay came home. But if there is anything I can do for you don't be afraid to ask it.

Yesterday we attended the funeral services for Sister Palmer. It was a very nice service.

All of her children were there but Phebe. And I think most of her fifty-three grandchildren and many of her seventy great-grandchildren. She would have been eightythree

on the 7th of February. The granddaughters sang a couple of songs. Mark opened with prayer. Betty read the obituary, Shirley spoke, and Lawrence was the main speaker. Gordon Redd conducted and spoke a little while, and Danny, Clint's son, dismissed. Elda wrote that Marva is recuperating after her operation and attack of pneumonia; that Patsy had a baby girl the day you left Monticello and Albert's birthday, quite an eventful day. Albert is still feeling quite well, and I'm doing fine. Donna is recuperating O.K. after her operation.

Well, sister dear, I better get ready for Sunday School. We do hope you are getting good care, and not doing a lot of worrying and that you can soon be well. Love to you and Edward, Gladys and Albert.

LETTER 465

Almon Perkins Lyman and LaRee Nuffer Lyman, January 14, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Dad and Mom, How we wish we could come to see you. I'm afraid it is going to be several weeks before I'm able to travel. I'm so sorry to hear what we heard about you Mommy. Our hearts are full and our faith and prayers are all for you that you may not suffer and your health may be restored. I know the Lord loves you. He couldn't pick a sweeter person to love and to help.

413

The Doctor ordered me up in a wheel chair today. I'm look forward to getting up in one. Dad, I know how you must feel. I know the strength that you have Dad; the Lord surely blesses those he loves. Be sure and tell Mommy, she has our faith and prayers. With all our love, Almon and LaRee

Dearest folks the reverse side was dictated by Almon. All he says though are my feelings too. If in any way we can help please let us. And know our faith and prayers are ever with you; that Our Heavenly Father will look down upon you and bless you that you may have your health restored and not suffer. We love you so much and only wish we could be with you.

Almon is doing quite well and his spirits are good. We are anxiously waiting to know what they will do for him. But it seems we really have to be patient. They seem to take their time. So much love, LaRee

LETTER 466

Edward Robison Lyman and Lois, Box 629, Moab, Utah, January 15, 1968, Irene Perkins Lyman, Dear Mrs. Lyman. I'm so sorry that you are ill. I kept thinking we would get to see you. Every one here is fine. Terry K. has been at Kearns Canyon two weeks working. She and Dewayne should be here Saturday. Tomorrow night I have Robbie. He sure is getting fat and so good. Kay and Velma stopped by and told us about you. Take it easy and hurry up get well. I think about you always. I guess Almon is getting along okay. How is grandpa doing? Hope you are home soon. Love Lois and Bob and family

LETTER 467

Kay Perkins Lyman and Velma Hansen Lyman, Blanding, January 17, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dear Dad and Mom, we are anxious to hear how the tests came out which were to have been given Monday. We hope and pray that you are improving right along, Mom.

I had a real nice telephone visit with Almon and LaRee last Friday. He was still slowly improving. Everything is all right here. Your cows are O.K. Cowboy sleeps in our shop and I am giving him enough attention that he is staying here at our place most of the time during the days.

Connie Nielson added some oil to your tank. I have paid your city bill and your phone bill. Is there anything else that needs my attention? I watch the house closely – check it daily.

How are you making out, Dad? Is there anything I can do for you? Do you need any money? Please give Casse and Byron our love and thanks – God bless you – Love, Kay, Velma and family.

414

LETTER 468

Almon Perkins Lyman, January 23, 1968, Dear Mother and Dad, Allie and Gordon and family, received your last letter today – Dad telling that you contemplate in moving Mom to Provo. Hope everything works out fine. I'm sure Casse and Byron doesn't object to giving a hand. But the hospital there is so far away. Provo should be much more convenient.

I'm still not up and around. Right now I'm hooked up to the mechanical kidney, which requires eleven hours of hook-up.

We have sort of a problem here. There is no mechanical kidney available in the Stockton or San Francisco area, and Los Angeles is 400 miles from Stockton. It looks like I'll just have to wait here in Los Angeles until I can get another kidney. Maybe two months or maybe two years – but I'm kind of stuck because I'll have to stay next to a mechanical kidney. There just aren't many kidney centers yet that have mechanical kidneys available. Surely glad to hear Mom is feeling as good as she is and not suffering. Be sure to give her my love. Let us know if we can do anything to help.

You are in good hands with Allie and Gordon. They are surely wonderful people. Give them our love; for I feel that I will always be indebted to them.

I know the effort it takes for you to write, Dad, and I really appreciate your keeping us informed. With love, Almon.

Dearest folks, I am still here with Almon, but will be going back to Stockton soon for a few days to take care of things that I have to there. Then I'll come back down again and we hope by then to know something definite about our problem of where Almon can go on the kidney machine.

It was good to hear some good news about Mother Lyman. Only hope she continues to improve and doesn't suffer much.

As you can see I wrote Almon's letter for him as he dictated it. As Almon said, I hope you will let us know if there is anything we can do.

We love you and our faith and prayers are with you both, Love LaRee.

LETTER 469

Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, January 25, 1968, Dear Mississippi Platts, Do hope the sick ones are feeling better. I hope the doctors can find out what

Bertha's trouble is. I was in hopes her problem would straighten out when her husband came home. Be sure and keep us posted. Also, I've been hoping Patty wouldn't have the

415

sickness this winter that she had last year. At least I'm glad you can get the medical help

you need there without it costing so much.

It was good to get your letter again a day or so ago. Sorry some of your mail has been lost. I do hope those genealogy sheets show up. They should either reach you or be returned, as I had our return address on them; also the letter; let us know if they show up. Uncle Kay came up from Blanding last night in his station wagon and they took Grandma to Monticello this morning. Do hope she continues to improve and can soon be back home. I know it will be easier for Grandpa to be down home and Grandma will likely feel better about it too – though we won't get to see much of them.

Before I forget, Joe's address is 50 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, London S.W. 7, England. I'll enclose his last letter. His time is going fast.

Well, I'm back at work this week after being off for six weeks. I hated to leave my family and go back to work, but am thankful I have such a nice place to work. They have really treated me well and insist I leave early to get a little rest. I do get quite tired and don't have much energy left when I get home. But I'm sure it will get better as it goes along.

The reports from the doctor said things were coming along okay.

Almon is getting along pretty well. They haven't decided on anything for him yet except that he has to stay down there by the artificial kidney, as they don't have one by San Francisco. It may be that they will have to move down that way. How I wish that my missing kidney were functioning for him, giving him the health he so desires. Have I ever thanked you both for your offer and your own kidney? It was very sweet of you and generous. We've had a number of offers – none of which they have accepted. If they do another transplant, it will likely be from a cadaver. This may take place in two months or two years. So you can see what they are faced with.

Gene is excited today. He called us at home at noon to say he had just received a telegram from Senator Moss saying he had been accepted as one of twelve finalists for Utah's appointment to West Point (they will choose two of the twelve). Don't know if it will go any further than this, but it's quite an honor to get this far. Maybe I can get him to write and tell you about it.

Ed is through with school now and getting ready for his mission. He received his passport yesterday. Our family is really leaving us. If Gene gets this assignment, that will be half of you gone.

We've been having a siege of flu at our house (and about everybody else's house around). It hits hard and is stubborn – doesn't want to give up. Dad was down for three days and the four younger ones all for several days. I didn't get down but have had a bad cold. Ed and Gene didn't get it yet. Hope they don't.

416

The article and picture about Sergeant Platt was very nice. Thanks for sending it. Do you have another copy, or would you like this back? It sounds like your work is quite interesting and demanding. Hope you keep busy enough that the time passes quickly for you. I'll be glad to see you through with your service commitment, though there are advantages to it. You avoid some worries as a service man that you would have as a civilian.

If you haven't ever received the breakdown of our accounts – why don't you write down how you feel things stand and we'll see if we agree. I often wish I could find a pot of gold somewhere and pay everybody every cent we owe and start out with a clean slate once again. Debt is really something that puts you in bondage. It's been one of my

biggest worries in this life. Avoid it kids like you would the plague.

Take good care of yourselves. Be happy. Cooperate with each other and you can accomplish most anything. Hope you enjoy your young married group. Tell Grandma Lazo hello and a big love for my Patty Cake. Love to you all, Mother.

LETTER 470

Allie Lyman Platt, 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah, January 26, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Dearest Mother, Dad and all, Do hope you made the trip home okay and that Mother is resting well at the hospital. I do hope that all goes well there and that your recovery is rapid Mother and you can soon be home.

Guess we won't get to see much of you down there, but I'm sure you will feel better being so close to home – also [to] Dad.

Sorry we missed you when you came through Provo. Guess your coat was left here, but I'll send it first chance I get.

This letter came from Almon and LaRee yesterday, so I knew you would be anxious to get it. I'll write them today and let them know you are home. I have written to Rene and I assume you let Bob know.

I'm kinda getting used to being at work and don't get as tired as I did the first of the week. The doctor said the tests showed things were coming along okay. He said my kidney hasn't grown yet to the size it will to completely take over, but he feels everything is progressing okay.

Gene received a telegram yesterday from Senator Moss saying he had been chosen as one of twelve finalists in the state for appointment to West Point. After some further tests two of the twelve will be chosen. It may not go further than this but he is quite thrilled to still be in the running.

417

Don't have much time right now. Want to get this in the mail. Peg came down last night – said it was lonesome at her house. How did the new station wagon ride? We love you all – will write more later. Allie.

LETTER 471

Aunt Bob [Minerva Perkins Rowe] and Uncle Ed Rowe, Sunland, California, January 28, 1968, Irene Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah, My dear sis, we think about you every day and wonder how you are getting along. I'll send this to the hospital, but hope you aren't still there. Maybe they will forward it to you. Surely do hope you are improving and will soon be your own good self again. We were out to see Almon last night and surely were happily surprised; he seemed to feel so much better than when we last saw him, and his spirits were so much better, so of course that will help him a lot too. His wife went home yesterday. It has been so nice that she could be with him so much. What a wonderful family he seems to have. Bless his heart, he surely is brave.

[We got] a card from Allie saying she was about ready to go back to work, bless her, she is also such a brick. You surely have a lot to be thankful for, along with all your worries and heart ache. I'll bet it has been mighty hard on Edward with you in the hospital. I was down for a couple of weeks; most of the time Ed's sister was here, but am fine now. My gals and their families are all pretty well at the moment. Elaine and family well. It's time for Church so will stop and get ready. We are with you in our thoughts and prayers. Love, Bob and Ed.

LETTER 472

Lyman De Platt, Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi, January 29, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandma and Grandpa, It seems like too long has passed since we last wrote, especially since you Grandma have been in bed for the last few weeks. We were so relieved to hear that you were recovering nicely. Our prayers are constantly in your behalf. I hope you and Grandpa will be able to spend some time in Provo before having to return to Blanding.

Things here are flying by. I am involved in trying to get all these histories together and it takes almost all my spare time.

I work five days a week and with a half hour drive to and from work, little of the days remain when I get home. Nonetheless we are having good times together studying English, the scriptures, having home evenings, and the like.

I may not be here much longer. The reason I was sent here was to operate a station that never materialized. It will be a few months yet, though, before they decide what to do. We are hoping that the Lord will continue to let you improve and get well. You both have meant and still mean so much to us. It is a real treat to be able to visit your home and talk and eat with you. Your lives have inspired us to do better and be better people. Bertha's
418

love is as strong, and possibly greater, than mine. She has an immense capacity to love and she has been deeply attracted to you both.

Patty is growing fast and speaking more and more. She has fourteen teeth at 1½ years and is beginning to repeat words at the blessing. She folds her arms and is a sweet little devil. Mama Lazo is smart and learns her English lessons well. She is so sweet and we enjoy her tremendously. Write when you're able. God bless you both. Love, L. D. and family.

LETTER 473

Rene Lyman Morin, Richmond, Utah, January 29, 1968, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Mother and Dad, I was so glad to hear from Allie that you had been able to go back to Monticello. It indicates to us that you are doing much better, Mother, and we are really happy for you. We had planned to go down and see you on Sunday so we were glad Allie let us know. We may not have been able to get down anyway, because of the very heavy snowstorm we had here. Our stake conference was called off on Sunday because we were all snowed in.

We are all finally over our flu. It was such a stubborn streak but we are all glad to be better. Allie said they were having about the same thing. I'm glad she didn't get it. We are so pleased for Gene, over the honor of being a finalist in the state for a West Point candidate. It is a real honor. And I'm sure he is deserving of it.

Friday. I have surely neglected you, dearest mother and daddy. But my thoughts and prayers have been with you every day. We so enjoyed your letter yesterday, Dad, and appreciated hearing about mother's improvement. Knowing what a good doctor you are, daddy, I know she will be in good hands.

I am busy – busy. In fact I am so busy that if any new problems come up I wouldn't have time to worry about them for at least two weeks. The children all enjoyed your words of advice and encouragement to them, grandpa. We are all hoping we can get down to see you next summer – they so look forward to a visit with Grandma and Grandpa.

We will probably get down to Provo to Eddie's farewell. Don't Allie and Gordon have some outstanding boys – I am happy for them. Artie is planning 100% on a mission next fall. He has been working ever since last fall, supporting himself, helping those in the

family who need help, and saving all he can. He is a most unselfish boy – never spending any on himself.

My thoughts and feelings toward all of my family are very tender. I had a wonderful dream about Deco the other night – it was such a thrill to see him. And to think of all that dear Almon has gone through and may yet go through is very painful to me. But I know that with his spirit and faith, and the planning he had done before, that they will carry on

419 somehow. It is very hard for me to see why he couldn't have kept the kidney Allie so generously gave him. I don't usually question things.

It is 5:30 and time for me to start breakfast and lunches and waken the family. Our baby girl is four today: such a sweet, intelligent, lovable bundle of fun, as she is. How we do enjoy her and thank the Lord for her. Always the little [ones] want to hear "their stories" about how we got them, on their birthdays – Charles and Carolyn. I went to bed early last night and told them "their stories" and we laughed and had such fun. I grieve over the time I don't have to spend with my children, but so enjoy that which I do.

Take care of yourselves and give my love to all our dear ones there. Had a very sweet letter from Aunt Gladys, which we enjoyed so. Mother dear – continue to get better. We love you both; all our love, Rene, Art and family. Do it again, Daddy! Your letters are always a treat.

LETTER 474

Casse Lyman Monson and Byron C. Monson, 452 East 8220 South, Sandy, Utah 84070, January 31, 1968, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Uncle Shi: It was pleasant to hear from you this morning. We were delighted that Aunt Irene had stood the trip so well and that she is continuing to improve. I can easily understand why they don't want to monkey with the kidney stone now. Sometimes they dissolve and take care of themselves. I would like to think this might be the case with her. I should also imagine that when she can get around a little her bowels will improve somewhat. The diabetes can be controlled now days and should not present too big a problem. We are happy that you have found a chair for her and that she won't have to be in bed all the time. That in itself is good for a morale booster.

I got a letter from Allie asking me to call a doctor here and find [out] about treatment for Almon, and instead of writing it twice, I am sending her this letter to forward to you and then you will both know what I found out and I hope that is okay with both of you.

They have at the Veterans Hospital a deal like the one Almon is on now. I explained that he had a shunt already in his leg and Mr. Bailey said that is what they use. This Mr. Bailey is the man who has charge of arrangements there. The Dr. Madocks was out of town but would have referred me to this man anyway. He said they could take him here but would have to arrange the transfer from that end. He also said that as to the expense of travel, that would likely have to be met by Almon. I don't know anything about these things, but he said if Almon would have them get in touch here and send his charts so they could see if they could handle him, they would be happy to carry on. So it would seem that the next move is up to him.

I am inclosing a card from Edith that came yesterday. We spent the day in the temple and it was here when we came home. We enjoy going to the temple. I try each time to find

420 something I missed the last time I was there. All of the session is thought building, to say

the least.

My Casse is doing well so far as her mouth and her operation are concerned, but her kids and she have the flu and she is having an interesting time. But then, is there a time in life for any of us when life is not interesting?

I have the knitting all done and I will bring it with me when I come down and show it to your Navajos or Utes or whoever they are and hope I can make it interesting to them. I love to do it myself and intend to put it in our family hobby show in June.

You remember, I was so upset over the noise the little kids made in my Sunday School class – well I asked them if they would like to have a baby sitter and do you know that they didn't want one!!!! I think they preferred the noise their little kids make to the lesson I try to give them. So I quit the class, oh very gently, and nicely and all that, but you know that dumb class didn't want to have any other teacher, and the cute little superintendent didn't hear me at all and so I am still teaching and I hope I am accomplishing something. I spend enough time preparing it, but it is mighty hard to carry my inspiration through the bombardment of those little kids. My nerves might give out even yet, but otherwise I love that class and the subject and even the dear dumb people. We are still planning on coming down before it is time to plant our garden. We have to be here then, because it makes a big lot off our grocery needs. We have been so fortunate to have plenty up to now. When we come down maybe I can do something to help out somehow. This I would love to do. Please give Aunt Irene a gentle little hug and tell her we do remember her in our prayers everyday.

We are looking forward to seeing the land you have told us about and hope that we can make a filing when we come. It will add another zestful operation to our most interesting life.

Once more, we did enjoy your company here, and were thrilled to have the opportunity to become better acquainted with one of our favorite relatives. Irene has always seemed more like a sister than an aunt anyway and I have told you already how much I used to be envious of Enone (because you liked her). Our best to both of you and we are not forgetting Old Cowboy, ruffle his shaggy old coat for me. Love again, Casse and Byron.

LETTER 475

Heather Platt, 25 N. Main, Lindon, Utah, January, 1999, Dear family and friends, I just wanted to let you know what's going on in my life. I received my mission call this past November. I have been called to serve in the Chile, Santiago West Mission. I will be entering the MTC on February 10, 1999 and will be speaking in sacrament meeting on January 31st at 9:00 a.m. I'm not too excited about speaking in church, but I'm very excited to serve the Lord in the great country of Chile, Love always, Heather Platt
421

LETTER 476

Bertha K. Woolverton, Gale Research, Inc., Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226, October 27, 1993, to Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770. Dear Dr. Platt, On behalf of Gale Research Inc., I would like to invite you to serve on the advisory board of the *Hispanic-American Genealogical Sourcebook* (EGHA). Blair Poelman and Arlene Eakle have recommended you as someone with expertise in the field of Hispanic-American genealogy who could contribute greatly to the development of this product.

As an adviser for this project, you may be called upon to assist us in a variety of ways,

including suggesting writers; advising on style, content and format; providing direction for future improvements to the book; and allowing us to mention your name and professional affiliations, be it in conversations with other advisers, in the front matter of the book, or in publicity for the book.

In return for your assistance, we would like to offer a \$100 honorarium and a complementary copy of the *EGHA*, which will be published in January 1995.

If you would like to serve as an adviser following the conditions set forth in this letter, please sign in the space below and return this form to me, keeping the copy for yourself.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely yours, Bertha K. Woolverton, editor.

LETTER 477

Institute of Genealogy and History for Latin America, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah, 84770, November 15, 1993, to Gale Research Inc., c/o Bertha K. Woolverton, Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, MI 48226. Dear Bertha: Enclosed are the two copies of the Memorandum of Agreement with Independent Contractor that you requested returned as soon as possible.

I have in my possession all that I need to begin writing and billing and have proceeded to do so. I will follow the instructions exactly, as you have noted. One loose end remains to be tied down from your last letter, however. This is in regard to the surname listing. It should be able to fit into the 112,500 word maximum. The copyright to the information is in my name. I cannot give you an exclusive copyright to that particular information, as I am using parts of it here and there in my publication in Spanish and English, but will sign a permission to use the information as part of the *Hispanic-American Genealogical Sourcebook*. In the Contributor Guidelines under 1. Term C. Original material, it says, "All essays submitted for EGSS must be original and previously unpublished...." The information is sufficiently important and not available in the area of distribution to which your publication is directed, that I feel it important that you not concern yourself with this issue.

422

This will also be the case with other areas of the material. I have published extensively over the last twenty years. The research material from which I will draw to create the material you want necessarily must fit into the other part of C. Original material: "With the exception of attributed quotes, all source material must be thoroughly paraphrased." I have no problem allowing Gale Research Inc. full copyright of the material in the format that I submit it to you, but the data from which it is drawn has been and will continue to be used by me in my other writings. I do not intend to get into the same position I did last time when for fifteen years you held the copyright to my English materials and sold practically nothing. With this understanding in place, I believe there is a good working relationship set forth in the contract. Sincerely, Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D.

LETTER 478

Gales Research Inc., Penobscot Building, Detroit, MI 48226, November 30, 1993, to Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770. Dear Dr. Platt: Here is your copy of the contract. The surname listing is a go – you can include it in your material. Also, I am still tracking the request for distribution rights. I will continue to do so until I get an answer for you. I am looking forward to working with you. Thanks for giving Gale another chance. Bertha K. Woolverton, editor.

LETTER 479

Gales Research Inc., Penobscot Building, Detroit, MI 48226, September 30, 1994, to Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770. Dear Dr. Platt: It has been awhile since we last spoke, so I thought I would take a moment to tell you that *Hispanic American Genealogical Sourcebook* is scheduled to go to the printer the 21st of October and will publish on December 9, 1994. It is, indeed, the first volume of the *Genealogy Sourcebook Series* to be published. We have your efficiency to thank for that.

I also finally got a response on your request for a distribution agreement. As long as you simply want to buy a quantity of this book at a discount to sell to attendees of your lectures and seminars (and not to libraries and booksellers which is our market), a distribution agreement with us should not be a problem. All you need to do is call Roger Janecke who in charge of Special Marketing at Gale. You can reach him at 1-800-347-4253, X1033. I will send him a copy of this letter so he will be expecting your call.

Again, our thanks for the work you did on this source. It has been a pleasure working with you. Bertha K. Byers; cf: Roger Janecke

LETTER 480

Gales Research Inc., Penobscot Building, Detroit, MI 48226, November 28, 1994, to Lyman De Platt, 316 West 500 North, St. George, Utah 84770. Dear Dr. Platt: *Hispanic American Genealogical Sourcebook* (GSHA) went to the printer on schedule and it will publish on December 9, 1994. Before it publishes, I want to take this opportunity to thank
423

you for your help in the production of *GSHA*. The advice and suggestions you provided were very helpful.

The honorarium for your work as an advisory board member is enclosed. Your copy of *GSHA* will be sent to your four to six weeks after publication. I hope you are pleased with the results of our efforts. Any comments (positive and negative) and suggestions for improvement will be appreciated. Once again, thank you for your participation on our board. Sincerely yours, Bertha K. Byers, editor

LETTER 481

Juanita Anderson, 2503, 19A Street S.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, September 16, 1979, Lyman De Platt, 11105 North Alpine Hwy., American Fork, Utah 84003. Dear cousin Lyman, I am writing this letter to tell you how pleased I am to have the book of the *Platt Family History*. You have made an excellent job of it and I feel that the information it contains is authentic.

I wish now that I had written a much more detailed account of my own life and the lives of my family but I was told we were limited to one and one-half pages and I tried to stay within that but have noticed that others have taken much more space. Also in my history there have been two errors in dates and if a reprint is made and it was possible I wish they could be corrected as it is constantly brought to my attention by my family.

Shirley Ramona, 2nd daughter, was divorced from Calvin Arthur Reber, June 30, 1961 and married Burton Ross, December 28, 1962.

Our son Virgil Ernest Anderson was born August 18, 1930, instead of August 20. He was divorced from Gloria Mae Chadwick, August 3, 1977. He married Lena May Shatto, May 23, 1978.

If there is another printing being made I would like to have two more of these books. Please let me know and I'll send you the money for them, also let me know the price.

Good luck in all your research, it must be most interesting as well as time consuming.
Much love, Juanita Anderson.

P.S. I am inclosing some sheets that I compiled several years ago when my eyesight was good enough to do this work. I joined a Lancashire society and did research through them. If these are of any use to you please feel free to use them, if not discard them. J.A.

LETTER 482

Joseph Lyman Platt, England, 1969, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Grandparents, it has really been a long time since I wrote, but I'm sure my sweet mother has kept you informed of my activities. I have six months left on my mission. The time really does fly by.

424

How are things in Blanding? How do you feel grandma? I sure hope that everything is right with you and that you are both enjoying life.

The more I see the people of the outside world the more and more thankful I become of my heritage. Most of these people that we meet over here can't even think in terms of religion. Their minds draw a blank when you present something about the gospel.

Therein lay the greatest challenge we have: to communicate spiritually with people who have no cognizance of anything except the physical. In my reflections on these things, I always come back to the question: What have I done to be so blessed? I thank you over and over again for raising your children so well. Thanks largely to your effort, mother has turned into a very beautiful, loving person, and anyone who is around her very long loves her.

The work is progressing rather slowly. As district leader I have my hands full with all kinds of problems but I'm thankful for the challenge. Bye for now, love Joe (the original stick-in-the-mud).

LETTER 483

J. Clair Platt, New Plymouth, Idaho, January 14, 1977, Lyman D. Platt, Alpine, Utah, Dear cousin: Enclosed find a check for \$175.00 for Platt fund. Please make one receipt to Rulon B. Platt for \$100.00 and one to Thomas F. Platt for \$75.00. Thomas F. Platt is son of my oldest brother. Ralph Browning Platt is to call on you at your office in Salt Lake and leave his. Other money is to come in from my family. When it does I'll send it on. How do we stand on the total? I've contacted the Hiatt family and I'm afraid there is none here now – maybe later. When I hear from you I'll write the Canadian Platts and see if we can come up with enough to put it over the top. So keep me informed. Yours truly, J. Clair Platt.

LETTER 484

Mrs. Jessie Carney Smith, Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, April 4, 1980, Mr. Lyman D. Platt, Genealogical Department, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. Dear Mr. Platt: You will recall our meeting last summer while a group from Fisk University was visiting your library, at which time you spoke to us on the topic "Hispanic American Research and Records." Since then I have contacted certain persons on your staff asking them to contribute chapters to a book which I am editing entitled *Ethnic Genealogy: A Reference Guide for Librarians and Researchers*. The book will be published by Greenwood Press.

In my haste to prepare an outline for the book, I failed to include a section on Hispanic Americans. I am writing now to ask if you are willing to prepare a chapter on that topic

and submit it to me by June 1, 1980. Because I am so late in contacting you, I would find July 1 acceptable.

425

While Greenwood Press is offering royalties based on a sliding scale for various numbers of copies sold, they suggest that we pay each contributor a cash honorarium from an advanced royalties' pool of \$1,000.00. Each of the eleven writers will receive \$100.00 (I must contribute the additional \$100.00 for the eleventh writer). In addition, each writer will receive one complimentary copy of the work upon publication, and twenty-five offprints of his or her chapter. In turn, each contributor will be requested to sign an appropriate release form, indicating that the copyright for the volume will be held in my name as editor. The work will be bound in hard cover with the possibility of paperback editions if sales warrant it.

If you are willing to accept this offer, please let me know by return mail so that we may proceed with the work; or, if you prefer, you may telephone my office on Thursday, April 10 (615) 329-8731. If you agree, the publisher will send you the appropriate forms which you will need to complete. In addition, please review the attached document and make suggestions as you wish. Sincerely, Mrs. Jessie Carney Smith, University Librarian.

LETTER 485

Dorothy Excell Platt, no date (about 1980), Washington, Utah, Gordon Leavitt Platt & Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Gordon and Allie, will you please see that Lyman gets these genealogy sheets. I don't have his address. I am slow because I didn't have all the children's baptism dates – this will teach me to keep the records posted at the time of the event. I should have typed them but haven't used my typewriter for two or three years and didn't trust myself with the old outmoded clucker! I am sure that Lyman will see that all these records are put in the archives, and we appreciate it. Now I have to see that the Excells are up to date and in (I promised the family I would)!

Roland is "hopping" around over to St. George somewhere getting the pickup repaired – both cars had to be repaired at the same time!!

We were up to Enterprise to the ballgame last night as it was between Parowan and Enterprise. We like to go to the games that Ralph coaches and this year it is special because Bill (their oldest son) is on the junior varsity team. We also went over and visited with Teresa and DeLon and to see the new baby. They, the two boys, surely are the handsomest little ones.

It would be nice to see you all again. Come see us. Love to you and the children and families. Lovingly, Dorothy.

LETTER 486

Joyce Gunnell, 1982, Provo, Utah, To the Children, Grandchildren of Allie Platt: I can sincerely say, you have every right to be proud of her special qualities and as Nephi of old, can say: "I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught...."

426

The heritage she left all of you is personified in the fact that she lived a truly Christ-like life, by walking in his footsteps. She showed concern for everyone.

In the three years we worked together in the Young Woman's Program of the Church, she supported me in every way possible and I knew she cared and loved each young woman – not only those she had stewardship over – but everyone.

She was an excellent teacher and adviser. She gave beautiful, meaningful lessons –

because they came from her heart. Her sweet concern and her bearing; her testimony of the truths of the Gospel, touched many lives for good.

We are all blessed by having known and loved Allie. I love her dearly, and feel that having known her, I am a better person because of the examples she showed, the support she gave freely and the Love we shared. Joyce Gunnell

LETTER 487

Nina Beth Cunningham, Provo, Utah, February 13, 1982. No more noble, righteous and devoted lady have I ever known. Allie exemplified to me a real Saint – a beautiful daughter of God. Many a powerful lesson she taught me as she directed the Spiritual Living lesson in the Edgemont Second Ward. Her kindly and humble manner made you know she had a deep testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Truly she was prepared to meet the Savior as any of His daughters ever have or will be.

I always felt a strength in Allie, and she did not waste words of triviality. Whatever she said seemed always to have real meaning.

God bless her eternally, for I know her deepest desire was that her posterity be noble, good, and faithful to their covenants made with God. She had faith that each one would meet the challenges of this life and stay on the path that leads to God.

Allie spoke highly of Gordon and stated in my hearing how much she desired him to be happy in his work and in all he was called to do. Our prayers are certainly with your husband and family Allie. Love forever, Nina Beth Cunningham.

LETTER 488

Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, April 15, 1982, Dian Burd, California: Dear Dian: You must think me remiss for never answering your letters. I have decided to turn a new leaf and concentrate on being more of a brother and cousin and friend than in the past. I hope this meets with your approval. I have tried every way I know how to get ahead financially and have spent a lot of time spending great amounts of energy on nothing happens, so I am just going to be content with my lot and await whatever comes.

427

Bertha is getting heavy and uncomfortable with our June-expected little one. The doctor says it's a girl, the sonogram says maybe a boy. I guess it doesn't really matter. We'll take whatever the Lord wants to give.

We are getting ready for summer. We have gotten ahead of the weeds this year and our garden area really looks nice. We've planted peas, lettuce, radishes, onions and garlic to date, pruned all the grapes, raspberries and roses and started to clean the manure out of the corral, taking the pile from last year and spreading happiness everywhere. The fruit trees are pruned and look really good. I believe we'll have apples, peaches, pears, cherries and some grapes this year, maybe some plums. The spring has been nice and wet so everything is green and beautiful. We are looking forward to a fun summer together. This year I arranged my work schedule so that I have one 4-day weekend a month, plus several long vacations at Thanksgiving and Christmas. We are taking advantage of these times to enjoy each other and get some of the backlog caught up.

We appreciated your letters of the last few months. All of us miss mother a lot but know that she is a very happy woman to be where she is. She spoke to Patty during the funeral and told her to not worry, that we would be taken care of.

She also sang in one of the songs during the funeral and was heard by three people: Patty, Joe's mother-in-law, and Aunt Thora.

Dad is getting well rapidly it seems; he, Joe, Sue and Irene are leaving Wednesday for Hawaii for two weeks, hoping that this will give him a little faster recovery. He has to be ready to return to work May 1st or make arrangements to retire, or work part time, etc. I'm not sure his leg will heal enough to allow his return to full employment. We'll just have to wait and see.

As you must know I continue to work on my projects. Several partners and I have a twelve-volume index that will be published in June. I have several books ready for publication this year: Nauvoo, Volume 2, Kirtland, Volume 1, and possibly a book or index on Utah marriages.

Bertha sends her "Hi, I love you and want to see your baby. We would like to come and see you." Maybe I can see you at least in October. I will be in Buena Park the last week in October for three days at a genealogy seminar. I have no definite plans as where I am going to stay at this point but have had offers. Let me know what you feel about the matter.

Hope all is going well with you and that the family is doing okay. We all love you and yours very much. Lyman De.

428

LETTER 489

Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah, April 15, 1982, Gene Lyman Platt & Arlene Vail Platt, Newberg, Oregon, Dear Gene, Arlene and family, I guess I'll have to turn over a new leaf and start writing to people now that mother can't do it anymore.

Dad and others are on their way to Hawaii now. I hope they have a good time. Personally, I'm glad I'm not going. Hawaii has never appealed to me. I guess you guys probably have fond memories of it though. Anyway, I'd just as soon be here on the farm enjoying the spring season.

Bertha is getting heavy and uncomfortable with our June-expected little one. The doctors say [repeat of letter above].

We have appreciated your last letters. All of us miss mother but know that she is happy. Dad seems to be doing well. He has some romantic intentions which seem serious enough, and far be it from me to intervene. Utanah Drumm [from our California days] has always been one of my favorite ladies. I can't think of anyone I would rather see him with. I suppose he will write you shortly, but maybe not until after Hawaii. He talked to her Saturday, yesterday, and apparently she is agreeable to his proposals. I suppose they will wait for awhile. Dad wants to wait until Gord gets back and Irene has decided what she is going to do. Utanah's girls have also expressed their approval of the idea, so maybe we've got something going here.

Bertha says that she has enjoyed your letters and wants to know more about the children. We both hope your mother will not have to suffer to long. Our thoughts are with you and your family Arlene. Hi kids!

P.S. on the family organization information, there are several good approaches in the *Ensign*, in 1978, and 1981. Have her check the indexes and get back to me if that's not enough. Love always, Lyman.

LETTER 490

Stan Lindaas, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 15, 1982. As I Stan Lindaas [a professional genealogist], sat at the funeral of Allie Lyman Platt, several items were made aware to me.

This was my first experience of attending an LDS funeral, so I was very desirous of learning as much as I could. To that degree my attendance was probably selfish. I knew Sister Platt only through the love shared through her son Lyman D. Platt, and it is because of this love that I wanted to be there.

429

Just as the service was about to begin, Jayare Roberts [an employee of the Genealogical Department] asked if this was how I would have planned my Saturday. I guess that I had not given it much thought, but realized at that instant that I was where I wanted and needed to be.

My wife and I were seated at the rear of the chapel just behind the opened curtain which separates the chapel from the cultural hall. Our view of the entire chapel was unobstructed.

Immediately after the invocation was offered I experienced a tingly sensation over my entire body.

I realized that this was spirit touching spirit, at the same instant I was aware that my eyes were not able to focus clearly on the front of the chapel, including about the front 1/3 of the congregation.

I removed my glasses, checking to see that they were clean, and found them clean. I replaced the glasses and again looked forward with the same result.

The inability to focus seemed to remind me of the sensation one gets when they are lightheaded

or about to pass out, everything seemed to shimmer. I sat and looked to the front until clarity of vision returned, only a couple of minutes at the most.

My mind was impressed with the realization that the experience was one of great good but to my regret, that my mortality and my spiritual ineptness had limited me at that time.

Later in the service, after the second family had sung and was coming down from the stand I looked at the choir seats and thought, "There sure are a lot of people with the stake presidency." My eyes returned to watch the family take their seats again in the congregation. As they were sitting I realized that the next speaker was beginning. My eyes returned to the stand and I was instantly aware that those whom I had thought to be with the stake presidency were not with them.

These people filled the stand; both seated and standing, most were men, while there were some couples seated on the left side of the stand and in the front.

My mind was impressed with the fact that there were many more people than the stand could hold. All of the people were dressed in white.

All of this was realized and observed in the space of a moment. Yet I was aware of their presence throughout the remainder of the services.

Never have I felt as I did at this time save it be when my grandfather looked through my eyes across the altar and at my grandmother at the moment the sealer was uniting them for eternity.

430

I learned much in this day. I do not think that I have grown as much in the last five years. Thank you for giving the great lesson as I feel that soon my family will need these truths of preparedness and the knowledge of the eternal nature of man and families. Stanley D. Lindaas.

LETTER 491

Rene Lyman Morin, P. O. Box 472, Shelley, Idaho, 83274, July 28, 1981, Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah, Dear Sis, Hey, I sure pulled a dirty trick on you and you were so nice to us. I didn't mean to. We used your basket and gray pan to put apricots in and were going to get some boxes and switch, but forgot until I got to Salt Lake. I'm sorry. Buy you another basket – I left the pan with Net [her daughter Lynnette] and told her to send it down first chance.

Now you'll have a good excuse not to mop (it was your mopping pan, wasn't it?) I also made one very short call to Art on Saturday to see if he had remembered to turn off my dryer (he hadn't) so I figure \$2.00 will cover the call and the basket. You are always so good to put up with all of us when we come – we do appreciate it.

As usual, we got all excited about moving back to Provo after our trip. I've never seen Art so excited about it. But the timing is not that easy. We are working on it, though best not to say anything. We don't have any positive plans yet. We sure enjoyed our visit there. What would be the chance of getting on at the Y (me)? Do they always need good secretaries? We were thinking of just renting for awhile, to give us a chance to look around. I was wondering what Bert [Alberta, Uncle Albert's daughter] would do with her house if she went on a mission. How would one go about finding out if a faculty member might be taking a sabbatical and might want to rent his house for not a mint? Just ideas – why don't you see what you can learn without divulging much information.

R. E. [real estate] is just slow up here. There isn't any money to borrow for this town, because of its size. I guess there is much more money circulating in Utah, we notice. Better go home and finish my apricots. I've bottled twenty-four quarts, dried some and juiced some, but have more to do. We called Julynn on her birthday (27) and had a nice long talk. She shed a few tears – such a home body, taking a non-member to Relief Society night meeting. I think they'll be good missionaries. Don't you love your kids, though! Love you, too, thanks again, Love Rene

P.S. Art decided last night to go resign teaching and today he learned there's no money available, so he's in a quandary again – no money, no sales.

LETTER 492

Rene Lyman Morin, Shelley, Idaho, April 18, 1982, Lyman De Platt & Bertha P.V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear L.D. and Bertha, I suppose it is spring in your beautiful part of the 431

world – your garden probably in and growing. We are still having winter here, with an occasional day that gives us hope for spring eventually. How are all of you – I'm sure it has been a difficult two months for all of you. But knowing what kind of people you are, and the quality of your faith, I'm certain you are going ahead “with the program” as Uncle Albert would say. There is no place else to go, nothing else to do, knowing what we know.

Bertha – how are you feeling? I guess your time is not far off if my memory serves me well (which it doesn't always do). I do hope things go well for you and the little ones. Sorry I'm not close enough to help once in a while.

I have wanted to write and say how proud we were of all of you, L.D. and your family. The way you conducted yourselves and carried on in the absence since your mother and dad's [accident] was a wonderful tribute to them. I had hoped to be of some support and strength to all of you, but I must admit I found strength in you, and courage, and a lot of appreciation for your great examples. I can't imagine a greater reflection on parents than

to see how all of you performed in such an unexpected crisis.

In short – we sure love you. I know how proud your mother was of her greatest possession – her family. I know she is still just as proud. And well she should be, knowing you will carry on in your usual splendid way, always a credit to her and your dad, and continually cementing those bonds between you by your great lives. What a powerful motivating force the gospel is in our lives.

Again, let me remind you how much we love you. I wish it were possible to see you more often, and enjoy your beautiful family. I hope we can keep in touch. Give each one our love, and let us know when your new little spirit arrives. Love, Aunt Rene and Uncle Art. P.S. Uncle Art says the day of your mother's funeral was one of the most beautiful days he has ever seen. He feels it was the greatest example he has known of good parental teaching and accountability on the part of the children.

LETTER 493

Dian Burd, March 23, 1981, Bertha P. V. Platt & Lyman De Platt, Highland, Utah. Dear Bertha and Lyman, Thought I should write and let you know how I'm faring. If I were Jewish I could say, "Boy what a story I'm telling you."

Sometimes I lay awake at night in disbelief, or in tears or in thankfulness and sometimes all three.

Bishop's court was held February 8 and my Bishop set aside his decision for one month. It turned out to be five weeks instead. I was upset at first for his not giving [a] decision because I thought I couldn't get things straight or resolved or begin without that decision. The next month brought fasting, prayer, and soul searching from myself, the Bishopric 432

and the executive secretary, all very special men. The 2nd counselor is my home teacher. Anyway, I realized much from the scriptures I read, also from your letter which I appreciated so much, and from my discussions with Tim. Also, some things happened which made decisions not only necessary but easier also.

Anyway, when the court reconvened, I was asked to restate some things that I had talked with the Bishop about in an interview a few days previous. The gist of it was that I went to the Bishop when it first happened, not when I found I was pregnant. I asked for full discipline to be taken – whatever was necessary and after the month I said that if Miles [Burd, her uncle] would not permit me to raise the baby in the Church – there would be no marriage. I would rather manage myself and be assured the baby has the gospel and no father than give it a father and no promise of knowing the gospel from its earliest life.

The bishopric discussed by themselves and their decision was that I should be disfellowshipped for six months to a year with the approval of my stake president. It was approved by him and I am so terribly thankful that I was not excommunicated. I stated to my Bishop in a letter that I saw nothing else that he could do and I asked that he help us not fall into inactivity because Timi has a special purpose for the Lord no matter what I must pay.

I know what I did was so very wrong and I didn't think it possible of me since going to the temple. I know it is prophesied that "even the greatest shall fall" and I am so far from the greatest, I can't begin to tell you.

Things have happened to help me know that I am only the vessel. My mistake and repentance I must work out and even the past six months have been a trial I thought not to survive. I'm sure it is only the beginning. This baby will have a special purpose.

In September, I had a lesion on my left kidney that the doctor said would take a long time to heal and then with rest and sulfa drugs. And he was concerned about scar tissue forming. My blood pressure was 180/110 which is terrible – near stroke level. I was working six or seven jobs a month. Globe, new route, cleaning homes, artwork and yard work. I got pregnant in November and since then they have taken tests. Also, the OB doctor thought twins or fibroid tumors and all the tests are great. No lesion or scar tissue, blood pressure 120/80, better than normal for age and weight. No twin and no tumors. I saw the baby in a sound wave film and it was so exciting. I'm scared to death – but I know we'll make it with the Lord's help [rest of letter missing]

LETTER 494

Dian Burd, November 2, 1982, Bertha P. V. Platt & Lyman De Platt, Highland, Utah,
Dear Bertha, Lyman and family, Lyman, I'll direct my writing to you most particularly because of some things that happened while you were here and the morning you left or rather I left.

433

I'm not certain all this is straight in my mind, so if I write a little disconnected sounding please understand it is from the heart and it is always in a state of intensity of one sort or another.

First, let me apologize for our auto problems and the concern it may have caused you! Next, let me apologize for not being more able to entertain you – seashore, Disney, etc. Our intentions were much different than we were able to accomplish, but then that is per usual for me.

Also, I want to thank you for our talks regarding my friend Sandy. I felt my Bishop and counselors as judges in Israel took action and were certainly merciful and loving in my behalf. In my own sense of guilt I questioned the fact that (as she said) still these men didn't carry out their duties according to scripture. And in my own heart I have not been able to release fully my part and feelings for my actions to my Savior or my Heavenly Father. I kept thinking, perhaps she was right that unless I asked to be excommunicated, didn't marry Miles and worked out my salvation singly to be able to be re-baptized and re-endowed and marry within the temple, I could never expect to go to the Celestial Kingdom. The only thing was I couldn't reconcile how hurting Miles and my sons would help me gain the Celestial Kingdom. To me my only recourse was to marry Miles – make our home an L.D.S. home as much as possible and show him the depth of my love for him always – praying he would some day be able to see for himself what the teachings of the Church and my love had brought to his life and our sons' lives.

I remember reading an *Ensign* article that Boyd K. Packer wrote a few months back that talked about making marriages work and if you are living with someone – move out or marry if there is enough love and not just physical attraction. Anyway, your words helped so much! I know in my heart Heaven doesn't only wait for those that congregate in churches. I'm certain the Millennium will wash and iron out many misconceptions we have now.

I appreciate your sweet remarks regarding Maureen's countenance. I am so proud of her because of what she is now doing with her life. She has been through a lot of hurt and I am so pleased that she has turned to Heavenly Father and not in another direction. I am so happy too that she has come back so that I can help her in her struggle. We are now closer than we have ever been. What she doesn't know, I think, is that I need her as much

or more as she might need me.

Now, if you aren't too exhausted from reading already, I'll get down to my main purpose for writing this letter. No doubt you recall our talking of my dreams and Bertha's and some revelations of your own. All Friday night I tossed in bed thinking about what we had spoken of together – partly I couldn't sleep because I was afraid I would oversleep and make you late and that I didn't know how long it might be before we would see or hear from each other again.

434

When I left you off at your friends, I had a terrible lonely feeling come over me and I guess a feeling of probably pending disaster – the car problems; and I needed to get gasoline and was afraid to stop the car and turn off the motor. I missed you and you hadn't even left yet. Anyway, I drove a few blocks to the freeway entrance and onto the freeway with my emotions tied and in knots for your safety and my own.

Then as if someone said, "Dian, look up!" I looked up and out the window of the car to see the most lovely expanse of clouds rolling along in front of clouds that seemed to have no movement at all. I turned away to continue driving but turned back again almost entranced by that rolling cloud. My thought was "fear not for I am with you," and I began to hear first someone singing "Why should we fear," and then the verses of "Come, Come, ye Saints: "and should be die before the journey's through," and I felt relieved and at peace. Next, I felt surprise as I stopped to think how strange that these thoughts had come to my mind and not those from your reading from Timothy. Those words had a great mark on my thoughts the night before and now seemed obliterated from my thinking by "Come, come, ye Saints." As I looked at the clouds and their beauty and felt the freshness of the morning and a revived spirit, I heard: "My kingdom shall roll forth just as these clouds with all power and glory." I drove home with no other thought to car problems or the hurt confusion of the previous night.

We stopped in the driveway – the car died and wouldn't start again. I told Miles of the car problems and when he checked the car he said he couldn't see how Ryan and I returned home at all. I told him of two prayers: one for you and one for me. He accepted that with a sweet smile unquestioningly.

My dear heart, if what you spoke of does come about as you feel and if what my dream told me actually pertained to you, then I feel somewhat prepared by your telling me and by what happened Saturday morning. It probably wouldn't make it a great deal easier to take but much easier to understand Heavenly Father's purpose.

I have a couple of "cousin favors" to ask you if time permits your busy schedule.

If you might, have an occasion to ask an authority with regard to my pursuing any other actions within the structure of the Church so that I might renew myself with my Father in Heaven. You are aware, I think, through my writings to you and our conversations, of what has taken place to date and what most of my thoughts and feelings are in regard to Miles and my children and I hope of the Church. I would appreciate your time.

Sometimes I question because I think myself so unworthy of such love and mercy as I have received.

Would you please write! Even the shortest note. I'll even send self-addressed stamped envelopes. I miss all of you! And I love you each one so dearly – even those I haven't met as yet.

435

Let me know how Bertha is doing and if I can help in any way!!!!!! Please tell her to take care. Her burden of responsibility is heavier than anyone I know.

Send the negatives when you have a moment. P.S. Next time please call collect and let me know you got home safely!!!! My love always, Dian.

[Attached to this letter was a copy of two photographs of Ryan, with the following notes: Rosy cheeks, honey-colored hair, blue eyes, 1½ “tooths,” 24 pounds; 27½ inches at nine months.

Ryan Matthew Burd at 8 months: his first Easter. He has the sweetest disposition and he is so loving. His hands are always busy – even fingers. He loves light and shiny objects as if he was looking for the Lord almost. He is stubborn and tenacious. He is friendly – people in the market all come up to him and talk. I meet more people because of him. He has large hands and feet and I think he will be a good worker and walker. He is the complete happiness to his father – they adore each other. They talk “duck” to each other and seem to understand if no one else does. I would have walked through Hell to get him; in some ways I did, I guess. Every second I hold him has been worth it.

LETTER 495

Dian Burd, 18834 Weather Road, Covina, California, 91722, (213) 332-2039), August 20, 1982, Bertha P. V. Platt & Lyman De Platt, Highland, Utah. Dear Bertha and Lyman. Tim, Ryan and me. [a photograph that is no longer with the letter] married Lewis Miles Burd, August 16, 1982, in a small ceremony at El Monte Second Ward chapel, performed by Bishop James Taá. My sons are happy and I giggle from the inside out. I think of him during the day while I’m at work and there is a whole new meaning to my life. At last I feel like a whole person: funny to say that at my size (big enough for two) yet I always felt like a half person until now. He is good to us and is always doing or working on something. Sometimes I get upset with him at something I think selfish, but it is only that he has always given to his ex-wife and she took all and gave little in return. He finds it difficult, just as I do, to have someone do for him. He doesn’t want to put anyone out for his sake.

We talked with my Bishop for almost two hours and they were very impressed with each other. Bishop said he admired Miles for sticking things out and working out our problems together. He said, “Let the Lord help too, marriage is a three-way proposition. He said we need to continue dating and doing special things for each other – that 50-50 marriages only bring forth 100%, but if we each give 100% to the other, our marriage will be 200% and happy.

I am happy – my boys seem more settled and Miles seems ten years younger. His children have all remarked how much happier and younger he looks and feels. Tim says, “My dad” and it is music to my ears to hear it and my heart sings to be able to say, “My husband.” I think the only thing [better than] this would be Miles – a member, sealed to

Tim, Ryan and me and working toward a celestial marriage. With the joy this past week, I’m not sure I could have handled a temple marriage yet but I can certainly dream and work toward it. It took thirty-two years to convince him I was supposed to be his all along. When I was ten I asked him to wait until I grew up. Then my grandma said you no can marry an uncle. Then I found out – he no uncle, but he was married. Then I was “married” and he wasn’t, then we both weren’t and Ryan and now we both are. Persistent aren’t I? And I intend to keep him past (this mortal life too)!

Well, I have jabbered enough about me and mine. How are all of you and how is the new baby? I heard Bertha had [him] on your birthday and gave [him] your name. How special and besides she evened it up as well as she could for #11. I bet he is [a] cute little punkin. When are you coming to Disneyland and stay with us? How is Uncle Gordon doing with his leg? Job? Feelings? etc. My mother has moved to Lake Elsinore, California:

33210 Sangston Drive

Lake Elsinore, California. I don't know the ZIP code

1-714-678-5337

She likes it! She has a brand new home and a pretty big-sized lot for fruit trees and a garden. Tim is with her and Miles goes weekends from his job. We see her weekends from the ranch. She lives about twenty minutes from our ranch on dirt roads, so miles are closer but time longer. She has three bedrooms, family room, fireplace, two baths, and a beautiful view of the lake and countryside.

Ryan is one year old now, August 18th. He walks but prefers scrambling. He can crawl faster than I can now. He is a jabberwocky. Talks a blue streak and about every 6th word he says a word. He is stubborn, tenacious, has a temper but is the most loving, smiling, little guy. He picks up grandmas in the supermarket and pretty girls at traffic lights. He refuses to call me momma or mom – instead it comes out Dain. No matter how much anyone says momma, he just gets a sly grin and says “Dain.” He is every ounce a daddy's boy but I get some good smooches. He watches Tim with adoring eyes and Tim can sooth him or sing him to sleep faster than anyone.

I lost a precious friend from my marriage and it hurts so much to think about it. She has been an eternal sister for ten years and I have been close to her entire family (as my own almost). She is not and never has been married and we have not been as close lately because I have done things with Miles' family. She promised several years ago to stand up with me but now she said she couldn't: partly because I have Ryan and got him the way I did, partly because she doesn't think my Bishop should have re-instated me; that I shouldn't have married Miles because he isn't a member. She feels I should walk away from him, support my two sons on my own, write the general authorities and ask to be excommunicated and tell Miles he can “go to Hell” by himself. She not only wouldn't stand up with me as maid of honor, she wouldn't attend and she said I cancelled out our friendship when I started dating Miles. She tried to influence her family not to come (they did come). She also tried to influence several of my friends into not coming.

437

She isn't judging me, though, according to her. Her mother says she has a hard case of jealous self-righteousness. I feel sick at heart to think in some things she is right but especially that she would try to turn others away without knowing Miles or trying to understand me.

Now do you know where Ryan gets his jabberwocky? From yours truly, who else.

Love you both so much!!!! Hope you'll write and keep me up to date with yourselves and the kids, books, crops, activities, genealogy, etc. P.S. Did you get to the Leavitt reunion? Love from Dian Burd.

LETTER 496

Julie Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah, June, 1988, Dear Dad: I love you. You're very sweet and I love you. I'm glad you're my dad. I want to wish you a happy birthday and all you have done for me. I think you're a great dad and a loving and cheerful dad. That is sometimes. You're just great and intelligent and I thank you. I also thank you for

being my dad. Happy birthday, pal. Love Julie.

LETTER 497

McKay Lyman Platt and Pamela Woodbury Platt, New Orleans, Louisiana, May 27, 1982, Lyman De Platt & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Lyman and Bertha and Abuelita, etc., Yesterday I took my last final for the sophomore year. That means I'm half way done with school down here. (Half an M.D., I guess that makes me an "M"). I'm very excited about finally being out of the classroom and having the emphasis shift from books to the bedside, from written exams to physical exams. The third year starts on July 26th and I start out with three months of surgery followed by three months of internal medicine, then six weeks of pediatrics, neurology-psychiatry, and obstetrics-gynecology. That's an eleven month year and much of it is 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 or 8:00 p.m. plus on-call every third or fourth night. Pam and I are both quite worried about that schedule and what being away so much will do both to our marriage and my relationship with Katy and Carly, so I had a talk with the stake presidency to see if under the circumstances they might want to release me as Elders Quorum president. They weren't terribly happy to hear that I wanted to be released because the ward down here is so weak, but two weeks ago I was released only to be put in as ward clerk, out of the pot and into the fire.

Our summer plans are finally worked out. Yesterday Pam's sister, Sandy, flew down from Provo and will stay with us until mid-July. All of us are going on a whirlwind tour of Louisiana and Mississippi starting tomorrow for a couple of days to see some ante-bellum homes, battlefields, etc., followed by Mississippi's national seashore. Then on the 31st of May I fly to Denver to spend a month at the Army's Fitzsimmons Hospital to do a rotation in Urology. On July 1st I'm flying into Salt Lake to spend three or four days with the family. Pam isn't too happy about my having to leave her this summer, but by now she's getting used to it. She will be working twenty hours a week starting early June for the same pediatrician that she's worked for all year. Katy and Carly are real excited to have their favorite aunt here

438

with them all summer. They are both growing up so big. Katy starts kindergarten next fall at a very good public school (that by the way is a very rare breed down here). And after giving it a lot of thought we decided to send Carly to pre-school a few hours every day. She wants to go and we think it will be good to start her a bit early as she has been sort of inattentive with all things academic. Socially she has better skills than I do but she's very nonchalant about her letters and numbers. They are at a good age right now; Kate's just five and Carly is 3½. They really play well together and are absolutely devoted to each other. Being here in Tulane's married student housing is a big plus for them as they have so many kids to play with, eleven on our wing alone.

Pam was recently put in the Primary presidency in our ward. She's really happy about that and enjoys the sisters and kids she's working with. Between Primary, her job, her correspondence class, the kids and her latest project, cake decorating, she stays very busy. In the last three weeks she has done about a dozen cakes. There a sight to behold. So far she's made a typewriter cake, a shoe cake, a tennis racket cake, a bear cake, and three Pac-Man cakes, and a bunch of others I can't remember. She makes about ten bucks profit on each one so it almost pays for the cavities we all get picking at the frosting.

I'm afraid that since Mom died news about the family has been rather hard to come by and I don't feel that we're up to date on you all. How are the kids? Are David and Dan excited about baseball season coming up? What's happened to the movie stars? You'll have to keep us informed. I'll get up to date when I see you all in July (1st thru 4th). Katy and Carly sure miss playing with you Debbie and 'Lena. Too bad I can't pack them in my Army duffle bag.

Bertha I hope this pregnancy is going well. You're an incredible mother. See you soon. Love McKay, Pam, Katy and Carly

LETTER 498

Dian Burd, Covina, California, October 30, 1980, Lyman De Platt & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Ones, Autumn is here and my thoughts turn to crunching leaves and crisp apples and smoke smells and Utah and loved ones and you. Not especially in that order. Think of you often. Remembered Nicolle's 1st birthday on October 16th, but didn't get a card off, so will take a dietetic lunch and write a hello – I love you note.

I hate this daylight savings time not being on anymore. It is pitch black when I arrive home at night and the weather is warm and balmy and too dark to do anything outside.

Talked with your mother for her birthday and she told me you were busy with your work and extra work. I have six jobs right now. Clean house for several people. My reputation precedeth me. I can't do all the jobs I have. Still working at Globe, Timi and I have a 2000 per week newspaper delivery route (Tim helps) and I am doing an art brochure for a nursery school plus working on projects for a bazaar at the ward. I'm pooped but I think it must not be anything compared to you two with the ten to keep you busy.

Timi has 4.0 grades for college work he took last year and got a special scholarship to attend two six week courses of his choice at the University of California at Los Angeles.

439

Transportation expenses are paid also. He is on the student council, football team, in Scouts and Glee club and is 1st counselor in the Deacons Quorum. He also has a bad base of becoming a teenager – having a crush on his school teacher and mouthing off at his mother. He was so sweet Sunday. He asked me about what would his name be if I marry Miles – Burd or Choi? I said Miles would have to adopt him for his name to be Burd. He asked me if Miles would adopt him and I asked him what he wanted his name to be – he said Burd. I asked him if he loved Miles and he was embarrassed to say yes – don't you? Yes! I do. I still don't know if I can marry outside the temple but I love him very much. I have an entire new set of goals, dreams, and reasons, when before my entire goal was Timi's education and mission and service to the Lord. Now it is working together to achieve – growing, learning preparing – teaching him the gospel, building a new home, pioneering a rural area and working right along side someone I love. That was all I ever dreamed of as a child: loving someone, working along side him, children, growing old together.

I put my home up for sale yesterday. It was a very difficult thing to do. I have grown to love it so very much. I have truly put blood, sweat and tears into it. But there is a new adventure for us and opportunities to grow more and return to the Lord his portion of the profit to bless our little ward. In the last few months it has become a financial burden that is beyond my ability. Inflation has increased the cost of everything (as you know I'm certain) and my gasoline costs \$100 or more each month, just to get to work. My auto expenses are well over \$300, including insurance payments and upkeep. And all the house expense is more than I can handle alone. Myles doesn't want to live in El Monte and he is trying to sell his home by spring so he can buy his own bulldozer. He can make several hundred dollars a day grading roads and home sites in San Diego County. He has a home on the ranch but will eventually sell to his children and build another one on the hill overlooking the most beautiful view of the hills and valleys of the California coastline and the seascape of San Clemente almost down to Cardiff by the Sea (on a clear day or night). Only way to beat that is Timpanogos with snow or the Tetons. He will build with brick, cedar and redwood and a deck to open out over the hillside with the view in about five or six years, when he or we can be there full time.

Haven't taken much vacation time this year – one day at a time but will get six days at Christmas plus paid holidays so will be about two weeks all at once. (Timi is out of school then, so it should be great (spending Christmas with Miles and his children) on the mountain with a fireplace – in the pine and oak trees. That is one dream come true (almost). How are all of you? What is happening in Highland? Oops! Not so many questions, Dian. There won't be answers but that's okay. I know you're busy and your task is more than I would attempt.

I have a question I could use some help on if you know the answer or come across it sometime. It's your specialty – genealogy, not Spanish.

Anyway, always I have heard that the name Burd has come from the German Fogel (bird) and was changed and spelled that way to keep the family history more easily. Recently I found a reference to Burd that says it is from Scotland legend. Is there a way of knowing whether or not the name came from Scotland or Germany without having the records of all 440

the Burd ancestors? I got back as far as the Burds of Pennsylvania in the 1850's, but will have to look at censuses for them and I don't know what counties or anything. I have Charles Howard Burd – Pennsylvania – grand master sword of the Masonic order and that's all. He would have been born in the mid 1800s. Wish I could come again to Salt Lake and work on that line more. Perhaps if my house sells and I can manage the dollars we'll see you for conference in the spring.

How is Bruce, Danny, David, Patty and all the younger ones? How is John Andres especially? I would sure like a photograph of all of you. Give them all my love and tell them we miss them very much. Hope they are enjoying school and the beautiful autumn.

Guess I'd better cut this short and get to work. My feast or repast with you was delicious. I enjoyed every moment of thinking of you all while writing this. Bertha, I even enjoyed your whole wheat rolls – home made butter and yogurt. The memories were delicious. I've lost thirty-six pounds since May. Funny how the weight just comes off now and Miles doesn't care what I weigh. I believe him when he says it anyway – maybe that's the difference or maybe just because I love him and feel worthwhile and love back. Love you all and each one, Dian.

LETTER 499

Dian Burd, California, July 14, 1981, Lyman De Platt & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Ones, Seems all I can find to write with is a red pen lately. Perhaps it will fade into the dust and be forgotten sooner – whatever.

Just wanted to write and let you know I haven't received the photo – rego or milk information as of yet. I wasn't worried but wanted to let you know if you sent already – they have not arrived.

Have thought about you all lately. This was about the time I was there with Timi three years ago. We went swimming in your reservoir and Timi hurt his leg. I have many special memories of that summer and our visit with you. I wonder how you are surviving the heat. We have had over 100s with little let up for several weeks. My house isn't insulated so it remains hot even until the early morning, then it starts over again. I am so thankful for my job and the air conditioning. I should say jobs. I am grateful that there has been extra work for me to pay bills with even though sometimes I wonder how I will get up (physically and spiritually) to go to do it.

I have an almost daughter/I can't remember if I wrote you that I have Maureen's little girl to raise now. She came to live with me one month ago after spending a couple of weekends until school was out for summer. She had had some kind of experiences – I can't imagine

what could have given her so many fears or insecurities or ideas. Sometimes she wakes up in the middle of the night screaming blood curdling screams. She's afraid of the shower, the dark, noises of any kind. If you correct her for anything she thinks you don't love her and she is so loving, you feel almost overwhelmed by her kisses and need for attention. We are adjusting to each other and she is changing. She likes Sunday School and has the special eye of our Bishop. She is so proud of anything they have her do in Primary or Sunday School

441

class and so wanting of approval. Miles has been wonderful with her. Bought her shoes I couldn't afford and a hair brush and some toys of her own. She came only with a record player and one record and some misc. clothing, most of which needed mending or were either too big or too small.

I love her so much and I hope I can help her. I'm making new clothes for her and Miles bought a second hand chest of drawers and is painting it and a crib for me. He is a special man, Lyman. I don't know what will happen if I lose him. He is trying hard to make amends for his not being able to accept the baby at first. He has taken time and patience with Christie, Timi and me to help us work together as a family. He has helped me financially, emotionally and when I didn't think I could handle the problems anymore, he took the kids so I could rest or just have the quiet. I see the frustration in his eyes because he cannot do more for us until his legal problems are worked out and I see the love inside him for me and the kids and his own kids and his land. We talk about the gospel and all I can discover is that someone has confused and hurt him when he was an investigator before and now I have that to undue. We went to Church Sunday and afterwards went to dinner at his place; kids and I only. The kids all looked so nice and he was proud of them for going. Both Timi and Christie invited Miles for next week and he said, "I just might surprise you." I see so much good within him and I find it so difficult to understand that he hasn't accepted the gospel. He hasn't really been taught by anyone with authority, but he has so many misconceptions about religion. I wonder if the missionaries would have a chance. I realize they don't do the job by themselves and I guess that is my only hope; that the Holy Spirit will open his heart and mind to at least listen and have the desire to read. I am heart sick that my example has been so lacking. I know that much of my repentance comes from the feelings of how I have hurt Timi, Miles and all the family by not being strong enough to stand up to the covenants I made.

I've lost thirty-nine pounds since my pregnancy, but I feel pretty good. I'm tired and can't seem to get much sleep. I guess that's normal for last month, three jobs, kicker baby and lots on my mind. The last visit to the doctor brought news that I have a fibroid tumor the size of my fist and the baby is in a breech position. She said not to worry because the baby can still change positions in the thirty days left to go. Why is it when someone says you can't have anything to drink you become immediately thirsty and when someone says, "Don't worry," you do. I won't tell you not to worry – I'll just say my home teacher is coming to give me a blessing tonight and I know whatever will be God's will for me. I have much to accomplish yet so I don't feel He will take me. I didn't mean to sound fatalistic; guess it's old age setting in; 41 today and I feel old and useless right now. I'm always like that on my birthday and New Years' Eve. No big thing.

Love you each one and hope your summer has been fruitful and fruit filled. Just about has to be with so many to care for. Sometimes I wonder how you and Bertha do it but then I know our Heavenly Father helps you too. Love from Dian.

LETTER 500

Rene Lyman Morin, Shelley, Idaho, August 16, 1981, Rachelle's birthday. Dearest Ones: This has been the year for the big change in the lives of must of you and we are having a

hard time keeping up with addresses, etc. But still we need to keep in close touch with you and we appreciate regular letters from most of you, though our own letter-writing hasn't been too regular this summer. Lots of pressing activities for all. We have a hard time believing that Art turned thirty-two this month, Charles 19, Rachelle 21! Marilee and Roger were to have moved this past weekend to another apartment and Chris will also be moving to an apartment. Ben is in the process of getting back to the Y from Arizona and Charles is leaving the N.W. today for Utah to finish these next two weeks selling. Brad leaves tomorrow (I believe) for Arizona and his winter's teaching. Carolyn and Net [Lynette] came up a week ago yesterday; we did some bottling and Net and children went home Thursday. We did enjoy having them here. Carolyn felt that she hadn't had a vacation so we let her take the car yesterday morning and she went to Richmond until Tuesday afternoon. We did get her room carpeted and she refinished her dressing table and put in a single bed in place of the double so she has more room, and the room looks very nice. With new curtains and spread, then when we get it painted, it will be really attractive. Needs a knick-knack shelf again or two, then it will be finished. She likes it. We certainly are enjoying having her home again and are looking forward to a great year together – probably her last one home with us, which is rather sobering. She should have a good year at school. Our tentative plan now is to move back to Utah in the spring, after she finishes school, but it is best not to speak too much about it I guess. Dad hopes to open an office there in real estate, so this winter he will renew his Utah real estate license and get his Utah broker's license, and I will get my Utah real estate license. Dad is teaching this year, but this will be his last one (according to present plans). So we are excited about the prospects of things and this winter we will get our house sharpened up to sell and have someone watching out for a good house buy in Provo this winter. How does all that sound – how do you like them apples?

I didn't finish reporting on the family – sorry about that. Art will leave for Santa Barbara probably around the middle of September, though he may take the first two weeks off to relax and do a little “cramming” (as if he needed it). We are really going to miss him. It has been such a rich year to have him here with us and capitalize on all of his talents. He is still planning to cut up some winter's wood for us, if he can find time. We are going to have to get out our encyclopedias when he leaves and consult them again – such a fantastic store of knowledge he has!! And the bishopric said yesterday that they wished there were more teachers like him in the Church who really taught the youth – he teaches the Deacons and does such a great job, just like he does with his Young Special Interest job and several others. We think he is just a special person and though we will miss him and his help and support at the real estate office and home, we are happy for him to have the opportunity to go back and finish school, as he wishes. We sure love him.

Ed and Lorraine finally got moved to Magna with their sons, and are very happy to be in their own home again and somewhat settled. Ed has been involved in his job 100% and then some and says he just loves it. He has some cases he is working on all by himself and also some he is working on with others. He did say that he has a watts line he can use for free, to some areas, but wasn't sure which areas. Idaho wasn't one of them, much to our sorrow. We are excited to have more chance to visit with them again.

Perhaps everyone knew that Burke was in the regular police force now but we haven't

heard that much about his reaction to it. He must be excited to have Ramesis with him, though, since everyone needs at least one member of the family near them. We miss Rams, in fact when Burke took him Dad said, “I think I’ll go in the bedroom and bawl!!” Burke has such a difficult schedule for us to catch him that we haven’t talked to him much – in fact just got his phone number from Net so maybe it will be easier now. We would like to hear more about your new experience Burke, and how you are doing. Give Rams a big hug for us, and let him lick your face a couple of times for us. Is he getting his share of bread and butter!! How is it working out to live with Tony and wife? How are Reed and Pat?

Net is getting things ready for the new baby, who is supposed to come around October 1, but she feels it will come earlier. She isn’t sure where she will have her baby this time – probably here. She has been feeling very unenergetic this summer, heat and all, and really appreciated Caro’s being there to help her. They did quite a bit of fruit, drying mostly, and Caro was a real help with the kids. Mark is still in the store; the kids are really growing up and are such cuties. Net does enjoy them. Julynn says Bob is enjoying his new job experience and is President of Young Men’s. Roger is doing carpenter work in the sun – they go to work early so they don’t have to work in the sun all day. Chris is back on the job again at the oil wells, working long shifts like thirty-three hours in one stretch. He will get his apartment and still until Christmas, then go to the Y. Like that, Ben? Hopefully they can live together. Ben will dance this year and get in a little schooling and girl-chasing on the side. We haven’t seen him since Christmas and are hoping that he will have a chance to get home for a few days before school starts (if his money holds out). Brad loved his summer in Provo, teaching some math, dancing with the team and teaching some dance, and a lot of other fun things. He hopes to be back to the Y next year to work on another degree (hopefully a Mrs., along with Art).

Our next big project will be to help Charles get ready for the MTC and it will be a rushed job since he plans to work until the end of August. He has had a productive summer in terms of experience and money, I believe. He has particularly enjoyed visiting with Aunt Janet and Lolo and also Aunt Ina and Russ, and a letter from Janet indicated how much they had enjoyed him and learned to love him. How could we be so lucky to have been blessed with so many super children!! His meeting is at 3:00 on Sunday, August 30. We know it will be impossible for some of you to come but you will be with us in spirit and we plan to tape the program for you to hear. Carolyn says there will be a great influx of girls into the Church that day!!

Dad’s real estates is moving a little, though financing is very difficult. He just hired a new man to work for him (Dennis Wilke left – without any regrets on our part) and is quite excited about him. I’m not really much help yet except in office detail but I guess I will have to get out and do some work in the field and learn to sell. Dad looks so sharp in his brand new wardrobe of about eight outfits (mix and match) and I know it makes him feel good.

444

Summer has been different – not too many hot days, always cool nights and evenings and mornings. The garden is just getting productive, apples aren’t as thick as last year and I am getting my bottles filled. Actually, I didn’t have as many to fill as I thought I would since I had given so many away. But the Church continues to stress a good food storage program and we hope that each of you are somehow finding the money and space to build

yours continually. I know it will be difficult for bottling this year, but maybe you can replace it with canned cases.

Next day: Burke called last night and we had a great visit. He sounded so good and seems to be enjoying his work, though with his soft heart and compassionate spirit he says he does have a hard time giving tickets. He may have to bring Rams back to us, the heat and neighbors are getting to him. He misses my Brewers Yeast and Vitamin E!! Burke will be able to make it to the farewell, since their new schedule has him working four days, ten hours each, then he gets three off, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Nice, huh?

I was going to list everyone's address but Marilee and Roger are moving, Brad is moving, Ben isn't settled yet, and I don't know what Chris's will be, or Charles. I will give what is permanent for now: Oh yes, and Art is moving. Simmons – 1753 Farmington Court, Crofton, Maryland 21114. Ed and Lorraine: 7816 West 3455 South, Magna, Utah 84044. Net and Mark: 366 Garfield, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115. Burke: P.O. Box 96, Green River, Wyoming 82935. Dad and Caro and I are the same!! I'll send the other new addresses when I get them. Chuck will of course be home soon.

I am really having fun typing up the histories for the married families in our family. You would also be very proud of me for getting the pictures in a scrapbook – only took me thirty years. They have been such fun to look at, although some of them are missing. If you have some you may have borrowed send them back and let me get copies, whydoncha?

With the great emphasis on living more cheaply so you can make ends meet, we have gone over and over our expenses trying to find what to do without. We will turn off our freezer just as soon as I get things in it bottled. We have already turned off our freezerfridge

combination in the garage and our bill dropped \$20.00. We are even considering taking out our home phone and just using the office phone. We want to get out of debt! But if we don't take out our phones at home we will just trim down our calls and write more letters. So if you don't hear, you will know why. It is so easy to call, and so much fun to talk to each of you, but we know that each of you must be having the same problems. Anyway, we are working on it, and I know you are too. By the way, Mar and Rog, we are interested in knowing if you got the home. It is time to get these in the mail and write a personal note on each one, so I'll sign off. Somehow I forget some of the things I planned to write y'all

[The copy of this letter that I have has a note on the back to Ben. Hi Ben, boy are you hard to catch up with. Let us know where you are and why! Glad to be back in Provo? Will you sing the enclosed song with Net for Chuck's farewell? Hope you can come up 445

for a few extra days. If not, drive your car to Salt Lake and ride up with Ed or Net. I would sure like to sit down and have a good visit with you – miss you and love you and enjoy your letters, whenever we can get them. Drop us a note, Love you, Mom.]

LETTER 501

Dian Burd Choi, January 21, 1982, Bertha P. V. Platt & Lyman De Platt, Highland, Utah, Dear Bertha and Lyman and family, happy birthday to John Andres. Can spring be far away? Thought this sunshine bouquet might pick up you winter spirits. Sorry not to have written these many months (my excuse just doesn't seem worthy when I think of all the two of you must do with your family) but there just never seems time enough to write.

Guess you've heard I had a son August 18, 1981 and named him Ryan Matthew Burd. He is beautiful and the sweetest little spirit. He has the sweetest disposition and smiles and laughs most of the time. At five months he has a first tooth – crawls, jabbers, has a temper when not feed on schedule but so much tolerance for other happenings. His crib fell in on its frame and he just went “ehh eh” to notify me that something was wrong. He didn't scream that he was sliding downhill upside down. He has a wonderful Christian lady as a baby sitter and she is continually amazed at his growth and alertness and from the pediatrician's comment I may have another Timi on my hands. Timi is talking German at the University – just started but likes languages quite well (his father spoke 11). Timi just completed four units of physics and received an A and is running for president of the school for this term. He has perfect attendance and was really upset with me this morning when the car wouldn't start to take him to school. Pretty serious when a teenager says prayers so he can go to school. Miles' son tries every way he can not to have to go.

Speaking of Miles – things are good between us. We have had to pull together in both of our lives to help each other thru this and the problems we have had with finances – kids – jobs –etc. Timi, Ryan and I live in his home (not in his bed only his bedrooms). I was about to lose my home and we have fixed it up a little and rented it until Miles can refinance it for me. I cannot qualify to refinance myself. It had no heat and so we have spent time both at Mother's and Miles' until just this week – we rented the house and have moved everything to his garage. Christie has gone back to live with her mother. I worry about it – about her and about the gap between Maureen and me, but there is nothing I can do to help if help isn't wanted and it is much easier to manage without the problems that Christie has or causes. I would take her again in a minute if I could help her and her father is trying to get legal consent for me to have her but I can't be involved with that against my own sister – even if I think my sister wrong. I guess I just don't know her anymore – I lay awake at night thinking Satan is putting the hardness in my heart toward her and I ask Heavenly Father to help us be sisters once more, but her side seems totally wrapped up in bad feelings from when I took over while mom was sick all those years ago.

Anyway, Miles and I will marry before Easter or I will move into an apartment or something. I am working on debts so I can do this if our marriage plans fall through for 446

some reason. In March, it will be one year since my disfellowshipment and I want to come into activity so much but feel I'm not yet ready. I feel I have no right to be fellowshipped because it is so difficult for me to talk with Heavenly Father. My Bishop was supposed to interview me each month but he only has two times. I am working harder to put my life in order this year than last. It seems last year to all fall in on top of me in August.

What a joy and a blessing is Ryan. Timi and Miles and Miles' children are all crazy about him and needless to say he has become the sweetness of my day. My two boys are all that make me function I suppose.

Aunt Allie's letter at Christmas said Bertha is expecting again. I was surprised and happy, but I thought she was to have surgery first. When is your baby due? Is your little mother living with you? How are all of you and what are you doing? How is the Sheets family? I think of our times together often and especially do I remember the summer a few years

ago when we were there to visit when Timi hurt his leg. I hope your holidays were beautiful. Ours were quiet and rainy. Miles son was with his mother – Christie went home to Maureen's, so just Timi, Ryan, Miles and I were together at his ranch in San Diego County. I love it there. It seems a great deal like the land at the old place except oaks instead of poplar trees. We planted forty-three mixed variety of pines on New Years Day. We bought some and got some from the forestry service. There are no telephones or electricity and we have to depend on each other for everything. There are twenty miles of dirt roads to the nearest market or gas station. But I'm happy there – I feel free and close to Heavenly Father and part of my ancestry and part of Miles and his love for that land. When he retires we will live there all the time. Ryan will go to a one room school house and Tim off to BYU and his mission. Right now he's giving me problems about seminary this fall – but I think he will change his mind before then. I'd better get back to work, the lunch bell just rang. My love to you each one, Dian.

LETTER 502

Dian Burd Choi, September 10, 1979, Dear Ones, I meant to write sooner than this! I have been so busy bringing work home and trying to keep things together, it seems there is hardly ever a minute to write. I sat down to take a breather and take survey of what is next and could not go on to another project without writing.

First off Lyman, I want to say how very much I enjoyed our visit. I felt honored to have you visit (since you never have before) but especially I felt a new spiritual growth and I set new goals for myself and Timi that were sort of hanging in the realm of concern before. We are starting to learn Spanish vocabulary in our family home evening and at the breakfast table we study them for the day. I bore my testimony and so many Spanish people in our ward came up and said they would help me if I could help them with English. After three years of unsuccessful attempts to get Spanish Relief Society manuals and set up Relief Society meetings we are now going to have one. I'm not sure but bearing your testimony when the stake president is there and he has come to participate in

447
confirming a Spanish convert family must have been the answer. I talked in testimony of the extraction program and the Idaho people you told me about and our stake president put his arm around me and said go to work. More later – I also talked about your book – nothing positive yet but I could use some handbills to tack up on the bulletin boards in wards and stakes here (remember).

Timi said when we had family prayer Friday night that Uncle Lyman won't think we are a very good family because we didn't have prayer that he should be safe on his trip and be able to do a good job, but I said I was so happy he came and there was so much to do that I forgot. I said you were protected because the Lord loves you for the work you are doing and that he protects your family just like the early missionary families. Then, he said, well, I guess you're right now, mom, but you were wrong because we have to "pray always" and he quoted the scripture from the Book of Mormon. See what I mean about my monkey and keeping me straight?

Sometimes, Lyman, I am ashamed to kneel before the Lord and ask his help – all I can do is humbly thank him for the blessings we have received. And then the guilt of not going to him in prayer is so strong that it takes even longer to talk with him the next time.

I truly enjoyed your sweet spirit and as I said feel especially close because of your spirituality. I apologize for talking your ear off. I could have kicked myself for not

listening instead (all the time instead of in between times). I am so thankful for your influence and caring and concern!

All the way home, I drove in the sunshine and breezes – with the sea air and an uplifted spirit. I said prayers of thanksgiving all the way back to Smogville, that I am alive and have an opportunity to sense the see and seen and feel the spirit of another so dear and to be excited about the growth of the Kingdom here on earth. I really enjoyed my day away from Globe.

Some new events in my life are causing great concern for new direction. After you left, I received a letter from the city of El Monte. All the homes in my area are being purchased by the city for a mall of commercial buildings and offices. I don't know all the details yet, because there is a meeting tomorrow night at city hall and the letter didn't really say much, but many things are going through my mind, if I have to sell. Perhaps I'll go "work on the temple" in Seattle. There must be some job there I can do for a living. Or maybe I'll come up and move in down the street from you and look for work in Salt Lake. I don't really know but it seems as if the Lord has directed me to this home and now out of it (possibly). What worries me more than being out of it is that I am in tune with the spirit enough to discern the direction to take to serve where he would have me be. I have felt a new sense of freedom even two miles away from mother's that I think perhaps was the needed preparation – just don't know if it has been enough preparation yet.

I know I want to do what He will have me do and with whatever chastening, purging and repentance must come for it. There is so much to do, and I have so little time.

448

Haven't done anything with water purifier – could you send paperwork on it also – I don't even have the address or company name down anywhere. Don't know what I can do with it but [I am] willing to give it a try. I need more financial freedom to accomplish some of the things I want to do in the Lord's work and in Timi's life.

Bertha, I want you to know I love you so much. Take care not to overdo and I hope this one is a boy to even the scales a little. Lyman told me grandma is with you again. Send her my love and I hope things will work themselves out so that your home will once again have the special loving nature as it did when grandma was with you before. I miss you and wish so much I could have come up this summer. Timi too missed being with your kids in the pond. He said today as he started his first day back to school that he didn't even get to play one day with Patty, Bruce and Danny and David. So many things I want to share with you: things from Relief Society and cook books and friends and to be able to talk with you about. I am excited about your expected little one and I guess just a little jealous too.

Lyman, if you can do those pictures in small batches I would appreciate it. Usually, I can send a little at a time from savings bonds or out of extra work money. Also, I want the Platt book and mom does too. Can you set a couple aside for us for a short while? I may have to send \$5.00 at a time until it is paid, but I do want them!

I humbly appreciate all the hours of work, effort and time you have contributed to the book and pray you will be blessed a thousand fold for your labors.

Guess I better get busy and into this day. It's almost 6:00 a.m. and I need to get ready for work. Wish I had somewhere more important to go (like a class in scripture study or education week, or out to dig in the fields). Timi and I earned \$100.00 this weekend (the hottest yet: 105 degrees) cleaning up yards in our neighborhood. I enjoyed every minute

except for the heat. Maybe I'll move to Oregon and work as a farm hand in the rain. Only thing that would make it more fun would be a husband to grin at and ten kids to work alongside of.

Well, whatever I do [will be] what he wants and go where he wants and love all I can. Love you all and each one Always! Dian.

LETTER 503

Dian Burd, August 2, 1978, Dear Bertha, Lyman and kids, I got home okay – drove all the way from Provo because Uncle George and Aunt Thora were still away on vacation and we got to St. George late at night and all the family was asleep – so we drove through – threw a kiss and I love you and went home. Hope you are feeling better Lyman and that no one else is down the junk.

449

I got home and kissed mom hi, said we had a great trip and had all the crap thrown at me: Maureen's divorce, mom's bills, Miles wants to borrow \$300.00 (I haven't got) and Mike not home – Tim sick. It certainly was depressing to say the least.

Things are great, even terrific at work. My boss took me to lunch Monday and asked me to take a promotion I never thought I'd ever be considered for. I saw the need for the creation of a coordinator in three departments, but because of my lack of knowledge in [the] mechanical area of presses, I never thought I could or would be considered. My boss seems to know different. Anyway he asked me to consider and probably [this will be the] first of numerous changes [that] will take place to create this new job. It would make me top female in the company and also bring a lot of headaches, hours and hard work. I have seventeen people now and this change would bring probably sixty under my direct supervision and another twenty on 2nd shift indirectly.

I stayed awake all Monday night thinking about problems and possibilities and on top of all the family thoughts and wanting to move, thinking it was difficult to get up for another day of "keeping it together." It is so funny, that the thought that keeps returning is "what a fantastic way to be the example I would like for the Church." The only female in that top position and if I can be tolerant, kind, instructive, sincere, caring and many others things I need to work at, what an opportunity to share the gospel! What an opportunity financially – to help my family to have the funds for genealogy, printing, pictures, to be able to gather our family closer. I have thought so often of having money – lots of money – to secretly add to an uncle's bank account or a missionary's account or to pay off mortgages or hospital bills and I realize that I don't and in my lifetime probably won't ever be able to do these things, but I am determined to do my best within or beyond my means.

I am afraid of my own inability to accept the promotion, but the money would mean another \$300 or \$400 per month in the next year or so. Can't help thinking the Lord sure could use the tithing, and welfare and fast offering. Sometimes, I think it so funny that the Lord is almost greedy. He gives us more and he gets more but then I remember he returns all we give him and more back to us in the form of blessings, chapels, and temples – whatever. Too bad we can't all be as generous as he.

My boss says, "Dian, if you accept this promotion, I don't want to hear anymore Utah crap." I said, "I needed to know more about what would be required of me first, and also to let him know that my son and my Father in Heaven come first. I will not work Sunday and my Saturdays have to be limited because I won't fail with Tim and succeed at

Globe.” He stared at me for a moment and looked almost angry – then his eyes softened and he said, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Money wise,” he said, “I’m not sure what corporate will consider.” I laughed or grinned and he smiled. He asked me what that was about. I said, “I knew that he determined wages anyway.” “Yes,” he said, “within reason.” I said, “It doesn’t matter anyway because my Father in Heaven knows what is reasonable for me.” He asked what that was
450

about and I explained tithing and the windows of heaven and he said that was probably why he could sleep when he gave me the last raise. Then, he said, “Dian, don’t you do a business on me now!” I said, “Never; and I’ll think about it.” He said, “About a business on me?” and I said, “No! about the promotion.”

I didn’t mean to carry on so, but I am thrilled I was even considered. I must have made a good impression on the boss at Tacoma because I got a telex that is special and my boss said he talked with the vice president and all that was said was Dian did this and Dian did that and so on. Great for my ego!

Wanted to tell you especially how much I enjoyed visiting with you, each one is special. I am grateful to Heavenly Father that he blesses me with such special family and the means to come; and thankful that Timi has the opportunity to spend the time with cousins and gain a testimony of work and family togetherness. He was greatly influenced and we talked and shared our thoughts and love for you most of the way home.

Bertha, it was wonderful for me too, to see the patience and love you give your family and I especially enjoyed our talk sessions and sharing of Don Carlos. I hope you know I didn’t ask to be nosey, but because I couldn’t be there and I felt your loss then too and learning of another’s feelings and thoughts helps you to love them all the more. Thank you too for your sweetness and understanding the night of the movie. Sometimes I am more aware of my aloneness than at other times and I forget to count the blessing I do have and instead cry over the ones I don’t. Then, it goes right back to blame for a stupid youth and the tears become anger. Lyman, thank you too, for sharing your time, your substance, and your family, but especially the gospel. It is like a fire to me to be able to sit and talk with the priesthood about the gospel. I feel as if my heart will burn up in my body or explode within me at times when the light of understanding comes alive. It was neat to read your autobiography and remember back what I was doing at the time or reading about grandma and your family. I feel I love you better because I know you better.

Let us hear from you sometime also. I would appreciate it if you would contact Gary from time to time. Mi amor mucho, Dian. P.S. Send some brochures.

LETTER 504

Dian Burd, February 2, 1978, Dear Bertha, Lyman and family, I have not written for some time but ever you are in my thoughts and prayers.

I heard from your mom and dad after Christmas and they said you had gone to Mexico. I hope your trip was enjoyable! Was it genealogy related or just a vacation? I hope your family is well and prospering, busy in their labors and happy.

We are fine here except for a rotten bout with the flu. I missed an entire week of work – flat on my back. Back to work now, but still weak and tire so easily. Timi also missed
451

much of his school work so we are both hurrying and scurrying to catch up lost time and

take care of things left undone while we were ill. Somehow, I always seem to be just a little short, a little late or not quite as prepared as I would like. I pray I will be able to change this trait before I meet my Father again. But it is so difficult when there is so much to do. Jobs – Timi and Cub Scouts – keeping a house – sometimes I’d like to just live in one small room and have one big room for storage – it would make everything so much more simple.

Lyman, I hope you don’t think we have forgotten our genealogy commitment. We haven’t! I know money was to be in by December but we only have me and Miles working full time in our family. Mother has had many medical expenses since she broke her hip over a year ago – Tim is sick and has not worked for many months. Mike works only occasionally and Miles and his wife are expecting and having a difficult time getting money together for doctor and hospital before the baby comes. California doctors don’t trust anymore I guess. Anyway, I am coming up for April conference and hope to have a couple of hundred from my income tax return. I know it will be late, but I don’t know how else to get it to you before then. I truly see the priority of genealogy – yet there seems to be so many priorities at times it is unbelievable.

I am planning on coming for a week, first of April and hope to be able to spend some time together with you so I might get something accomplished on the Leavitt line. I need to know some procedures so I can spur on Maureen and Tim to start work on the Burd line and work on our family history.

I admire and I guess even envy a little your knowledge and persistence – your accomplishments in genealogy. I am very grateful and appreciate your labors so much. I read the copies of patriarchal blessings from our ancestors and it becomes so much easier to do a little more when I think I can go on no more. I read of their hardships in their histories and think how little my mark on this earth [is] and I am ashamed my growth is so slow – my knowledge so meager. I don’t want to be just an “also tried” but rather a “doer of His word and work.” I know I could not accomplish one thing if it were not for my family – all those who have gone before and these – each one – here today and the choice ones who will follow who I know will have to be even more valiant.

I didn’t mean to write a book – so I guess I’d better close. Love you all so much! Take care and be well. Love, Dian. P. S. Lyman, please tell Bro. Mouritsen hello. Often I think of how special his concern and thoughtfulness in calling. We think Tim has Addison’s disease, but there are still tests to take to make certain. Addison’s disease is a malfunction of the adrenal glands. I’ll write more when we know more for sure. Please extend our gratitude to Bro. Mouritsen for his prayers and concern.

Also, I hope to see you on the Know Your Religion circuit in the near future. We all need to know more about genealogy! Love ya, Dian.

452

LETTER 505

Dian Burd, November 6, 1979, Dear Bertha, Lyman and Kids, Can you believe I’m writing again? The secretary just delivered your packet and I’m astounded. I can’t believe you actually sent it. And a letter too! Not much family news but great still the same. Guess I’ll attempt a serious letter with some news of the Choi family existence. First of all, I have a new assistant. She is an Ohio school teacher, a newly wed and is certainly a blessing. She thinks, she asks, she is responsible, she has drive and enthusiasm, she’s pretty and twenty-three, never worked in Graphic Arts except in

college, but is doing just great. I cannot believe how easy it has been to train her. Of course the work load is relieved and so am I. And we are coming into a slow period of work flow so things should get ever better. Also, we, our company, was purchased by a big conglomerate in the east so there may be changes (don't have even an idea yet in what areas); everyone is a little shaky because we don't "know" and rumors are rampant. I am concerned but trying to realize that if there is change that would also bring opportunity, perhaps for some dreams to come true. I personally don't take change easily, but I know the Lord's interests will be benefited if changes come, for like it says, "His kingdom shall roll forth."

We are in the midst of two ward bazaars; my best friend in El Monte ward and myself in our ward. We help each other have a nervous breakdown and pick the pieces up daily. I can't believe members' attitudes sometimes, but then I am just as estranged at times I guess.

Timi is doing great – playing football after school, helping me on weekends and going to the junior college three days a week. Last week he netted \$73.00 profit in selling silver coins to the coin shop. He paid tithing and put \$60.00 in the bank for his mission. I was so proud of the monkey. We didn't talk for two days because I made him get his hair cut and he thought it was too short, then he came home and said, "Mom, nobody laughed" and everything was okay again.

Lyman, anything would help my mental stability, but I work at being crazy. It is the best way to cope with this earthly existence. Trying to do all that we should as a family in the gospel and holding down a job and keeping a home in repair, cleaning and preparing the ground for a garden, and working outside in extra jobs with Timi, keeping up with his school activities and scouting and sports and doing genealogy, reading the scriptures and working on food storage, and keeping the car in rolling condition would get to be more burden than I could handle if I weren't a lot crazy or down right silly sometimes. I have to laugh to keep from crying. Not that I have a lot to cry about, mind you. Timi and I have been painting homes for members and doing yards and lawns. Last night we weather-stripped a sweet lady's home for her. She is Sister Betty Cline. Her son Victor is a professor at Utah University and is quite well known in the Psychology field. She is eighty-three years old and a tribute to motherhood, womanhood and such a special example to me. We have been discussing nutrition and I'm learning a whole new way of

453

living. She is writing an article about Timi and me for *Exponent*, the women's magazine or rather newspaper that is printed for and by LDS women. I haven't read it but she loves me so I guess it won't be too bad. She already wrote one (and is enlarging it) for her creative writing class. Just think I might be "historical" instead of "hysterical." Oops, my funny bone sneaking in again. Down boy! Back to seriousness!!!

I want to ask a favor. Would it be possible to get a Spanish book from the LTM so I can learn the words I need relating to the gospel? I don't know if they can be sold or not. Is there anyway you can find out or get one or find out cost and I will send the money?

While I'm talking money, please save me and my mom a Platt book each if you can. We will send money in March with our income tax return (not sending tax return check on one for the Platt book, ho! Ho!

We finally have a home teacher! With sons – an older man and his wife comes too. He was raised in Safford area where our prophet lived. He has four sons, all have gone on

missions and married in the temple and he was a scout master and will help Timi work towards Eagle. He is roto-tilling our yard so we can put in new lawn and garden areas. He helped me fertilize my fruit trees and is an avid gardener. His wife is president of Young Women in Mutual and Timi will be there soon (in Mutual). It was so great to have the priesthood in our home and have its blessings. Our family prayers get to be usual sometimes; guess because we get in a rut of asking for and thanking for the same things. We are friendshiping a Spanish family – our backyard neighbors. They are ex-Catholics but not repatriated anything. They really are friendshiping Timi and me because they are such a special family and always doing or giving of themselves to our neighborhood. I come home from work and there is banana nut bread on the back step or cucumbers on the front porch. She comes over and I give a can of creamed honey and a sermon of some sort (not really a sermon; more like an explanation). They keep coming back for more knowledge so I guess its okay – we are going to the bazaars together Saturday and excited about it. I got a new printing job last night. Our Relief Society president needs her kitchen and paneling re-done so it will be busy, busier. Amway is picking up a little. I didn't do anything for over a year and now only \$50.00 a month or less. What happened with information on water purifier? I can't sell if I don't know company information. P.S. I am anxiously awaiting Mary Ellen Huntsman's work also. Be on your toes. Think my seriousness has lasted long enough and I have filled enough pages and time to keep you up reading longer than you should, so read on installments if you have to or answer in installments but write. Get Bruce and Patty and the kids to write to Timi and Bertha I love you even if you don't write because I understand. Love from me.

LETTER 506

Dian Burd, May 20, 1980. Dear Bertha, Lyman and Kids, read this in installments when you have a moment. Didn't mean to write so much.

454

What a pleasant way to start a day. So good to hear that deep resonate voice say good morning. Wish I could hear or see each one of you every day. Thank you Lyman for getting the negatives done for me. I felt like a stinker for calling you to ask because I know how involved your time must be with all your responsibilities. I wonder sometimes how I can take the time for or give more time for my one and then I think of your ten and realize how much greater your need to save time and spend in wisely. You and Bertha are certainly an inspiration to all those around you but especially to me. I lose a lot of time fantasizing about what might have been or what could be and not in working at the now part of what is. The past is gone and future not here and I ruin the present because of dreaming or looking back. This is one of many things that I have been working on per our conversation.

Once we talked about plateaus and being ready for the next step. Well, I have prayerfully asked Heavenly Father to make me more aware of my character faults so that I might repent, become self disciplined and be a better servant. I'm sure he heard every word of my prayer because the Spirit has touched my mind with some I thought only hidden or not so serious and yet they are truly a part of my wrongs. Not being honest in my dealings with my fellow men; like robbing Peter to pay Paul. My intentions were good but you know where that will get me. Robbing God of his tenth and lacking faith have been a terrible guilt for the past several months. It has kept me from the temple and my recommend renewal and made me a hypocrite because I sat and talked with Miles and

Sandy about tithing and the benefits to the kingdom and myself for paying tithing and I have not recently paid my own. This is something I thought I would never miss again because of a testimony of tithing I have that I thought was so strong. And it is but Satan has been a stronger influence I guess. Anyway in telling Miles and Sandy it is like strengthening me again if not them.

I feel so unworthy sometimes to be called a child of God and the only thought that helps the feelings of my wrongs is to know that I forgive my son for things and how much more Heavenly Father must love us and must forgive us. Then, too, I realize how disappointed I am when he does something wrong and how I blame myself for not teaching him better. Oh, that I might not cause that to be part of my Father in Heaven's thoughts.

The conference we had was beyond what I can spiritually describe. But I will try. I was amazed at the reverence for meeting in a stadium and I know that it must have come from others as it did from within me. The idea of being at the feet of the prophet and hearing the voice of the Lord through him! What love was felt there those two days. The simplest words, expressions of love and I saw tears stream down the cheeks of so many as they did my own many moments of the conference. The heat was unbearable yet borne. Babies and small children were better behaved than I've seen them in sacraments meetings. People shared water and ice and umbrellas. They were considerate and quietly attentive to the words. And oh how wonderful was the music! The choir (1000 or more voices) sounded I'm sure like a heavenly choir, but when probably 85,000 people stood to sing, 455

"We Thank Thee Oh God For a Prophet" you could feel such a special spirit of love and the sound was thunderous.

Timi and I looked at each other and tears streamed down our cheeks and we had such a deep sense of being part of each other and of all those assembled. We came home afterward and clung to each other and couldn't speak to the family or share it verbally because somehow it would take away from the experience by sharing it.

I'm trying to get back on the road because I feel I have side stepped the path. I need to conquer myself and not be a backslider. Money problems are rough as I'm sure you are experiencing ten times greater; also and work is uncertain at this time, but I have faith we can "survive" because I saw that look in Timi's eyes and because I look thru the field glasses of a man nearby to see the Prophet so closely that I felt he was speaking to me personally; and he said, "Heavenly Father loves you and is pleased at your effort to be counted as his own, in your efforts to build the kingdom and share the gospel," and I know we'll make it whatever. I was so disappointed that with 260,000 Saints in the Southern California area that we did not fill the stadium to capacity; even standing room only.

I was sad that the Prophet did not see all the many who love him in that one place. Or for that matter that the ones who stayed home didn't make the effort needed to show their love for the Lord. How little was asked for such a gift as He gave.

I have been talking with my Uncle Miles (remember the problem of my youth) and he is trying to work out guilt or repentance; whatever to turn his life around. I don't know if I can help, but I promised I'd try. He seems too different since Grandma died and he has called many times just to talk about death and families and peace of mind and eternal life. I gave the eulogy at grandma's funeral and said that her glory will come from the way we

live and how we stand together as a family, how we help each other. He took me out to dinner last week and we talked about living each day (our ideas differ here but perhaps I can teach a bit of golden questions).

As I said, I'm losing my girl, or should say a special friend and also am back in the same boat as last year; no one to take responsibility over so I can take a vacation. I worry about Timi having supervision of his time for the summer and wish (lost time again) I had finished my college and become a teacher so we could be off together (though I probably would have to work anyway). I'd like to send him up to you or Uncle George, but I can't afford it and I'd miss him so and it is a lot to ask any relative to take on.

Uncle Gordon mentioned John had been blessed. Is all okay so far legally? I bet he is growing fast and healthy.

Bertha, I just don't know how you manage with all that you do. I marvel at you and I must say I envy the sense of satisfaction you must have each night to know you helped in the growth of so many sweet spirits. What a labor of love!!!! What a mission!!! How
456

great shall be your joy to know that you have caused so many to grow in the gospel and to share your love. My prayers are with you always and especially my love.

Lyman, I will send copies of the family group sheets I have made to date and some brief notes on the work I accomplished when I was in Salt Lake two years ago and a check for \$10 or \$20 at the end of May. My Aunt Louise gave me \$5.00 for copies of the pictures of Laura Jane and Norman Lesley Huxley and I think she would also contribute to getting some work off the ground on the Burd, Huxley, Coffin lines. Perhaps I can even send more. Ten dollars per hour is a small price to pay for the expertise and knowledge you have worked so hard to achieve.

Would that I could pay more for the value is far above even that paltry amount. I appreciate your efforts and time and I am so very thankful for all of you: even your example. My Eternal Love, Dian. P.S. Wish I could just keep adding O's to this check 'til the cows come home. Wishing won't do it but someday perhaps I'll be able to do much, much more.

LETTER 507

Dian Burd, October 4, 1979, Please Write when baby arrives or now if already here. Dear Bertha, Lyman and Family, just a note to say Hi! I'm thinking about you. Is the new little one here yet? I figured it is about time from when Lyman was here.

I can hardly wait for conference. It's all I have on my mind lately. Wish I could call and say please pick me up at the airport, but I cannot afford to call and my company is footing the bill for the paper and stamp to mail this. It's all right. I worked overtime last night and don't get paid for it because I'm management and crazy and they can afford it better anyway.

We are interviewing artists for the job – finally we can get someone to take some of the work off me and my guys – so many applications and interviews – I'm going crazier. I didn't realize art jobs are so few. Guess when and if I ever get fired here I'll have to get into something else. Think I'll take up "apple juicing" and "tree tractororing." I always wanted to have an apple orchard and sell apple cider. Guess my boss won't let me go for a while yet. For some reason he still thinks he's getting the best of the bargain and all the time I thought he had more sense.

Have to tell you about some special happenings. Our stake is one of the pilot stakes for

the “All Sunday Program.” We have Relief Society during Priesthood. Changes in Relief Society are kind of strange because we are so many that we have to meet in the Chapel and we lose some of the home atmosphere and closeness somehow. I lost my job at Church but have a new one already. I’m cooking specialist for Homemaking day in charge of mini-classes. Still have visiting teaching, scout council, choir and special interest. Whew!

457

Anyway, it is so exciting to be part of the gospel and see and be involved in the changes coming forth thru the growth of the Church. I talked with Tim and told him if he doesn’t “get with it” the Church will leave him behind because it doesn’t have time to wait until he “gets better.” He is looking for an endocrinologist to see if they can check his glands to see if he can get help. I hope it isn’t another dead end of pathway for him. I get so upset to think about my family wasting so much time and then I quit judging and try to do better myself. That’s really all I can do except be an example and lead whatever way possible.

Lyman, I have to tell you blessings will be at your head from your trip to Cardiff and here. Because of you, I bore my testimony about what we talked about – prejudice and learning Spanish and the extraction program. I was and am excited about re-learning the Spanish I knew but being able to speak fluently this time.

In my testimony I said that there are so many little things that contribute to our prejudices and they are negative – we also have many things rich in Spanish culture and many friendships in our ward that are positive. Our brethren and sisters in our little ward are very special people. We owe it to their friendship and those around us and to the blessings we receive as members of the Lord’s Church to learn their language and help them into the gospel both here and on the other side. And [I said] some other things in the same light that I have forgotten. Anyway, and this is special to me, September 30 was our fast Sunday because of conference and ward conference on the 10-14. One of the sisters in the Relief Society bore her testimony and said that she and her husband and three other couples (eight people) have registered and been attending Spanish classes at the adult education high school two night a week. She then spoke several sentences in Spanish and publicly thanked me for being responsible. The spirit was so strong that our bishop (Samoan, who has trouble with English) got up and spoke five minutes in Spanish. He said he has been working with some children at the school where he is maintenance man, to teach them the Gospel and they in turn have been teaching him Spanish. Our high councilman said that in two months our attendance average has doubled and soon they will divide and make a Spanish ward and after that we were all sad. We realize it is the Lord’s way to grow and divide and grow and divide but it is difficult to think of that when the spirit is so sweet and friendships are blooming.

Timi and I are painting a house this week and next for our property tax dollars and it is fun and work but we are learning to work together more easily. And he is becoming more responsible. Our lives are hectic and many times I long for a slower pace but then I realize there is much more to do and little time and I readjust to the hectic and go on. This is getting to be more than a note so I’ll close with an “I love you each one” and tell you prayers are with you from here and I’m thinking about your little pumpkin eaters.

Love from Dian.

458

LETTER 508

Dian Burd, July 24, 1980, Gordon Leavitt Platt, Provo, Utah, on the occasion of your 60th birthday anniversary. Dear Uncle Gordon. You have been very much in my thoughts lately, for many reasons. First, we share a birthday month even with one day to separate us. Second, we share forty and sixty – a great turning point year in both cases in the oriental philosophies; also in Caucasian philosophies I guess. Both these years perhaps cause need for reflection more than most. We look back at mistakes and yet still ahead for a way to better fulfill our purpose or purposes. Partly, the reason for my thoughts of you are much as in the past, a way of comparing – of holding someone up that I care about and looking for the qualities in him that I find in each of my beloved uncles. Not one of you is perfect, but together you make a formidable giant to live up too. Perhaps that's why I haven't found someone until now. Perhaps, I had to be humbled and not want so much as a giant when I was barely worthy of a man. He is that. With faults and characteristics that are not of my understanding. But also many traits that are special too. I guess I have loved Miles for as long as I can remember. Not as I have loved all my other uncles – probably not even as special, but love nonetheless.

When I nearly drowned at five years, he saved me; when I started school and was scared to death of the big kids, he held my hand and walked me to school; when I was ten he married and broke my heart for the first time; when I was sixteen he gave me my first kiss as a sixteen year old lady; when death came to a high school sweetheart, he wiped the tears and explained about the fish in the sea. When mom had her stroke, he sat with me in the hospital and I said prayers while pop was with the doctor and grandma was with the kids. He left his family to comfort me. When pop died he was there with advise and comfort and help for my emotions so I could be the strength the family needed from me. And so were my other uncles. I remember when I found out that my blood was not the same as his, how excited I became and yet how confused as to how to handle feelings that made me another person but the circumstances still the same. When I was twenty and wanted him to love me, he was thirty-five with three small children to raise by himself and a family and in-laws to explain to. For my sake and his there could be nothing between us – yet there was certainly something there because we both experienced a void and a new understanding and a need to live away from each other.

He married someone, he told the family he wouldn't I "married" almost in rage – or jealously, or better yet, retaliation for a lot of things that had happened in my life. Eight years ago I talked with Miles and told him of my feelings of caring about him, resentment for his wife and for things that had happened in younger days. All this was part of straightening out a mixed up life and purging in preparation for the temple. These years have gone by without understanding his actions, without hating him, without finding someone and now when I had pretty much resigned myself to life here on earth as a single parent, the whole thing is topsy-turvy. We started out at the death of Grandma Burd, on Easter Sunday morning, to help each other find the key to what was missing our lives. Why he couldn't stay married and I couldn't get thin. We talked about so many

459

family things and I began to realize that I could talk easily to him about anything even my weight and not feel terrible about myself. And he began to realize he could talk about his problems as he never had in the past. We found ourselves building something in each other and realized that the caring had always been there and the building was building it

into love beyond “uncle” and “niece.”

This started out to be your letter – of my love for you and for what you stand for – the priesthood you represent – the family I honor and many times feel unworthy to be a member of. But since I started rambling about Miles, please know that you are a model for the man I want to give my thoughts, love and labor to. Miles is the clay for that man. I can’t truly say why I love him. He is far from what I would think I would choose after listening to myself all these years. I am really afraid because he isn’t L.D.S. I don’t feel I’m strong enough to be the example he needs, but prayers bring miracles and I could use a few. I talked with my bishop, half expecting him to tell me to forget him and wait for someone to go to the temple with and he didn’t. He said, “Dian, you’re not young anymore, and Timi will be gone from your home in a few years and you need someone. You love him and probably have for a long time and if you bring him into the Church that’s a plus. If not he may accept the Gospel on the other side and you can have the work done here and if not there may be an eternal partner there for you. Your life here on earth is to have joy also. Don’t turn from that joy in fear.” I can remember what he said word for word. He told me Sarah was Abraham’s niece and that even if we had the same blood; daughters can marry into father’s families and sons into mother’s because of blood compatibility. It is only to the opposites that the law applies. I never heard that before. He said Lot even married his daughters. I said all kinds of things went on then that don’t now and he said society doesn’t accept what the Lord does – polygamy is a good example. Because we are dating we have talked with the family about not being of the same blood and there is a different sense of compatibility with each brother and sisters now and I guess a greater sense of love between us at least from my standpoint. No one seems to mind that we marry, as long as we’re happy. Miles was so concerned that his children would be upset or that Timi would suffer problems from the interest and affection he gave. His children have been most loving and understanding to the point of disbelief. Timi thinks it’s terrific to be almost getting a father at last. Each day we grow closer and each day there is a new problem to face but now there is someone near to go to. I honestly don’t know if we will marry. He asked me – I said yes – the Bishop said marry him – the family has no objections. But we both have a great case of chicken fever. He has nothing to offer (he thinks) and I have everything to give someone who has more years to appreciate me. I worry “Can I ever be the example he needs to come into the Church?” I want children and I’m too old and he wants children and says he is too old to raise them and support them. Mostly, I guess, we’re afraid of the changes that will come to each other’s lives – the fact that we will have to change. But, truly I am more afraid of the fact that we will both be along – growing older alone and I want to care for him and have him care about me.

460

Anyway forty creeps upon me and so dies a new way of life. Both come to me with amazement. I am amazed at a new fear of aging and changing and a new power to handle whatever comes because I have reached forty (almost) and I have changed.

I am looking forward now and it seems I have always looked at now and into the past before. Perhaps life does start at forty after all and if that’s the case you’re only twenty years into it Uncle Gordon.

You know when I sit down to write I never intend to write a book but it looks as if I’ve done it again. I think this September I’ll take a creative writing class and see if I can

make money at it. I enjoy it, talent or not. I've always wanted to write pioneer and children's stories and illustrate them.

I haven't written to Lyman and Bertha lately. Please give them my love. I know Lyman must be busy with the World Conference for Genealogy and Bertha with all the children. I love and admire those two so very much, even I envy them. I can just imagine what my marrying my "uncle" will do to my genealogy sheet; it's already unfathomable without a page of footnotes. I can't help thinking there are many Burds, Coffins and Huxleys who might never have their genealogy work done if it depends on Timi and me only. Now, marrying into the Burd line assures that some will get done that might not have. Could it be that the reason I was born into the family in the first place was for their genealogy and history. If that is the case, I surely let Heavenly Father and lots of people down. Maybe this will be a second chance?

Since I've written all these pages and have a little room left, Happy Birthday and may our Father's most choice blessing be upon your head always, even eternally. You are one of the most precious blessings in my life. I love and revere your name and what you are and will be. Especially, do I love your sweet wife and the womanhood she represents. I hope your 60th year brings peace, contentment, joy, new goals, new beginnings and strivings into your life; that you find new joy in each other and in your posterity; that you find a new sense of serving and commitment to our Father in Heaven and with all this, may you know too that my love for you is great – for you both – [it] is more than I can express in written or spoken word or by deed. Always your loving niece, Dian.

P.S. I may sell my house before I lose it and get out of debt to mom and to everyone.

LETTER 509

Dian Burd, April 3, 1980, Dear Lyman and Bertha and Kids, how are you? What are you doing with all your little ones? I haven't heard about Margarita [Johnny's mother], so thought I'd write again to ask if you have.

What I really wanted to write to you about is something that happened last night. I have been reading and re-reading the Platt book and enjoying it so much and I was talking to Señora Clinio, whom you met while you were here. She asked me who my other family

461
names were and when I told her Leavitt she said just a minute. She returned with the Dudley Leavitt history by Juanita Brooks who is or was a personal friend. She doesn't know if she is still alive because it has been several years and they haven't communicated recently. Anyway, she loaned me her autographed copy and I read it over and over again and made copies. I was filled with joy to read of Jeremiah and Sarah Shannon and Sarah Sturtevant and of their hardships and strong spirits. Anyway, last night I was so tired I went to bed early and read the scriptures only a few minutes and zonked off to sleep. I dreamed about a Sarah and I remember asking "which Sarah are you?" She said, "It is only important for you to know that I am Sarah and I love you. Our Father loves you! There is much for you to do!" She was gone and I lay there from 10:30 p.m. until this morning with such a loving feeling toward all who have gone before me that even this afternoon it is with me and I can barely concentrate on anything but the sweet loving face and the words she spoke – all the sacrifices made by my ancestors, but especially I am filled with thoughts of the sacrifices of our Lord. I want to sing from the roof tops of the joy and yet it is so precious I am amazed that I am able even to write of those innermost feelings.

Oh, Lyman, surely there must be a way to express such joy that you have knowledge of the truthfulness of the Gospel – that you *know*. I am in awe of the fact that I can feel so unworthy to receive that knowledge – to understand and try to grow from it. My main problem is trying to live what I know and become more worthy to receive. Just baring your testimony is not enough rather it has to be the *doing*.

Oh well, I can't explain. It's bubbling out of me and I just can't state how deeply or how loving or what joy so I will keep whatever is not sent here for that innermost you that causes my heart to feel as if it would burst, as part of my secret inexpressible memory book.

In my prayers this morning came an inspiration that was needed. I'm not certain it is the answer but the revelation came and I have to search it out. I'll need your help. I need the birthplace of Laura Jane Huxley to complete the temple sheet so her name can be processed. You have her marriage license (photos). Can you check to see if it is on the back? I appreciate your time!!!!

Tell your family all hello for us and tell them of our love. They are in our thoughts often. Hope you have a special Easter. I know it will be. Just think, the Lord's birth anniversary, 150 years since the organization of the Church and the first known Easter recognized totally by the Christian world as the same day. And General Conference to boot. And a lovely spring. Oh how lovely will be the morning. Love from Dian.

LETTER 510

Dian Burd, April 13, 1980, Dear Lyman and Bertha and Kids, got a nice letter from your Mother and wrote today to answer. Thought for sometime to call you but will write instead.

462

Firstly, you all ok? We ok. I have a new calling in Church as homemaking leader and I am excited about it. We have had two great lessons so far. I learned more than I thought, as usual, because of my research and what the sisters added. I got a \$75.00 a month raise and a great evaluation sheet. My boss said I'm worth a hundred times that amount but he can't convince corporate. I was flattered. He sent a request for \$100.00 per moth but they vetoed to \$50.00 and he sent back again and they compromised at \$75.00. I told him between my assistant and myself we saved the company \$25,000 plus a possible lawsuit and 1% commission would be much more. Then, I said I'm just thankful to have a job Boss, and I am, with so many losing their jobs – with the auto industry closing plants left and right. I also got two cleaning jobs at \$20.00 a month and they help a lot, and a couple of small printers are using me for art service on some of their accounts.

Secondly, I haven't been able to find Margarita [Reyes] at home. Do you know if she might have moved? Her name is still on the mailbox, but we have been there twice and no answer and none of her children to be seen. I have something for her but I can't find Connie's number anywhere and I can't find Margarita.

Did you see the article in the *Ensign* about the Leavitts? I think this is Dudley Leavitt's wife because Juanita Brooks is quite a famous writer of Mormon literature and she is a Dudley descendant. Is Mariah Huntsman a sister of our great-grandmother Mary Ellen? I have enjoyed the Platt book so much I would surely love to help compile one for the Leavitt side. Bless you for your gift.

We were almost flooded out in the recent rains. My house is high but mom's rentals were in close trouble. I had to go at 1:00 a.m. and dig trenches for the water to drain away from

the houses. Mike was gone and Tim sick and then we received a call that we might have to evacuate because the dam and flood control area were in such bad condition but then the steady rain let up and gave the water a chance to go down a bit and we've been ok. I grabbed scriptures, genealogy, grandma's quilt and Timi's 3rd year picture and a bottle of pears and a blanket. Timi got soap, towels, bathing suit, band aids, and his hamster Herbie. I got a kick out of what we each thought important.

Aunt Allie said you've been traveling with the extraction program lately. How's it going? Better close so I can get this into the mail. Love you all and each one, Dian. P.S. I'm sending bib Bertha left behind in the mail soon along with a couple of others things soon. I'm too old to support another missionary. I want a girl so much but when I looked at the film I was sure it was a boy. Whatever, it will be welcomed and cared for and loved. St. Patrick's Day I was rear-ended on the freeway and pushed into another car. My car looks like an accordion. Front and back damage over \$1800.00 and the man that hit me doesn't carry insurance.

463

So, no car – lots of aches – but baby is ok. I am at work now at 6:30 p.m. waiting for someone to come pick me up. Twenty-five miles is a long walk and buses still cause me to walk five miles and change buses three times. Rental car is \$120.00/week with mileage and gasoline. It will take two weeks to get mine repaired and Mike's truck has fuel pump trouble. No one at work lives in my direction, so I may wind up taking some vacation. Life certainly is interesting. If I get home tonight I have another job to go to besides. Well enough of tears and fears and troubles. Everyone has them and I'm no special case. Hope all is well with you and yours. Tell your parents hello and give my love. feel like the outcast of all time but I have learned what is important and what isn't. And I am so thankful for the blessing. I hope someday to be worthy of it. My love to you always, Dian.

LETTER 511

Dian Burd, April 19, 1982, Dear family, I was so excited to receive your letter and know you'd be coming to visit! Even more thrilled when Lyman said you might *all* be coming!!!! I've talked with Miles and he says you better bring every last one of you and let us know so you can plan on a trip to Disneyland. You must plan enough time so we will have time to take the kids there. I can get discount tickets with a few days' notice. We can put beds down on the family room and living room floors and I will take some vacation days so we can really visit. Miles has started a new system 38 computer process with his purchasing and production work and may be working longer hours but he will try to get off to be with us. He loves kids – so bring them all!

I'm so excited. Is there any chance you can come before October? Is Bertha's baby due early in June? We can also go to the beach or someplace else if you'd like.

I thought it would be forever before I'd get to see you all again and this last year I've been worried whether or not I'd make it to forever. I've been very depressed about my status at Church and felt very cut off from my family. My sister hates me and won't talk to me so I can find out why. All of you seem so far away at times. Ryan came and changed our lives and brought such a special laughter with him. I am determined to be a good wife and mother and make a good life for all of us. We are becoming a family. It is a difficult process at times because of the different beliefs and priorities.

Many times I go against my own desires to please Miles. I pray he will experience the

Spirit of the Holy Spirit and want the Gospel. He is a good man but with many weaknesses just as I. Hopefully where he is weak I might be his strength. I know where I am weak, he is my strength.

We worked together in the garden this past weekend while Ryan crawled in the dirt (his first experience with the earth) and I felt so blessed to have this sweet baby and to be able to love Miles openly. It was good to work along side of him and share his gardening knowledge.

464

Our big sons seem to feel a stronger sense of brotherliness toward each other. Steve is a good boy and has so much potential. He needs to find his way a little more yet though. Tim is doing well in all areas but his priesthood has been lacking somewhat. That is more my fault than his, but I am working on the remedy.

Enclosed is a map of directions. Let me know if I can do anything for you here prior to your arrival and if you have to come by yourself, let me know where and when so I can come get you. Your other offers are cancelled! That is unless you have a blood relative here with higher rank than cousin. I may not have made the “favorite” list but you (all of you) have, so I’ll be expecting to hear from you. Send me some of your garden tips and let me know what everyone is doing. Bertha, you said you’d send a list of all the birthdays. I sure had them confused. (Julie and Patty both in July). Love you each one and keep you in my prayers, always, Dian.

LETTER 512

Dian Burd, August 4, 1980, Dear One, [It was] so good to hear Bruce, Bertha and Lyman on the phone. Wish I could afford to call more often or better yet see you often, each one of you!

We have been working hard to put in a new front lawn and keep after garden weeds in more ways than dollars. It has been a special joy to take vegetables from our own garden this summer. Our problems have been as everyone’s I’m sure. It is harder to make end of month meet end of money. We are truly blessed to have all we have from our Father in Heaven. Our home is quiet and lovely once more. Miles and his family have found an apartment (town house) in Diamond Bar, California, near Pomona. Now after four months it’s just Timi and me once again. Timi is enjoying his priesthood. Last Sunday he was excited to serve our stake president for the first time. He is active in scouts and has been playing ball most of the summer, also swimming and been a big help with a rototiller

in the front yard. I haven’t taken vacation this year except for seven days – one day at a time – because I haven’t had a replacement. Now I’m training a young girl. My last one left for Louisiana just before vacation time started.

As you probably already know, I may be getting married. We have much to work out or settle in our hearts and minds. He is just as confused as I am because we both never thought we would have the ability to explain to our families. Once we thought that [was] the biggest problem. Now that is solved, [there] are so many others.

Lyman, I apologize for asking your help at a time when you already have so much to take care of but it is important or I would have asked. You are sweet to use your priesthood authority on me. I’ll just have to find another way to get around you. I was certainly tempted to purchase \$49.00 PSA tickets and come to the World Conference on Genealogy – but I could neither afford the money nor get time away from work. When

we do get there again you'll have to scrape us off to send us home. Ho! Ho! You are in our prayers always, with much love, Dian.

465

LETTER 513

Dian Burd, May 26, 1981, Dear Bertha and Lyman, How are you both and all of your family? Mine seems to be growing in several directions: me for one – outward and upward. So far I've lost twenty-one pounds, but getting bigger. The doctor said no twins but surely feels that way – either that or I'm giving birth to a junior trampoleanest. I'm adding in another direction also. The daughter I wanted (at least one of them) is coming to live with us by way of Maureen. Christie, her nine-year-old, can't seem to get her roots or direction with either of her parents so she's coming to live with me – at least for the summer – perhaps longer. I've been upset about her living conditions and style since they tramped around to Navy and then Army posts or lived with his family. She has hardly any religious training and no routine to her life at all. Amazingly, she does average to above average work in school, but has lots of emotional problems. Perhaps, the reason this baby will be a boy is because Heavenly Father knew I could love and/or help another little girl who was already here and needed help. I talked to Miles and prayed about it. I thought maybe I'd be getting involved in a two family problem I didn't need nor could afford, but I wanted to take her and I asked Miles what he thought. He said "do it softy, maybe you can help – either that or she'll be in a foster home. You'll manage – you always do." He'll help too!

I know we will somehow. He's a softy. I feel good about doing it since my prayer and happy that at least I'll have an opportunity to do something beyond Christmas and birthdays for her. We haven't even seen her for 1½ years. Maureen has more or less cut herself off from everyone in the family and we haven't seen her or the two children even though they live less than ten miles away.

Well, this month has been eventful and frustrating and yet fulfilling in many ways. I had to purchase a new battery unexpectedly, then the following week had it stolen right out of my work parking lot (in broad daylight). Also, I had a blowout on the freeway at sixty miles per hour. I figured the only reasons I'm still here is I'd just come from a stake Aaronic Priesthood function I took Timi to and *it* isn't time yet. My purpose is still unfulfilled. Anyway, two new tires had to be purchased on the Sabbath day. Bishop asked me how I was and I just smiled and said, "You shouldn't ask." When I told him about the tires he reminded me of the ox in the mire. Two of my friends offered the \$100.00 the tires would cost when they saw the tire in the back of my station wagon. I sat in tears to think what very special blessings I have in friends that neither condemn me nor talk behind my back. It amazes me that of the ones I've told about the baby – only one has repeated it to anyone else. Yet I have received just beautiful thoughts and advice and help or offers of help from those I thought so busy with their own problems. I wrote my bishop a letter telling him how choice the people in our little ward are to extend such Christ-like love and offer so much help – and not judge. He sent it to the stake president with a letter that said our ward would not over-extend its welfare budget as many others in our stake have done as long as the people are humble and loving as exemplified by the letter. Two Sundays ago, the first counselor spoke on welfare and being prepared and not using names, spoke of the letter I sent and also the bishop's. Our ward is the poorest

466

financially and the oldest. We now have more Spanish families than any ward in our stake (in fact they just started a Spanish Branch) and yet we have the highest percentage out of seven wards, of tithing, welfare, temple and missionary donations.

My health is good for starting seven months. My spirits are high. I worry somewhat about delivery, but I still have faith in my Lord, Heavenly Father, and the priesthood.

I would like to ask a couple of questions that concern things on my mind. Lyman, I want you both to pray about this before you answer. We talked three years ago about it but only talked; no decision actually. If anything happens to me: would you consider taking Timi? I have insurance, retirement, the car would be paid for, the house and car could be sold and social security. I'm sure he would qualify for a scholarship for school. I don't know of anyone I would trust more than the two of you. He must have the church and priesthood and education! If not would you consider being the executor of my will, to work with my bishop alone to determine the best course in Timi's behalf?

I know I ask a lot but only because I'm sure (as I can be) that everything will go ok and because Miles doesn't have the gospel and my brothers cannot know how precious the boy [is to me] or how deep my concerns [are] for him, his growth in the church or his manhood. This baby within me, I don't know what would be best for yet. Miles has a daughter who is childless and is a baptized Mormon but not active at all. She is a good person and so is her husband. They have a good marriage. I know she would gladly take a baby and be a good mother. But *only* on the solemn promise that the child be raised to attend and be taught to live the teachings of the Church until eighteen.

I worry that Timi would not have a brother to grow up with, but he is mostly grown already and would have better advantage to be at BYU center for educational goals and mission. And there might be your children as brothers and sisters.

He has three areas to work on: his patience with himself, his attitude at times not positive, and junk foods. Otherwise, he is honest, clean, and spiritual for the most part, more than many, less than some. Honor student, well-liked, perhaps a little lazy, but I'd rather think unmotivated. Sometimes he is a little disrespectful. Still he is a most precious guy. Not just from my prejudiced standpoint – others have said the same.

Also, before I forget, remember the pictures I left with you for genealogy. Can you return them? If you had negatives or anything done that cost on them please let me know and I'll send you a money order. We have a new lens on our camera and I think I can produce prints now on my camera at work. I especially enjoyed your letter Lyman. It was good to hear news of your family – more on Bertha? Glad to hear about your book – what is it about? Genealogy? What phase? Have you seen a book there called *Making your Child a Winner* by Victor Cline. It is on the best seller list. When you were here when you went to Cardiff by the Sea, or perhaps when you picked up John, I introduced you to Victor's mother. She is a terrific lady and her son is a professor at the University of Utah. He has

467
nine children – all winners – four on missions at once – from his profits on books. I hope you'll have an opportunity to read it. Love to each one!

Tell Bertha and you I hope your birthdays are very special and bring rich blessings; also Julie and Patty aren't they both July ladies? Very slight chance to see you end of September or October conference. I'm working toward it because I'll be off work for baby – working on money. Dian.

LETTER 514

Arlene Vail Platt, August 7, 1979, Lyman De Platt & Bertha P. V. Platt, Highland, Utah, Dearest Lyman, Bertha and Family, just a note to let you know how much we appreciate you letting Briant come for a visit. Briant has relived his three week stay with you about a hundred times. It was really a great experience for him. He loves and misses all of you very much. He can really be a little rascal at times and I'm sure you probably saw that side of him! Hope he wasn't too much for you. It was really fun having some of the Platt family here for a visit. We especially enjoyed meeting little Allie Bylund and Clayton. What cuties – just runs in the family, huh? ☺ Lyman, Gene just finished reading the *Platt Family History*. He was greatly impressed and said he even shed tears several times (that's really something for Gene). I'm going to try to start it this week. We're just really proud of the fine work you do Lyman and feel sure you're constantly blessed for your efforts!

How are you feeling Bertha? Hope all goes well for you and the little one. Take good care of yourself. Glad Grandma Lazo is with you again.

We are all doing fine. I'm busily getting Lisa and Briant ready for their first school experience this fall. They are *so* excited – thought I'd be also, but think I'll really miss them. It should be very quiet around here!

Well, take care and thanks again for giving Briant such a fun summer vacation. Love to all, Arlene.

LETTER 515

McKay Lyman Platt, New Orleans, Louisiana, October 10, 1981, Gordon Leavitt Platt & Allie Lyman Platt, Dear Mom and Dad: How was the northwest? I'm anxious to know what you have to say. Be sure and tell me how Gene and Arlene are doing; also about Roberta's pregnancy. Did you get in any fishing up there Dad? And are you going to get in any hunting this year?

Mom, I guess you're fifty-nine now. Only six years from retirement, or wait, did President Regan change all that? I guess it's sixty-eight now, isn't it?

468

I don't know if I've ever told you or not, but I'm a student member of an organization called physicians for social responsibility (PSR). I just learned that our president visited Utah recently and met twice with The First Presidency. Just a week later they issued a statement about nuclear armament and MX. Interesting, huh?

Well, this letter I thought I'd tell you about Pam's work. Every morning at 8:40 she leaves for work. She takes our car and parks near the office which costs her about \$50.00 per month. The pediatrician she works for, Steve Hales, is the second counselor in the stake presidency. His wife is the lady we worked with on Jakie. Pam doesn't like him much. She says he's phony and impersonal. But on the other hand, when she's gone to him with a problem, he's quite personable. So I don't know really what she thinks. She's been working four weeks now, which is about 25% of her total time. So far it's working out fairly well with the girls. They really like this Debbie Smith that baby sits them. She's about twenty-four; her husband is the financial clerk in the ward and a student at the main Tulane campus. Debbie just had her third child last week, so Kathy Hill has been watching them this week. They like playing with Kathy's kids, so that works out well too. Pam's teeth have been hurting her quite a bit lately. She has been going to the dentist down here about it and he's going to pull a couple of her wisdom teeth and re-do a couple of cavities. Pam would like to quit her work, but she feels obligated, so she'll work

through Christmas and then she'll be our mother again. I try to help out as much as I can: I make the beds, do the wash sometimes. I even fix meals. Pretty amazing, huh?

Well, let me tell you guys about this mutual fund. There are about thirty money market funds around the country. They are set up principally as a place for investors to keep their money between stock transactions. So mostly stock brokers handle them as a service to their clients. However, there are getting to be more of them which encourage small time investors. The average minimum used to be about \$5,000 - \$10,000, but there are a few who will let you in for as little as \$500 to \$1000.

I'm with Union Cash Management Fund. Their minimum down is \$1000. And after that there is no minimum balance and no minimum deposit. You can deposit in any amount thereafter. Withdrawals, however, must be made in amounts of \$500 or more.

Withdrawals are easy; I'm issued a checkbook, which costs nothing, and I merely write out a check. Only one stipulation – I can only write out checks on money that has been in my account greater than twenty-one days. Easy, huh? I earned 16.9% on my money during September. I'll send the address if you want more information. My company is run out of New York. If you want something closer, there's a nice mutual fund in Denver: Financial Programs, Inc., P.O. Box 2040, Denver, CO 80201. Ask for information on daily income shares. Love you folks, McKay.

P.S. Katy loves you. And I want my snoopy. I don't know where it is. Maybe at Grandma Platt's, maybe at Woodbury's. That's all. Love Katy.

P.S.S. I love you Grandma Platt. I love you Grandpa Platt. Love Carly

469

LETTER 516

Irene Platt Nielsen, Orem, Utah, April 1, 2000, from Irene to her brothers and sisters.

Dear Family, I'm just writing to let you all know that I am going to have another baby. It will be born about the 24th of July, so I won't be able to make it to the reunion (April fools – whew!) I bet some of your eyes are popped out. But seriously folks, I'm just letting you know what's happening with Dad's quilt.

It is going to be a "Family Tree" quilt, with Gordon and Allie and their children in the middle and squares representing each of the families around it, including grandchildren's families. What I will need from each of you is: 1) all grandchildren with families, even if it's just two of you, need to create a square to represent your family; 2) all children need to do the same, but in addition, create a square representing a "fond" memory of dad (some will be asked to do more than one); 3) all of the squares need to be sent back to me no later than July 1 so I can sew it all together. If anyone chooses not to do this please send the squares back or the quilt won't work. Some suggestions on how to make the squares would be: 1) draw with fabric print; 2) applique fabric to make a picture; 3) embroider (for the truly talented); 4) have a photo transfer put on.

I think it's important to remember our heritage and try to do something creative by hand, keep it simple (don't go hiring a professional) and have fun with it, remember Dad's love anything their kids make. Also I need to know who is coming to the reunion so I can make food assignments. Please let me know ASAP (221-9969). I hope everyone can make it; you know it's not every day your Dad turns eighty. I love you all, Irene.

LETTER 517

Patricia Platt Hamblin, Highland, Utah, 2000, to Lyman D. Platt, New Harmony, Utah, regarding photographs taken by the General Relief Society Board for displays in Salt

Lake City. Dad, thank you for sending the newspaper. There wasn't anything that we could use (so far) but it was appreciated.

Here are some pictures of the photo shoot that I told you I did for the Church. I took the kids up to see them, and found that they had used the children in several shots also. But I don't have any copies of those shots.

I love you!!! And I hope things are going well for you and Karen. Lots of Love, Patty.

LETTER 518

Copy of missionary letter from Gordon Leavitt Platt, McMinnville, Oregon, to the family, then copied to Lyman D. Platt and Karen P. Platt, December 17, 1999, Dear Ones, Lyman and Karen, for you missionaries in the field, it is past time that I should be writing you a year end, century end, Millennium end letter. I feel my neglect to you, and am

470

going to try to partially make amends though I don't know how to do so fully. But, to begin:

The mood here in this section of Mormondom seems to be more on what will be the status of the computers in relation to business and finances [Y2K]. How we will fare in other areas is a question. Also, the mood seems to be that the expected coming of the LORD will be delayed for some time into the future, but with a surety of his near return. Without the gospel and its sure promises, life seems to be pointless. You wonder and agonize over the solid strength we can derive as a result of our philosophy

You each in your areas of service, meeting with your specific and personal challenges, must hourly and daily work out and be marginally content with your lot and role in life, relying on prayer, fasting at times and the goodness of GOD to sustain you and see you through each day. And we here must diligently pray and importune our LORD in your behalf. This, I assure we are doing and will do. Then together we can be instrumental with you in bringing to a successful conclusion your missions. By prayerful means we will, together, be able to accomplish these ends.

Just a personal note to close out this letter as you might have been apprised of the possibility of my having cancer. After a thorough examination by my doctor, it was determined that was a faulty diagnosis.

At nearly eighty years of age, I'm not entirely well as I might be, but sound enough to maybe last until you all come home from your missions.

I'm at the end of my sheet and must stop. If you can read this past all the typing errors then I'll be content. Bye till next time Grandpa.

[In his failing handwriting, he records the following on the back]:

The letter opposite is to the grandkids on missions. I made one extra copy to send to you because I'm interested in your mountain home. It looks like [it] is coming well.

I've had a long stay here in the northwest and probably won't see any of you until well into the New Year, century and Millennium. Those are the breaks.

When do you expect to move into your next Jamieile? It looks like a big one. Have you sold your St. George dwelling?

Tell Roberta and Kent and family hi for us.

We are well and I'm fast approaching my 80th year. Think I'll make it?

You see my writing hand is quite bad, so I'll let this suffice. Our love goes out to you – especially at this season. Margaret and Dad.

471

LETTER 519

Rene Lyman Morin, January 23, 1969, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, to my dearest dady, it is almost midnight but since I am sitting here with the dryer on my hair, I'll use this time to write you a letter. I've been thinking I would get a letter written every day for a week, but there just aren't enough hours in the day, it seems. How I long for news from you and about you. Had a note from Allie (well, I shouldn't call it a note because it was a nice, long letter, which I appreciated). She told about her visit and trip to see you. I was so glad because I know how you would have enjoyed it. I think it is wonderful how they have been able to get down to see you and mother, this past year. I can hardly believe it has been just a year since I saw my dear little mother in the hospital in Salt Lake. How I miss her and miss her letters. And I know my loss isn't nearly as great as yours. I have a picture of both of you on my dressing table, where I can see you both often.

I was – I should say we were – very sorry to hear about the scare you had with the fire, but so grateful it wasn't worse than it was. My first thought was: "The Lord surely heard and answered all the little prayers that are offered for Grandpa every day." Though you may seem very much alone at times, you're not really alone.

We are busy as ever – each one of us. Last night we had our quartet festival in the ward, so that will be one less practice to go to. Marilee and Julynn sang in a quartet, two songs, and did very well. They are both taking singing lessons (and so is Lynette). Marilee's voice is high and clear, and so pretty. Julynn's voice is coming along and is a very nice voice, too. We so enjoy their music. They are singing another duet at school next week. I sang in a quartet and a double-mixed quartet – three songs. I do enjoy singing. Sometimes I get very homesick to hear "The Sagebrush Quartet." Was that what you called yourselves? I used to think that was such heavenly music. – too bad you never had any recordings made for our enjoyment. I don't believe there was ever a quartet that sang better harmony, as beautifully.

This Saturday is our ward gold and green ball, in which Marilee, Julynn and Ed are dancing if they get their dresses and vest finished in time. They have surely spent a lot of time practicing. Friday night we have invited three couples to come over for the evening. There were complaining that we have never invited them up to see our new furniture so Art invited them to come over Friday night. We seldom have friends in for special reasons – we're not what you could call "entertainers." These are nice, comfortable people from the ward, whom we enjoy. In fact, one of the couples had a bunch of us out to their home just before Christmas for bread and milk and onions. Can you believe that, in this day and age? They are good old-fashioned people like us, so comfortable to be around.

Tonight we took our family swimming as we do each Wednesday. There is a nice pool at the high school where teachers can take their families each Wednesday. We really enjoy
472

it. Our older children are good swimmers but our younger ones haven't had much chance to swim so we are glad for this opportunity.

Our letters from Art continue to be a source of pride and joy to us. His last letter was especially filled with enthusiasm for their success in finding those who wanted to hear the Gospel. He said they made a second trip to one contact, who told them he had read all their literature and believed their message was true. Art said: "I had to give a great big

smile to keep from bursting out loud with joy.” They have several who are almost ready for baptism. His language is coming along well. I hear from several missionaries from various missions in the Church that periodically it becomes necessary to excommunicate quite large numbers of members who were baptized without having been really converted to the importance of the gospel. So, a part of our concern and our prayer for Art is that they will teach and baptize those who are truly seeking for the truth for we know the honest in heart will know the gospel when they hear it. We are so pleased with Art’s attitude and his desire to do right, and his faith. He has been fasting for some of their contacts who seem so golden, so we all fasted with him last Sunday. This way we feel that we are all sharing in the blessings of his mission too. We are very grateful for our children. As I think about each one I marvel at how blessed we are to have so many good children. I can understand why Kay’s and Velma’s children are so good, because they set such a wonderful example for them. But our lives (I should say my life) lack much by way of example and I think the Lord has blessed me beyond all I deserve. Our children are not perfect but try so hard to do what is right, and have always conducted themselves in such a way as to be a credit to us. For this I am most grateful. Chris’ teacher wrote on a note he brought home: “An excellent student, a darling boy.” This could have been said each one – just ask their mother!

How is everyone in Blanding? Since I should write to Kay and Velma, Aunt Gladys and Uncle Albert, I never mind if you share my letters with them. Aunt Gladys has been so sweet to write, knowing how anxious we get to hear of you. I do appreciate her thoughtfulness. Please give them our love.

Kay and Velma, we are so grateful Dady is close to you because we know how good you are to him. We are grateful to you and your family. When Brad was home last he was trying to impress on the children that they should be more thoughtful of each other. To impress his point he used your Charles as an example and told how Charles would go into the bathroom when he got up earlier than Brad, to study, so he wouldn’t disturb Brad, even though the light in the bathroom was so poor. Charles would have to stand right up by the light to see to read. This is what I mean. You have done such a splendid job teaching your children. Allie has told us several times that your children are completely unselfish, as you both are. We admire and love you. Brad is enjoying his school.

Hope you are all keeping well. Somehow we have missed the flu this winter, for which we are most grateful. We consume a lot of fresh oranges and perhaps that helps. Do keep well, Dady dear, and don’t suppress any urges you may have to write us. We love you, Rene, Art, and company.

473

LETTER 520

Elaine Perkins Walton, Orem, Utah, January 30, 2000, to Lyman D. Platt and Karen P. Platt, New Harmony, Utah; refers to the letter 519 above and to a scrapbook that she made a copy of from Sarah Williams Perkins.

Dear Lyman and Karen. It was so good to hear your voice a few minutes ago. You are one of my favorite people, Lyman.

I had a copy of Grandma’s letter where she tells of your birth, so decided to get it ready to mail tomorrow. Hope you can figure out all her words as some are pretty dim. It’s a treasure though.

While I think of it, do you have any of the photos from which those in your book were

reproduced? If so, I would love to have the following:

Page 41 Evan and Mary Williams and son

Page 106 Any Hole-in-the-Rock picture with Grandma in

Page 124 Aunt Kate, Judy, Calista, and one of Kate, Billie, Dixie, etc.

Page 144 Both pictures of Ruth

Page 152 Both pictures of Vira

Page 220 Aunt Vilate, Dorothy and Uncle Ralph.

I'll be happy to pay for a print. The booklet enclosed is of a scrapbook Grandma used to have me keep when I was young, for her, then later, other things were added by Aunt Gladys or Aunt Sadie. There is a poem by your Grandfather Edward near the back.

Thought you might like to have a copy. Best of luck and thanks! Love, Elaine.

LETTER 521

E-mail from Bruce Lyman Platt to Lyman D. Platt, March 9, 2001. Received family letter. Creating his own business. Pictures. Bruce was living in Brooklyn at this time. Dad: Just got Plattitudes, January, 2001. Great! It left me wanting to read on for more. I look forward to the next one. It sounds like Plattitudes with an Attitude. It's good to be direct sometimes and just say things the way they are. I'm glad that my letter to the family sparked at least the interest of you the head of the family. (I consider it a success.) I've gotten somewhat of a response from my siblings. I'm still making most of the effort, but I don't mind as long as they keep trying. I don't know about their relationships with each other, though. They don't really talk about each other.

Aurelie (Lily) asked me to thank you for the photo. She sends her regards and looks forward to meeting you one day soon. You forgot to add the "congratulations" about my newly found business venture. Platt International Sourcing: a venture that will prove to be

474

awesome for generations to come. My motto is "The Force Behind the Source." I call myself a Fine Furniture Broker (and it don't get no broker than that).

I'm glad to hear that you are carrying on your work as patriarch of the family. Who will fill your shoes? I seem to remember a young man was given a patriarchal blessing many years back and was blessed that he may carry on the work of his father. Does my memory fail me? (Not that I'm worthy or equal to the task.) I didn't know that I was an uncle twenty-one times. I knew it was right around there but never took the time to count.

Anyway ten fingers and ten toes and I would have left someone out.

I spoke to Johnny and he sounds great; real grown up now. He already registered for the university at BYU and is juggling a few job opportunities, one being to teach Italian.

Please see attached a photo of Lily and me in her mother's house Christmas, 2000, in France; also one of *tía* Chabuca with purple corn (*chicha*), at a Peruvian restaurant in Peru. Also one of Juan, Gaby, Lily and I and mom on our trip in July, 2000. Also one of *tío* Pedro and me at my mom's house in Utah. Let me know if they don't come through.

Thanks for sharing and for letting me share. Hope you're both happy and moving forward with all your new projects. Let's keep the lines of communication open. Still dancing.

Bruce L. Platt, your rebel son (there's always one).

LETTER 522

Lavina Streadbeck, 2010 Sheridan Road, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84108, to Elaine P.

Walton, January 11, 2000, It's been so wonderful working with you! I hope all is well with you and that this New Year will be especially kind to you. May the Lord bless you

and keep you well. The total names that I put into the temple were 13,788. The last 6,000 into the Salt Lake Temple file – the rest my family has done. Love Lavina.

Jay Bishop has Perkins files; Ken Childs has the Williams records: 8,000 more names submitted.

LETTER 523

E-mail from Bruce Lyman Platt to Lyman D. Platt, April 21, 2001, just a quick hello how are you? Please update me on any news or e-mail addresses I may not have. Please forward a copy of this to whoever doesn't have an e-mail address so that no one is left out. Who can I count on for this?

All is going well here in Miami. Lily and I are very happy. We're both working very hard. Lily doesn't stop and is making good progress. My business is going well. [We were] happy to host Dave, Holly, and little Philip first week in May. Currently [we are] hosting Lily's father and his father (three against one: I may have to speak French now). Summer is starting and things are getting *caliente*; would love to hear from you all. Big, 475

big kisses and hugs from a big brother, son. Love you all, Bruce and Lily (see attached photo).

LETTER 524

Christmas Card to Lyman D. Platt and Karen P. Platt, December 19, 2000, from George Nielsen and Irene Platt Nielsen, 917 N. Garden Dr., Orem, Utah 84057.

Lyman and Karen, it was fun seeing you in your new place this summer. Hope your holidays are bright. Love, George, Irene and family.

LETTER 525

Bruce Lyman Platt and Lily Dufour Platt, June 7, 2001, Lyman De Platt, New Harmony, Utah, Dad: wanted to wish you a happy birthday. Hope this gets to you in time. We had a very nice time in Utah and you were a very key factor of our trip. Thank you. Lily said you were nice and charming, just as I said you'd be. Tell Karen we enjoyed her love and support. [Here are a] few photos from our trip for your album. Dave says I'm looking more and more like you. "I'm better looking." Our next trip to Utah we'll plan to head your way. I really want to show Lily that part of the country.

Work is going very good. I haven't stopped since I got back. I'm going to Italy in 2½ weeks (work). Juan asked about you. He said he always got along with you until he corrupted the Mormons.

Do you plan to visit Miami anytime soon? We love you both and look forward to hearing from you. Karen I encourage you to write. I felt like you had so much to say but couldn't get it out. You can talk to me. Write back soon. Bruce and Lily.

LETTER 526

Bruce L. Platt, 1000 Quayside Terrace, Suite 1607, Miami, Florida 33138, January 19, 2001, Lyman De Platt, New Harmony, Utah, Dad: sorry it's taken so long to get back to you. Things have been very hectic with business and all. It all comes to money in the end. It's not easy running a business, especially your own (you know!) I'm learning a lot though. Lily's been good for me. She knows just when to apply the pressure and when to give me support.

I'm working on manufacturing furniture in South America via contacts that have work shops to build and carve and with exotic woods.

I'm also working on building a designer repeat business market for various types of

furniture and antiques. Another avenue is hotels and restaurants (very competitive). I'm having fun, but the stress is enough to drive me to drink (can I say that?)

476

We are happy in our lives and work every day to improve in many areas. I'm proud to say we reached over half our goals last year. Lily has the dilemma right now of working hard to prove herself at her new job with L'Oreal (marketing manager) vs. accepting an offer from her old job of 40% increase in pay and title to come back.

I said "take the money" but that would be the easy thing. She would in a way step backwards and have less challenges. However, for most people work that you like and good money just don't come so easy (and rarely together).

We've decided to keep the boat and would love to share it with you and Karen if you'd consider a trip to Miami. Maybe your work would bring you east again. New York and Boston areas are so beautiful. I really enjoy that part of the country. Thanks for the photos of you and Karen. It's strange to see you after all these years. You look older. It's okay dad. I look fatter. My thin days are over.

I'm happy to be in communication with you again and hope to keep it up. The rest of the family is a continuous disappointment for the most part. My letter put a dent in it. I have a ways to go. I wonder if it's the Utah air. It must be too thick like the heads on my family members.

Notice my habit of writing in all upper case letters? I got that from you no less. My computer crashed and it's being repaired (actually, I demanded a brand new one – I'm getting it too). I've had problems with it since I bought it less than a year ago. I have back up on all my files though.

You seem happy and you and Karen look like peas and carrots (as Forest Gump would say, they go well together: Karen, I know you're going to like that).

Hope the best for you both in this New Year and may the years slow down, they're going by too damn fast. (Excuse my French and I'll excuse your quoting scriptures all the time.)

Love ya, Bruce.

LETTER 527

Lyman D. Platt, December 25, 1975, to the family. Dearest family: during a three year period I have desired to present to you for Christmas a family book of remembrance. However, it has been impossible to retain the Spirit of the Lord during long enough periods to write what I have wanted to completely. I have decided that because of the emphasis that will be placed upon each family having a book during the coming year, that it was time to present to you what I have.

The organization of the book is self explanatory. I hope that the purposes for which it has been written will be improved upon by each family member.

477

I hope that during coming years I can continue to add to the book. It is my feeling on the matter that I can compile the books of remembrance for those who are deceased, beginning with the earlier generations of Church ancestry, over another three year period. I hope that mother and father will compile their own and possibly those of their parents. I cannot express my love to my family in any better way than this. Merry Christmas to you each and every one. May the Lord bless you throughout your lives. L.D.

LETTER 528

Fray Angélico Chávez Chapter, Genealogical Society of Hispanic America, P. O. Box

3027, Pueblo, Colorado 81005. To: Dr. Lyman Platt, 2191 South 2200 East, Mountain Springs, Utah 84757. Lyman: we would like to express our gratitude to you for the wonderful presentation on April 28, 2001 at the Southeastern Colorado Heritage Center. The reaction from the members present was extremely positive. Some of them gave me a call that evening and the following day to thank me and I would like to pass it on to you. Mike Baca, our past president, was one of them. He was so unhappy that he had to go to a family wedding because he said he was so absorbed by your presentation. From the member of Fray Angélico Chávez Chapter, Genealogical Society of Hispanic America, Fondly, Gloria.

LETTER 529

Gwen Thompson, 10846 Remmet Avenue, Chatsworth, California 91311, April 6, 2001, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Platt, 2191 South 2200 East, Mountain Springs, Utah, 84757. Mr. and Mrs. Platt: You probably know by now that my mother, Rhea Anderson, passed away on March 19. We had taken her from the rest home four days prior to this as her wish was to be at home. She had fallen at the rest home and broken her hip. When the doctor read the X-rays it was discovered that she had cancer and had probably had it for a very long time. The cancer was bone cancer and most probably was what made the hip break. There was cancer in other areas, around the heart, the liver and had gone to the brain by the time she passed away. She also had dementia, there again for a very long time. The degree of this disease had progressed very rapidly in the past year. Our biggest shock was that even though she had been examined the doctors had not discovered any of this before. She did and said a lot of things the last five years of her life that were totally out of character for her. After talking at length with the doctor, we were told to forgive her for things she may have said or done. She simply was not herself due to the dementia and the cancer.

Mom, in all her life, had never let any of us take her genealogy book out of her sight, so we were all shocked when you returned the book of histories. We had no idea that she had let you take her books out of her home. Because some of the pages were upside down and some were backwards and a couple not even connected to the book, it was obvious
478

they had been copied. I'm sure that after looking at the others it will be obvious they had been copied also.

The little booklet that you named Mom as the benefactor and you had copyrighted looked to me to have been copied right out of newspapers. I sincerely hope that you do not copyright any of my mother's work that she spent a lifetime and a lot of money on. It kind of looks to me like that might be your intention. You would do her a great injustice if you do this. We would like to get her books copyrighted for her in her own name. Because of all the years she worked doing this, she should be the one to get the credit. She gave you a whole lot more than you gave her. She helped pay for your work and you get the credit. She trusted you and since you profess to care so much for her, I hope you will honor that trust and not take credit for anything that she so willingly gave you the privilege of seeing. None of our family genealogy that she worked so many years to recreate should ever show up under your name or your copyright. This should be her glory and honor.

If you have any other books, histories, family pictures or other things that belong to our family trust, please return them. I would appreciate a reply to our concern. Gwen

Thompson.

LETTER 530

Bruce L. Platt, 1000 Quayside Terrace, Suite 1607, Miami, Florida 33138, May 1, 2001, Lyman De Platt, New Harmony, Utah, Dad, it looks like we'll be staying with Deb and Rick on our upcoming visit. We arrive on the 24th and will stay through the 28th, leaving on the 29th. Do you think you could come up to visit one day with Karen? It's a short trip but at least we'll be able to see the family this year. End of year we'll be taking a vacation, just Lily and me. We haven't really done that for a couple of years. Hope you're both doing well and enjoying the new house. I hope you've set up your computer first and will get this mail. If not Patty gave me your new number and I will be calling. [I will be] sending some photos soon. If I don't hear from you'll I'll drop a copy of this email

with the photos. Love, Bruce & Lily.

LETTER 531

Francis Marion Lyman, Fairview, Sanpete County, August 18, 1880, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Brother Platte: We leave here tomorrow morning and will reach Castle Valley on the evening of the 19th instant and will stay there over the 20th & 21st instant and continue our journey on the 22nd of August (Monday) and we will be at San Juan on the 1st day of September or about that time. We may be a little earlier or a little later. We travel without a guide, no wonder if we get lost.

I hope to meet you in San Juan. I suppose Ida will be there at the camp. I hope to see you all. You must be ready for an all night visit. We will not have time to visit the San Luis
479

Valley this trip, but will make our way for the Little Colorado, and the Arizona Settlements. You will understand where we turn away from your course of travel for the Little Colorado. E. Snow, B. Young, W. H. Dame, John Gillespie, two boys, driver of the baggage and a man Friday will make up the sum of our Company: 4 vehicles, and 6 span of horses.

We will leave your road about the mouth of the Las Animas River, and from there we go to Ft. Wingate. We will need to renew our supplies of grain somewhere in your region of country and you will be able to give us information about where it can be procured.

I weighed this morning 270 lbs. What do you think I will weigh when I get home? With kind regards to all. I remain your affectionate brother, F. M. Lyman

LETTER 532

Deseret Telegraph Co. From St. George, August 16, 1880, Received August 17, 8:55 P.M. To Erastus Snow, Manti, from Mrs. E. R. Snow, Dame said would start Friday. Seegmiller could not reach him in time; he took them to Richfield to send to you if possible; will reach there nineteenth or twentieth boys not returned.

LETTER 533

Francis Marion Lyman, Tooele City, August 11th 1880, Platte DeAlton Lyman, Bluff, Utah, My Dear Brother: I have just received your letter of the 5th instant today and was much pleased to hear from you again. You did right to write to me again no matter if I did not answer your other. It was not because I did not feel well towards you. It is now 6 p.m. and at 6 a.m. tomorrow I start for Sanpete on my way to visit you and your country in company with brothers E. Snow, B. Young, W. H. Dame and perhaps some others. We will leave Sanpete about the 18th instant [from] Mt. Pleasant and cross the mountains to

Castle Dale, and hold two days meeting there, and then continue our journey down the San Rafael, Green and Grand Rivers and on to the San Juan. I can't tell when you may look for us. I think you speak of the country about as it is. I have never had much faith in it and it don't grow any stronger. I can't take time now to tell you much and will give you the news by word of mouth before long. We are all well and happy. Rhoda and I made a visit to Fillmore and saw the folks at Oak Creek on the way. Bishop Callister is still very sick and but little if any prospect of his recovery.

We have had a very good summer here for crops, which are now being gathered. I have grown plenty of lucerne and will have enough to do me well till grass comes again without exchanging any from Fillmore. Our election passed off quietly not more than 65 liberal votes cast in the county, and there were about 641 votes for the people's candidates. I am pleased you find work on the railroad to give you something to live upon. I am surprised that S.S.S. [Silas S. Smith] should have been so much at fault in his ideas of the San Juan Country for I think Brother Snow counted much upon his judgment.

480

I want to see you and have a good visit with you. I saw Adelia and the little ones. They were well and hearty.

I learn from Lorenzo that he is not prospering well in Santa Barbara, and is not contented, and wishes he had staid in Fillmore. He is not so well off as before he left us. I hear good reports from Charley, and Aunt Paulina's other boys. Amasa is studying the law, and I hear sold his last horse for whisky. Excuse me for not writing more this time. I would be very kindly remembered to all the family and may heaven bless you all from your affectionate brother, F. M. Lyman

LETTER 534

Silas S. Smith, [from] San Juan, August 5, 1880, [to] P. D. Lyman [Manassa, Colorado], Dear Brother: We reached camp the 11th day at noon this making the trip from Manassa in 10 days, the judge seeing something that pleased him, he started home in company with Bro. Seevey and others the 3rd instant after being elected judge of the county & having faith enough to file a bond. I received a letter from Bro. Snow today for Holyoak written the 18th of July from Nephi before he had seen my letters; stating that br Dame, your brother F.M. and possibly B. Young were coming out here, but they had not decided which way, if through Castle Valley would be here 25 Aug., if via Lee's Ferry not till middle of Sept. Would write again definitely on reaching Salt Lake.

I was down to Bluff City and stayed about a week, held meeting Sunday there and talked exceedingly plain about matters of which there was some wrangling explained the appropriation that was made to the road not to them nor to me that I was responsible to my employers the Assembly &c all of which is now I think understood and satisfactory, was able to pay some money which will be a great help, advised your folks to send you the money they got as it would enable you to come back sooner, left Ida with a sore mouth by crushing a tooth in trying to extract it. The river has fallen below both ditches. A flood down the Cottonwood Wash irrigated Barton's grain and the others in that bottom completely that is now the only crop that seems sure.

At Mancos I wrote Bro. Snow that unless otherwise advised I should likely locate my family at Manassa or vicinity feeling at liberty to do so by the conversation with him before starting out. This letter may not be in time to reach him before he starts.

So many have gone away to work and are going & with the members returning home that

we are or will be only about 10 men left. There has been very little rain here, our experience has demonstrated that the soil is rich and that good crops can be made by early planting; the weather is extremely hot, remember me kindly to Bro. and Sister Berthelsen and the people of Manassa. Your brother in the Gospel. Silas S. Smith. I have been extremely busy since my return.

481

LETTER 535

Erastus Snow, Salt Lake City, July 24th [?], Elder Platte D. Lyman, Oak Creek, Millard Co., U.T., Dear Brother, a press of business has prevented till now my reply to yours of 6th instant.

I have expected for a year past that ranchers and land speculators would try to run in ahead of us as soon as they found mere exploring that region in view of settlements, but we know how to make allowance for such men and their movements and do not expect to pay them for the country and they will not as a rule improve it. But if any of them wish to do so we shall be glad and wish them to help us for we wish to establish law and government over that part of our territory.

And we desire your self and friends to help us do it and it is to be done by cooperation of earnest men who are willing to do as Latter Day Saints are wont to do viz: settle comp... so as to afford protection to each other and by union to be able to control the streams and bring the arable land under cultivation - and then organize precincts and elect officers both civil and ecclesiastical. We do not wish you nor any one wishing to be permanent settlers, to yield to stock and ranchmen the monopoly of the country for wherever streams can be controlled for irrigation, agriculturists can and should take precedent of ranchmen and both under our Territorial Statutes and under the U. T. Land Laws may enter upon and improve all such places.

You may find places where men have claims that have valuable improvements that would be advisable to purchase, but we doubt not there are a plenty of unoccupied places - and we hope you will not be easily bluffed off. I expect to attend the Sanpete Conference August 16th and will be able to learn more and have more to say about it at that time.

Respectfully &c, Erastus Snow.

[Undated notes: incomplete reference] ...

Camp Monday morning. Brother Silas S. [Smith] thanks for our letters. Brother Lyman & Galispe will go to Mancos unless we threat; Platte hopes Thales will catch us at B..., Wish you to keep it before the people that all those large claims must be bot under advice of president & held for distribution when needed as they can only be sufficiently cultivated by united efforts. Let such as cannot be content with small farms at present go to the tributaries of the Dolores East is Siere [Sierra] Lasalle or other small streams more easily handled. God bless you all. Appoint a Bishop of Montezuma if enough settlers comes to commence a good settlement and encourage settlements in that region and ... as fast as help comes. E.Snow

LETTER 536

Amasa M. Lyman, Fillmore, Utah, October 6, 1867, to Platte DeAlton Lyman, England, Your favor of the 2nd of September came to hand by due course of mail. I was truly glad

482

to hear from you, and to know that you were entering upon your labors with so much satisfaction and that this blessing may increase with you is my prayer ever for you and all

the servants of God who are laboring to build up the Kingdom of our God and save themselves from the wickedness of this ungodly generation.

My health is not the best although I have been working very hard since you left. The mill is running and does good work. Marion has gone to conference. Myself and Oscar are working on the mill, finishing up. Aunt Lydia has gone to the City with Uncle Edward. Our family is well except some sore eyes with the children. Brother Felshaw died a few days ago. I need not dwell longer on the matter of local news as Oscar will write. Now Platte I wish to make a few suggestions which may be of service to you in your labors. Seek first to live so humble and trusting in God that you may ever have the spirit of Truth to enlighten and comfort you under all circumstances.

And as the attainment of every blessing that may make up the sum of our happiness is more or less affected by the degree of physical health we enjoy, study to be ever temperate in your labors, and when the diffidence of the new beginner shall begin to yield to the influence of experience and impressing confidence resulting from extended practice, you will find yourself adopting habits. Of these you should be careful that they may be such as you may properly cherish in the coming years of your life and labors for the cause of our Heavenly Father and the welfare of humanity.

Study to speak when you have something to say and in order that your mind may be ever stored with right and good thoughts be diligent to gather the material for good thoughts from good books such as the Bible, Book of Mormon and the printed and published thoughts of the aged and experienced in the work and principles of the gospel. By taking this course your mind will become as a fountain of wisdom and comfort to pour its streams of healing and comfort constantly for the help of the Saints in the reclamation of the sinner from the errors of his ways, and fix his feet in the path and his heart in the love of the truth.

And let your conversation with the Saints always be of the gospel and of its principles and do not indulge in idle speculations abroad in regard to those things which should be taught and practiced in Zion. Teach the Saints in all honesty and sincerity of heart to gather as the way shall be opened to Zion, that they may be taught of the ways of the Lord; and walk in his paths. And when you come home and meet those whom you have taught abroad you can meet them without shame for ought you have said or done and feel the bliss of an approving conscience.

That this and every blessing that will make you happy may be yours to enjoy in your labors abroad and when you return home is the constant prayer of your affectionate and ever anxious father, Amasa M. Lyman.

483

LETTER 537

Joy Lyman Olson, Box 196, Husum, Washington 98623, August 28, 2003, Lyman De Platt, New Harmony, Utah, Dear Lyman De, when I called one of the contact numbers for the recent Amasa M. Lyman reunion about odd ball pictures (not direct descendants of Amasa), they referred me to you. And how appropriate.

I don't do genealogy, but I do the pictures. And I like to find the originals and then take pictures of them in whose ever home I find them without the precious original pictures ever leaving the sight of their owner. Finding the originals is always a long shot but someone has them and so I keep asking. So if you have any let me know. It's a good incentive to get me to visit you.

Right now I'm searching for any pictures of Adelia Robison's parents. Have you ever seen any? Do you know where the originals of the young adult Adelia are? Like the one published in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers book.

Since I like to make copies for my family from my copy, I like my copy to be the best possible. That's why I do photographic copies. Actually, my husband, Kent, does the photography and my daughter, Tanja, does the processing and enhancing. I'm just the perfectionist.

If a laser copy is all that is available, I will settle for now but keep on searching for a real photo and hopefully the original.

I visited Elaine Walton several years before her death and found she had the original Perkins stash. She was a great keeper of those treasures of which I had Kent take many pictures.

One more question. Do you know the Rev. David Lyman, married to Sarah, who went to Hawaii as a Christian missionary around 1839? Who is he related to? Might it be a relative of Amasa's. I am going to Hawaii in two weeks and plan to visit the Lyman museum in Hilo. I hope to hear from you soon. Hopefully before I go to Hawaii on September 12th. Your cousin, Joy.

LETTER 538

Ruth M. Challis, 532 South 580 West, Cedar City, Utah, 84720, October 13, 2004, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Platt, 2191 South 2200 East, New Harmony, Utah 84757, Dear friends, This is just a note to let you know how very much I love and appreciate you and think of you all the time. You were such wonderful directors for the center, and also such wonderful people and friends to all of us. I appreciate you so much for all the things I learned from you and for your fantastic patience and kindness to me and to all of us. I congratulate you for such a fine job well done. I miss you a lot and I am sure all the other workers do too. The closing meeting was wonderful and I am sure that all enjoyed it as
484

much as I did. It is always a spiritual and special experience to hear you speak Brother Platt, and you also, Karen. You are so knowledgeable in so many ways.

I have not been to the Center since I had an illness during the summer. But I am fine again and am starting back to my work there. I have missed being there and I have not met the new directors as yet, but I am looking forward to that.

Again, I thank you and hope your health is better now than it was a few months ago. I want you to know you are in my prayers daily and I wish you the best and hope you are enjoying your time in whatever you are doing. I hope we can keep in touch once in a while. With love and sincerely, Ruth.

LETTER 538a

Lyman and Karen Platt, to Ruth M. Challis, as above, October 31, 2004. Dear Ruth: We miss you! Thank you so much for your letter of October 13th, present. We were touched by your love and kind expressions of friendship. We so enjoyed working with you and associating with you for three years. We're glad your health has improved and that you are going back to the FHC. Be patient with the Oostveens. They both have health problems and need everyone's best support.

Earlier this month we had Karen's yearly reunion with her sisters, and we based out of Cedar City because of my schooling. One of the things we did was to go to the cemetery to look for the grandson of her sister Diane. We finally found him, but in the process

found the tombstone of your husband. We both stopped and reflected over the grave and how hard it has been for you and how happy you'll be when you're with him again. Karen hugged me a little tighter and thanked the Lord that I am still with her. We thought often of death lately and what it would be like if either one of us were to go.

My mother came to me several months ago and told me she wanted to take me with her because of the pain and suffering that I am experiencing. I begged to stay here so that I could finish some work that is important to me. She told me that they need me very badly for a teaching assignment and reiterated that she wanted me to come with her to relieve my pain and suffering. I told her I just couldn't yet. So she said, "Well, then get on with your work!" implying that I had taken long enough to feel sorry for myself and be depressed. I am now back in college at SUU taking programming, networking, and algebra. I want to write a program but don't know how, so the VA is putting me through a few courses. It's enjoyable. I'll be getting Social Security in June and then we can spend full time working on the archive and genealogy. For now we need the VA money from school to stay afloat. Please keep in touch. We love you very much and pray for your continued good health and the Lord's choicest blessings. Karen and Lyman Platt.

485

LETTER 539

Nicolle Platt Duran, Orem, Utah, January 5, 2005, Lyman De Platt, New Harmony, Utah, Dad: I really enjoyed your visit on Christmas. Thanks for letting us share your visit. Here is the 4th part of your autobiography. The written part is the copy you sent me not a new copy. Sorry I was not able to print off a revised copy for you. The CD has part four on it. I think I e-mailed it to you also but I am not sure if you received it. I am looking forward to begin working on part five as soon as you can get it to me.

Also, Patty told me that you told her it would be okay for me to give her a copy of her baby blessing. I really don't want to take her word for it and I don't want to do anything to betray your trust. So if you could just let me know yourself if that would be okay or not, I would appreciate it. Talk to you soon. Take care. I love you. Always, Nicolle.

LETTER 540

Southern Utah University, 351 West Center Street, Cedar City, Utah 84720, August 30, 2001. Lyman De Platt, New Harmony, Utah. Dear Lyman: The advertisement for the Circulation Assistant I position drew a number of highly qualified applicants. After careful screening and interviewing, an individual whose experience and background parallel the needs of Southern Utah University has been selected to fill this position. The selection committee reviewed your qualifications and the experience you would have brought to this position. However, another person has been chosen to fill it. We express to you the University's thanks for submitting your application together with our best wishes for your future success. Sincerely, Lynne Shurtz, Human Resources Department.

LETTER 541

Maria Platt Munford kept a scrapbook which generated the following letter to George Alma Platt from Mrs. Warren Munford.

Dear Mr. Platt: In clearing the old house before selling it, we found this scrap book and an old picture album in an old tin suit case. I am sending the album to Mary Sinfield at Lund, Nevada. If you would like to see or have them you might contact her. I remember your flair for poetry and thought you'd like to have this. Sincerely, Mrs. Warren Munford
P.S. We will take the old suit case over to Browning Platt's place. If for any reason any

member of the family would want it, they can contact him. [This scrapbook eventually ended up with Uncle George, and then it was given to me, Lyman D. Platt]

486

LETTER 542

Kirk Lyman, January 7, 1963, Edward P. & Irene P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear folks, just a few lines to say hello and let you know I'm still thinking of you. This won't be long as I don't have much time.

I received your letter the other day and was flabbergasted to hear of 500 baptisms in one month in one city. Was this a mistake on your part or did it actually happen? If so, it's a real record for everyone to strive for. Sure hope Lyman De is enjoying his work.

Grandpa, you served a mission so perhaps you can help. What do you do when you have a companion who won't keep his personal appearance up to par? Mine won't and I'm actually ashamed to go out with him sometimes. As Mormon ministers we should always set the example yet every time I mention it, it causes an argument. Do you have any suggestions that may help?

I'm taking treatments for my back now; twice a week. It's free, provided for the Elders by a member. One vertebra was 13 degrees out. It's going to take approximately four weeks to get it to start holding. From the X-rays the inflammation shows that it's been out of place since I was a child and possibly since birth. Hope it works. God bless you all, Love Kirk.

LETTER 543

[The following information was compiled in 1950 by someone in the family.] The following several letters were written from Binghampton, Broome, New York by James Miller Robison, son of James Robison and Cornelia Guinal, and brother of Joseph Robison who married Lucretia Hancock. These letters were written to his son Culbert about a year before James died. There is also a letter to Culbert from a nephew telling of "grandpa's" death which occurred April 9, 1875, when he was seventy-five years old. Culbert brought his family to Fillmore for a short time and was very bitter against the Mormons, as apparently his father was also. From Fillmore, Culbert took his family to Idaho and left them and went to California and died there. He may have intended to come back, but there is the general impression in the family that he deserted them.

Ruth Robison, a daughter of Culbert, married Jay Black [a Robison descendant through the Warners] and raised a family and they all came into the Church. [You won't find nicer, better people anywhere than they are.] They are the only descendants of James Miller Robison that are in the Church. Two of Culbert's daughters lived in Wyoming. Both were bitter against the Church. One of these daughters gave her sister Elizabeth (Beth) the following letters in 1949. Her other sister had died several years prior to that.

The members of the L.D.S. Church in New York compiled the cemetery records in Broome County where Binghampton is. In these records are the name of James Miller

487

Robison and the date of his death. This would indicate there was still a tombstone there for him in 1950. His grandson said he suffered terribly for days before he died and that he was buried with great ceremony by the Masons. "There were twelve Masons, they all had a sprig of hemlock pinned in their coats. We walked from the Church to the grave; they walked six on each side and wore white gloves and aprons. They marched around the grave and laid the evergreen on the coffin and one made a few remarks." But he says he

was not given a full Mason burial because they didn't have his complete record as he had not lived there long.

Binghampton, March 8, 1874-1875 (I think)

Dear Son Culbert: Your welcome letter of the 21 ult. came on the 2nd inst., found us as well as usual, and so remain at present. Here I want to stop while I acknowledge thanks and adore the goodness of God for the mercies bestowed upon me a poor unworthy being that is not capable of rendering suitable thanks for all the mercies bestowed upon me.

O, my son, get out of the swift current [sic] as quick as possible that wafts so many careless souls to endless destruction. Then lend a helping hand to help others out. Yes, warn poor careless souls of their dangerous situation. Culbert, you are capable of doing much good among your fellow beings. The Lord has endowed you with faculties that many others are not possessed of. But remember you are to give an account of your stewardship here.

Culbert, diligently [sic] read that Holy Bible and pray to God to open your understanding while you read His holy word. There you will find your whole duty to your God, to yourself, and to your neighbor. And the more you read it the more you will want to read it. My son I do believe the Lord will yet hear and answer my prayer that you may yet become a shining light in the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer. This is my prayer and I hope it is your prayer. As my hand cramps so I will have to quit but remain as ever and write soon. James Miller Robison

LETTER 544

P.S. from a letter dated September 10, 1874

This evening while sitting here alone, I thought I would write a little more. But what can I say for myself. When I think of all the mercies the Lord has bestowed on me I am astonished and amazed. What reason I have to love and obey him for all those kind and undeserved favours.

Well I do love the Lord for He has done great things for me. When I think of the precious promises revealed [sic] to me in His holy word it is happiness to my soul. The hope that I have of salvation is worth more to me than all the joys of this world. How often I think of my dear children. Could I but hear that they had saved [sic] and found the salvation of Jesus precious to their souls, how it would happyfy my soul. Then I would begin to think
488

that my prayers had been answered. O, my son consecrate your soul and body wholly to the Lord Jesus and consider that it is time to serve the Lord.

Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me.

Psalms 1:15. As soon as your family gets their [sic] I want you to write me again. James Miller Robison

LETTER 545

In another letter he says: Well, Culbert, you are off among strangers and a great way from your old home. But you are not out of that heavenly care that has always protected you and kept you safe through trials and dangers. How necessary that you should now apply to your preserver for spiritual aid in time of trial and troubles. Seek that God that will not forsake you if you call on him for aid and comfort. Remember likewise that you are surrounded with great responsibilities. You have a family that looks to you for good advice [sic] and example. Therefore seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you. Now write soon a great long letter so no more at present

but remain as ever your [father], James Miller Robison

LETTER 546

Lyman De Platt, April 30, 1965. AF19833220. Box 1511 FIT 478, Lackland AFB, Texas.

Dearest Family. I have mixed emotions as I write to you. We have gone through a lot of different experiences and are getting accustomed to it. So far I haven't been but lightly cussed at. Some of these poor guys have had the book thrown at 'em.

We have been here three days and technically started today. Six weeks of basic training means forty-two days not counting Saturdays and Sundays, so don't expect me home for awhile. We don't get leave even after that.

I took my Spanish test and got almost 100%. I believe I'm not worried. The Lord is being good to me, giving me strength to stay happy, etc.

I am in the 3711 Squadron, 478 Flight, Squad 4, Rank 6, and having a day's work from 4:45 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. We get good meals, but have very little time for anything personal. We have \$200 apiece of Uncle Sam's uniforms, etc., have no hair; a lot to eat, real good food and even nice. The training sergeants: I like 'em.

I'm in charge of all Protestant groups to count their attendance on Sundays. If you keep your ears open and mouth shut you have no problems. I've had none so far.

If an emergency arises and you need me home, contact the nearest Red Cross and have them send for me by the address on the front.

489

I don't know how soon it will be before I write again, because we are pressed for time, but I'm fine and happy, looking forward to a good four years. I love you all very much.

Sincerely yours, Lyman De.

LETTER 547

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Military Training Center, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 3, 1965, Dearest family, It's Sunday night and yours truly is one tired kid. We had some lovely services today. Brother Palmer is the chaplain here and is one of two the Church has, so we are mighty fortunate. I was getting a little under the weather all the way around until today. It was a good spiritual uplift.

You don't have to worry about me as far as what I'm doing. I'm in the best squadron with the best flight instructor at Lackland. He is known for perfect flights and I can see why. We are worked to pieces all day long, but we have a good disciplined group.

Please write often. These next two months with basic training will be and are mighty hard and discouraging, so all the letters you write will be appreciated.

I'm getting what I wanted in the Air Force. It is hard, but will be worth it when it's over.

Family, I want you to know how much I love you and appreciate each of you. Boy, if I weren't a Mormon it would be much easier to get along with the boys, but knowing what I know, I wouldn't be happy.

About all we do is eat, sleep, and clean the barracks. We march some but not much.

Tonight and tomorrow I go on OJT (on the job training as barracks guard). We have to learn how to be barracks guards and that will be for awhile.

The Lord is being very kind to me and blessing me with tranquility and peace of mind.

I'm glad to have the companionship of the Holy Ghost and be able to rely on its use.

There are a lot of things that I am learning that I haven't before.

I have to send a box of stuff home and they say we'll have to send it C.O.D. and play you back later; which will be in about a month and a half. It will come by train and if you

need to know more about it, I'll let you know. I believe it should arrive okay. Well, so much for this time. About all I see is the mole on the back of a guy's head. When we get over the first few weeks, we'll have more liberty. I love you all and pray for you each night. Please write soon and often. Love always, Lyman.

490

LETTER 548

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 7, 1965, Dearest family, well things are going fine. We are in our 7th day of training and the worst is over. We now have more freedom to roam around. The other flights are betting as high as \$10 a man we win honor flight, which gives us many more liberties. We have a good bunch of boys and should do it.

Here's the way things are looking. I took a Morse code test and got 95% - the maximum, so they put me down as (1) Accounting and Files; (2) Radio Operator; (3) Personnel Clerk. If I go into (1) it will probably mean from here to Amarillo, Texas for twelve weeks for technical school. I will know only three days before I go. Anyway, I'm happy with the way things are going so far. After tech school I should get about fifteen days of leave, or more, if I take it off my yearly thirty days.

Sister Vega paid the bill to Cebugattas, so if you will write out another check for \$183.50 and send it to Andes Mission – Casilla 4759, Lima, and pay it to the order of Andes Mission or Sterling Nicolaysen and tell him what it's for. I think it will be settled. I told her thanks and that you would get it right away.

It sounds like things back home are going okay. I hope Joe doesn't have to pay \$150 for that window though.

Thanks, mother for the attempts to call Beth [Elizabeth Arnold, who was my first choice to marry]. She is home usually after 4 p.m. speaking of calls – I can call pretty cheaply from here, so you may hear from me after the 17th when I get some more money.

If you're going to move – fine. I hope it will be better for you. Life in the Air Force is hard, but I'm being molded and I hope the molding material is good enough to have something besides slag after it's over.

I now play piano Sundays, so I'm out of my Protestant job. On the 20th we have a test to see if we pass what we've learned. If not, we do it all over. I hope I pass!! Well, until next time; may the Lord bless you as he has before. Love always, Lyman De.

LETTER 549

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 9, 1965, Dear family, its Sunday afternoon, we are through with church and just ate dinner. In one hour I'm going to call mother for mother's day. We are on base liberty now. Last night I went to a show and played miniature golf by myself. That made me so lonely I came home and read and wrote letters. I've been pretty lonesome lately and need a lot of support from home.

Yesterday while we were marching, we stopped to listen to some instructions; my eyes wandered over to an older flight doing some sharp drills, and just as I looked, my tech

491

instructor looked at me. He asked me what I was looking at. When I told him, he told me to get over there and join them. No argument possible. I reported to the other tech instructor. He said he didn't want me in the flight, then he changed his mind and put me next to the dorm chief and they started going through drills I'd never seen so fast. I didn't

know if I was coming or going. Well I paid fast attention and in several minutes I had them. He was still doing them so fast the flight got all mixed up. Then we worked over towards my flight – I was in step all the way. That kind of made my flight proud. Well, then they put me in front as guide. It was harder not being able to follow anyone but I made it; then they pinned the dorm chief's badge on me and sent one of their men over to my flight to replace me. Sergeant Hite said "forget it," he wanted me back. Then the other tech instructor took off my hat and put his hat on me and said take over, as he shoved me out of rank and stepped into my place. Well, I gave it to them. Their drills they had given me came back at them so fast they were all messed up in less than thirty seconds. That ended the fun. He sent me back to my squad with some comment about ruining his flight. They were satisfied and I was happy – some punishment. It has made me a little something extra to the flight. They all know I've been a missionary now and the chance to talk or live the gospel comes very often. So goes the basic training; it is getting better. I know it is up to me to accept that I'm grown and must break family ties, but it is harder, knowing you are close and not being able to see you.

How's everybody back home? What is being decided about moving? Is everybody in accord with it?

We have some thirty tornadoes twisting up and down through the mid-west and Texas and the county here – Bear County – has some close, but nothing to worry about. The weather is overcast, 73% humidity, and 70-80 degrees. I'm glad it's as cool as it is right now. Well folks, I suppose that's enough for this time. I'm going to do a little genealogy before I have to help in another G.I. party to get ready for inspection tomorrow. Love for now or bye for now or love as ever, Lyman.

LETTER 550

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 10, 1965, Dear family, well, we had our first big inspection today. Master Sergeant Patton checked our lockers. He said of mine: "Sergeant Pagliera, here's a boy who follows instructions." Sergeant Pagliera said: "I wished we had more like him." Then MSgt. Patton said: "How do you say your name Platt? Is that right?" "Yes sir," I said – nothing else. So far things are going okay for me. I just hope the Lord will continue to help me.

Everybody I talk to down here who has some time here figures I'll go to Amarillo. It's hotter than blazes there in the summer, but it's dry. I can take anything that's not humid. I reckon if I'm there for three months, I may be home for dear season for two or three weeks. That will sure be a lot of fun.

492

We get up at 4:30 now to get everything done. We are in the week of heavy inspections, and K.P. duty, etc. I'll be happy to look back on this next month even though it is sort of interesting right now. We have during a day's course two hours of physical exercise, two hours of class study, two hours of drill and then cleaning up the barracks. It's rather routine and we have quite a bit to memorize, but I believe it will be a relaxing day when I put on my Airman III Class stripes. You know, if I get the breaks and good promotions before my four years are over, I would reconsider staying in. There sure seem to be a lot of good advantages.

It was a relief to be able to talk to several of the family and hear your voices again. I was getting pretty homesick but feel better now. It made me realize how close you actually are if it is necessary to call you. Well, so much for today. I love you all and know the

Lord is richly blessing our family. Chau for now, Lyman.

LETTER 551

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 13, 1965, Dearest family, I believe this has been the roughest day of my life. We got up at 3 a.m. and went on K.P. and worked all day until 7 p.m. We had three meals and those were the only breaks. We mopped the kitchen floor ten times and made about 100 circles carrying plates, utensils, etc. But, you know, I overcame one of my most discouraging feelings of depression I've every felt today. I actually talked myself into a good mood for the first time.

After being away almost three weeks without hearing from Beth, I've about decided she doesn't want to make a go of it. So, I'm not writing her anymore despite how I feel. After ten letters, it seems I've done my part.

We are having pretty inclement weather here. One inch or more in one rainfall is quit a bit. The weather is sultry, but I'm getting used to it.

Our basic training is getting tougher. When you get this letter we will really be in the middle of it. Our P.E. is sort of rough, but we're getting into shape.

Well, goodnight. I'm too bushed to finish this letter.

May 14, 1965, Today has been much better! We are off from now 5 p.m. until tomorrow morning. It has been an arduous day, however. We were up at 4:30, had drill for two hours, got two more shots, ate, had P.E. in the barracks because it was raining, then two more hours of drill, two hours of class – one on the wearing of the uniform and one on what to expect during the rest of basic training. Then we got our mail: one from dad, mom, grandma, Jeff, and Bertha. That was a nice end to an interesting day.

Thanks for sending me that information on Beth. It's sure hard not to think of her.

493

It won't be too long before you'll be moving, will it? It seems with the location and the size of the house, we should never have to move again. Dad, be careful with your back and don't get it messed up while moving.

This news of Red China and the atomic bomb, Viet Nam, etc., doesn't leave much hope for peace between now and the end of this millennium, does it? Well, that's prophecy!

We are going on a picnic with the San Antonio Stake tomorrow. That sure ought to be a lot of fun. They are bringing a lot of girls out to "socialize" with us. Bertha's letter was full of love and it appears as though she is working towards her international CPA, is taking night courses in English and is making her patriarchal blessing a reality.

The Air Force issued me a new pair of glasses today and is going to take care of my teeth at my next base. It certainly is advantageous belonging to the Air Force. If I want to go to Officer Training School after I have sixty semester hours, they will pay me \$400 a month and I'll sign for another term. I'm waiting until I get my sixty hours to decide, however.

May 15, 1965, well, today is Saturday! Last night from 6 to 9 I had to guard our barracks, so I didn't get my letter finished. It was kind of rough getting up at 3:15 this morning, but those were the orders, so I just followed them....

Just got back from breakfast and am now in the process of cleaning up the place – another G.I. party. At 9 a.m. I have to go on barracks guard again. The price we pay for not going on K.P. is stiff, but not too bad. I'll have all afternoon off....

Well, another hour and things have changed again. I now have B.G. duty from 3 a.m. to 6 a.m. – I hope, dad, this is what you like – details. I don't mind writing that way. Anyway, that means I have all day off to write and read. I believe after the picnic I'll go to the

show and then come home and rest....

We now have the barracks shining and are ready to do as we want. This Wednesday will be our fifteenth day of training and we will be allowed to put on our blues and complete uniforms. They now consider us airmen, and we won't be given so much gas. One week from Wednesday we have our physical, mental and other tests to determine if we put on our stripes yet or not; those that pass get to.

Say, when do we get in our new home? Be sure to send me the ward, stake and bishop's name. Okay? Okay! The house sure looks like a big bounder from the map you drew, dad. Do you plan on planting a garden or not? I hope you do!

If you ever have to call me sudden-like, get Lackland Air Force Base, then extension 2041 – the orderly room. They will send for me, or you can contact the Red Cross as I mentioned before.

494

After writing the letter to Carol, I remembered who our mailman is and I hope I didn't do wrong. I'll write her next time after "you all" move. Carol, I hope things are working out in a good way for you as they seem to be. Write me and let me know how you're doing. Dad, it was certainly good to hear from you and of some of your experiences in the Army Air Corps. I could just as easily go to St. Louis, Missouri if they decide to put me in as a radio operator. There are five different fields I qualify for, though. I believe it would suit me better to get an office job – 40 hours a week. I could be more or less settled and get married if convenient. Dad, you were in the Corps about 3½ years, right? Oh, well, if you did it and got married and finished college, then it appears as if I won't have to despair completely. Really, I'm grateful to be here. It's adding to my life those parts – characteristics – that I know were lacking. It will be worth it when it's all done. Thanks for your faith and confidence in me.

How are all you kids getting along? I believe I asked that about a year ago in Arequipa. I also said now that school is almost out, you can write, right? I'll write you soon, Love, Lyman De.

LETTER 552

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 16, 1965, Dearest family, you may wonder why I'm writing so often, but after reading there isn't much else to do and it relaxes me and I feel like it's not so far home.

We just got back – back from church – and we really enjoyed it today. There was a good spirit there and about seventy-five members. One other Elder from Peru is now in the Air Force – Elder Draper from Salt Lake City. He got home in December. I taught the Elders' Quorum today and played the piano – both of which I'm assigned to until I leave here. I finally got a letter from Beth. She has been thinking seriously about us, but still doesn't know. She's trying though and playing hard to get. Oh well, I asked for it.

I've written to Aunt Cretia, Grandpa Roy, Grandma and Grandpa Lyman, Bertha and you and Beth, plus a few other girls – SueZann, Susan, etc. It's nice to have time to write; it won't last long. I suppose when I get to my next base, I'll be busier than I can imagine. Be sure to send me your new telephone number, won't you? I'll want to call you about the 6th or 7th of June to let you know where I'm going.

Most of the guys are at the show right now. It's times like this that are lonely. Still I feel that missionary work is being done and as Chaplain Palmer said today "The Armed Forces have done as much to spread branches of the Church over the world since World

War I as has the missionary program” and when you think about it, it’s true. There are two or three baptized here on base each week.

495

The Morse code test you asked about was given to see how easily I could learn communications. They started out slow and got faster and faster. I was fortunate to get the sequences at their highest velocity, so I passed.

We are supposed to have a weather warning until midnight today – one inch hail. How’s that?

Sorry that the express cost so much. I’ll not send any more. I’m sure hoping they put me in the west where I can be near home.

I’ve been talking to a Catholic boy for a couple of hours and man is he out in left field. His ideas are all based on logic and he thinks he is correct and it has been interesting to talk to him, but I feel sorry for him.

May 17, 1965 – weeks come and go quite regularly here it seems. Today has been busy. We now wear our 1505s instead of fatigues. Wednesday we become airmen to the extent that we can wear all our uniforms. I’ll send you a picture shortly. We had participation in a flag ceremony this evening after which we had base liberty – I tell you we are one of the luckiest flights on the base. You just don’t get liberties like this unless you’re a good flight. No one we know of has so much liberty. We have it Wednesday also. Tonight I went to a show – The Satan Bug – it was fascinating; based on mass destruction by biological warfare and how it was thwarted. Well, so much for today. I’ll finish it tomorrow. Goodnight. I love you all.

May 18, 1965 – today hasn’t been very interesting. We had three classes, P.C. and regular drill, etc. I’ll write to Carol about a few interesting things she can relate. Love always, Lyman.

LETTER 553

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 21, 1965, Dearest family, we are sitting here in the barracks enjoying each others’ company. There are some great guys in the flight and these will always be memorable experiences. We supposedly have had a rough day today. Our tech instructor got mad at all of us last night because of the way the clothes racks were. A few were slightly untidy. So at 4:15 a.m. we were awakened and all day long they’ve been pushing us. What they don’t realize is that this is the very reason I’m here, to be disciplined. My knees are starting to bother me, but I reckon I’ll make it. Tuesday we have our physical evaluation and Wednesday we have our written exams. Now we are suppose to know it; that is, how to stay out of trouble and how to get our best advantages out of the Air Force.

Sounds like things back home are shaping up some. Mother, it seems a good thing that you will be able to work. I didn’t figure you were planning on keeping the other house. Is that your intentions? It sounds like a good idea. I’m glad things are finally working out okay for you. Dad, I’m glad you’ll be able to be with the kids during the day.

496

I believe you folks are jealous of me going places and for that reason you move so much. You realize since you left Springdale, you’ve been in as many places as I have in the sense of living there.

That bit about dialing after 8 p.m. sounds okay. I’ll be able to call twice as much that way. Until I get out of here, it will be hard though. My finances are few. We got \$30

today, but most of it will be used. I have to pay tithing out of it, including Ed's \$5.00. Things are becoming routine now and somewhat boring. The only thrill is writing letters and staying calm as the tech instructor gets mad and madder. It's funny to watch some of the ways the tech instructors psyc these guys out. I'm one of the older here – the others being 19-20, etc.

Well folks, seeing as these exams are coming up and it will behoove me to study, I better do just that. I love all of you very much and pray for your faith and prayers in my behalf also. Good luck, mother, in your new job and all of you in moving. Also, all of you in the various things you'll be doing this summer. I guess we have a lot of different areas in which we'll be – Carol in Wyoming, Joe in Zion, me? you all there. So long for now. Love always, Lyman De.

LETTER 554

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 22, 1965, Dear family, finally Saturday has come again and we are free until Monday morning. I'm going to take advantage of this time to study on the Air Force necessities and the Church lessons, etc.

"Quo Vadis" is playing here today, so I'm going to see that also.

Enclosed is \$5.00 I owe you Eddie. Thank you very much for the use of it. We have been having a rough time of it pleasing one of our tech instructors. The other is a really easygoing

character and figures if we'll play ball with him, he'll play it with us. The other is a hard nut, but yet he's desirous that we do get out of here.

The weather down here is extremely nice for this time of year. We are very fortunate. In about a month they start the summer eight-week program. Six is enough for me.

Well, folks, I guess I've made a fool of myself again. The next time my love is directed in any one way, I'll be certain it will be returned. You know it's funny in a way. There is still a place in my heart for Maurine, Lucy, Helen and Beth. I could still love them and be happy. I reckon that sounds weird, but you understand what I feel don't you dad? I wonder if women are that way. Mother, what do you say?

Summer should be pretty well underway there now, shouldn't it? Are you going to plant another garden or not? What is everybody going to do anyway? Ed, are you planning on staying with J.B.'s? How about you Gene? Reckon Joe has left by now hasn't he? Do I just write to Springdale to get in contact with him? That's all right about his scholarship!

497

Say, dad, how's your work coming along? And your classes? Do you plan on taking classes this summer? This here Air Force seems to have a lot to offer and I hope to be in the position to accept all their best offers. In so doing I'll be better for use in the Church, to my family, etc.

Sunday, May 23, 1965 – Today has been a rather dull day. Church was nice but all morning and afternoon has been spent walking around and keeping guys out of predicaments. They're trying to line me up with a girl, but they don't understand. I'll probably call you next Sunday if I have your new phone number or if it's still the same. Things will be pretty well wrapped up by then. Then in two weeks I'll call you to let you know where I'm going, as what, and if I get a pass. I'll write more later. I'm healthy and usually happy. Write loads! P.S. They tell me not to send money, so I'll pay the bishop here in your behalf. Love always, L.D.

LETTER 555

Bertha Vega, Lima, Peru, May 30, 1965, Dear daddy, I would like to write to you in a very special way in order to tell you what I feel in my heart. I never knew what paternal love was because my father left me when I was hardly three months old. And when I met you and felt your good spirit, you had something superior that joined me to you more. I seemed to meet the father I never had, and I believe that I made no mistake. I love you as sincerely as I think I would have loved my own father.

I felt a gratitude so great in my heart when you said the day that Lyman and I went to the temple "I am proud that you two may go to the temple together." I thought that if my father had been alive he would have expressed the same sentiment.

I felt so sad the day of my departure, not only because I intensely love Lyman, but for all of you. I learned to love you and I shall continue to love you for all eternity. When you asked of me a promise to return, my heart gave it to you, although my lips did not speak it, instead I told you that I would try to return some day, and now I want you to know that I am doing all that is in my power. I am applying for my visa of residence there, and I have seen the possibility of following studies in the university at B.Y.U. to take some courses and follow the profession of accounting there, although I think that working with patriarch Jones will not require bookkeeping. But it is good to be prepared for whatever circumstances of life.

I am pleased that the Lord gave me this valuable talent, this helps greatly in my decisions and I think that because of this my life has meaning. I feel profoundly grateful for the friendship and love of you all, and for the sincerity of Lyman.

Now I only wish for him his happiness and pray that he will find the happiness that I would have liked to be able to give him. Long ago I learned that all that one wants does
498

not come about, and that the Lord always grants that which is best for the happiness of each one of his children, if they are faithful.

I will always try to be worthy of a special place in the glory of my Father, and a home here where the Spirit of the Lord dwells. This is a part of my blessing. "I will be married in the temple with a young man worthy of my love, and I will have children, and it will be my responsibility to guard them and teach them in rectitude, and they will be counted among the more faithful of the vicinity and I will send them on a mission."

How I wish I could express to you what I feel in my heart each time I read my blessing. It is in few words, marvelous. Many times I think that the Lord has been too good to me.

Ask Lyman to read my blessing to you so that you may be able to understand it better than I, and help me with your good counsel.

How is your class in the school of religion? I think that you are an inspired man, and now in this class you are an instrument of God to build strong testimonies in the brethren because although it seems impossible, there are many who do not yet feel the fire of the gospel strongly in their hearts. This that we consider as the greatest treasure of the world that we call a testimony.

I must close now, desiring that you will have the blessings of the Lord. P.S. write to me soon. I need to know about all of you. Your daughter, Bertha.

LETTER 556

Bertha Vega, Lima, Peru, May 30, 1965, Dear mommy, the privilege of writing to you pleases me very much. I have been trying several days to write to you in English, but it is very difficult to express my feelings in your language. How I wish that some day I will be

able to do it. I am now taking some classes in English but it seems to me that the teaching in this academy is not very good. There is another much better, but I cannot attend there because it is far away, the last class starts at 6 p.m. in the evening which means that I would have to leave the office at 5:30 and this is impossible for me because I have so much work. Also, I am very interested in my genealogy and I have to spend part of my time each day compiling data. I don't know if Lyman has shown you my patriarchal blessing. In it I have been blessed with the spirit of Elijah in great measure to be able to compile the origin of my ancestors. I believe that if my blessing contained only this promise, I would be most happy. I know that it is the greatest blessing that I can receive, especially since it is naturally as difficult as it is in Peru to do genealogy because they have never kept records. However, with the blessing I have received I know that I am not alone in this important work. First I will have to do my part to obtain the information, but when my human strength is past I know that Elijah will give me what I need. I do not know in what form, but he will do it.

499

Now that you know in what I am engaged, I want you all to know that I have received the last letter from Lyman. I know that he is preparing to receive a vacation and there will be joy in your hearts when he returns. I imagine how sad and difficult it must have been for you to let him go for the second time, but I know that you as parents always sacrifice for your children. I greatly admire the love of parents and appreciate very much that which you have done for me, and what my mother does for me. I think the only way I can repay the love you have given me and the love my mother gives me is being always obedient and faithful to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

How is Joe? I could never get him to understand me and the little we talked was to tease each other a little, playing of course. Now I want him to know that I know he is a good boy and that it would please me very much if he would be leaving for a mission, and if he should come to Peru tell him that he would be welcomed well.

How is Eddie? Does he still like to play with water? I liked his disposition very much. And Gene, since he has had his birthday. I remembered it in a special way that he is very intelligent and I want him to know that I hope that his talent will be well used, and that I know surely that he can do whatever he wishes.

Roberta, I hope that she has been well. I very much enjoyed meeting her. Now I do not have anyone to put rollers in my hair, nor do I have anyone to tickle. How are her troll doll and the kittens? They must be large and playing a lot. It must be very nice to watch them, isn't it?

McKay, I think you are a very special child, that not in vain you have a great name. I hope you will always bear it nobly. Be very good and obedient as now, understand? My mama liked your song very much, and especially my niece. She is very pretty, ten years old, and always asking me to put your tape on the tape recorder. I believe if you knew each other, you would be very good friends.

And how is my future sweetheart? (Gordie) I have been very sad that I cannot talk with you, as always I am very interested in knowing what you are thinking and I have said many times to Lyman that he will help me to know you better. You know I love you very much. How I wish I had another opportunity to see you. And my pretty little redhead, how are you? I hope that those bothersome little teeth are through. They must be very pretty, right?

I am very glad to know that Carol will go to live with her parents and start to work. This will help her in part to relieve her problem, and I think, as you do mommy, that she will know how to choose that which is best in her life, and that which God wishes for her. I would like to have her address to write her a little from time to time. I think she is a fine girl and it would please me to continue being her friend.

Tell grandfather that I appreciate very much his feelings toward me and that I feel the same and that it would have been very pleasant to talk to him. He seems to have a very 500

unusual humor. I am very glad that grandmother is well from her operation and may the next one be equally successful. If it is possible, I would like to have her address to try to write to her in my poor English.

How are daddy's brothers and the rest of the family? They are all so very nice that I will never forget them. I want them to know that I feel that I have known them all my life. And thinking of this there enters the possibility that they were my friends in the preexistence.

Soon I will send a letter to Uncle George. I have his address. How is his son who was going on a mission? How are his daughter and her husband? They are a charming couple. I hope she is all right in her pregnancy.

It is my desire, mommy, that God will bless you all with His richest blessings. I love you and miss you very much. P.S. All your financial business has been well finished. I am sending the cancelled checks. I am always ready to serve you. Your daughter, Bertha.

LETTER 557

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, May 30, 1965, Dear family, twentytwo days down, eight to go. Our orders came in today to receive our stripes next Friday, so it appears as if things are going okay.

Here's what I'm thinking folks. As soon as I get out of tech school, I am going to apply for overseas duty and after a year I have to come back, but I choose my base or the closest one to it where I'm needed. During my overseas duty I would get some additional wages also. I'm checking into all the possibilities. The full details will come shortly. These three-day weekends are okay. Air Force life hasn't been too bad so far. If it keeps up maybe it will have a future for me.

I more or less gave you the details of what is transpiring during the next while in McKay's letter. Yesterday, Saturday, I went to a Jerry Lewis show and a James Bond show. I've started writing another book also. I've done better preparation for this one, so maybe I'll finish it. It's entitled *The People's Destiny*.

Church was good as usual. I enjoy teaching and playing the piano. It's over though. Next week is stake conference and after that we won't be here.

My thoughts are continually with you all and my prayers are that you are being blessed in the steps you are taking. I've felt lately more tranquility in your position than I ever have. Hope the feeling is correct. Be sure to send me the name of the ward, stake, bishop, etc., won't you?

How's the weather now? I hope you are having nice weather – we are. Texas has had eight inches over its normal rainfall so far this year. It's pretty out in the country.

501

Today I'm staying in studying, writing, doing genealogy, reading *The Day of Infamy* and fasting.

Bertha said to say hello to all the family. She loves you all very much and is still trying to get me seeing her way. That's one reason I'm fasting – to see what I should do.

Well, folks, I'm sure you are aware of my love for you and desire to do honor to your name. Please accept my love as you have before and know that no one will tempt me to the extent that I'm not worthy of your trust and confidence. May the Lord continue to bless us and may we be always grateful for his blessings. Love as always, Lyman De.

LETTER 558

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, June 1, 1965, Dearest family, today has been a rather interesting day so it behooves me to write. At 4:15 a.m. we were ousted from bed to get ready to go to the rifle range for our wet fire or real fire. We were given ten rounds of practice with the M-1 to sight it then sixty rounds of qualifying fire. 300 points was the maximum. There were sixty-three airmen in our flight who were trying to qualify. There were three who beat me, getting 282-281-280 respectively. My score was 279. 276 is classified as expert marksman. There were eight of us who qualified as expert marksmen and got ribbons to wear on our uniforms. The firing was at 100 yards. It was fun.

Well, we came in tired and the other tech instructor who didn't go with us had been tearing the place apart and giving out gig slips all over the place. I was lucky and didn't get any. So far I've gotten one – he doesn't know me except by face.

By the time you get this letter we'll probably have our orders and stripes. I'll be calling Sunday evening and letting you know most of the details. By then I should know everything that is going to be happening for the next week or so.

Our tech instructor came through the barracks this afternoon just for the heck of it and tipped all the mattresses over then said to make our beds, that there would be an inspection. He was suppose to come at 7 p.m. but it's 7:30 so I guess he isn't coming. Air Force life is taking its toll on our Mormon boys. Two or three have given in to various temptations. Still, it's a good proving ground. There have been many talks recently about religion in the barracks and some of the non-Mormon boys are coming around.

I'm enjoying this in one way a lot more than missionary life. I'm a missionary all day long and yet I can look at a girl and smile without feeling guilty.

We had a class today on medical facilities in the Air Force. As long as I'm in there is no need for me to buy insurance because Medicare has replaced the \$10,000 G.I. policy plus 502

a few others. The longer I'm in here the more I like it. I'll know this week if I will make it a career or not. If I get what I want, then I might as well. For the next thirty years I'll have no medical bills except dentist work for my family. I'll have it made and will be able to put a nice nest egg away for when I retire. If I retire in twenty years I could get another good job or just dedicate my time to the Church. There are eleven Mormon chaplain positions open but you need a college degree first. I'll think into that line later. As I see it now, as soon as I have thirty semester hours of college credit I will apply for the Airman's Advancement College. They will send me to school for two years on my time, pay me a staff sergeants wage – three or four hundred a month and I would get a degree in a field then would be commissioned to a second lieutenant and sign up for another four years. This seems my best bet. There are really, at this time, a lot of possibilities to get my family paid for, get a college degree, and then get out in time to

prepare for the later years of my life.

You know, folks, I've never doubted the inspiration received concerning this move and the more it reveals itself the more convinced I am of a life-long missionary service and a profitable and happy family life.

I've been thinking about the family today quite a bit as I know you're moving. That's three times now I've not been there to help you. Oh well, when I find the right girl in two or three years or less, if I get into this college program, then my life will start a separate history, won't it? That's life.

These last few weeks have made me very grateful for the blessings we all have. As for myself there is not one thing I can ask the Lord for that I need and every night I thank him for that.

Be sure and keep me informed how life is going on there in Provo and thereabouts. I'm very interested in you all. Love always, Lyman.

LETTER 559

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, June 5, 1965, Dearest family, and each day you become more dear and precious to me, my love is extended to each one of you as I begin to understand love – God's love and a man's love for another.

The Lord has made it known to me after much prayer and meditation the path that will be mine, and I have very little premonitions of any wrong coming of it. I have decided that Bertha is the one – you say, "Here we go again." Beth would have been, but she has not shown me justice. Off and on now for three years I've compared Bertha with women

In fact, the answer I received was a negative: "Does she not have all the qualities you have looked for in your future wife?" Being on the rebound from rejection by Beth, trying to comply with Elder Tuttle's orders to be married within six months, I went to the Father in good faith but was unaware of all the deception that was going on as described in full in Volume 5.1, pages 210-211 of my collection under this time period.

503

from among our own and have felt up until now that it wouldn't work because of the fact – and this alone – she being of another race. I've weighed *all* possibilities, compared our patriarchal blessings, prayed and fasted until my mind is almost completely sure. The unsure feelings come from life itself I believe. That is the reason mother, [that] I asked if you all felt that she could live with you a while. I want her to acquire from you through your teaching those qualities that she doesn't have from the fact of her being Peruvian. I feel we will be married in about a year or so – I've asked her for the day. She will come to the Y to receive an International CPA degree. While she's getting that I'm going to enter the Airman Education and Commissioning Program and receive \$200 a month to go to school. After two years I will come out a 2nd lieutenant, and will enlist again in the field in which I've been educated. I need fourteen more credits that I'll start on as soon as possible.

Being a career man in the Air Force appeals to me. It gives me the chance to be a constant missionary. Maybe in eight years I'll become a chaplain. At any rate, I'm staying in and feel this life will be best for Bertha too. Her blessing is strong in teaching people the gospel and training them in the church. Where better than in branches of the church in the Armed Services. It's needed here.

My orders make me a Ground Radio Operator and the course only last nineteen weeks, so I should be home for about fifteen days in November. My address:

Lyman De Platt

AF19833220

3380th Tech. School, USAF

Keesler AFB, Mississippi

Family, the Lord is being extremely good to me. Pray that I never fall from this position through transgression. He has paved my way if I will follow it, and I will.

I expect that I will call from Keesler to let you know I arrived okay. The first five days we should pull K.P. I hope they aren't those sixteen hour days. We begin school the 21st of June.

Well, I guess that's it. We are through here. I now clear \$78.40 a month, so I'm rising in status. May the Lord continue to bless all of you. Love ya, Lyman De.

LETTER 560

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, June 6, 1965, Dearest family, I wrote Bertha today asking her to marry me. There's no doubt she'll accept and I want you all to know that she is the most virtuous, sincere, and humorous girl I've ever dated. I suggested the first of June next year. I'll be in a good position by then to start a family. It has taken me a while to realize I love her and the reason was because my idea of love wasn't correct at all. My values to some extent weren't placed in their true aspects.

504

There is no doubt in my mind of your acceptance of her. That was clear with you and all the other relatives who knew her and my thanks are given for it.

I've weighed the diverse problems that may arise but my faith is put in the Lord that it is right. She is promised everything and more than I am in her blessing. She will always be faithful and an angel, "a queen" and as far as I'm concerned she has those qualities needed for the raising of the next generation. She is unsullied by the American way of living and therefore we'll be able to give her the best of us and receive many choice blessings we don't have. She was a valiant spirit before in the pre-existence and has heard the Savior's call here. She is responsible for close to 100 baptisms already. Need I go on? You know her. By the time she comes to live here she will know English, and if I'm not mistaken, will be very educated to our way of life.

I went to the San Antonio stake conference today, was richly blessed by the spirit there. The President of the Texas Mission, the Spanish American Mission and several members of the general boards were there. Part of the meeting was in Spanish. There are a lot of Mexicans here. There were about 1,000 members present. The theme was missionary work. It was a wonderful day.

How's everybody back home? I guess the reunion will be shortly. If you tell me the day, I'll call and wish everyone a happy time.

Man, I can't think of anything to say. My mind is in South America, so I'll close. I love you all and hope that everything is going along all right. Love ya loads, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 561

Lyman De Platt, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, June 10, 1965, Dearest family, it was good talking to you again. Today as you know was our shipping day and we received our stripes. Enclosed is a \$20 bill. Five dollars is Ed's tithing money, \$12 is my tithing, and \$3 is for fast offerings for May, June and July. Would you please give it to the bishop and have him send me his address, etc.

I am now in a position to start saving money. Could somebody go to Utah Savings & Loan and tell them I want a joint account started with my account. Either of you folks can

be the other signer. I'll send you the money so you can put it in, okay?

Things are shaping up okay for Bertha and me. We don't know for sure what we'll do, but I'll let you know as soon as possible. She sends her love to everybody and wishes she was here to tend Irene so "daddy" could sleep while "mommy" works on her job.

We were informed the other day that close to \$10,000 will be spent on us while in tech school to teach us a trade plus \$9 an hour on us while in basic training. It looks like all the taxes and stuff you've paid finally will be resultant in something if I apply myself.

505

I believe the best is going to come of the things that have occurred in the last two months. I feel very good about everything. Beth even wrote me and said she was happy and had found the one she wanted to marry, so I guess things are going along as designed.

Well, I'll write you again just as soon as I get to Mississippi. I've found out we're right on the ocean there so maybe things will be okay. Love as always, Lyman De Platt.

LETTER 562

Lyman De Platt, Keesler Air Force Base, Mississippi, June 15, 1965, Dear Ed, it's taken me long enough to write you, but I finally got around to it. I've been thinkin' a lot about you, though. How is your work getting along now? Do you like it and are you enjoying it somewhat? Write me when you get a minute, okay? I'd like to hear how things are going. Air Force life is quite interesting here at Keesler. I was on a work detail today. They assigned me to the weight lifting room. I buffed it and mopped it and polished brass but most of the day I spent reading my novels on the Bible. We work from 7:30 until 4:30 with two hours out for lunch. I'm really scarfing up the books – some novels, fiction, religious books, true stories, etc. It won't last long, though, because when school starts we'll be busy all day long. I was looking at a Radio Operator manual today and I'm wondering if I shouldn't desert (AWOL) but I guess it won't be as bad as all that.

Well, that's about it. Keep me posted and be home sometime when I call so we can chat a sec. Your brother, L.D.

LETTER 563

Lyman De Platt, Keesler Air Force Base, Mississippi, June 15, 1965, Dear Gene, It was good to talk to you on the phone and know you're feeling and doing okay. What are you doing to keep yourself busy during these summer months? Have you planted a garden? Today after I got off work I was taking a walk and of course it was bound to happen – I met two missionaries. There are four here in Biloxi. The church is about 500 strong here and they have a chapel and are forming a stake in the area in two weeks. We're in the Gulf States Mission. It was good to talk to them.

How's everybody breaking in to the new ward? Have you made some friends yet? Come on, don't keep me in suspense – fill me in on the facts, man, the facts.

You and Ed have pretty much a run of the family now don't you? Be sure you stay good examples to the younger ones.

I'm having a ball here helping one roommate stop smoking and another to know something about the Church. Bob is a member, but he's inactive. He's coming around, though. Write and let me know how it's going. Love, L.D.

506

LETTER 564

Lyman De Platt, Keesler Air Force Base, Mississippi, June 14, June 15, 1965, Dearest family, Well, things are looking up some now that the initial shock of moving and the

consequent adjustment is over. Today we got our P.O. boxes and town passes, meal cards, and a lot of briefing on base policies.

We just finished G.I.ing the barracks or bay as it's called. We are open for inspection tonight. They aren't near as scary as at first back in Lackland. Real Air Force life is very different in fact and it should get a lot better when I get to my permanent base.

I've been thinking about you sending my garments and I guess you better just send two pair. I'll wear them as much as I can, but the conditions are pretty much the same here as they were in Texas. I would like you to send the genealogy I sent home from Texas though. If you have any problems filling out the 7 sheets let me know. I may have some information on the Platt side that you don't dad that I just got from George. Mother would you also send me those other dates George gave you a while back, so I can complete my records? Thank you.

I guess I'm getting pretty forgetful. I called up Sunday to wish you a happy father's day, dad, and it completely slipped my mind. I know Irene's birthday is here too, so see if you can get the point across to her that I hope she has a happy birthday.

You know, I'm almost as close here to Bertha as I am to you folks in Provo. Maybe that's why it's hard to adjust here: the pull of long family ties and the love of a newly found sweetheart. I guess I'll get over it; the loneliness that is. It will be good to start a home and have a lot of worthwhile problems to worry about. It's hard to accept the fact that my days at home now will be very numbered. It seems almost unfair. I guess that's one of the beauties and simplicities of the genealogy program and its power to join families together in eternity. How beautiful that will be. How peaceful and serene. I love you all, almost to the point of despair, at not having your company. I love Joe and Ed and Gene and Roberta and McKay and Gordie and Irene and Father and Mother – each in a different way and each for many reasons. I hope you all realize that and accept my love in the way I give it. We have a wonderful family – one of the best upon the earth, and we have been blessed exceedingly of the Lord. I hope we'll always be grateful.

Things look like we'll be starting school shortly, but you never know. When it begins it will be about five months before I will get a leave. Each month I'm building up 2½ days though, that I can take when I want to. They might not give us a leave after school, but they should. It also sounds likely I'll go overseas after a while for on the job training. At any rate the time is going. The way I feel right now I'll get out in four years, but as you know I'm not very emotionally stable and my mind comes and goes with the tide. At least it's regularly irregular. I'll just have to wait and do what is best when the time comes. I'm glad we only live a day at a time. Well, so long for now. I love you all.

Lyman De.

507

LETTER 565

Lyman De Platt, Keesler Air Force Base, Mississippi, June 20, 1965, Dear father, you may wear last year's hat, your fingernails may be a little dirty; your vest may hang a little loose, and your pants may bag at the knees, your face may show signs of a second days' growth, but you're not "the old man" – you're my father!

For years you've been rushing around getting things together. Never once have you failed to do the right thing by me – even though I may not have thought so at the time. You are the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth – my mother. You are "some man" and not the "old man."

A great man once said: "My children are welcome to keep everything I have given them – and have – if they will just return my love."

Shakespeare said: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is it to have a thankless child."

I hope you realize, dad, how much I love you and look up to you and respect you. I don't believe you fully realize it because of things I've observed over the last few years, but I do, and you need to know it. I believe I'm the kind of man you think I am and it's my desire to be that way to show you of my deep, abiding and eternal love for you, who in union with my dear mother gave me my heritage so precious and sacred to me. I come to realize it more every day as I see the poor heritages most guys have and the lack of family unity that exists in the world among the people.

I'm back in genealogy up to my ears, getting ready for any place they might send me where I could use the information. I have to get more. It would be a blessing if I could go to England. On your father's line there are only twenty-seven names which is really sad. My main ambition in life will not even near satisfaction until that number is past a thousand and if they turn me loose in England it will be. If I have to save up my leave and go over there, I'll do it, but before four years is over I will have been in Lancashire, England and Wales (mother) and expect the Lord will help me if I'm ready to receive the names. Right now I'm in the process of making some contacts in England to start laying the foundation. I would love to see you in a situation to be able to accompany me in three years if you would.

Air Force life is treating me really well. I'm in really good health and am exercising regularly. I suppose I'm just about as happy as I've ever been in my whole life. Girl or no I'm happy. I guess maybe Bertha has gone and done something like Beth did. It's been close to three weeks since I sent my proposal letter and she's not written. Crude way of treating a guy.² I figure maybe I'm not suppose to get married yet, so me and girls aren't

²What she was doing, and what I never found out about totally until 2007, was that she was making arrangements to get rid of her child Juan Humberto Vecco, who was three years old, and who she had been raising in a hidden condition, just like her grandmother had been hidden away in the back room in Tacna by

508
going to have much to do with each other for a few years. That's all right; I'm not ready no how. I love you all very much; hope you're all well and happy. Love ya always,
Lyman De.

LETTER 566

A3C, AF19833220, CMR4 #15229, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, June 21, 1965, Dearest Parents, This letter is directed to you rather than the kids. I want to share with you my feelings. I remember dad, that you reproved me for writing as I did about Maurine, but my feelings should have matured more since then, though the way I feel maybe hasn't. Bertha hasn't written me in over three weeks now and it's beginning to appear as though something has happened. I don't seem to be having too much luck with girls lately. I still feel I love Bertha and yet there cross so many doubts in my mind.

Dad, think back about twenty-three years ago; did you feel before you met mother that you left part of your love with each girl you knew really well? It doesn't seem right – yet I feel my love has been used up to some extent along the way. I still love Shirley, Vonda, Helen, Maurine and Lucy to some extent. Our times together are cherished memories and they are still in my heart as are Beth and now Bertha. I say I love Bertha. Someone told me once if I doubted I loved a girl then I didn't and yet I do but that feeling of love as it's been felt before – sometimes so strong – just doesn't seem to exist anymore, and it's

causing me no end of confusing thoughts. Do you understand me folks? Does it make any sense?

The last thing in the world I want to do is hurt Bertha – she has been hurt too much already – yet I can't find or recapture my lost love as it seems, and therefore I can't give it to her.

I need your advice as to what to do. I've fasted and prayed various times about it and if there has been an answer it was "no" and I refused to see it. This has been the hardest thing in my life so far, to determine what the Lord's will is concerning us and I'm still confused. Please help me if you can.

I'm enjoying myself otherwise to no end. This new genealogy manual I've got is just full of new ways and means to do genealogy and I can hardly wait 'til I finish it to start correcting all my errors. Also my time is being filled reading and contemplating my future, which seems so bright. I look back on my life with no regrets and humbly pray to remain thus as each day passes.

Folks, I owe you a debt that I'll never be able to repay and it makes me feel so close to you; knowing that you are yet there to praise and honor. Let it so be for many years, so that you might more fully realize of my love for you and later that of my brothers.

her parents. She finally got his father to agree to take him and then she wrote to me and accepted the proposal.

509

I wrote to Joe the other day c/o Uncle Roland. I hope he gets it. If they don't start us in school soon, they'll have to let us off for Christmas when they give us our two weeks, so I don't care if we don't start yet.

P.S. Will you send the information George got along with the genealogy you are sending, or will it be separate? Have you already sent it? Hope! Hope! Thanks, Love ya loads,
Lyman

LETTER 567

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, June 24, 1965, Dearest Family, well, your son has finally gone and done it. I don't believe Bertha and I will have any more problems before we get married. I'm sending for her as soon as possible – the soonest would be December, but it probably won't be that soon. However, we'll go as we can. I want to assure one thing. You said she could stay with you, but if she does, I'll expect you'll let us pay for her board and room. I'm not sure how soon it will be possible for me to have her with me. It would be best we be together from the first, but I believe it will be good for us either way and probably won't be possible right off. Will you write me folks and tell me what you expect and what I can expect. I would sure appreciate it.

The final decision to see what I had felt at first came after various days of fasting, culminating with a letter from Bertha finally. Family the more I see her through her letters the more I appreciate what a treasure I have. She has a burning testimony, an unlimited love for me and for everybody. She is very wise and advanced beyond her years in knowledge of people and situations. Her thoughts are on the Celestial Kingdom and she is indeed a choice, loyal spirit of our Father. I'm beginning to believe I will have less problems with her than I would a girl born and raised among us. She is much superior in many ways. She doesn't know how to bottle applesauce or make brown bread, but you'll teach her, won't you mother?

All the guys I room with have their orders now. They're in Air Traffic though. It's okay. I'm enjoying myself.

Dad, I just finished *The Rainbow Trail* and learned more the deep artistry of Zane Grey. He was a master. He had me crying, laughing, loving, hating, exuberant, and despondent – what a master! I think his height in writing came in *Riders of the Purple Sage* and *Rainbow Trail*, don't you?

Grandma and Grandpa have sent me their best wishes and I feel everyone is pleased with Bertha. She seemed to capture their hearts and it makes me so happy.

I hope you all enjoyed the reunion. It must have been so wonderful and good to be together again.

510

Time seems to be going by so fast. Weeks and months don't mean much anymore. My schedule is always followed and I never waste a day, usually very few minutes, yet life seems to be so full and endless with things to learn and it's joyous to plan with someone you love how to best be prepared when in a short while we are parents. Yes, it is wonderful.

Family, I love each of you. Gordie, I'll write you next. Okay, pal? Sorry I don't write more. Love always, Lyman De

LETTER 568

Bertha Vega, Lima, Peru, June 24, 1965, Dear folks [parents]: your beautiful letters are to me a great joy and comfort; coming when I most needed them, when an uncertainty and nostalgia weighed down my soul. I do not know how to thank you for the love that you give me, believe me that after my mother you are the persons I love the most, and to whom I can confide the secrets of my heart.

I want you to know that I have answered each one of Lyman's letters, and have told him my thoughts and feelings about our situation, but with surprise I received on the 21st your last letter in which you tell me that he has not received even one letter from me from the day in which he proposed marriage to me. The truth is that I have no explanation.³ I have written to the addresses that he gave me and I continue writing to him. I have thought of waiting for one more letter from him and if he tells me that he has none of my letters I will write to your address so that you can have them forwarded to him. You will do me the favor?

You better than anyone know of my love for Lyman and you do not doubt, therefore, that my store is in your favor, and thus it has been, although it seems that he does not know this. The declaration of his love has given new light to my life, it has given me a desire so much greater to perfect myself so as to be worthy of his love. However, I know that at any moment this marvelous situation can change against me and I am prepared for it, although my heart revolts at such an idea. I tell you these things because I like reality, not dreams. Lyman's love still does not have strong cement to give certainty to something that have to be eternal. I know it because there are always strange things that are sowing doubt in his mind.

I have asked Lyman to take all the time necessary to know in his own heart that he loves me and that I am the right one to help him to bring into reality the promises of his blessing. I have told him that I continue to pray and fast in order to receive the correct reply, and now I ask the support of you beloved parents that your prayers help Lyman to
³The truth would have been one good explanation. How convenient that the letters she wanted to arrive did, but the imaginary letters didn't. Sour grapes? No! I want people to understand her duplicitous nature and not be fooled like I was by her writing of things not "as they really were," nor as she "really felt," but as she wanted others to believe and feel.

have [get] a definite decision that he can have joy and happiness in his life because he deserves to be happy at my side, or far from me.

If Lyman reaches a decision in my favor (you) be sure that I will live to love him, I will support his life and will give him a home where the Spirit of the Lord can dwell. I agree with you, mommy, when you say that the gospel unites people without regard to the nationality they are, and I know as you do that [these are] difficult times [situations] and although the gospel works miracles it does not end problems because these are necessary for the spiritual development and progress of those who meet them. I know, too, that Lyman and I will not be alone in solving them; the Lord will help us.

There are many things in common between the members of the Church and when they unite together with love, great and sincere, there is certainty of a happy life in this estate of probation and a better one at the side of our Father. Lyman and I confide in Him and hope that your prayers will be for both of us.

Thank you for giving me news of the family. I am glad to know that you are well. Give my love to each one and my desire to see them again. Tell Joe [Ed] that I admire his bravery. I think parachuting is an exciting sport and different from all, and good for him, and be very careful. Tell Gordie that I knew I could count on his support and that I thank him very much for his love, it is the best I have. Give a kiss to the pretty little red head girl for me. I enjoyed greatly the experience of having her sleep in my arms.

I am happy to see that Lord is blessing you enormously. I know that you deserve good children, sacrificing parents and best friends.

May the Lord always protect you are the desires of your daughter, who loves you.

P.S. My mother asks that I tell you that she appreciates very much your feelings which she reciprocates. She hopes for the opportunity to know you, and she gives to Lyman and me her blessing. Bertha.

LETTER 569

Bertha Vega, Lima, Peru, June 30, 1965, Dear Parents, I want you to know how much my life has changed. I feel like the most happy person in the world to have Lyman's love. He has told me that he now knows he couldn't live without me. Isn't the change wonderful? I know that he is sincere and that he loves me as I do him.

We had thought of being married in December this year and if it were possible I would live with him on base, or if this didn't work out I would stay with you a little while. I know that you'd receive me and I would accept my responsibilities as another daughter.

Okay?

Mother [mami] I would like you to teach me how to prepare the things that Lyman likes to eat and especially I would like to learn how to prepare the bread you make so good. I will accustom Lyman to eat Peruvian food also, but I should know how to make the food from there that he likes the best, okay?

I want your help, both of you, to give Lyman the happiness he deserves. I don't suppose it will take me long to get used to everything there if I have your help.

I hope I can learn English rapidly; I would like to work as soon as I arrive to help Lyman. Remember the patriarch offered to give me work? Do you think I should write him now? I think he will be very happy to know that I am joining myself with a worthy young man of the Church for the eternities in fulfillment of my blessing. I don't know why I feel he

will give me a job. Do you have a better idea? I want by all means to help in some way. I figure on studying at the university also if the time and circumstances permit.

Parents, Lyman and I love each other very much and we are desirous of being your worthy children; we want you to feel proud of us and without doubt, we will work hard to please you and make the whole family happy.

Do me a favor will you? Tell Gordie that Lyman and I really are going to get married and I want him to know from me that I will learn English in order to converse with him as I wanted to when I was there. His personality is charming and he will be a great man, don't you think so?

[She goes on to tell that President Nicolaysen has been released and that he was an eternal blessing for the Andes Mission.]

Mami, I had forgotten to tell you that the Relief Society has in Lima the "Singing Mothers." The newspaper printed their story. Here I am sending you a photo of President Nicolaysen; it looks like he is preparing a delicious soup for all his children "the missionaries." This photo was taken on a paseo that he and his family took to visit some ruins that are near Lima. In the photos you can see some art made in clay and tin by the ancestors and also a turban of a mummy embalmed as only they could have done it with their proper conditions which weren't very many. I will write soon again, okay? Your daughter that loves you. Bertha

LETTER 570

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, June 30, 1965, Dear Gordie, well pal, it took me long enough to write this time but I finally got around to it. You and I, it looks like, need to get something straight. Bertha figures you are going to be her future fiancée, but I don't reckon it will be possible. I hope she does get her wish to know you better, though. She took a special interest in you and it will be good to know that she fulfills her desires. I know you like her too.

513

I'll bet you liked the family reunion didn't you? Was it fun playing with all your little cousins? Did you like the root beer? I sure wished I could have been there and had fun with all of you.

I believe I'll be coming home in December and maybe for Christmas. The longer they keep me out of school, the better chance I have of being with you all during that time of year. They can still keep me out during July and I'd make it for Christmas.

Well, Gordie, be good to the rest of the family and write to me as soon as you can. Love, Lyman De

LETTER 571

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, June 30, 1965, Dearest family, I received the letters from mother today (the ones from Bertha to you mom and dad). My, what a precious thing have I almost lost. The beauty of her spirit radiates out of her letters. I don't know if you appreciated them, having to translate them, but we are all to become better people because of her and our children, as her blessing states must become very great because of her alone. I would be a fool to think I could find someone better and the desire to do so is no longer with me. I imagine that what awaits us as man and wife is very special. To have an angel as a wife is indeed a rare blessing.

So far I have no further orders and am occupying my spare time memorizing the missionary lessons in English. This week I've made it a goal to learn Trigonometry from

a 250-page book. I'm going to try chemistry, calculus, etc. in the coming weeks. There seems no end to the things I want to learn. It would be good to have more time. Mother, thank you for your good advice. I guess in my desires to do a lot in so little time, I forget those things that can't be rushed. I'm willing to abide by your advice. Love,
Lyman

LETTER 572

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, July 3, 1965, Dearest family, it has been a few days. I'm sorry for the delay. I'm sitting in the office of a major answering the phone. He and a couple of lieutenants are around and don't do anything to calm my nerves. It was my job today, so I don't mind. I've got a lot of genealogy done. My school orders came yesterday. I begin on the 7th and it will probably be an eighteen week course. It is Ground Radio Operator not Interceptor, so I may get stationed here or they might just have me luggin' a radio on the Vietnamese lines. That's sure a dirty war. Those who instigate war must be very wicked people. Bertha and I are getting along really well. She will try and get here as soon as she can and then we'll get married. I know that we'll be happy. I love you all and hope the summer is

514
passing nicely for you. The weather here is sultry, but I don't care, everything else seems to be okay. Love, Lyman

LETTER 573

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, July 6, 1965, Dearest family, my waiting is over. Tomorrow at 4 A.M. we start our schooling. In a way I'm glad, in another no. It has been quite a lot of fun doing odds and ends and then free for the rest of the day. Yesterday, we went over to Mobile, Alabama and had a beach party with the girl members of the Church. It was really a lot of fun. Needless to say I'm slightly red, not having been near the water for such a long time. Bertha told me President Nicolaysen is being released August 15th, so it appears like November will be when she comes up. She wants to stay and get the new president broken in and situated then she'll come. It looks pretty promising that I go overseas, so I guess I'll have about five weeks home before going. How's everything coming back home? It seems like ages since any word from home arrived. I reckon there will be some now that the holiday is done. Have you sent my genealogy & garments? I feel rather embarrassed not having garments on when I go to Church.

They have released me from all my other Church duties now so that I can dedicate all my time to missionary work. Of course I still have Home Teaching. We're having to wait further orders, so we're not progressing fast right now. We can still memorize the lesson plan, though.

If I go overseas, and Bertha stays with you, it will give us a chance to get better settled I suppose. I dread the thoughts of having to go into debt for anything. It seems almost necessary for a house though. I believe we'll be able to do without a car until we can pay cash. I suppose we'll just rent stuff until my second four-year hitch, then they will move our things for us; now they won't. It looks like it will be a little rough to start with, but that's to be expected. If things are in my favor, officer's school will come up and so will a lot of schooling. Right now, though, my desire is to be number one in my GRO [ground radio operator] classes and then worry about the other things later. The Lord will provide

us the way to do as much of his work as we are supposed to and will provide the means whereby we can accomplish it, so sufficient today the evils thereof.

How are everybody's jobs coming along? Gene's sounds like the most enjoyable, although I hope you all are enjoying your various ones. Is Joe going to stay in Zion for the rest of the summer or is he coming home? Has he paid off his debt yet? That was a costly afternoon wasn't it? I believe that and a few other things have helped him to see things a bit clearer, don't you?

515

How's the little redhead coming through these tender months? It's thrilling to know that shortly I can have my own children. I'm certainly ready for that aspect of marriage. I look forward to it anxiously. Well, so long for now. Love ya, Lyman

LETTER 574

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, July 7, 1965, Dear family, well, my first day in school was very profitable. Here's the low-down. The course is a sixteen-week school consisting of six different blocks – 75 hours of typing, 165 hours of morse code, 60 hours of point to point operation, 60 hours of air to ground operation, 30 hours of equipment, and 60 hours of simulated ground conditions. I go to school from 6 A.M. to noon.

Because I know typing and morse code they are going to separate me from the rest and let me go on ahead; so I may be out some time in September, depending on how fast they let me go.

Our field jobs will vary. I could be on the front, sighting in our planes on the enemy, or in an airplane sighting our troops in on the enemy, etc. It looks like the Philippines for onthe-

job training, but of course it could be anywhere.

I enjoy classes so far. It certainly is going to be a hard job not going crazy just listening to the beep and the pound of typewriters, but I'll manage. If I get out of school early, the probability will be that my marriage has to wait. Bertha will still come up, though. I reckon whatever happens will be for the best.

The package got here fine. Thanks mother! Everything is there. It's good to have stuff to work with.

I changed rooms twice in the last couple of days. That's rather hard having to carry all that stuff. Here's hoping I stay put now. Lots of luck and success to all of you in all of your endeavors. Love, Lyman De

LETTER 575

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, July 12, 1965, Dear Ed, I figure that it's about time that I write you and give you the lowdown on things. It's been a while since I've heard from you. Didn't you make it through the jump safely?

Today in Morse code class I was able to pass off four coded groups a minute without an error so they will let me go on to six groups a minute tomorrow. Also, tomorrow I'm taking my typing test to see if I can skip the rest of typing and just study code. It won't be any sweat. Only eighteen words a minute with three errors. So it looks like I'll be studying code six hours a day for the next month or so. I should be able to receive about twenty words a minute when I get out of here and start in to the machinery end of this business.

516

How's the summer passing? Are you still working at Bob's? Have you been on any Boy

Scout camps this summer? Have you gotten any more merit badges? I guess Gene should get his Eagle right away shouldn't he? That will be good. Is Joe going for his or don't you know?

It looks like Bertha will be coming up as soon as I give her the day when I get out of school here. I will take a bus and meet her in Miami and then we will come across the USA together on a bus. It should be a lot of fun and I suppose if we can arrange it we will go up to Nauvoo and up to Independence also to see some of the Church sites.

I imagine Irene is growing up quite a bit isn't she? It will be good to see her and all of you soon and I guess it will soon be compared to the two and a half year span last time. September or October isn't very far away, are they?

What do you do to keep yourself busy during the summer? It seems so long since I've had a summer vacation that I can't rightly remember all the ways we wasted time. When is deer season anyway? I would sure like to be home for that for once. The only time I've gone deer hunting dad had to get smart and jump over a cliff so I saw and have seen exactly nothing in that line of hunting. It would be a lot of fun to go with you. Are the folks still planning to go to Blanding?

Well, I guess that's about the limit of information for this time. I would appreciate a letter from you when you have time.

P.S., July 14, Today I passed six words per minute and am now working on eight, translating to the typewriter.

I also passed my typing tests to phase ahead two weeks. As soon as I can take eight words per minute on the typewriter, they'll put me ahead. It will be about three days or so. Love, Lyman

LETTER 576

Lyman De Platt, Keesler AFB, Mississippi, July 15, 1965, Dearest family, I'm writing you concerning a lot of serious conversation between Bertha and I in our letters. A lot of it has much to do with you.

It is the custom in Peru that the boy arranges the reception or better said his parents. Is there any possibility that you could arrange one? I don't even know if I'm supposed to help. I don't want anything real fancy with expensive cake and a lot of decorations – maybe something simple but impressive enough there at home. What do you think? Could it be done for a small price? I've not put too much importance on a reception, but it would be so nice to have one and invite the friends from Genola, Lehi, and our relatives, etc. Let me know what you think. We have set the 16th of October as the
517

wedding date, providing things go right here. It will probably be at Manti. How much previous arrangements have to be made with the temple authorities?

Bertha is bringing the bands up from Peru and she should have her engagement ring shortly.

Things here are going really well. Today I took my typing test and passed so now they will set me ahead four to six weeks depending on the next class. So I should be out of here late in September. I'm not just sure yet.

I'm not receiving too much word from home lately. I guess I'm not sending much either. Shall we repent?

I am enjoying life to its fullest. The temptations have been overcome at least once – those the Air Force has to offer. I suppose I'll confront new ones on the front, and it looks more

like that's where I'm going every day. Oh well!

You are all dear to me and I miss you yet. It will be good to be back home again for a month or so and enjoy family life again.

Please keep me posted on the family's activities so that it makes life easier, love always,
Lyman

LETTER 577

[I would suggest that those interested in the events of this time period consult my *Diaries & Journals* 5.1, pages 210-211 to understand the duplicity of what was going on at this time. Lyman De Platt.]

Bertha Vega, Lima, Peru, September 2, 1965, Dear Mama, I am exceedingly happy to receive your letter. I know that you have many duties; because of this it pleases me more your efforts to give me news of the family.

Lyman is very good to inform you of what passes between us; also to me he lets me know of you always. It is good to know that grandmother is free of her illness, and that all in the family are well.

I am sorry to have caused you misunderstanding by telling you that I have not been able to attend my classes in English. I registered in a course of three months, paid \$20.00 – and have not been able to attend; I only went to three classes and the course ended the 8th of this month. By much goodwill I took the opportunities. There are few working here in the office, there is much to be done and few people to do all the work. I am at times ten, eleven hours in the office and I do not manage to do all that they have put into my hands. I do not complain in any manner [way], I like my work and it gives me joy to do the work of the Lord here. What does not please me in that the day is so short to do what is

518

necessary and at the same time take care of my affairs, but it is impossible since I am not twins.

I hope to be able to learn it [English] when I arrive there in a short time. I must so as to be able to convey my thoughts and feelings, and to be able to work efficiently.

In fact I have thought much of the possibility of bringing my mamá some day. Now it would be impossible because of the low economy and for the visa. However, if on some occasion I could do it I would have to know what Lyman thinks of it.

I know how hard it will be for my mamá to live with her political sons [in-laws]. My brothers are good and love her a great deal but her sons-in-laws' children do not understand nor respect her ideas with respect to the Church and other aims of life.

Nevertheless, she will have to accept the situation, the love of her daughter requires sacrifice on her part, and she accepts it with pleasure.

If it is in my power and if Lyman agrees at a future time I will bring her. She is very sweet and good, and I love her more than all the world.

I am waiting for my replacement in the office and am waiting anxiously the day when I can see you again. I will be very happy to live with you and to enjoy the love of each one of you. I will try to be a good daughter for you and a good sister for the little ones.

It pleases me to know that I can, in some way, help the little ones if you want me to, especially Irene and Gordie are so cute, I will be glad to see them, and to live with them.

I will let you know later of my business here and of my coming. Your daughter that loves you all, Bertha.

LETTER 578

Bertha Vega, Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 24, 1966. Dear parents, this is my first letter in English, sometimes I am afraid but now I am very happy and I want to share with you my thinking.

I love you very much and I want to be a good daughter for you and good wife for Lyman and a good mother for Patricia and other children. Please help me.

I always like to know your thoughts in order to better our lives.

Little Patricia is fine; she is a nice baby every day she is more beautiful. I think she is looking like her daddy.

I was very thankful for your help when Patricia was born. We were [sic] happy with you in our home and with the letter from daddy for Patricia. We will be happy to see you in 519

October; all these things will be of joyful remembrance. With love, Bertha. P. S. thank [sic] for the pictures.

LETTER 579

City of St. George, St. George, Utah, July 27, 1962. To whom it may concern: This is to certify that a search of the records of the St. George Police Department indicates that there is no warrant or criminal process outstanding against Lyman De Platt whose home address is Springdale, Utah, nor has there been during the past ten years.

This department has no record of this subject having been arrested for any antagonism against the form of government of the United States of America. Respectfully, Wendell Hoyt, Chief of Police. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of July 1962, Ellen L. Bentley, Notary Public.

LETTER 580

Misión Andina de la Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Ultimos Días, Lima, 8 de Julio de 1962. Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, Dirección de Extranjería, Lima, Perú. Por la presente se pone a su conocimiento que Lyman De Platt Lyman de nacionalidad norteamericano, con pasaporte No. C353893, de dicho país, está sujeto a contrato por tres años con la Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Ultimos Días, dicha person no percibirá sueldo alguno; la Iglesia goza de Personaria Jurídica en la República Peruana. Yo, James Vernon Sharp, como Presidente de la Mision Andina y el representante official de dicha Iglesia en el Perú, garantizo de Lyman De Platt Lyman obedecerá las leyes del país y que nunca dejará deudas. Además garantizo ser responsable de su estado económico y que cada año pasará el importe de su Carnet de Identidad. Ruego se sirvan activar su pedido y me reitero de Uds. Affmos. Y SS. SS. James Vernon Sharp, Carnet de Identidad No. 3896.

LETTER 581

Misión Andina de la Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Ultimos Días, November 7, 1962, Elder Lyman De Platt, Pumacahua 2246, San Isidro, Lima, Peru. Dear Elder Platt, you have been called to participate in a special study group to better prepare you for proselyting work and future assignments. This assignment will be for an indefinite period of time and it is not certain that you will return to your present field of labor so bring all your belongings with you. The sessions will begin Saturday, November 10, here in Lima. Directing these sessions will be some of the Zone Supervisors in the Lima area. You will be in a pensión here in Lima. The address is El Dorado 195, El Olivar, San Isidro.

You should move Saturday afternoon directly to your pensión. Saturday evening at 7:00 p.m. we would like you to come to the Mission Office. With best wishes for your success,

we are The Mission Presidency, Donald Lynn Jones, Second Counselor; cc: Elder Wayne L. Davis.

LETTER 582

Misión Andina de la Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Ultimos Díaz, Lima, February 28, 1963, Elder Lyman De Platt, Piura, Dear Hermano Platt: There is quite a time lag in the exchange of mail from Piura so I have reason to hope that conditions which may develop one week are passed over by the time I return a letter. When you wrote on February 18 you reported a "lack in the spirit in the work for some reason." I hope you have been able by discussion with your companion to determine the reason so that you can enjoy the genuine joy which you have been working for in the past. When you left for Piura, I remember you said you felt you were the "most fortunate Elder in the field," having learned the lessons quickly and remaining for a long term in the field afterward to use them in intense proselyting. Enjoying this advantage, you know that we expect a great deal from you.

My point of principal concern is that I detect a note of discouragement in the letter of Elder Bascom for the same week. This is natural; moods usually spread from one companion to another. Please talk over your plans frankly; be sure that you make all decisions about the use of your time and the schedule of investigator teaching and tracting in planning sessions which permit each of you to have a voice. The Lord will give you new understanding of the way you should go ahead, and you will be blessed with success.

I look forward to seeing all of you when President Tuttle visits the mission. My sincere personal regards to all of you. Your brother, Sterling Nicolaysen, President

LETTER 583

Rene Lyman Morin, January 10, 1969, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dearest Dady, excuse the red pen. It seems to be the only one I can find. The kids are always losing their pens so I have a hard time keeping them supplied. At least this is gay, isn't it?

How are you Dady dear? Wish I knew how you are feeling and getting along. Can't you have your secretary drop us a note? Teach old Cowboy to write, he ought to be good for something. We are al well. Marilee has recuperated and is back in school. She went to Salt Lake today with the debate team and her team won all of their debates. She is also on the extemporaneous speaking team for the state meet. She has a brilliant mind and loves to learn – reminds me of you and Art's mother, with your keen minds. Another good thing about her is that she gets tired of a boy after she has gone out with him a few times, so we are very glad, since this keeps her from getting too serious.

521

Our missionary is excited over the prospects of some expected baptisms. The one they were going to do last month decided to wait for his wife's consent, so Art thinks maybe they will baptize both before too long. He gets a little discouraged but I think when he has the language better so he can work harder that it will be easier to keep contented and happy. Probably he has been a little homesick during the holiday too. He gets too critical of himself and feels like he's not doing enough. But we are very proud of and grateful for him.

Art and I went through two sessions of the temple last night and really enjoyed them. We

haven't gone much the last few years, but have promised ourselves to go twice each month during the year. Somehow, it seems that since Art went into the mission field we have been blessed with many things, one of them being better organization and order around the home. We surely need all we can get of this. I used to think I was a pretty good worker and organizer, but these last few years I think I'm terrible.

Art started taking a class at the college in the evenings, working on his master's degree. It will keep him busy. I'm practicing with a quartet for the church music festival. I do enjoy singing. The older children are busy practicing for the M.I.A. gold and green ball, and also in a quartet, so we are all busy. We took off several hours last Saturday and took them sledding and tubing and really had fun.

Well, Dady Dear, it is bedtime according to the clock and my tired. Drop us a note and let us know how you and Cowboy are getting along. Though you are far away you are never very far from us in spirit. We are most concerned about you always and pray that you will find much to bring you comfort and peace. All our love, Rene and family. Had a good visit downtown with Lawrence Wright's boy, Melvin, the other day.

LETTER 584

Rene Lyman Morin, February 24, 1969, Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah,
Dearest Dady, say, that was a good letter you sent. Do it again sometime (soon). We get so eager for news from you and about you. Maybe you need a new secretary to keep up your correspondence better.

As much of a scriptorian as you are, I'm surprised you haven't read the scripture: "May shall not live by toast alone." Of course, it is better than nothing, but you'll never get very fat on it. Do you like egg nog? Get Parley H. to order some instant egg nog preparation for you. It would add a little protein to your diet and is easy to fix. If it didn't cost so much, I'd send some from here.

Are you missing the flu still? We have been so blessed this year. I guess we had our share last year. I'm sure the Lord is looking out for us, and we appreciate it. Our missionary is well and busy. Says he isn't quite satisfied with his efforts yet, but he is always too critical of himself. We look forward to his mail.

522

Perhaps I told you Art was hobbling around on crutches. Still is but feels that his leg is getting better. He hasn't been able to do much of anything but teach school and tries to sit down to do that. He did go through two sessions of the temple yesterday.

Still have a lot of snow here, and winter weather. How is the weather man treating you? How are Kay and Velma and family and everyone else? Just took my bread out of the oven, so now I can go to bed. Give old Cowboy a hug for us. We appreciate him for keeping you company.

Our prayers are ever that you will be protected and blessed, and that your heart will be at peace, in spite of your loneliness. Think of the many people who love you and call you blessed. Charles said today: "Mom, you are beginning to look like a grandma." Always get the truth from kids, don't you? All our love, Rene and Art.

LETTER 585

Lyman De Platt, Bien Hoa AFB, Vietnam, November 29, 1966. Dear Folks, Well, so far so good; when you receive this letter I'll have about 360 days to go. Going fast. Joe still has 845. That makes it seem really short.

The things that impressed themselves upon my mind as we were coming into Siagon

were the fortifications. I guess it brought home the reality of it all. [I felt very frightened and had nightmares of being attacked by the Viet Cong.]

The heat is pretty bad but there's a breeze so far and it's bearable. These first ten to fifteen days will probably be spent in getting me straightened around. My base is Bien Hoa and I'm assigned to a TCMS (Technical Communications Maintenance Squadron) which one guy said meant "pack rats" or field radio operations. That was the last thing I wanted, but maybe I'll get it. At any rate, I know the Lord will protect me if I am living right. Oh well, just have to wait and see.

I've given Bertha some detailed information on the pay situation. We get our checks but here we can't change them into U.S. currency – just war money. I've thought of sending two of every three checks I get to her. That will probably work. She has my power of attorney.

I'm pretty unstable right now and don't have too much to say. I've given Bertha a play by play account plus a lot of sentimentalities. You undoubtedly will get something from her. About 1 A.M. Sunday morning I switched on my radio and got the live coverage of the Saturday afternoon Army-Navy game, so I guess we'll get the New Year's games and things won't be so bad. I love all of you. Do write once in awhile. Love, L.D.

523

LETTER 586

Lyman De Platt, Tan Son Nhut AFB, Vietnam, November 30, 1966. Dear Family, Well, one more November and I'll be all done here. A nice way to open a letter, isn't it? Oh well, that's how I feel. I've got a feeling it's gonna be a long year; I'll have all the time I want to study and read. I don't want to sound discouraged but that's how it looks and at times the feeling is quite heavy. I'm sorry, I'll change the subject.

It's Wednesday – one week has gone since I left home. That's encouraging. Just fifty-one more times. I've just about gotten settled down. I'll be working days for a week and then I'll start rotating like everybody else – one day, one swing, one mid, one day off. There will be four radio operators and four forward air controllers working at this station. We cover the air around the capital [Capital Military District: CMD]. Any air strikes you read about in the paper that took place in this area, we'll have had a hand in. The forward air pilot's radio is open and we hear the talk between him and the jets as he sends them. All corrections, instructions, etc., are coordinated thru us radio operators.

Please write me as often as you can. I need that moral support. I haven't felt down until now, but it has suddenly hit me. I'll shake it off today, but it will come back from time to time until I'm with my family again. Dad, you probably know just how I feel.

There's a chaplain speaking on the radio as I write. He says we will feel empty at Christmas because we are away from loved ones, but he goes on to say that our sacrifice – being here – is similar to that of Christ's and that the Lord will give us peace in our hearts if we will think in him. Isn't that beautiful? It's just what I needed.

I haven't looked for the church yet but plan to do so, today. Dad, will you inform those in charge of sending me the *Era* and Church News that my address has changed from that which I gave them. I'll be waiting anxiously to receive the first ones.

Please keep me informed how Joe is doing will you? I've sent him one card and plan to write in a day or two.

The black cloud over my mind has lifted. Boy it was sure depressing for an hour. There are Vietnamese women who work in our barracks and I suppose I'll learn a little of their

language but it certainly doesn't appeal to me. They broadcast in French sometimes over here, so I hope to become sufficiently fluent in French to speak it by the years' end. Please send me sports clippings of the Y's basketball games, okay? Also clippings on Romney once in a while.

Danger-wise, I don't think it's possible to get in any here. I am susceptible to diseases but I'm pretty well shot up. Tan Son Nhut Air Force Base, where I'm now stationed, is well fortified. I'm sure a lot of Vietnamese working here are spies, but there's little they can get into.

524

Mom and dad, I'm not sure just what we're going to have to do with reference to giving you \$70.00 a month. This system over here gives me checks that I can't get dollars in anyway. It has to be changed into Military Payment Certificates (MPCs). I'll have the money saved when I arrive [back home], but I think Bertha will have to decide how much she can give you out of her check. I could make out an allotment to her, but if it's okay with you, I'll bank the money here and save all the paperwork. I suppose she can give you \$50.00. I'll check with her in this letter. I'm sorry we didn't know of this before. I hope it's okay if we pay so much monthly and then make up the difference when I get home. It's little things like this that make me more and more sure I'll be getting out this or the next hitch, just as soon as I think we can get along okay financially.

Well, I'll write more in a couple of days, and I think there'll be just as much to say. There isn't anyone yet I can talk to about things that interest me. I'm enjoying the novels in the meantime.

Be sure to send all letters with just a five cent stamp and on a plain envelope. I'll see ya.

Love, Lyman

LETTER 587

Lyman De Platt, Tan Son Nhut, Vietnam, December 5, 1966. Dear Mom, Most of my letter to dad expresses how I feel and what I want to let you know. But still there is a need to express myself, so I wish to write to you.

I am changing somewhat and will continue to do so as this year develops. A radio operator's life is sometimes lonely and allows a lot of time to read and reflect, to grow inside. That is my goal this year. Of necessity I need to grow to match my wife who, in my opinion, lacks few things that will not be given to her in living with a big family during this year. I need to match that growth in my areas of weakness.

The Lord knows me well and gradually is helping me to become more like him. I have a long ways to go, however. There is no big sin I cannot now personally resist but it will take more years; to love where no love exists, to not judge too quickly, to curb my tongue to say only that which will edify, to be humble in every sense of the word and to be a father that can demand respect and the right to be a King. My wife has the capacity to draw this out of me, however, and I long to be with her again, but there is a personal growth that must precede that reunion, and I look towards each day here as a challenge, enhanced constantly by the loneliness that eats at me inside.

Dad has said that you and I have always been closer. I suppose it's true and natural, but you have purposely drawn away from me to allow my closeness for him and for Bertha to grow, and now I love you more for that sacrifice and my heart is full when I think of the love that I have for Bertha, Dad and you, and it reaches out and wants to include Joe. I hope that will soon be realized. I feel closer to Ed than any of my brothers and next to

Gene. The age difference and lack of being together has cut me off from the others
525

somewhat, but it will come into its rightful perspective as they get older and we all grow spiritually. I'm sure you understand me and I love you for that and countless other reasons. I am as ever, your son.

LETTER 588

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, December 5, 1966. Dear Dad, There have been few times in the last five years that I would like to live over and if I had my choice both instances would be within the last two months; one a fight I had with Bertha, the other, the argument we had as a family. They both have left scars on my soul that won't heal and it is in part due to my callous heart. There are times when I feel as if I had lost the will to be understanding and able to love. For your part, please forgive me. It won't help much, but will some.

I have a feeling as though the Lord is trying to purge my soul. I feel in a small way as Moses was pictured in his travels from Egypt, "ripped of every vestige of dignity." I am unable to find a way to locate the church. No directory has it, the Chaplain's Office doesn't know and I have yet to be confronted with a Mormon, talkative as I've tried to be.

Last night I talked with one of the radio operators I work with for about three hours. We discussed many aspects of the Church and he was impressed to the point that he would like to listen to the six lessons. He is leaving in four days for the states and I can only hope to plant a seed that will gradually grow.

I heard on television last night that #8 ranked BYU beat New Mexico State 97 to 66. That's tremendous. As long as they stay in the top ten, I'll be able to hear the scores, but it would be nice to be able to read some accounts thereof. Hint.

Dad, more and more I am drawing towards you spiritually. You realize how sincere my love for you is, I'm sure, and I want you to understand that much of you is in me. I do something and a voice tells me "that's how my dad would do it" or "that's exactly how my dad thinks." I pray that the Lord will allow me the blessing of forming my home in Provo, of getting a job that will allow me to support my family and that will give me the opportunity of being with you and mother when occasions will permit, going to games, hunting, fishing, reunions, etc. It may or may not be a lot to ask, but it's what I want.

I have done some rough calculating in accordance with my income and Bertha's. Going over two years in service will give me \$50.00 more a month. If I get my 3rd stripe that will mean \$60.00 more a month. Even without the last, in 2½ more years of tight fist policy, that will give us between six and seven thousand dollars towards paying for our house. A year and a half of that time I'll be able to get another part-time job. With no setbacks possible during this 2½ years because of Air Force security, I feel that we can have our home 2/3 paid for. After that it will be about four lean years before I graduate and we have the house paid for and furnished. I've determined one thing, however, and
526

it's that I'll find some job in Provo that will allow us to live. And without debts it shouldn't have to be a tremendously high-paying job. I'm old enough without yet having any job preference in life that I feel it won't come now.

If I can manage to finish college fine – it will be somewhat of a security. If not, it doesn't really worry me. I can do what I feel is my mission in life without a college education,

but I'll get it anyway just in case – if I can.

I hope this doesn't sound like rambling, but I want you and mom to know how I feel. It's important to me. You're special and I think you deserve to know.

I can get by on about \$6.00 a month here, so virtually all my income can go to savings, except tithing and the money we're paying you, which is for the house anyway. This is a year which will be good for my family, and I pray for yours also. You should be fairly free of debt when this year ends – 1967 that is. You deserve to rest from debt and get in a position of security.

May the Lord bless you. I'm so thankful to be your son and appreciate the sacrifice you are giving to keep my family with you. I hope Bertha makes it up in the help she gives. I feel she does. Thanks again. Love, L.D.

LETTER 589

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, December 10, 1966. Dear family, I don't know for sure if my mail is getting through or not, but I imagine it is. I certainly hope so. I don't want you to be worried. I'm fine and busy, unhappy or lonesome, but almost a month gone by already, so can't complain and it doesn't look like it'll slow up either, of which I'm definitely glad. It's going to be a long year no matter how you look at it. I'm so blasted lonesome that it hurts.

I guess Ed will be signing up for the draft shortly. I hope he can go on his mission before he has to get involved in this mess. It does help a lot to have that added fortification. I'm such a kid when it comes to missing the family. I get pretty nostalgic at times.

Ed, I hope you had an enjoyable birthday and that you got my letter. If UCLA doesn't take the NCAA this year, it sure will surprise everyone. It would be good to see BYU take it but it looks good to just see them in the top ten. New Mexico might cut us out of the WAC too if we're not sharp, but we've got a mighty good team.

We have four different crews of one man each. We are kept hoping, but usually don't get too involved in anything. I listened to a helicopter get shot up on the radio this morning. Nobody was hurt but they had a hard landing.

527

I still haven't been able to make any contact with the Church, which is a disturbing factor in itself, but I finally think I've located it; however, it may still be several weeks before I can get to it.

I just got another report. They went in to try and rescue one downed man but were shot at. They got two V.C. in the attempt. It looks like they are aborting until they get more support. It's too bad, but very likely the guy will be captured. When the war comes this close you begin to feel the suffering of the others.

The monsoon season is ending here and we get quite hot days, 90-100 degrees, but the nights are fairly nice. We get television from 6:30 to 11:00 each night from an Armed Services channel here in Siagon. There's always a one hour show like Gunsmoke, Perry Mason, Have Gun Will Travel, Rawhide on the week days. On weekends we get two football or basketball games replayed – usually about twelve hours after they're finished at home. We get U. S. news a matter of hours after you do.

My chow hall is a block from the barracks. Also the mailroom, etc. are quite close. Let me make you a small map. Better still, I'll include one. Let Bertha keep the map. It will come in handy when I write to explain what I do. Thanks.

They didn't get the guy out. I guess the V.C. captured him. The officer back at

headquarters was pretty nasty over the radio. He blamed the guys on the helicopter but they tried. He finally ordered them to get out.

The afternoon is about over. I've been alone on days today and made only one mistake.

Days are the hardest so I guess I'm initiated. It's a good feeling.

I hope soon to be able to write each of you a Christmas note. I'll bet you're busy as ever but hope you'll enjoy the season.

You'll see on the map how close that attack on the base came to us. It was quite exciting. I've had a few nightmares since then, because of it. There were several mortars hit close by. It kept everyone up all night. However, I stayed in bed while the others crouched against the walls.

We also get to watch Batman Wednesday and Thursday night, for McKay's and Gordie's information.

I do so much reading and writing that my fingers are constantly sore, and so are my eyes, but it helps the time pass and if the time will pass, I'm happy.

We'll take care all of you. I'll write again soon. I wrote to Joe today and to the grand folks and Morins.

528

I can send mail to England and South America free, so I'm going to take advantage of the writing privileges this year. I've gone through one writing pad of 100 pages already. I hope it wasn't wasted and that you have gotten them. Love always, Lyman De

LETTER 590

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, December 26, 1966. Dearest Family, well Christmas is done for this year. I was with you in spirit as you got up and had breakfast and then opened your presents. Please write and tell me what everyone got. I received eighteen different letters or cards on Christmas day. You can imagine how happy that made me. Bertha's letter of December 21 arrived on Christmas. The post office really did an all out good job to make everyone happy.

I saw a King Family Special also: From all of us to all of you, by Walt Disney (bless his soul) and in Church, after I talked, we had a Christmas film greeting from President McKay. It was by far the nearest to the true spirit of Christmas I've ever been. The week preceding Christmas I read a 680-page book *The Nazarene* that helped me a lot in my talk. I hope you folks enjoyed Christmas a lot and that you got some nice presents.

Mother, you asked about the bombing we had. It was a mortar attack. Off to the west of the base, the jungle is full of underground V.C. areas. They can sneak one or two guys in and put mortars in here anytime they want. The place is pretty well guarded but it's possible. They couldn't launch a full scale attack unless they wanted to lose a lot of men. They would inflict a lot of damage if they did it, however.

Thanks for the clippings. I'll send them on to Joe. I haven't heard from him yet and have written two letters.

You remember James Arnett from Wymount? He has eight more weeks here. He has a year and a half before he retires. His family is in Mesa. They are buying there. He said to say hello. I remembered his face – believe it or not – and we hooked it up. I was eight and nine then.

One-tenth of my time is gone. It's going fast and I'm getting a lot done. I sure hope we can get stationed at Hill Air Force Base for the last seventeen months of my duty. That would really make things nice.

Ed, I can get old ammo. I'll be sure and bring some home, if you still plan to make the loading machine. Let me know, also if you need money.

I love you all and hope you are enjoying life and each other. Love, L.D.

529

LETTER 591

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, December 27, 1966. Dear Mother, Thanks for your sweet letter and the clippings. I sent them on to Joe.

The main reason for writing is to ask you if you could get a short tax form and help Bertha fill it out. We'd like a joint return. I don't need to sign it – just put “in Viet Nam” in my signature box.

I believe she has kept a complete record of the money we've earned. Oh, but you'll need my W-2 Form to go with it won't you. I'll get that as soon as possible.

Happy New Year to all of you. It has arrived finally. I'm glad it's going fast. I'll be more than happy to come home in November. But in the meantime, life is very good and there is no reason to complain.

If you see someone on the street that doesn't have a smile, give 'em one of yours. Love always, Lyman

LETTER 592

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, December 28, 1966. Dear Mom, I've been talking to some of the officers and they have informed me that if we declared war that we'd receive indefinite duration assignments. I'd never thought of it but still I suppose that's right.

Hang tight and we'll see what goes. I'd prefer they declared war and blocked the Haiphong harbor but I doubt they will. It seems that it would expedite matters but this is a war the likes of which hasn't been fought before. Many of our allies are shipping in supplies to North Viet Nam that they're using to kill our boys.

Things may break open before I get my orders back to the states so please be prepared to give Bertha your moral support if it should be needed. It probably won't, though. The U.S. is too worried about foreign relations and public opinion to let a little thing like men being killed to matter. It's a pretty easy price we're paying so far, though. I believe about 51,000 Americans died on highways last year and we've only lost 5,000 to 10,000 in the war. They don't count those that die after the medics get to them, so 6,000 isn't a true figure. There's a lot of deceit someone will pay for. Some secrecy is necessary but not all of it.

I've lost about twenty pounds so far. I won't lose much more but I feel fine at 165. I can't seem to get to three meals a day but when I eat, it's good. I love life and feel fine inside. You and dad are choice parents. Love as ever, Lyman.

530

LETTER 593

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, December 28, 1966. Dear Dad. Well, I finally made it out Home Teaching. Two of the five guys assigned us are on the downhill trend but one of the guys is an Elder and wants us to help him. He would like to marry his girlfriend in the Idaho Falls Temple in eight months. I told him he'd have to do an about face and he seems to be willing to try it.

The time is definitely going by. Ten and a half months doesn't sound bad at all. Just as long as each day sees some success I don't care if they fly by.

I made my first major goof yesterday. I'd assumed we had no flights until the time

indicated on our flight board. We just had a change in one of our procedures last week and the first time it came up I was working. There were 2 F100's up in the air awaiting a go sign to strike a certain target. They were also waiting for the Forward Air Controller (FAC) from our station to direct them. Well, you can't have a FAC directing strikes without any flares helping him out, as it was night, so they were wrong there, but still they were about thirty minutes late to the target. My boss is a nice guy and he hardly mentioned it, but it taught me a good lesson. I'll not do anymore assuming. It could be too dangerous.

Yesterday while I was off duty, one of our FACs got shot up from ground fire. No one was hurt and they landed safely but they couldn't use the plane for the rest of the day. I'm safe here at the control panel but can hear a lot of guys that aren't, as they report in damage assessments, etc.

I'll be happy to get this year over with, and also to finish my twenty-eight more months of service. I'm ready to settle down and raise a family and let the others do the job, but until I've officially been relieved, I'll give them my devotion and assistance to my fullest capabilities. I'm sure you know how I feel, having passed through almost identical conditions. I've probably got it a lot easier than you had it, however. The main thing is that the mail gets here in good time. The rest can be put up with.

It looks like my mission here will be mainly one of trying to reactivate the inactives but I've been able to do some missionary work. It's hard to know how many of the seeds that are planted ever fertilize. But at least the effort is made and that's what is expected. It gets pretty discouraging when you keep running up against a wall with inactive members who don't want you to come. Still, I guess we must try.

How is the ward coming along? Does it look possible that Bertha might be able to do anything in an organization? How is her English coming? She seems to understand the lessons I'm giving her. I've started sending her lessons on the Constitution and U.S. Government. I guess her time before she gets her resident visa will still count towards the three year waiting period before she can become a citizen. If so she has a little over a year

531

and a half left. That will require some intensive studying on her part, which I'm sure she will do.

Drop a line when you can take the time. Love always, L.D.

LETTER 594

Lyman De Platt, January 8, 1967, Siagon, Viet Nam, Dear Mom and Dad, I hope you don't get tired of hearing how much you both mean to me because I've no intention of stopping my praises of you.

More and more as blessings keep pouring my way I realize that they all aren't because of what I do, but some are from the heritage that is mine, some are from prayers that are offered in my behalf and some come from the fact that I have a wife and daughter who are deserving of blessings and I mistake them at times as being sent to me. I'm so happy to be blessed with all of you, each one, as part of a family unit. I feel so sorry for these boys and men who have no families or who are unfaithful to their wives and sweethearts. I ask the Lord quite often to forgive them and to take some of my blessings and give to them. It's a burden to have blessings – possibly the hardest burden of all. At least it is in the light of working for exaltation, don't you think. Yet some of these boys need a few because it's a burden to be weighed down by profanity, perversion, etc. In spite of seeing

these things, though, I realize a need on my part to be more honest, kind, understanding and forgiving. I go through the outward motions fairly well but a lot of the inner ones are still hard to obtain with any degree of satisfaction.

My first important participation in the war resulted in the destruction of one foot bridge, seven bunkers, two machine guns that were still hot from wounding one of our boys in a chopper and an estimated three V.C. killed. I was just a relay point but we had fighters airborne seven minutes after initial contact and it felt worthwhile. Even as I write you the ground shakes intermittently with heavy repercussions of bombs hurled into the night at known and suspected V.C. concentrations. We have radar that can pick up a man moving through the forest now and most honest men aren't up at night so....

War isn't real to me until I see the ambulances who bring in the dead just next door, or hear calls for help over the radio from planes that have been hit or feel mortars getting extra close and these things happen, but through it I am well and safe so far. I love life and the gospel, you and my little family. Please write often. I got a letter from Joe. Love as ever, L.D.

LETTER 595

Lyman De Platt, January 9, 1967, Siagon, Republic of Viet Nam, Dear Mom & Dad, I suppose that you folks are interested in first hand reports of the war, so here's what took place today, while I was on duty. We had one of our FACs up doing a regular visual reconnaissance when we got a phone call for immediate air. So we advised him of the

532
coordinates and dashed over to headquarters to request a group (2-3) fighters. They were airborne then minutes later and twenty minutes after the call, we were putting in the strike.

The V.C. opened up in broad daylight on a big freighter with seventy-five millimeter shells. One crewman was killed and the skipper was wounded. There was a lot of automatic weapons firing from the river side. The fighters destroyed one automatic weapons position, sunk one sampan with automatic weapons on it and damaged three others. Three got away. We called in a second set of fighters, when we got word of a heavy concentration of ground fire from a certain position, and within minutes they silenced that position with cluster bombs and napalm. We don't know the results but with a cluster bomb exploding into thousands of projectiles in a given area you can imagine the possibilities. There is a ground team going in to observe the damage but we will never get that report. It will be construed around and built up and in the end who knows how successful it was, but at least this is true.

We have been having a lot of immediate air requests during day shifts during the last ten days, as the V.C. are trying to either build their morale or just plain lose the war quicker. It's a cinch that whenever they fight us in the daytime they will come out on the short end 80% of the time. It will be a boost to their morale, though, damaging the freighter. There were some friendly natives in the general area when the V.C. started the attack and they are giving a report of what they saw to some of the guys down in that area. This was about five or six miles southeast of Siagon.

I'm not really in the know, so to speak, but it seems to me that the V.C. are realizing frantically the need to start getting results, more so than they have been. They have lost close to a known figure of 60,000 troops now and no telling how many others trapped in underground tombs or killed in bombing raids. It would be safe to estimate 100,000 I

would say and you can see that at that rate and with the continued bombing of the North, which is definitely necessary, they have concern to worry.

The villages, as they find they can trust us, are more and more giving us information that is deterring the enemy and this is a major factor, don't you think. Once the populous is on our side the war with all its fighting will dissipate in a short time. Well, I'll write soon, thanks for the letters and clippings. Love you all very much, L.D.

LETTER 596

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, January 13, 1967. Dear family. It's going to take a list with the notation of times that I write to keep me up to date on how long it is between letters. The time is going by so fast that I've got to get a bit better organized if everything that needs to be done is going to be accomplished.

It's so good to get the clippings regularly now and so soon after they are printed. It is possible for you folks to give me full details like this almost before they get here and then

533

all I ever hear are the scores, so please continue sending them. I send them on to Joe just as fast as I can.

We do get a few concessions and one that was especially gratifying yesterday, was to listen to the State of the Union address by President Johnson. He certainly is a powerful speaker and I was very moved by the sincerity with which he spoke. He receives a lot of criticism but it seems to me that when he has the full scoop on things and isn't deceived by his aides, he does pretty well. [So much for my naïve nature at the time.]

We had a big fire here at Tan Son Nhut yesterday. Apparently the embalming fluid at the morgue caught fire. Hugh billows of black smoke rose upwards of seventy-five feet at its peak. I was just across the street when it started and watched the whole thing. It burned a lot of brush and for about a half an hour there was a lot of confusion with sirens, etc., but as far as I could see, no one was hurt and there wasn't too much damage done. There is such a hideous disrespect for reporting the news as it happens that it makes me mad. This incident wasn't even in our base paper today and many incidents that are important are classified Secret, but as far as I'm concerned, it's a bunch of bull. The enemy wouldn't learn anything from half of the stuff they keep hidden until way after it happened. When we get the real figures on death totals over here there may be some repercussions heard. They out and out lie about it. I know for a fact three were killed in that incident mentioned the other day about the freighter – 1 crew members, 1 U.S. soldier, and 1 Vietnamese soldier, and all they reported was that the captain of the ship was injured. That's enough to torque your jaw. If I ever get a chance to do anything for civil government, or the press, it will be with pleasure. This distortion of truth is a good example of romanistic decadence.

Tonight, just before I got ready to come to work, I was reading from *Prophecy* and was completely in a good spirit when one of the boys came in drunk and started yelling and profaning and using extremely foul language – this happens about once a week. It was time for lights out – 10:00 and he went around making a big issue about it. I got up and looked at him with a lot of desire to tell him what I was thinking. But all that came out was a very tranquil idea about maybe he could calm down a little bit as some of the guys were trying to sleep. He calmed down and I was surprised that he did and also that I had said it so patiently. Well, I got ready to leave and just got to the door when a shoe came sailing at me and just missed me. He came barging up and shouted: "Get away from that

... door!”

I came back in and towering over him asked him if he was going to make me. He just stood there and looked stupid. I felt sorry for him. A couple of guys came and apologized for him and I told them I was leaving ‘cause I couldn’t stand the swearing any longer. There were a few others there that wanted to hear what I was saying, so I said it a might loud. It gets pretty bad at times and there’s no reason for it. These are good guys and they wouldn’t do it around their wives or families, so I’ve decided to push when I can and make sure they know that they’re not impressing a lot of us. It will take awhile but everywhere I’ve been it works in the long run. It takes a bit to get established and do

534

certain things in such a way that people notice your differences, but it’s worth it. I feel that the foundation has been laid sufficiently in the last seven weeks that now some progress will be made and it will even be possible to have some religious discussions on a limited basis. If I didn’t know that the Lord loves them and that they haven’t had the blessing that I’ve had – coming from broken homes, irreverent homes, slum areas, etc., it would be real easy to get into a fight every day, but even though my temper simmers and at times my thoughts aren’t the best towards them, there is a growing feeling of compassion for them and if it will just continue then progress will be made and possibly some will change. Some are so perverted that nothing will change them “they love iniquity and are full of abominations and drink from the cup of sin ‘til they are drunk with lust and the desires of the flesh.” Deep inside I sincerely shudder to think of what might await them and I pray that if it be possible they might see that they are in a path that can cause nothing but eternal sorrow. Why this injustice has to be their lot and why I’m so blessed and can realize every time I do something wrong is a wonder to me. It doesn’t seem fair to them and I tremble lest by wrong thinking my fate would be similar. There is a lot said in the scriptures about self esteem and how Christ had an extremely difficult time with this worst of personal sins – hypocrisy, deceit, high-mindedness, or whatever you want to call it. Every time something like this comes up anymore, I took at them and then look at myself and the things I’ve done knowing they were wrong, and so I usually end up being quiet, having a knowledge that it would be hypocrisy on my part to call them to order when they don’t know any other way, while I myself am in the path of error knowingly going against all that is basic in my nature and personality. That’s the way it has been; there have been as many changes in my nature – in a sense – as there have been in Joe’s nature in his sense. Possibly with the coming years it will be possible to take a brother by the hand and help him to correct his wrong a lot more easily than it has been up to now. I certainly hope so. It is one of my main desires in life, but continually my mind is filled with the risk involved in considering oneself in a position to help his fellowmen when at any moment the Devil could grab them both for different reasons and bind them to his eternal subservience.

The foregoing might not make any sense but it would seem to me that it is a battle that any person has to fight in trying to lose himself in service to others, in trying to forget that a continual preoccupation about oneself is bad or even the other extreme, that by helping one’s neighbor, you are helping yourself and so egoistically proceed to do so. The most striking example of giving one’s life for his friend was in the bizarre reversal of the role of Judas Iscariot in *The Nazarene*. He is portrayed as being one of the most learned of the Apostles and consequently as Jesus approached the time when he would be

crucified and proceeded to inform the Apostles of the events that were to take place, Peter adamantly, and the others to some extent, put their foot down, so to speak, and were going to prohibit that any actions be allowed that would put their Master into such a position as to allow his betrayal. Judas, being the only one that fully realized that it was necessary that Christ die so that the plan of salvation might be fulfilled, went against his personal testimony, his desires, etc., and purposely betrayed his friend “for righteousness
535

sake.” If truly it were such how great should be his reward for he did it with only the thought of love for mankind, and it is a goal worthy of emulation, but our doctrine teaches differently. Still it is a very interesting point, and well put. He reaches a point where self sacrifice makes him a Son of Perdition, so maybe it’s not wise to try to save everybody and forget oneself.

Another example of self sacrifice; a man and a woman are standing in a loving embrace. The man is dressed in all the trappings of war and he speaks, and in his eye is a far away look, “Don’t you see, darling, someone must defend democracy wherever it’s threatened. Someone must travel halfway around the globe to make Vietnam free from slavery.” And she, with that far away look in her eye says: “I know, but why me?”

Or another: two worms down in their hole; one worm says to the other: “Jake, look and see if that early bird is out there yet.” Out Jake goes: zot! comes the noise from above. “Good old Jake; always did anything you’d tell him!”

Two good examples of sacrificing one’s loved ones so that one might go on living: the opposite extreme of the example of Judas. In between there is a medium where a person can love and help his friends and family and feel that he has done all he should. I’ve yet to find it, but am continuing towards both extremes, hoping somewhere to find that plane where it will be possible to save myself and all those that I should have any interest in. This is a bunch of nonsense mixed up with a lot of my inner feelings. Take it for what it’s worth. You know that my love for you is expressed many times in many ways, perhaps too many times, who knows. But somewhere in this giving of love there is a point where a person should stop. I hope that in my desire to love my family and friends and try to correct their mistakes and help them perfect themselves as they help me and I progress along with them, that none of us cross that line where we don’t belong. If I do please forgive me, knowing that I was over zealous and young in experience, unwise in my methods even though sincere in my goals.

There are ahead of us in this world times of great trial, in which our patience, loyalty, brotherly love, family ties, and our positions in the Church are going to be tried to their breaking points, but if we are wise and choose to use the Holy Ghost as our guide and companion, we will be able to weather the storm, and pass beyond the angels and receive as a family an eternal exaltation. We must. My love sincerely, Lyman

LETTER 597

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, January 19, 1967. Dear mother and father. Through Bertha’s letters, it has come to my attention that you have been doing many things to assist her and make her feel happy and at home. I just wanted to drop a line again and tell you both how much I appreciate the fact that you are certainly wonderful in many ways. Our married life in the next few years is going to be so much better in part because of your assistance during this year.

This past two months are in my estimation the most productive I've ever spent. There has been a closeness with the Spirit that I seldom felt even during my mission, due mainly, to the fact that it has become possible to overcome my major fault and allow the spirit to be more active in helping me to reason and do.

On the 17th, during a session of pleading with the Father to help me know what course to take in preparing for the next assignment, it came to me what plan to follow. Needless to say, it is a relief to know what to do. In a future letter I'll let you know what we plan to do. I still have some consultation to do with my wife.

It looks like maybe we might get her visa this time if all goes right. It would surely be a relief to get it out of the way.

Last Monday, I took the first step towards getting mama Lazo here. I'm claiming her as a dependent as soon as possible this year. It was the same day that I filled out the paperwork that Bertha started her 3rd visa try. Apparently I thought of claiming mama Lazo as a dependent the same day that Bertha received the letter from Salt Lake. It would seem to me that it was meant to be.

Grandpa Chidester wrote me a long and very interesting letter this week. I can't remember if I told you or just thought of doing so, but anyway he was very complementary of you, mother and extremely well-spoken of you, father. He said he'll be coming up to see you in the spring. He seems to be slightly reminiscent or withdrawn in his writing but it is very natural and he is still a wonderful person.

It will be good to have mama Lazo with us. She is 61 and full of fun. Her knowledge of certain things I wish my wife knew will be well-directed I'm sure. In a plan for governing our home as we want to, she has been given her part. She deserves these coming years of relative peace and security compared to her life up until now. Her spirit in our home will give it a bit more stability I believe. I certainly feel nothing but love for her and a desire to see her happy. As far as the mother-in-law bit is concerned, she is very wise in stating her views so as to offend neither of us.

I've also been very appreciative of the truly fine way you, my parents, have acted towards Bertha and me. It would make me feel very bad indeed if any tensions arise during this year. Please advise me if either of you feels there is any friction and I'll have her find an apartment. It seems to be a good relationship that exists; I just want to maintain it. There are too many plans with us four together in my mind to have any misunderstandings so early in the game. Bertha has never mentioned any since the one we had when I was there, but that type can't be allowed to happen again; it must not, so please keep me informed.

Bertha has mentioned an idea she has of teaching 4-6 year olds Spanish for an hour a day. I don't know if it would be feasible but she wanted me to mention it to see if it would be

537
possible to use your home for an hour a day if she could swing it. Maybe you can talk it over with her.

Well, we're starting on the third month. 1967 will go fast it seems. I don't have a real yearning to see it go faster; I'm enjoying every day and feel happy with the rate at which it's going.

I'll close for now. I am at work pulling the lonely mid-shift but the one during which I accomplish a lot of things.

How did Roberta react to my letter? I hope she understands my love and concern for her.

Please forgive me if you feel I was too frank. I'm not going to write too many more letters like that one. I felt what I said, but possibly I overstepped my bounds. Love, L.D.

LETTER 598

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, January 22, 1967. Dearest Family, Well, two months are gone. Very likely I'll be able to leave before the full twelve months are up: probably 11½, so that leaves 9½ months to go. That isn't very long at all. In fact I better get on the ball if I'm going to get even half the things done I want to.

It's true that with McKay's ordination we'll have every office in the priesthood represented, but we have two priests, so I guess that's all we'll ever get. Now as soon as Gordie is old enough, then we can fill dad's desire of long ago to see all his sons and him go to priesthood at least once together.

Our 10-day cold spell has gone, bringing back the humid days and enjoyable evenings. For the last ten days every minute was enjoyable to me: some of the guys complained, but then they complain if it's hot, cold, wet, dry, or just right: chronic types; no appreciation; no respect. Still, they must be reached, if possible.

I'm glad to hear that you have started your home evenings again. It's definitely hard in our family to be regular about them, but so necessary. I pray that you can keep them going this time.

Let me mention a bit about our plan once we get back into a family unit. It will be very interesting to get started, and if I can be resolute enough to not fail to make sure that it continues, then my children should grow up in it without realizing that they might not have.

All of the activities and responsibilities of the home and family life have been divided into twenty separate jobs or responsibilities. During this year we are going to be collecting facts and aids to assist in the fulfillment of each of these departments. It won't be put into complete use until all eight of our children that have been assigned jobs are old enough to fulfill them, but until then each department has a temporary head.

538

The divisions briefly are: family council meeting, parents council meeting, finance, recreation, meals, home evening, prayers, home duties, discipline & education, yard cleaning, garage, garden, tools & vehicles, interviews, sewing, clothing, etc., storehouse, canning, buying of foods, washing of clothes, dishes and floors, and genealogy.

Bertha will be responsible for one half of the programs and I will take the other half.

Once a week in a parents council we'll talk over the monthly interviews I've had with each member of the family, and she will present any discipline problems. Also we'll plan for the coming week and discuss the family council, etc.

The family council will be separate from home evening and will be concerned with the secular things, whereas home evening will have to do with religion and education and recreation.

Each department will have to be carefully fulfilled and each member will have to carry well his responsibility and if they are trained from youngin there should be no problem. I am confident it will work and should be the cause of less worries for everyone concerned. The time taken in meetings will be substantially less than the time saved by coordination. Well, so much for this time. Life is going along fairly smoothly and happily, considering. I really enjoyed Joe's last letter as you can imagine. I've waited for some time for the comment.

Thanks for the clippings. I sent them on to him this morning with a five page letter. You're a swell family as he says and it's true. Love always, L.D.

LETTER 599

Lyman De Platt, Siagon, Vietnam, January 23, 1967. Mom and family, you're getting cuter every year. These pictures of you in October at 44 are adorable. They are to be treasured! Four generations. The next pictures like that will be around 1987 when you're 65. You might see some great-great-grandchildren if you reach 2007. 85 years old. Quite possible!

Thanks a million for all the clippings. They do a great deal to make life enjoyable. BYU's got a tremendous start, 4-0. Poor New Mexico will never get it now. It'll be between Utah and BYU.

Bertha said that it looked like maybe the people in your other house might buy. Is there anything new happening or were you just telling her the old possibility?

If they buy could you keep your eyes open for a home north of the campus, preferably up towards Provo Canyon.

539

Joe sent a nice letter yesterday. We still have some areas to grow closer in but I feel things have definitely improved.

I've got a lot of studying to do today before work and some more in my 50-page novel so take care. Don't feel bad if you can't write much and often. Just continue having home evening and studying Spanish.

I've got a 92% average in my European History so far. It's interesting but dry at times. Say hi to the relatives when you write. Love ya, Lyman.