



Our History

LYNN AND ISABELLE
HANSON

Mom and Dad kept daily journals on their missions. For most of her adult life, Mom kept a journal. Both Mom and Dad wrote several synopsis's of their lives. I also had an extensive oral interview with Dad asking searching questions about his early life. This brief history is taken from these sources and also includes some of my direct recollections of events. Pictures and documents used are in my possession and have also been posted on FamilySearch. It has been my desire here to give a meaningful snapshot of their lives rather than comprehensive detailed biographies.

Steve Dunn Hanson

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Isabelle Early Years



1

LOGAN/OGDEN 1914-1931

In 1980, Isabelle wrote the following. "So far as I can find among my writings, my earliest record keeping began in 1932, the year I was 17; but I am going to go back in my memory and try to fill in some of my activities for the years previous." This chapter contains an edited version of her recollections of her life up until 1932. The next two chapters are edited writings from her journals.

I WAS BORN DECEMBER 20, 1914. Birth is a sacred experience both to Mother and Father, and I being the first child was a very welcome Christmas gift. During the years following, my Father often wrote me little verses of love, expressing how much I meant to him. Often Mother would write a letter when I was living away saying she could not express in verse as Father could but wanted me to know how much she loved and appreciated me.

All of these thoughts touched me deeply. Especially as I received one near my birthday time from Father just a few months before he died and was his last written communication to me.



1915-Emily, Will, Isabelle

I understand it was a cold day when I made my appearance, being only five days before Christmas. A tree was up and decorated and close to my Mother's bed. She was concerned with this because the candles on it were lit and she could envision a fire with her babe and herself and home burning to the ground. Note: Back then, candles were usually used to light Christmas trees, rather than electric lights.

My first recollection comes from a little house in Logan in the area referred to as "The Island" because the Logan River twisted and turned, cutting it so it looked a bit like an island. We had been living in College Park, southwest of Logan, where Lucille was born. She was still just a babe. When we moved to "The Island." I was around three, and Mother had locked the gate and given me instructions not to leave the yard. I had my doll but soon that was not enough company, and I longed to go and play with some cousins who lived not too far



1917-Lucille & Isabelle

away. Somehow I was able to crawl with my doll under the gate and was off on my trip. But I had turned in the wrong direction.

My path led me to Main Street where the interurban train rail crossed. I had crawled under a train resting on the tracks to get where I was. There, I was confronted by a big boy who seemed to tower over me. He began to tease me and block the sidewalk so I could not pass. With tears, I began hitting him with my doll.

My Mother was beside herself when she looked out to see I wasn't in the yard! She

couldn't leave the baby and had no idea which direction I had gone. She called a dear friend, Mr. Watkins, who later became a bishop and who had been on a mission to the Eastern States. He was a friend to the Knecht's when he was back east and before she married Dad. Soon he was in his car riding up and down the

streets and came to my rescue. Mother was so happy to find that I was safe, and I learned my lesson. I never ran away again.

During the flu epidemic of 1918 we made a trip to New York to live for Father to attend

Chiropractic

School for a year.

There are a few things that stand out in my mind about going there.

We all wore masks to protect us from the flu on our train ride to New York.

Thousands of people died during this epidemic. We

lived in an apartment

that was overrun with bedbugs. Grandpa and Grandma Knecht's flat caught on fire and destroyed 100 pound sacks of sugar and flour. Grandma Knecht was very ill with the flu, and Mother was down with it for a few days too. The Armistice ending WWI was signed, and a cousin of my grandparents took Lucille and me to see the boats unload the soldiers who were returning from the war in Europe.

On our return to Utah we lived in the old Facer home in Hyrum. Father didn't have to be to his office very early, and I remember lying in bed, with him telling stories and singing songs to us. During our short stay here, I remember the Gypsies used to come through in caravans, and whenever we heard they were coming, Mother would make sure we were home and the doors locked. One time we were visiting down in the "Hollar" where Uncle John and Aunt Jennie had a farm. The Gypsies came, and we all were as quiet as mice and didn't answer the door when they knocked.

During one visit with Uncle John and Aunt Jennie, I rode one of their horses. That was my first and last time to ride a horse. I really liked it and kept talking to Father to get us a horse. He was always promising some day we would have a pony. We never did.



Chiropractic business there for Father was not very good. He apparently was not often paid for his treatments in money. We moved to Ogden where he set up his chiropractic office. We lived in several apartments during this period. One was up a steep flight of stairs at the rear of some business place and another was in part of a house.

Father began building what we called "the Shack" on a lot he had purchased. After office hours, we walked the long way to the lot so that Father and Mother could work on the little house. Soon it was ready to move into. The room facing the street was the bedroom where the folks slept. The windows were high up on the wall, and the closet was just part of the room shut off with a sheet or curtain. The other room in the "Shack" was the "kitchen." It had an old coal stove, a table and a few chairs. There was a couch that made into a bed where Lucille and I slept. The "Shack" had a back porch with the washing machine and a few odds and ends.

While living here, I began school. My walk took me through tall grass where a ditch ran through the woods and a meadow. It seemed like a long, long walk to me. There was poison ivy in the woods, and one time a neighbor boy tried to prove that poison ivy wouldn't hurt him. He rubbed it all over his face. What a mess!

We didn't have water inside the Shack or modern plumbing. We didn't even have lights for a while, just candles. We got our water from outside by pumping it. During the cold winter days, we had to wrap the pipes to keep them from freezing. There were only a few families living out there because we were on the edge of civilization it seemed. But I was young and carefree, and it didn't bother me.

Our washer had no wringer and Mother's health was not good when Jack was born in 1922 when I was seven, and I had many chores to do. Jack was not well either, and there were times when I know Father and Mother wondered if the Lord was going to let him live. He had bad diarrhea, and I was the one washing most of the diapers. I would rinse them in the big tin tub out on the grass at the back of the house. I remember thinking that if this was what having a baby was like, I never wanted children.

Father quit practicing Chiropractic and began night work at the Sugar Company. Then he took the Civil Service Exams and passed them. He started by subbing and then was put on steady. He decided we needed a better home, so he and Mother drew up plans for the house they wanted to build. They sold the

Shack. During the building of our new home, we lived in another one room shack.

Puppets played an important part in our Family Home Evenings. Yes, we held them way back then. It was usually the first Monday night of each month and a lot of fun family activities held in between. Father made a theater and

Mother made curtains and decorations for the stage. She also made puppets and their costumes with strings you would use to animate the characters. The one pulling the strings would be the voice for the character.



Lucille, Jack, and I rolled with laughter or shed tears or just sat with eyes wide because it was so

interesting. The plays ran from religious Bible and Book of Mormon stories to fun everyday stories. Father was also very good with shadow puppets. Usually his stories were very funny, but sometimes were very scary.

We were living in our new home at 638 Adams in Ogden when I was baptized. That was a very special day. I am sure I did not fully realize the true significance of having my father perform the ordinance and confirm me later in sacrament meeting. We had fun playing on the church grounds where a huge pile of clinkers ran along the back of



the lot that came from coal furnaces. They were an ideal hill for the war-like Indians and cowboys we pretended to be. There was also a large cement tennis court where we skated and slid our sleds in the winter.

It was at this 8th Ward chapel that I gave my first two and a half minute talk in Sunday School. I was the first in the ward to participate in this new program. Uncle Lester's family lived across the street from the church for a while. I loved having bread and "butter" over there because they used margarine

instead of butter. They mixed the white margarine with a little yellow capsule to make it look like butter. I liked the salty taste of the margarine. Mother insisted on having butter. She might go without many things and did, but she would not go without real butter.

Grandpa and Grandma Knecht, along with Mother's youngest siblings, James and Lucille, came to visit us around Halloween. Father got them to go tick-tacking on windows as a joke. Father had a pin with a long thread attached and put the pin in the window putty of someone's house. They hid and rubbed rosin up and down the thread to make weird shrill noises. The window amplified the noise inside the house. At one house, a man came running out in his nightshirt looking everywhere but couldn't see where the noise was coming from. Father was always in the middle of some prank but never meaning any harm or hurt to anyone. He always enjoyed a good joke.

While living here Father was president of the Elder's quorum and a member of the ward choir. Priesthood and Relief Society meetings were held on a Thursday night, so parents could go together and bring their young children. The ward had a number of good plays, and Father was in them. The ward, once a year, had a big fair or carnival lasting three days and nights to earn money to run the ward with. They would have a big Relief Society dinner one night, a three act play another, and a good boxing match or wrestling match on the other. There would be booths all around in the class rooms and hall and around the cultural hall. The brethren would take turns spending the night to make sure there would be no break-ins. It was fun to have all of this activity so close to us.

Mother was ill a good deal of the time we lived here. One Christmas, she was in the hospital and Grandma Knecht came out to take care of us. A Christmas program here in our ward has stayed with me through the years. It was the story of the birth of the Savior and men were dressed in robes as wisemen and shepherds. From the back of the meeting house they had a wire running up to the rostrum area. A large star was moved along this to guide the wisemen to the nativity scene. It was a breath-taking experience for a young girl.

While living here I had diphtheria. It was strange none of the other family members contracted it. Father had all his teeth pulled and missed going to church and singing in the choir for months. It seemed that from that time on he was never involved to the extent he had been in Church organizations and Priesthood. When he was in his 50's, though, he became a high priest group leader and a temple worker.

We saw the coming of the sidewalks in the area, the putting up of telephone poles, and we got lights and telephones. The woods around us were cleared and homes were built. We were no longer on the “frontier.”

The summer I was 12 we sold the house and moved to 12th Street, where we rented for a year. Here we met in a hall for church as the ward building was being renovated. I was having severe headaches, but the folks just stayed away from medical advice and hoped it was that I was not developing fast enough. I was always underweight during these young years. I was also hit with a swinging baseball bat. I was second from the batter waiting my batting turn when bam! The batter let go of her bat, and it caught me in the throat. I was taken to the principal’s office and checked by the nurse. I had a very sore, swollen throat for a number of days.

The library was only a few blocks away, and I spent many hours there. I kept a record of the books I read and the authors, plots, and characters. We had a lot of fun at home in the evening after dishes were done. We played kick the can and run sheepy run. At noon hour at school we were taught dancing and that was fun too.

A baby sitter not far from our place was attacked one night. This revived all of my old scary dreams, and Mother was constantly on the alert to not let us out of her sight. She needed some medicine so she took me to the corner and put me on the street car to get it for her. I was 13, and she said, “Now I know how long it takes that car to go up and back. You get off and go to the drug store that’s right there and then get right back on the street car. I’ll expect you back at such and such a time.” We also saw a man hit by a car there as he raced to catch a moving street car. He went up in the air like a stuffed doll. But miraculously, no damage was done to him at all. He boarded the street car and was on his way.

I had my first birthday party in this house and began my collection of salt and pepper shakers. My first ones were a pair of ducks. We lived here only a year, then stored our furniture and other effects at Uncle Lester’s. For a long time we had planned to drive to New York to visit Mother’s folks, the Knecht’s.

It was the summer of 1928 when we bought a new touring car that had windshield wipers that you had to manually run. The sides (windows) were always open and we put up pin-up curtains when needed. Father built a running board on Mother's side of the car, and this is where we packed our luggage and food for the trip. That made



getting in and out of the car very difficult. Lucille and I chose to sit by the windows in the back seat, and that left poor Jack in the middle for the whole trip. Jack and mother were wearing long knickerbockers pants.

We left the middle of May as soon as school was out. Eight days of travelling with rain every day for at least part of the day. Up went the curtains and down came the curtains. Father's poor arm was going continually with the windshield wiper. It is a wonder he could ever use it again.

There were no surfaced roads through Wyoming and Nebraska. They were great as long as there was no rain, but when it rained, they were as slippery as an eel. Out of Rock Springs, Wyoming, cars had slid off into the fields. A Negro family, a minister, his wife and children, were really stuck, and Father helped them get out.

The next day near Cozad, Nebraska, we had our turn. In the middle of the road was a huge puddle. There was no way to tell how deep it was, and the water spread clear across the road. We stopped and Father surveyed the situation. A car passed us. They were going quite fast and really bumped through the water. Father said, "I am going to take it a little easy and go for the middle." Down we went and gently up, but only the front end of the car went up. There we sat with the rear stuck down in the water. After a long period of trying to get out, Father finally went seeking help. He got a farmer to come with his tractor to pull us out. That day we made only 300 miles but were worn out and thankful to our Heavenly Father that no injury or damage had been done to the car.

We had a tent where we slept at nights, and at times this was quite miserable with the damp weather. Surely the Lord was with us, and the whole

trip was made without accident or any real problems. It was good to at last reach Long Island and the Knecht's home.

They had a lovely home. Aunt Lucille was married and living there with



her husband Ralph C. Brown. They were both working. James was at the house too. He is four years my senior, so he was 17.

The Knecht house had white frame siding and reminded me of southern homes. It looked so large. They had a nice library at one end of the living room. Fish

were in a little fountain out in the sun porch. The wallpaper in the dining room had a satin background and was in panels. The yard was very beautiful.

It was fun meeting relatives on both grandmother's and grandfather's side. Through all the years of love and family involvement, none of them ever joined the church. Mother was not well and before we left was required to undergo a hemorrhoidectomy, a very painful experience, so she spent most of her time at the Knecht home.

Father took us sightseeing. We saw the Statue of Liberty and climbed up into her crown and up into her hand. It seemed like there were thousands of steps, but what a view from the top. We went to the Museum of Natural History and the Bronx Zoo, the first Zoo I had ever been to. We rode the subway, and the ferry and went several times to Coney Island. James and his cousin, Millard, went with us a number of times. They were fun to be with, although at this time I am



sure they considered Lucille and me as “infants” because we were only 11 and 13.

Grandmother Knecht found things for us to do, like ironing her hankies and doing dishes to give us a little spending money. Lucille and I appreciated it, but I am not sure that Father did. We had very little money and had scrimped to make the trip.

All too soon the vacation was ending, and it was time to pack and return home. Goodbyes were said, and we were on our way. We first went up into the New England states, and because of her operation, Mother had to sit on an inner tube. We visited with her brother, Uncle Will and Aunt Ora Knecht, and their family just out of Boston. There we saw the statue of the Minute Man, the old North Church, Plymouth Rock, the Commons where the tea had been dumped overboard, and other historical spots. We went to Vermont where Father had served during his mission and saw the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Sharon, Vermont. We slept in our tent under the trees.

From there, we drove to Palmyra and again pitched our tent. I learned that God answers prayers even of little children. I lost the ring Grandma had given me. I got up from my prayer to find it and put my hand right on the ring. We walked early in the morning as a family down the lane into the Sacred Grove where we had family prayer and sang, “Oh How Lovely was the Morning.” This helped me gain my own Testimony that Joseph was truly a Prophet of the Lord and that the Church was true.

Then on to Kirtland, Ohio, to Nauvoo and Carthage, and then home to Ogden But we didn’t have a home! We visited with relatives while we located one to rent. having No Home! Visiting with relatives while we located one to rent.

Father found a place that brought us back to the old Eighth Ward again. But I had to walk over a mile to my junior high school. The home was fairly new and was just through the block from where our furniture was stored at Uncle Lester’s. The main problem was there was only one bedroom. We three children got that one, while Father and Mother fixed the dining room into their bedroom. It was here that we had our first radio. Mother also got her first set of dishes that I remembered here.

My walks to school were pleasant in the fall, but oh how cold in the winter, and I wished for money to ride the street car. I enjoyed sleigh riding and near us there were two hills. We could walk up one and slide down and then back up the other slide. We could keep this going all day long.

Also here I joined with friends who were boys in vigorous football games. I guess I was a tom boy at heart. My hands would chap and bleed much to my discomfort, and I would get a red nose.

Here all three of us children got chicken pox. I felt at 14 I was too old to get them. Lucille brought them home from school. She didn't suffer with them much. Then Jack and I broke out, and we were very ill and miserable.

Jack was played the mouth organ that was held in a holder that went around his neck and played a Uke at the same time. He had all kinds of invitations to Church programs and to the reform school. I had to go with him on some of the dates as a chaperone.

It was while living here that I entered a Morning Milk poetry contest about how I liked it. With Father's help I won a prize. It was an airplane-car, just right for a six year old. I couldn't even fit into it. Father told the company that it was too small, and they sent out a check for \$10.00.

Morning Milk
A few years ago, down on the farm,
I was my delight to go to the barn,
I saw Sid groom my cow, and hat,
And milk the cow was slick and fat.
The milk was creamy, yellow and sweet,
I started good with gravy and meat,
It made me grow healthy and strong,
I escaped all diseases that came along.
I went to the city, and left the farm,
I would not think it would be any harm,
But I missed the milk so sweet and white,
And longed for a good drink morning and night.
I called the milkman, his eyes did beam,
And told him to bring me a bottle of cream,
He left it next morning outside the door,
I took it and said "it sure was more."

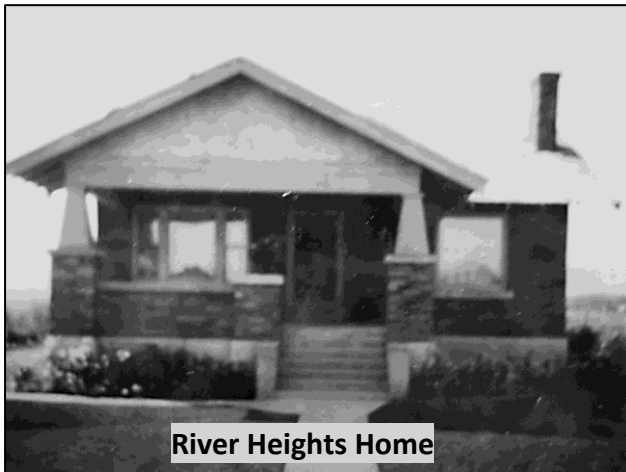
I went that day to the grocery store,
And told the clerk how I longed for the milk,
He smiled at me and without any warning,
Sent me a can the very next morning.
I opened the can and looked with surprise,
I could hardly believe my very eyes,
I drank it all, and felt no alarm,
I was better by far, than we had on the farm.
The texture was creamy and smooth as silk,
The can was labeled "Morning Milk."
Every can it is the best ever seen,
It will make you fat, if now you are lean.
Isabelle J. Duncanson
1st. prize age 14 yrs.
Jan. 1, 1929.

At that time girls went to Primary until age 14 before graduating. My birthday was in December and that meant some girls my age were starting MIA before me. I got permission to go to MIA and never did graduate from Primary.

Father insisted that Mother go every week to MIA with me. It was very embarrassing. I didn't get to stay to the end of any parties or activity nights as Father told Mother what time he wanted us home. I was in several programs and plays which were enjoyable and challenging.

School was great! I was on the A honor roll each quarter and had lots of friends and good teachers. Then Father told us he wanted to move to Logan and had put in for a transfer. He had been full time at the Post Office for a few years. He was first an RFD driver and sold knit goods on the side. Then he had a route up 24th east which was a very rich area, and he received nice Christmas gifts. One year we had about 15-20 pounds of chocolates that he had been given. I still managed to stay under weight at this time.

The transfer came through, and we moved to River Heights, a suburb of Logan, Utah, and Father worked inside the post office as a clerk. Our home was



a new one. The basement was not finished, and it had but one bedroom and a small sleeping area off a glassed in porch. This became Lucille's and my bedroom with a curtain along the wall to cover our clothing. Jack slept in the living room which had French doors separating it from the dining room. There was a nice long

kitchen with lots of cabinet space, a huge lot, and lots of work ahead to clear it of rocks and plants.

Father fixed the basement so that Lucille and I had a room there, and Jack then took over the sleeping porch. There was a well with such nice cold water. We had no fridge, and we would put butter and milk down a bucket into the well to keep them cold. Many hours were spent hauling rock away on a sled planting berries and garden and roses and our home became a beautiful Show area for people driving by and for us to enjoy.

For quite some time after the move, we were without a car. Father sold it before we left Ogden. He rode a bike to the Post Office, and I learned to ride it and spent many pleasant hours riding to Providence and other nearby places. Lucille tried to ride it and ended up running into a cement retaining wall on the River Heights hill.

Lucille skipped a grade in school and with this move to River Heights she was in my grade at school, and we both graduated from River Heights eighth grade in 1929. It took quite a while before we were accepted by the young people. It was a very clannish group, but they became our good friends

Summers were spent picking strawberries, dewberries, raspberries, beans and other fruit and vegetables and helping Mother bottle them. Reading was a favorite the pastime for me. Mother did a lot of hand work but I don't recall doing very much. I'm not sure why. Other girls my age were tending children. Father would not let me do that. Some were car hops at a root beer stand but I was not allowed to do that, and I think sometimes my hours were a bit of a bore.

Beginning high school was exciting, and I looked forward to lots of fun, but I was disappointed in many respects. I made a lot of friends but lived too far from them and school to really be part of all the activities. Father did his best to take us to a lot of them, he now had a car (an Erskine), but it was a 20 mile round trip and the whole family had to come each time to visit with relatives while they waited for us to do whatever we were doing.

The teachers I had had in Ogden were all very interested in me and what I could accomplish. When I went round to get my final grades it was good to have them express sorrow that I was leaving. Here in River Heights, it seemed that teacher's interest in me was not always present, although there were several who did go out of the way to help me. My grades were good and I was able to be in the high school honor club, "Amico Fidelis" (faithful friend).

Mother's health was not good and many mornings I was up before six to put out the wash before leaving for school. We had to walk down the hill to get the train by 8 AM. Winter mornings when I hung out the clothes they would freeze stiff before I could even finish. Sometimes they were still frozen when I returned late afternoon to bring them in and even the sheets would tear sometimes.

In 1930 was my first time going to Yellowstone Park. Father's brothers, Uncle Charles and Uncle Sim, and their families were also there. It was fun to be with cousins at such an exciting place. Yellowstone became very dear to me through the years with the geysers, the mud pots, swimming at Old Faithful, camping at Fishing Bridge, seeing the canyon, Mammoth, and Thumb, and fishing and meeting friends from far away.

Mother did a lot of sewing and making over from clothing sent from relatives in the east. Everyone thought I was so well dressed, and I was but often

my heart yearned to have a new outfit. In years to come this feeling influenced my buying.



2

RIVER HEIGHTS/LOGAN 1932-1936

The following is taken from her diaries from 1932 to 1936.

IN 1932, ISABELLE WAS TEACHING Primary and would go to the temple to be baptized for her deceased ancestors. Her mother was often sick. They went on another trip to New York in June. Her diary gives an idea of what it was like to travel by car across the country then:

Left Logan at 5:50am. Made it to Kemmerer (Wyoming) about 10:30pm. We had to sleep in a cabin as it was too dark to find a decent camping ground. (They usually slept in a tent they brought with them). Spent a pretty miserable night tossing. Mother was freezing. Left about four in the morning. Going to Medicine Bow we had 2 flats one right after the other. We bought 2 new tires at Medicine Bow. We got to Cheyenne about 5:30pm and made ready for the night.

Left about four in the morning. Camped after about 600 mile travel at Wahoo Neb. We were quite tired. Left Wahoo at 10 to five. If anyone gets sick riding they ought to try the roads we went over, up & down. Our car started shimmying & I was surely scarred. We drove into Omaha & had it fixed. Stopped about 2 mi past La Salles for the night.

Got up at 10 after three and left about quarter to 4. A tramp was sleeping next to us. He tried to get Father in the cabin last night. This morning he got up when we did and if I am not mistaken he had something in mind but Heavenly Father who is ever watching over us protected us. We slept in a good cabin a few miles from Clinton Ohio.

Well we made to Grandma's and we were all glad to see each other. I know I will have a lovely time this vacation.

Isabelle, Lucille, Jack and their parents visited with the Knecht relatives in New York for the next three weeks. While there, her Grandma and Grandpa Knecht celebrated their 41st wedding anniversary. Isabelle went shopping, visited relatives, went to the beach to swim in the ocean, and played games with her uncle James who was only a few years older than Isabelle. She taught Sunday School there and met a “gangster” who had become a member of the Church and who bore his testimony. They visited Coney Island amusement park, other parks, a zoo and a museum, and traveled to nearby cities to visit.

They left July 15th for home. It took them six days, and on their way, they went through Philadelphia and saw the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall. Then to Washington DC where thousands of soldiers were camped on the Capital grounds to demand payment that was due them.



The Dunn trip to New York-1932

Front Row: Jack Dunn, Isabelle Knecht, Clyde Brown, James Knecht
Back Row: Isabelle, Emily Knecht Dunn, James Knecht, Will Knecht, Lucille Knecht Brown, Ralph Brown, Lucille Dunn, Will Dunn

Most of Isabelle's father's siblings lived in or near Cache Valley, and they would get together for holidays, especially for New Years dinner. Isabelle's Grandfather Dunn was still alive and was living with his children. Isabelle was able to see him often.

She loved to play caroms with her friends and especially her mother. She also loved going to the movies. Her father liked to make ice cream and that was a special treat for everyone. He received a deck of playing cards from the post office where he worked, and the family had enjoyed family evenings playing cards together. Then he read that Brigham Young said they were of the devil and threw them in the fire. That made a huge impression on Isabelle.

Isabelle played on her school girls basketball team where winning scores were usually 13 or 14. She and her family picked fruit from their garden and canned it. She also spent a lot of time washing clothes and ironing them and other housework as her mother was often sick.

Her father would not allow his daughters to work to earn money while they were in high school. They couldn't even babysit, and Isabelle was always concerned about how she was going to pay for the things she needed. She was elected president of her Gleaner class at Mutual during her senior year in high school. Her Uncle Charles was an excellent writer and wrote pageants that different wards would put on. Isabelle wrote some herself that were never used. She did participate in Charles' pageants, however.

At this time, she became interested in genealogy and began gathering family histories and information about her ancestors. It was also the time of the depression, but her father's job with the post office gave them security. She and Lucille graduated from South Cache High School and from seminary in 1933. She did not seem to



enjoy her senior year that much. Their dresses were given to them by their Grandmother Knecht.

Her mother was operated on and was very ill. Isabelle's grandparents, James and Isabelle Knecht, came out from New York to be of help. James had recently been called as the new patriarch in the Eastern States Mission and gave blessings to Isabelle, her siblings and her parents. Isabelle's blessing was very impacting to her and she read it constantly throughout her life.

In late 1933, her father and mother were called to serve in the Logan temple doing ordinances, and in February of 1934, Isabelle's life would change. Here is how Isabelle describes what took place.

Father and Mother came home from the temple to say that a typist was needed there, and the recorder, Brother Frederick Scholes, would like to interview me the following Monday. I had always planned on a temple marriage if and when it should be but the thoughts of wearing the garment before marriage did not quite appeal, and I rather set my mind against going.

Early Thursday morning, I became violently ill and went to the bathroom. It seemed that my spirit left my body. My mind knew what was going on, yet I physically could not say or do a thing. Father came in to help me and tried to force water in my mouth, but my lips seemed clenched. I was mentally promising my Heavenly Father that if my life was spared, I would do His will all the rest of my life and try not to shirk any call or responsibility.

Father had rented a typewriter so that I could practice as it had been months since I had used one. I went to the temple and Brother Scholes interviewed me and told me that the position was mine. He said I would need to go through the temple for my endowments and would begin work on March the 1st.

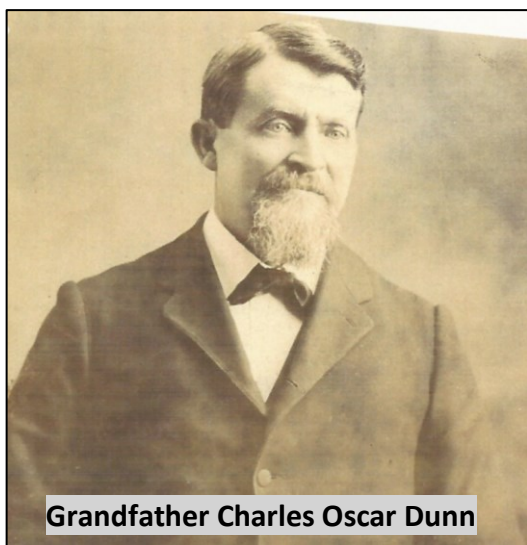
On Wednesday, February. 15, 1934, I went through the temple and received my sacred endowments. It was a very special experience, and I knew that this would be a peaceful place to work, and that I would learn many things. I thanked my Heavenly Father for this opportunity and for His blessings. I learned the work I would be doing and became part of the office staff. I received as my wages \$54 per month. I had a hot meal at noon each day and all holidays off. I worked from 8:00 until 4:00 Monday through Friday, and half a day on Saturday. I was taught many valuable lessons and the girls in the office became my dear friends.

That year, 1934, was an important year for the Logan temple. It had been 50 years since it was completed and Isabelle's grandparents, Charles and Martha Jane Dunn, were among the first ordinance workers in 1884. The president of the temple, Joseph Shepherd, was a patriarch and Isabelle, who was his personal secretary, taking the blessing in shorthand as they were given and then typing them.

This was a great experience for me. A spiritual growing time. It was a time when the whisperings of the spirit came to me to check on various names, places, and dates (of ancestors) and as I went into the vault to check other books, I always found the answers and that those whisperings were for a purpose.

In 1934 Isabelle and her family took another trip to New York. She wrote, *It was an exciting time too as we prepared for another trip east to visit loved ones. In 2 yrs we had grown older and hopefully a little wiser.* As before, they slept in their tent at night at campgrounds when they could and sometimes met up with dangerous people. In Isabelle's words regarding one campground, *We were only there till about 10PM and made a quick disappearing act. It turned out to be a regular Hell Hole and only the guidance of the Lord saved us from we know not what. After leaving, we were followed north and then suddenly turned around, and they did the same. Father turned into a service station, and we lost them.* She didn't say what made the situation so dangerous.

Isabelle had her driver's license now and helped drive. They saw many historical sites and had their "usual" car troubles along the way. Back home Isabelle continued to work at the temple which she loved, but she was not dating anyone, and as a 19-year-old woman, that was frustrating to her.

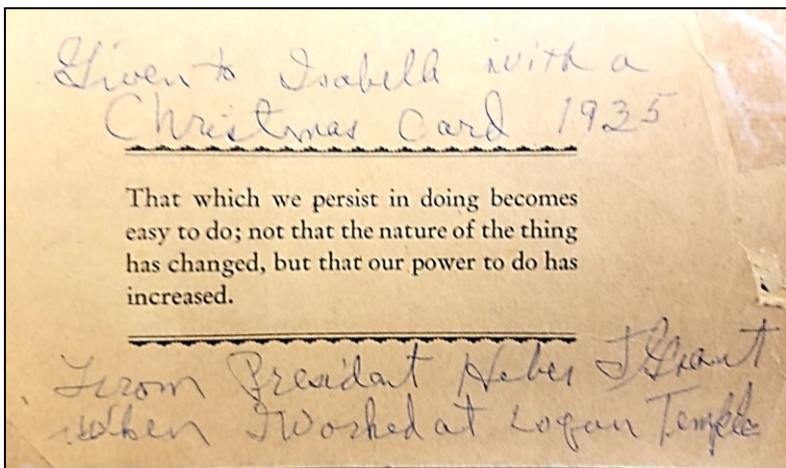


Grandfather Charles Oscar Dunn

That year (1934) her Grandpa Dunn celebrated his 79th birthday. She went to her Uncle Charles' home to honor him and she wrote, *He bore such a strong, grand testimony to us all. A very thrilling experience.* She also had another powerful spiritual experience. She wrote, *I visited with an older man, Brother Godfrey, who told of visiting with Martin Harris when he was a boy and hearing him bear his testimony of the Book of Mormon. When asked if he believed it was true his answer to the boys was, "No I do not. I*

KNOW IT IS TRUE. KNOWLEDGE SUPERCEEDS BELIEF"!

President Heber J. Grant would visit the Logan Temple from time to time. Isabelle wrote, *I wrote to President Grant asking if he would send me a copy of his testimony for my Treasures of Truth book. I surely hope he does. While at the temple he would give the workers from time to time little booklets with the neatest thoughts. I wish my penmanship was anywhere as good as his and Mother's.*



We are grateful that he knew our parents and grandparents and that his life has enriched my own.

Isabelle didn't just do secretary work at the temple. Because she was



Isabelle 1935

“small” and available, she was often brought to the baptistry to do baptisms for the dead. One day she was baptized for 159 people. She wrote, *I was quite tired when it was over.*

In 1935, Isabelle was anxious to go on a fulltime mission, but, she wrote, *I was not given much encouragement from Father. Perhaps that came from being the oldest. I remember hearing him tell how badly he wanted to go when he was a young man but his Father refused to have him called. His father was the Bishop. He was finally able to go because his brother-in-law, John Israelson, helped persuade his father to let him go.*

Isabelle's brother, Jack, was becoming a musician in demand in Cache Valley. He was only 12 or 13 and was playing at events and recitals several times a week. Isabelle would go with him sometimes, which, in her words, *helped make life interesting*. Her sister, Lucille, was attending the college in Logan (Utah State was called the Agricultural College back then). Her father said he would help Lucille financially for a year at college and help Isabelle financially for a mission, if that is what she chose. Isabelle wanted to go on a mission but wasn't old enough to go yet. She gave Lucille \$10 a month out of her "meager" salary which was her way of helping her folks financially.



Lucille & Isabelle 1935

Isabelle and Lucille were very close. While two years apart in age, they had been in the same class in school for years and did just about everything together. Lucille idolized her and later wrote a touching poem about her.

MY SISTER

When I think of a sister, what do I see?
Why, someone especially dear to me.
She's all the sisters rolled up into one,
With such loving traits and so much fun.

From my earliest memory I loved her so.
She always showed me the path to go.
And it was straight and narrow and right
Even though against it I sometimes did fight.

Such talent she has for expounding the truth
To the older folk as well as the youth.
And to work with the youth is her delight.
She does each job with all of her might.

She has always been such a wonderful wife,
And loved her husband through their whole married life.
Her children have all reached the goals she did set.
They are all close and active in the gospel net.

My sister is one whom all love and respect.
Not a trace of false pride can you ever detect.
I'm grateful that such a privilege is mine,
To have such a sister and friend is divine.

On her birthday at the end of 1935, Isabelle wrote, *I was 21 years old. Surely Father would let me be called (as a missionary). I kept waiting and buying things that would be appropriate to take with me when my call came.*



3

MISSION 1936-1938

ISABELLE WAS ONE THE QUEENS for the 1936 Gold and Green Ball in her stake. Her date was her friend, Tom, and she wrote, *I did look nice I think & such a marvelous time. Why it should ever end is beyond me. Hope I have many more.*

She was also in a play with Tom, and apparently they were girlfriend/boyfriend, or wife/husband. Before the second night of the play, she wrote, *Tom said, "someone that it tame last night, so with your permission I'll dash up & kiss you. Let's practice it." And he did about 4 or 5 times. Oh gee I like him so much I could cry.*

She continued to work in the temple and at April general conference in 1936, she listened to it on the radio—apparently the first time it was broadcast. She wrote, *I listened to the broadcast to the whole world. What a thrill. I could do nothing but shed tears of joy and gratitude.*



This year, they sold their house in River Heights and rented one in Logan. Then in September, her mission call came. She was going to the Spanish American Mission. She didn't know where that was! She found that the mission

headquarters was in Texas and that her mission covered Spanish speaking people in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. She would learn the Spanish language. She wrote, *I am so thankful to my Heavenly Father for this marvelous opportunity. May my He guide my footsteps.*

She was set apart for her mission in mid-November, went to the mission home in Salt Lake, and then by train to her mission home in El Paso via Los Angeles. She would begin her missionary service in El Paso. Her Spanish speaking experience began with two hours in Sunday School all in Spanish, and, she wrote, *Did my head ache!*” She went to an urban area in Mexico that was almost part of El Paso and bought *a cute apron.* to Mexico. She even gave a talk (*or tried to*) in Spanish in a missionary meeting. She, like very missionary, yearned for letters and was a bit homesick, but at the end of the month she wrote, *Well has this month gone by swiftly? I hope to say I've enjoyed every bit – made some of the grandest friends & can say “adios”*

Because of her secretarial skills, she was assigned to publish her mission newspaper. She typed it onto stencils and copies were printed on their mimeograph machine. While in El Paso, she learned to tract, get better with her Spanish, and do a little traveling. For example, she went to Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and attended Church there. She adjusted rapidly to her missionary life, and at the end of 1936 wrote, *Ring out the old. Ring in the new. A whole year gone by. This year has been the happiest and has passed quicker than any. So now I turn to the front to continue a new year full of Joy.*

Her first three months on the mission was adjusting and dealing with what seemed constant illnesses—colds, flu, etc. Then the first of March 1937, she was sent to labor in Brownsville, Texas. Her illnesses continued, and she was quite discouraged with that and her struggle with the language. Their “recreation” was going to many movies, playing board/card games, and “shopping.” Most days she and her companion tracted, met with members, and investigators. She did much to help the members of the Brownsville Branch of the Church with Primary, Relief Society, and speaking at meetings.

In August, she was made a senior companion. She became close friends with new converts there—especially Eulogio and Luisa Hernandez. Years later, we were in the same ward in Fresno as the Hernandez family, and Bruce and I became close friends with some of their children. In November, she was transferred back to El Paso to work in the mission office. It was a tearful goodbye as she left close member friends she had made in her time in Brownsville. In her words, *memories remain never to be blotted out.*

On the train to El Paso, she wrote, “Paid 15 cents for sandwich (Highway Robbery). We went to the diner and paid huge sum of 60 cents for lousy salad, milk and pie.

In the mission office she was assigned to be Primary Supervisor for the mission, be the secretary for the mission president, and oversee filing and mission history. To conclude her journal for the year of 1937 she wrote, “This past year has contained some wonderful experiences both happy & sorrowful. If only I can profit by some of them I shall ask no more. It was during the eventful year that I received 9 months of field work, made grand friends, and during this time my prayers have been surely answered.

Then in January she wrote, *went to Juarez with Elders Jensen, Goaslind & Hanson & had our pictures taken. We came back & the 3 elders & I fried “Spuds” – good!* This is her first mention of an “Elder Hanson.” From then on, his name began appearing in her diary fairly regularly, including a few weeks later when she wrote, *I sat & listened for ½ hour to Elder Hanson’s playing. And, I got paste all over my dress from fooling with Elder Hanson.* A few days later she wrote, *sat by Elder Hanson & have been fooling. Better watch my step.*

Her involvement with Elder Hanson continued to increase with her noting her “long talks” with him and a clearly “caring” feeling developing. She wrote, *Elder Hanson went to bed isn’t at all well. I played music & rubbed his head.* For the next few days, she wrote entries about her being a “nurse maid” to him. Then, to summarize the month of February 1938, she wrote in Spanish, *Un mes muy curioso - Muchos cosas Han Pasados Pues Asi es La Vida por ejemplo: yo conosco a el Hermano Hanson Mejor – Pero quien sabe.* Translated it is: *A very curious month - Many things have happened. Well, that's life. For example, I know Elder Hanson better – But who knows.*

Elder Hanson was transferred in March of 1938, and Isabelle wrote, *Hated to see Elder Hanson go. Hope he will write – I didn’t think it possible to care so much for one person.*

And he wrote. Regularly. What seemed like once or twice a week.

From time to time, she wrote her diary entries in Spanish indicating if not a fluency in the language, at least an ability to communicate in it. Her entry at the end of April was typical for her view of time: *April has sped by again. Nothing we can do to stop these from going but we can make the most of them.* During her mission, she constantly commented on the love and support she was getting from her parents, and especially from Lucille.

Toward the end of May she wrote, *Elder. Hanson came in, we sang & monkied around a bit – I’ll soon be saying good bye to it all.* Then, *Had a rare treat. Heard Elder. Hanson try out pianos & listen 2 hours to his playing a Hammond organ.* She left with

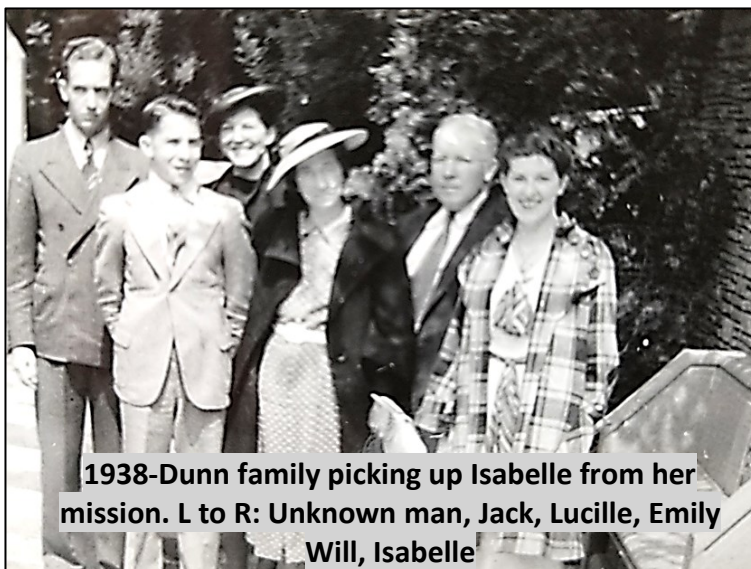
him and others for Los Angeles via Mesa, Arizona where they went to the temple. She wrote, *Oh what a grand, grand meeting in the temple, Went through twice.* Then on to California. Much of what she did there was with Elder Hanson. She wrote, *Went to Alvero Street. Elder Hanson & I had man play Estrellita for us.* That became *their* song throughout their married life. Then the next day she wrote, *Still bubbling over with joy.* Together and with others, they visited places in southern California like Newport Beach and San Diego. She wrote, *Elder Hanson & I sat up & talked – my heart is almost breaking. ...*And the next day she wrote, *I know that things will turn out grand for the two of us. Hated to say goodbye.*

She then went back to El Paso. She wrote about the month of May, *This month has meant more to me & how more significance than any I have yet lived with. I only hope I can in some way prove worthy of it all.*

Then a week or so later, she wrote, *Received a letter from Lynn.* It was no longer, “Elder Hanson.” And she wrote how lonesome she was for him.

The end of June she wrote, *Only 4 days left in the field – How am I ever going to get along without it & especially dear President. Williams. And so El Paso fare thee well – Someday I shall return & I hope con mas Espanol en mi mente – espiro que si! Y yo penso que es possible. (Translation- With more Spanish in my mind – With the Spirit, yes! And I think it's possible.)* She then wrote, *Good talk with President Williams & he told me just what had passed between he & Elder Hanson. He is the grandest man.* President Williams was playing the matchmaker.

July 5th she left by train for Los Angeles where her folks would pick her up. *I was so anxious. Then there my dad & Mother were & Jack. Gee he was changed. But that is life. Then to the chapel – oh I was so glad to see Elder Hanson.*



1938-Dunn family picking up Isabelle from her mission. L to R: Unknown man, Jack, Lucille, Emily Will, Isabelle

She and her family toured the southern California area, much of the time with Elder Hanson. Her brother, Jack, played the trumpet while Elder Hanson played the piano. And Isabelle wrote about Lynn, *I think he is grand. If I were his wife – I wish – I hope – I pray.*

She rode home with her family and arrived in Logan on July 14th. She visited with her relatives and friends. Went to the temple and tried to keep busy getting caught up. Then, July 25th.

The happiest day of my life. Elder Hanson called from Salt Lake – Oh so happy went to Cache Jct. to see him – at 10:45 - We didn't go to bed until almost 4:00. Oh I do so love him.

A month later, they were married.

Pictures of Isabelle on Her Mission





Coy version



Formal version



With other missionaries—Isabelle in front

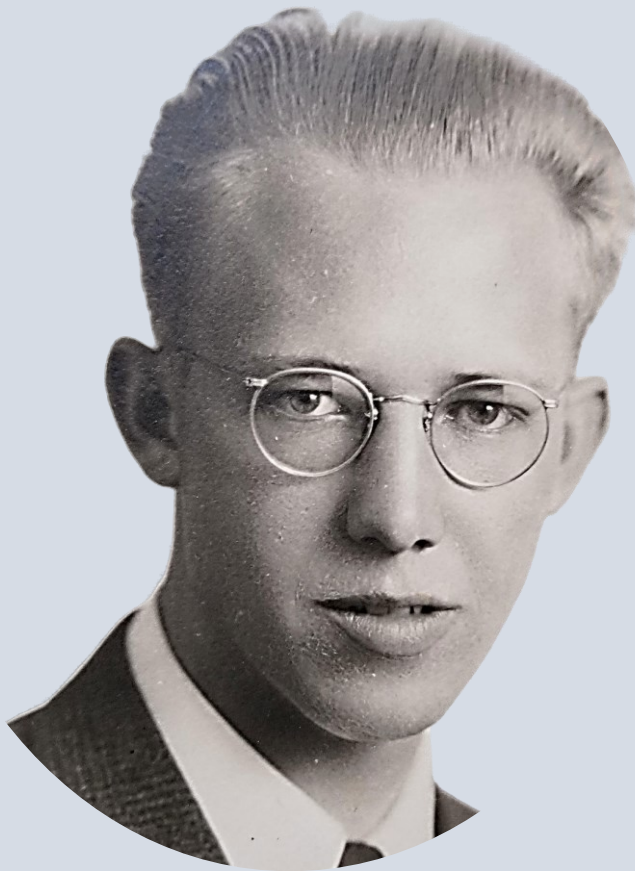


Sister missionaries—Isabelle on the donkey.



More fun—Isabelle top right.





Lynn Early Years



4

PRE-MISSION 1916-1936

Lynn did not keep a journal prior to his mission except just before he left. He did write several very brief early histories and reminiscences. In addition, I have written my recollection of some of his stories about his boyhood and did an extensive oral interview with him. His father, Raymond, also wrote about Lynn's boyhood time and their brief family history. This chapter includes excerpts from these sources.

LYNN BEGAN ONE OF HIS VERY BRIEF WRITTEN HISTORY ACCOUNTS WITH THE FOLLOWING.

I was born May 8, 1916, in a small house one mile north of Shelley, Idaho. My parents were Alfred Raymond Hanson and Harriet Viola Holland, both of pioneer stock who had come from Utah to tame the wilds of the Snake River Valley. My father and mother came from families that had more than a passing interest in music. Dad, with his brothers and one sister played for dances all up and down the Snake River Valley. Because of my father teaching music, after I was 6 years of age, we moved a lot. I lived in Salt Lake City, Thatcher, Arizona, Richmond, Utah, Idaho Falls, and Rigby, Idaho. I graduated from Idaho Falls High School in 1933. I represented the school in band contests at Boise, Idaho and Price, Utah. I was soloist on the piano one year, trombone for four years and baritone for three years. I graduated from Ricks College in Rexburg (with his father) prior to my being called to the Mexican Mission, January 1936 to July 1938.

IT WILL BE HELPFUL TO SET THE STAGE FOR THE CONDITIONS IN WHICH LYNN WAS RAISED AS WELL AS SOME ANECDOTES ABOUT LYNN'S EARLY LIFE BY QUOTING HERE DIRECTLY FROM LYNN'S FATHER'S HISTORY.

It was the custom for a couple getting married to give a wedding dance after they were married. We were playing a lot of dances and we finally gave (our) wedding dance. The funny part of it was I had a fellow who was supposed to play for me or take my place in the orchestra (that was playing for my wedding dance). Something happened that he couldn't come, so he arranged for somebody else to come, and he didn't show up either. So, we had a big crowd there and no trumpet player. My position was either to let the dance go flat or play the trumpet. I think I got off to dance three times. Outside of that, I played my own wedding dance.

We farmed the first three years of our married life on my dad's farm (outside of Shelley, Idaho), and all we took out of it was just enough to live on because I was paying him back for (his paying) for my mission. We bought 40 acres just north of his farm, and we ran that for a number of years. During this period, Lynn and Blanch were born. Then we moved down town and bought



another 20 acres. We ran the two places and Merrill was born here. Then we moved to Salt Lake City and went to Music School, and Earl J. was born here.

While we lived in Shelley, about 2½ blocks from the Church and Lynn was about four or five years old, mother and I had gone to an officers meeting at the Church. We figured the kids would be alright, and so we had left them home. (Remember, Lynn was the oldest, Blanch a year younger, and Merrill probably no more than a year old). The first thing you know, here came Lynn. He told us that somebody was trying to get into the house. Mother went on home with him, and the wind was blowing the rose bushes so that they were tapping on the window.

They found Blanch sound asleep with a little pile of rocks on her pillow. Lynn had gone out and got a bunch of rocks for her so that she could be protected while he was gone in case someone was trying to get in.

Lynn used to have a few little stories he used to tell, and Mabel and Esther (his mother's younger sisters) were young girls going to school and they thought it would be fun to take him to school so he could tell a story. The teacher did too, so they put him on a chair, and he told the story, but most of the children were outside. So, when they all came in, they tried to get him to tell it again, but he said, "I tol it." And they said, "Yes, but most of the kids weren't in here." And he said, "Well, if they had been here, they would have heard it." He wouldn't tell it again.

TWO OTHER ANECDOTES ABOUT LYNN FROM HIS FATHER.

Lynn used to get lost about every time he went to school at first in Salt Lake. They would go in one door and then turn the kids loose out another door at the end of school, and he would head off in the wrong direction. So, we had to have someone watch when he came out of the door for a while until he got oriented.

Lynn went to the store for a neighbor one day, and she gave him a \$5 check in a small purse. Two boys stopped him on the way and took the purse away. But when they saw it was a check, they gave it back to him and let him go. He cashed the check at the store and came back a different way, but they were watching for him and took the purse and money away from him. One of the neighbors was a policeman, and his son, who was a little older than Lynn, saw what happened and followed the kids over to Liberty Park. He then got hold of a policeman, and they picked them up. They found the money in the shoe of one of the boys, and so got most of it back.

LYNN WROTE THE FOLLOWING RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS OLDER BOYHOOD.

On the spot where the Idaho Falls temple stands now, there used to be what we called the "Sand Hill." The mouth of Willow Creek entered the Snake River just below it, and I have spent many hours fishing in the creek and hunting jack rabbits, ground squirrels, etc. In case you think that is terrible, we considered them as rodents because of the damage they did to crops, ditch banks, etc. Something like we try to eliminate mice today. We had no qualms about shooting them. I would probably look at it different today too, but from the age of 12, my 22 rifle was almost a constant companion when we were in the hills or out hiking. That, my bicycle, and my fishing pole.

Back to the Sand Hill. In the winter, we spent many hours with our sleds and skis on its slopes. As a guess, I would say it was between 25 and 35 feet high and gave a pretty fair slope to slide down on. Nothing like the fancy modern ski resorts today, but what the heck. The price was right, and as kids we didn't know that you had to spend all that money to have fun.

There was a little shack down on the bank of the creek occupied by an old, grizzled man with an accent—probably Swiss. He had a cook stove in it, and I remember an old clock. I'm sure he was a squatter and didn't own the property or anything, but kind of looked after the hill and there was always a warm stove to warm us up when it got too cold.

I still have the remains of a scar on my knee where I ran into a piece of sheet metal when I couldn't control my sled coming down the hill. I think we were playing "train" and someone had hold of my ankles.

There was another time I think during my high school years when we took our skis one night about nine o'clock. There was a full moon and with the white snow and that big moon, one could read a newspaper in its light. Someone had built a makeshift jump on one side of the hill. Coming off the jump, we would land out 20 or 15 meet. It was a moderate thrill. I was the first one down the hill, but there was a small problem. Someone that didn't like the jump had poured ashes on top of it, and we didn't see them. My skis stopped on top of the jump. I didn't. I wasn't seriously hurt, but it was a while before I got my breath back.

Our skis were held on our feet with leather toe straps much like the water skis of today, but not nearly as elaborate. We wore our regular boots, no fancy bindings or breakaway contraptions, but as simple as they were, it was no trick to get out of them.

Another thing we used to do—there was a road west of Idaho Falls, this was when we were old enough to drive cars. Back to the road. It set rather high so the wind kept it pretty clear of snow so there was some traction, and the bar pits, as we called them, along the side of the road were filled with snow which was in drifts. We skied in the bar pits much as water skiing is done today.

One more snow story. When we had a heavy winter and a lot of wind, there just wasn't the snow removal equipment we have today and many of the roads were not cleared for several weeks. That was okay as all the farmers had bobsleighs and teams of horses so they could get in and out of their farms. We spent many Saturdays on our sleds. We would tie a long rope to the front of our sled and hook one end around the top of the runner of these bobsleds and hitch a ride out into the country a mile or so, holding on to the free end of the rope. When we wanted to get off, we would just let go of the rope and catch another sled coming into town. There wasn't a traffic problem as the cars couldn't negotiate the roads. After several hours of this, we would come home tired, happy, and usually wet. But that's the price we paid.

THE FOLLOWING ARE STEVE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WHAT LYNN TOLD HIM ABOUT LYNN'S BOYHOOD.

Lynn was a very good swimmer and often swam in the Snake River right above the falls at Idaho Falls. He was also a good tennis player. He played with his father and other relatives for many dances in his youth. He was a good student, but didn't like to do his homework. He was particularly good at math. In high school he would get A's on all of his algebra tests but would only get a B for the semester because he wouldn't do his homework. He figured that since he already knew how to do the problems, it was a waste of time to do the homework.

GRADE REPORT												
IDAHO FALLS HIGH SCHOOL												
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO												
1929-1930												
Name <u>Hanson, Lynn</u>												
Address <u>444 G St.</u>												
Class <u>9</u> Credits not on this card _____												
	First	Second	Third	Fourth	First	Second	Third	Fourth	First	Second	Third	Credits
	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	Weeks	
Days Present	27	29	27		30	30	30					
Days Absent	1	0			0	0	0					
Times Tardy	0	2	0		0	0	0					
Effort												
Honor Points												2
Arith.	B	B	A		B	B	C					2
Alg.	B	B	A		B	C	B					2
English	C+	C	B		A	B	C					2
U.S. Hist.	D+	C	C		D	D	C					2

He was, like his own father, an excellent driver and enjoyed driving cars from the time he was of age. He was slender and trim and stood just under 6' tall. He did some dating, but not a lot. While at Ricks he went quite a bit with one girl just before his mission. Activities included sports, dances and movies. Lynn was the oldest in the family and was on his mission when his youngest brother Garth was born and

his youngest sister Joyce was born. His own children were more like brothers and sisters to them than Lynn was.

In 1989, Lynn wrote a letter to his father just a few months before his father passed away. Here are some excerpts from that letter.

I'm not certain you know how much I appreciate the privilege it has been, 73+ years, sharing good times, hard times, sad times, happy times, musical experiences, early morning practicing, trading off on the piano and horns, band contests, dance orchestras, etc. I think we played in practically every hall and church in the upper Snake River Valley: Riverside Gardens, Warm River, Ririe, Teton and others. Then there were municipal band concerts in the park, parades where we invariably followed the horses, and rodeos.

There were our fishing trips together, particularly Willow Creek, the Snake River above Ririe, Island Park, Hebgen Lake, Lost River, and many others. And the hunting, mostly pheasants and sage hens. I particularly remember when we were hunting sage hens and we had hunted all morning and hadn't seen a bird. We crossed this field and four birds flew. You shot once and I shot twice and all four birds fell. We had our limit in about one minute! We weren't always so lucky!

I remember our neighbor on the boulevard that filled our gas tank if we would get him a mess of trout. We nearly always got our limit when we went fishing - 15 or 20 fish. We

weren't allowed to go to the shows on Sunday, but that rule was bent just a little bit when a good vaudeville act that you wanted us to see, like Duke Ellington or John Phillip Sousa's band came into Pocatello.

If I had it to do over again, there is very, very little that I would change!

IN THE LATE 1990'S STEVE INTERVIEWED LYNN WHERE HE RELATED DETAILS ABOUT HIS EARLY LIFE. HERE IS THE TRANSCRIPT OF THAT INTERVIEW.

When did your folks move to Shelley?

About 1913

Describe where they were living when you were born?

My grandparents had 160 acres a mile north of Shelley, and they had this little two room house out in the middle of it that Dad and Mother were living in out in the middle of the field. Of course, the plumbing facilities were non-existent. The restroom, if you could call it that, was out a hundred feet or so from the house. The house was unpainted, it was a nice little house it still...it was moved to Shelley, it still belongs to the family. Edith Hanks lived in it for quite a while, and her son Max is living in it now. It's up by the ball park.

It's that same house, and it was just moved from the field into Shelley?

Yes.

Were you born in the house?

Yes.

How old were you when you moved from the house?

About 2 or 3.

So you don't remember much about that house?

I don't remember anything about it being up in the field. But I know the house now because I have been in it many times.

Where did your folks move then when you were 2 or 3?

To a house the northwest part of Shelley. I don't remember too much about it because Dad got a piece of property 20 acres up north of the park. He also had bought a piece from Grandpa Hanson, 40 acres out on the original 160. He eventually sold that 40 acres to

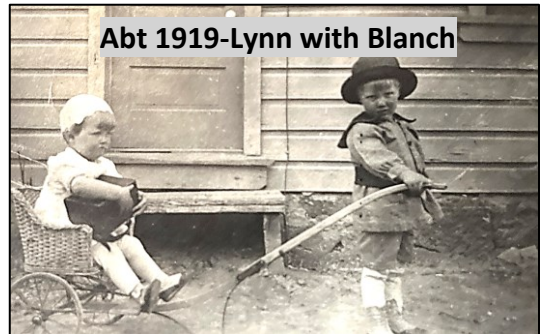
Burt Holland's mother's brother. As far as I know Burt's property is still in the family.

Where was the first home you remember quite a bit about?

The one across from the park in Shelley. That was not very far from the church.

What was it like?

It was much like the house I was born in. Except it had been painted. It had running water and a faucet out in the yard. I remember no faucet in the house.



No faucet in the house?

Dad put them in, but he didn't put them in until I started school from there. First grade.

There was an outdoor toilet there as well?

Yes.

Who was your teacher First Grade?

I was trying to remember whether it was my Aunt Eva Hanson or Aunt Ora Holland. I don't remember. Note: Eva was Steve's 2nd grade teacher.

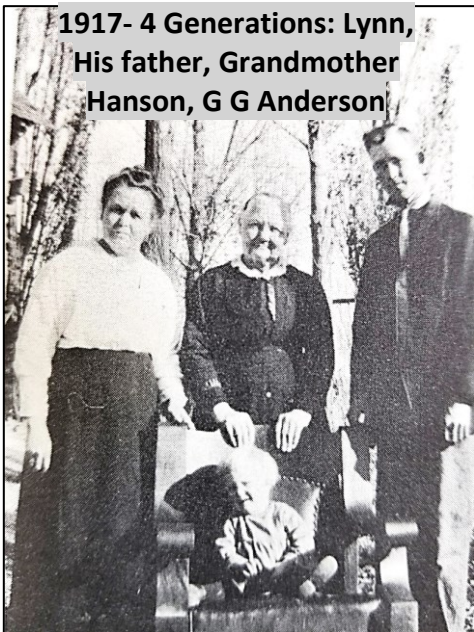
What grandparents did you have alive when you were a boy?

My grandparents all four of them were alive. The first one died when I was in the mission field.

Did you ever sit and listen to their stories?

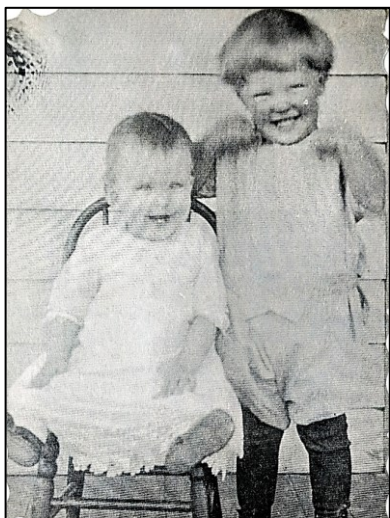
We used to have an Anderson Reunion which is my grandmother's family. They were very ancestor oriented. My Grandma Hanson was very much with keeping with the histories and she wrote a couple of books that my Isabelle typed and proof read them.

Typed them for these reunions. I might say a word about these reunions they were..., I can't even talk without getting emotional. They were a Swedish family, all of them



musicians. My grandad on the Anderson side played the concertina, and my Grandpa Hanson played the old time fiddle. He was very good, but he didn't read music. He determined that his boys were going to be able to read music. All of them played. They had dance orchestras for years. Their dances would go to somebody's home and take up the rug and dance. The old time Swedish dances were the ones that they usually danced.

Lynn was about the same age as an aunt and an uncle.



**Abt late 1916-Lynn with
Bernice, his father's
youngest sister**



**Grant Holland, Lynn's mother's
baby brother, Lynn,
Ross Holland (cousin)
All three born in 1916**

**You used to relate a story about pudding and pie with your
Grandma Hanson.**

Grandma was very mixed up when she made her pies. She made her filling only about half an inch thick. When she made her cakes she would make them like a regular cake. One day I was helping her paint her house. When we got done, I used to kid her about her pies with no filling in them. She come with a bowl of rhubarb in one hand and a pie crust in the other. She said you can put your own filling in and make it as thick as you want. That's typical of Grandma.

Did your mother have a specialty in terms of what she made?

She made a raisin cake called a poor man's fruit cake that was awfully good. She could buy the raisins for a nickel a box. And she would put a box of raisins in the cake. Her pies were good, but she never could make a good crust. Her crusts were always doughy. She realized it and worked on it, but she never got the knack of making a good crust. Her

pies were good though and she was a good cook.

Were your clothes usually homemade, or were they store bought?

I wore overalls all the time. Do you know what overalls are? A coverall covers your arms and all up. An overall has a bib up the front and suspenders that came over the back and hooked onto the bib in the front. We usually made our shirts.

Who made your shirts?

They were homemade. Nearly all the time.

What was Shelley like in those days?

About 500 population. Just a country town. We played baseball a lot. I don't remember it before there were two wards in it. The second ward was on the east side of the tracks.

What sports did you like as a boy?

Swimming. Bicycling. When I was 12 years old I wanted a bicycle and Dad said I'll pay for half of it. You can get the bike you want. The best bike they made at that time was the (Iver Johnson?), but it was quite an expensive bike. It ran about \$50 or \$60. I ended up paying for half of it. Bought it from Montgomery Wards.

How much did that cost?

About \$30. It was a good bike. I used that bike until I went to Ricks. I kept it in good shape and rode many miles on it.

Now swimming, where did you swim?

In the canals and the Snake River.

Where was that?

In Idaho Falls, north of Idaho Falls. There's a bridge up there.

Was there a bridge then?

Yes, there was a steel... a typical steel bridge, a narrow bridge. We used to dive from the rail down to the channel. Which is about oh 20 to 25 feet dive. Then Mother came. She didn't know I was swimming in the river, but I swam there a lot.

Did you ever go snow skiing?

I had a pair of skis that cost me about \$9.00. They had a strap that went through the ski and a net that went over the toe of the boot. When we did go cross country a little bit, I modified the toe strap. It was a piece of leather about 3 inches wide and short to fit over my toe, and I fastened it down with screws. And that made you ski a lot better. We would ski on a long road out of Idaho Falls. This was a road that was high enough that the wind would keep it swept up. We'd get about a 100 foot rope and tow behind these cars. It was a lot of fun.

In the winter time what did you do for heat in the house?

Coal. We used it in our kitchen stove. Eventually we had furnaces and we'd still use coal. We used a Drill (?) which was a type of stove. It sat in the middle of the room and kept you warm. You'd get a coal fire. They were quite ornate. They were good looking stoves and they'd circulate the heat quite well.

What did you do for entertainment when you were a boy?

Well, we went to the show quite a bit.

What kind of movies were showing then?

That's a good question. There were the silent, the originals, you see some as reruns today. Was there an accompanist there, someone playing the piano or did you just watch them? They used a piano sometimes. In Idaho Falls the Paramount Theater had a big organ, and I looked forward to the time when I'd get to play it. They had the concerts there on Saturdays and Sundays, and they'd have the orchestra and Dad played in the orchestra. He arranged for me to take two or three lessons from the organist. He was living in the home close to the Claytons. I only took two or three lessons. We weren't allowed to go to the show on Sunday except if a show come through with a band. John Phillips Souza came to Pocatello to do a Sunday concert and Dad took us down to that Sunday concert. We got to see Duke Ellington.

Did you have a radio as a boy?

We got our first radio when I was in Junior High. When you turn them there's about three or four dials and you tune out the static. The power source was a crystal.

Did you have a favorite radio program as a boy or programs?

Amos and Andy. Mutt and Jeff were in the funny papers.

What were your favorite subjects in school?

Math, mechanics.

What were your least favorite subjects?

French. They had arrangements in school that if you make all C's or above you get out of school at 3:30. If you had any D's why you had to stay until 4 o'clock and study your subjects. French, I really had a rough time with French. It was my fault.

Were there any fads when you were a kid that all of the kids like to do like collecting anything or playing any specific kinds of games?

We used to play in the winter time, Shimmy, which is like ice hockey. For the puck we used a small milk can till it got beat up so bad we had to get another one. For the hockey stick there was a.... In the cars where the top folded down one of the braces to the top that made the ideal hockey stick. Of course, if you got hold of one of those, well that was a treasured item! And through high school I did a lot of roller skating. You wouldn't slow down for the curbs. In the spring, as the snow melted, in the evening we could hear the high school kids. They'd get so loud you could hear them on those iron wheel skates.

Why don't you describe how you put those skates on?

With clamps. The first clamp went over your ankle, and a clamp going on the toe. I never did have a pair of shoe skates.

Do these fit right over your regular shoes?

Yea, right over your regular shoes.

How would you put the clamps on?

With a key. Like a key that runs a clock.

Do you remember being involved in any type of pranks or things that were kind of funny that happened when you were a kid?

Well, I wasn't much on these, but my favorite trick on Halloween was to pull the outhouse back about 6 feet from the hole. It wasn't much appreciated.

That would be a little messy wouldn't it?

Then, I didn't participate much in it, but they liked to put the outhouse up on top of the garage or put garbage cans in the street.

When did you start working a job to earn some extra money?

We had a friend by the name of Rex Price. He spent more time at my home then he

did at his. His mother had passed away, and his dad had married again. The lady that he married kind of had mental problems. So she was in the mental hospital quite a bit of the time. Rex used to go fishing with us and playing, and we'd chase around together a lot. His dad had a chick hatchery, and I worked down there quite a bit. In the spring we sold baby chicks, we shipped them and sold them. Then we dressed turkeys and chickens. They had incubators which had to be watched day and night and I'd sometimes stay down at their hatchery and tend the incubators.

How much did you get paid for that?

I don't know. Not very much. Twenty-five cents an hour or something like that.

What could you buy for twenty-five cents when you were a boy?

Five pound candy bars. Candy bars were sold by the pound. They were like a Baby Ruth. One of my favorites was called Oodles. It was chocolate with nuts and caramel in the middle. I didn't eat very many of them. Ground steak was a nickel a pound. There were some bananas on special about a penny or a penny and a half a pound.

When did you start playing musical instruments?

Well, I started on the piano when I was five. I learned the horn when I was about Junior High.

The baritone?

The trombone.

The trombone? And the baritone?

No, I played the trumpet a little bit before I played the trombone. And the fingering was the same on the baritone as on the trumpet, and I just kind of shifted into that. When I was in High School we went in for band contests quite a bit. They had solos and band numbers and orchestras. They were quite a thing. When I was a senior we went to a contest in Price, Utah. It was an inter-mountain contest. Our school didn't do very good. Our teacher was a real good organizer, but he wasn't much of a musician. He used to have people come in and lead his band and then he'd copy the things that they showed him. But in the solo contests the class did well. I think we took six medals. I took two of them. A second in baritone and a third in trombone. And Blanch got one for saxophone.

Did you take lessons on any of the instruments?

Just from Dad. In piano, I took from a fellow who used to live in St. Anthony, I

believe. He'd come down every week and give lessons, and Blanch and I took quite a few lessons from him.

Over how long of a period did you take lessons?

Oh, a couple of years in high school.

Were you involved in any other music contests, besides the one in Price that you remember?

Yes, there were...every year we did something. Those are the ones that I particularly remember I was given awards in.

How did you usually do in your contests?

I was at the top.

When do you remember first playing in dance bands for money?

When I was a sophomore in high school. Dad and I were in an orchestra. They paid \$3.00 a piece per dance. We played once or twice a week.

Did you get to keep your money?

No.

What happened?

I usually didn't even see it. I used to try and get Dad to pay me, and then if he needed it he could borrow it back from me. I thought I could get a little out of it that way. Things were rough though. When I went on my mission, I wanted to buy a Kodak camera. There was one I particularly wanted. But when I had enough money saved up, Dad would borrow it.

Did you ever get it back?

Well, he paid for my mission.

Did the family always go to church?

Yes.

And what was church like back then? What were the meeting schedules like?

Oh there was Sunday School. And Sacrament Meeting was in the evenings.

What time did Sunday School usually start?

10 o'clock.

And go for how long?

An hour.

What was the program like?

A lot like now. We had our Sunday School opening exercises. They always read the minutes. We had an orchestra there in Idaho Falls. We had a couple of clarinets, a couple of trumpets and a couple of violins. It was a good little orchestra. In those days during the sacrament we had background music while the sacrament was being passed.

So your orchestra would play?

The orchestra played. The orchestra would play during the passing of the bread and the organist would play during the passing of the water. They would usually play hymns and sacrament meeting lasted about an hour and a half.

What time of night would sacrament meeting usually start?

Oh, it depended where you lived. On the farm you were milking cows. One thing about cows, they don't take any time off. They have to be milked morning and night. So sacrament meeting usually started about 7 o'clock. In Idaho Falls where we were living at the time, I never missed a circus when I was in high school. Usually three or four circuses would come to town during the summer with their tents and their animals. They'd pull into town about 5 o'clock in the morning, and then unload. They usually had trucks. They always used a bunch of kids to help them. My specialty was putting up the side rails of the big tent. Somebody showed me how to do it, and I never missed a circus for several years.

What did you get for doing the tent?

A ticket. A circus ticket. Finally one time I decided I had enough, so I didn't go out to the circus grounds until they were about through setting up. And there was one of the roustabouts. He said, "Hey kid, did you get a ticket?" I said, "No, I didn't work." He said, "Go get in that line." So, I got a ticket without working for it.

What circuses were they?

Barnum and Bailey and some other ones. Big circuses came through there.

What did your family usually do for vacations?

Dad and I went fishing a lot. We'd go up to Willow Creek about once a week. We probably went about 4 o'clock, and we'd usually have our limit or close to it by 6:30. They weren't hatchery fish. they were native trout.

What about family outings?

All I remember is we went to Yellowstone Park a time or two. I remember Mother and Dad went with the MLA group up in the hills to Wolverine Canyon, and I remember going up then. Years later that's where I got that big deer. The season closed on Sunday and this was Saturdayafternoon. A fellow that worked for me, Chuck Cox, said we might get a shot of something if we went up to Wolverine Canyon. At that time I was working in Shelley. I had the farm machinery business. So we took our families in the car. Each of us took our own car and we went up to where the canyon comes and across the road and Chuck said, "One of us go up on top of that hill, and the other of us go around. We just might see something." I had a more powerful rifle than he did, but he was in better shape. Anyway, he says, "Why don't I go and come down in the middle of that ravine. You get up on top there and we might see something." So that's what we did and a big old buck come wandering out. Chuck never did see it and the buck never knew what hit him. We were just half a block from the car. We got it dressed and got the carcass into the butcher and there was 220 lbs. of dressed meat. That's a lot of meat. We didn't have to carry it very far. We didn't leave home until about four o'clock or so and we were back in this butcher shop by seven with this deer. Chuck went out the next day and got one about the same size. You want to tell the story about you being in Grandpa's car with the rifle? I had and I've still got, a shotgun. You had to watch out because you'd pull the trigger and it wouldn't go off. Then you'd move just right and it'd go off. Of course I was awful careful where I pointed it. I put a hole through the top of the car.

How did that happen?

Like I say, you got it ready to shoot and you'd move it wrong, it would shoot.

Were you in the back seat?

No, I was outside the car or getting out or something. Anyhow, I was awful careful that I was not pointing at anybody. But the car didn't know enough to get out of the way.

What did Grandpa say?

Nothing, He knew I felt bad enough.

I guess where you were you weren't much affected by Prohibition or were you?

Yes we were. We were living in Idaho Falls. Dad was the director of the band, the city band, we used to play at the rodeos around. And going out to one of them, Louisville or somewhere near Idaho Falls, our car stalled. We had the drum outfit and the music and it was getting late. We had to be there so we got out of the car and started to walk. A car came by and the guy in it said, "You're welcome to ride with me." He says "I got a load of booze in the bottom of the car. If you'll accept that, well you're welcome to ride in with me." Dad says, "Well we got to get there." So, we rode in with him. The people at the rodeo entrance saw Dad, so they waved him into the grounds. So they let the guy with the booze onto the grounds.

How did Grandpa feel about that one?

Well, what could you have done? We were on the hot spot.

How old were you when you became a deacon?

Twelve.

Did you have quite a few kids in your quorum, or not very many?

There were quite a few. I had an unusual situation, I'd skipped the fourth grade, so I was with one group in school and another group in church. A little awkward sometimes.

When you were in high school what did you do socially? Did you do much dating at all?

Well, when I could, especially when we played at dances so much. If I had a girl that I thought I liked, I'd take her out when I could. I never did have a car in high school. We always walked. There was one girl that I dated. She was a little older than I was. We were in the same grade, but church-wise she went with one group and I went with another. Then when it came to graduate from high school and go on to college, I went to Ricks. She went up with us and registered, and she was the Queen of the Ball. Of course I hadn't been on my mission and I didn't push her very hard. But she met a returned missionary. She got engaged to him and they were married shortly after I went on my mission. I graduated from Ricks and wasn't quite ready to go on my mission, so I went back and took some extra credits. It was a junior college so it was accepted everywhere. When I went to dental school they accepted everything.

What do you remember about the Depression? How was your family situated?

Well, we had plenty to of potatoes and meat to eat. Dad went to Idaho Falls to teach school. He didn't get along with the principal. He wanted him to have his band classes outside the regular school hours and he resented that. And finally things got so rough for him that he quit his job. He went to Chesbro's music stores there in Idaho Falls and suggested that they furnish the musical instruments and he'd furnish the music for a six weeks course. They charged the student \$20.00 to rent the instrument for six weeks and Dad got another \$10. It was \$10.00 for each student. Then if they bought the instrument then Dad got another \$10.00 on the sale of the instrument. Usually the classes would run about 20 to 30 students and he had classes all over. They were hiring in the school. The state spent so much for a teacher whether full-time or part-time and Dad had about five or six schools that he'd go teach a band class a couple times a week. One school wanted to hire him full time for a couple hundred dollars and of course he couldn't do that. He'd keep working himself out of a job. It was rough, and everybody was in the same boat. When I was a kid we wanted to raise money to go to a show. And my friend's dad said, "Well there's a bunch of spuds there if you want to sort them. Take them in and maybe you can get enough out of them to go to the show." There must have been a dozen sacks. We sorted them and took them into one of the spud houses, and the guy says, "I'll give you 50 cents for the load." So we got 50 cents for the load and it took us half a day of work!

How much was the movie?

We could go to the movie for two bits a piece. It was a dime for those under 14 or something, and it was a quarter for the older ones.

Were Grandma and Grandpa strong disciplinarians?

Yes, they were that. Mother used to cut a switch and switch our legs. I don't remember Dad ever spanking us. I was just thinking. Part of the time we lived in Idaho Falls Dad, Blanch and I were going to Ricks. We went to Ricks on a bus and the seats had a bench on each side and one down the middle. There were several different drivers. Mike Browning was one of them and we were coming along and a bunch of pigs crossed the road in front of us and he said, "Watch me get one of those." They got across except there was a straggler and Mike smacked it right in the middle.

Was there anybody on board the bus?

I was on it. There were college kids. I drove it too and there was another interesting

trip. In the winter time the road can be clear, but when it is near a stream of water, it can get icy and you can't see the ice. When you crossed the Snake River north of Rigby, there was an old steel top bridge. I could pass a car on the bridge if we both minded our business. But the bridge was not wide enough to pass a truck. The bridge was above the road so that you couldn't see what was on it until you got partly up on the bridge. And I pulled up there one morning and I see a milk truck coming from the other direction. So I pulled over to the side and stopped. He didn't even throw on his brakes until he got right to me. He hit the fender and the tire a little bit. We got that straightened out and I got up on the bridge. Then when I got to the middle of the bridge, a Model A Ford come up the other side. If he left his brakes alone we would have been alright. I pulled over to the side again and we stopped. He thren on his brakes and went about half way past us and his car went sideways so he hit the door. I had two wrecks in one morning!

On the same bridge?

On the same bridge. Dad was on the bus. I think Blanch was too. We picked up the President of the school in Rigby. He sat right behind me and he says, "For heaven's sake get off of this bridge!" I never had to answer any questions to anybody because it wasn't my fault. And he knew it. He saw the whole thing.

What years did you go to school at Ricks?

I graduated in '36. I went two full years and a semester. Dad and I graduated together. Blanch went another year after.

How old were you when you got your mission call?

I got it in 1936, so I was 20.

What was the process you went through to be called? Were you interviewed by anyone before you were called?

I was interviewed by the Stake Presidency. They said, "How do you feel about the church?" I said, "Well I think it is the true church, but I don't have a strong testimony. But I'm willing to go out and do what I can. They asked me if I was morally clean. They had a bunch of missionaries who went out and had to come back in six months. I said, "Well you don't have to worry about that." Another interesting deal when I was riding on my bus - this girl I was telling about, we were dancing - you remember that girl? We were dancing and it was a Thanksgiving dance. There was a 35 pound turkey they were giving away. I told her, "If either you or I get it we'll invite the other one to dinner. She agreed and I won it. It was a lot of turkey and I was riding the bus with this live turkey! Of course, I knew how to

handle a turkey because I worked at the hatchery for so long. Mom went into the hospital with what was supposedly appendicitis. Actually it was Carol being born. Anyhow, she never did get to share in the turkey. This was just before I went on my mission.



**1935- Lynn with
girlfriend, Edna Brown**

How did you feel about where you were going to be going on your mission?

Well, I was called to the Mexican Mission. You had to be a Mexican citizen in order to preach in Mexico and the Mexican Mission included all Spanish speaking people in Mexico and the United States. So my assignment was this side of the border all the time. In fact they divided the mission three or four months after I got there and formed the Spanish American Mission and the Mexican mission.

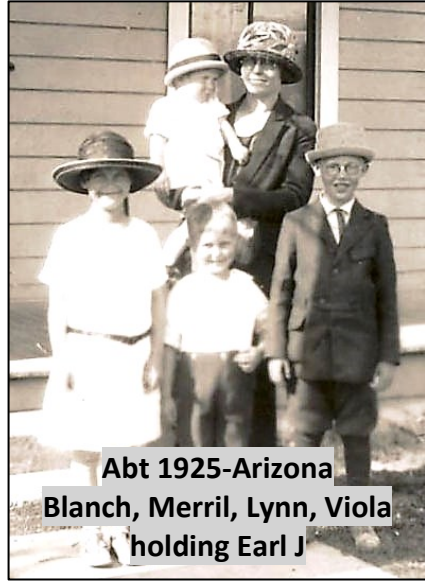
While at Ricks did you have another girlfriend before you went on a mission?

Yea. She was from Menan, north of Rigby. In fact she's my third cousin or something like that. I met her at Ricks. She was a brilliant girl. I was correcting papers in ethics to pay for my tuition. Her paper was just outstanding. At the end of the class I looked her up, and we got going together. There were four of us that would sing at sacrament meetings. So we didn't miss any sacrament meetings, but we never went to the same one twice. I was playing lots of dances too. The week before I went into the mission home I played four dances, and got my shots, it was a rough week.

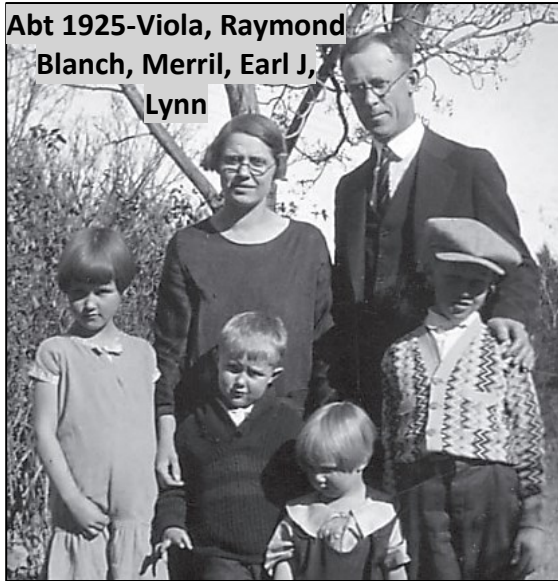
Lynn over the years prior to his mission



Lynn in 1917



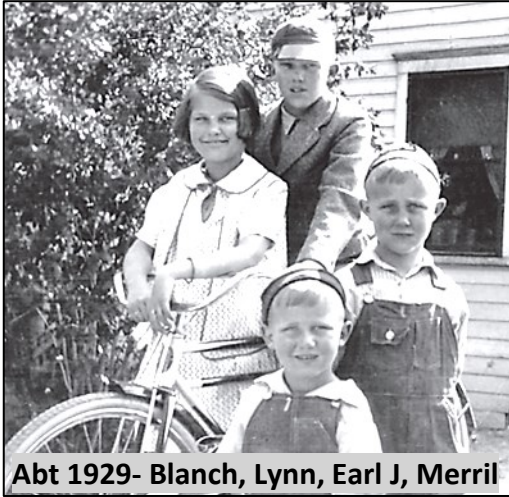
Abt 1925-Arizona
Blanch, Merrill, Lynn, Viola
holding Earl J



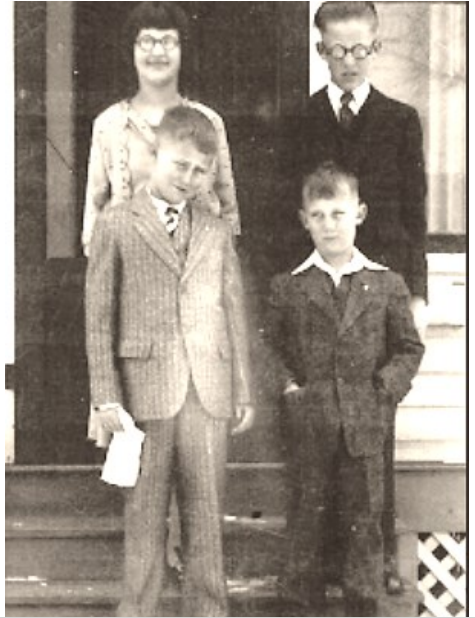
Abt 1925-Viola, Raymond
Blanch, Merrill, Earl J,
Lynn



Abt 1926
Blanch, Lynn, Earl J, Merrill



Abt 1929- Blanch, Lynn, Earl J, Merril



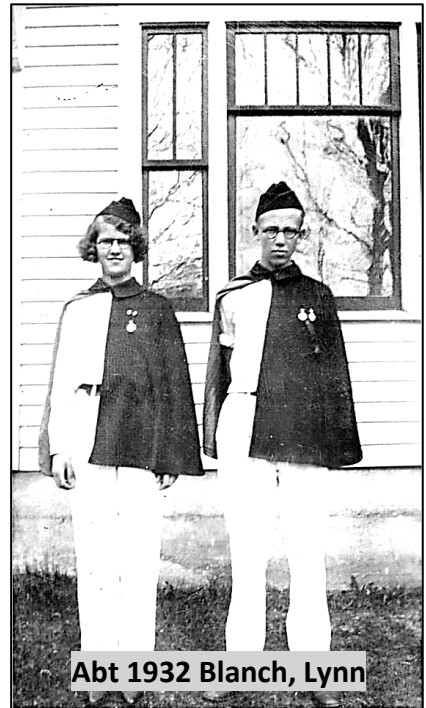
Abt 1930- Merril, Earl J, Blanch, Lynn



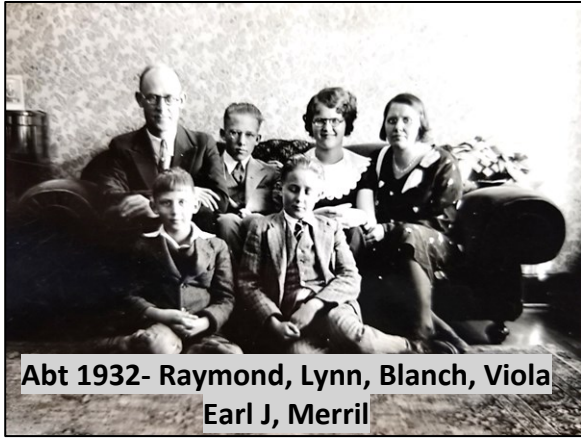
1931 – Anderson Reunion Family Band



Abt 1932- Lynn and his fish



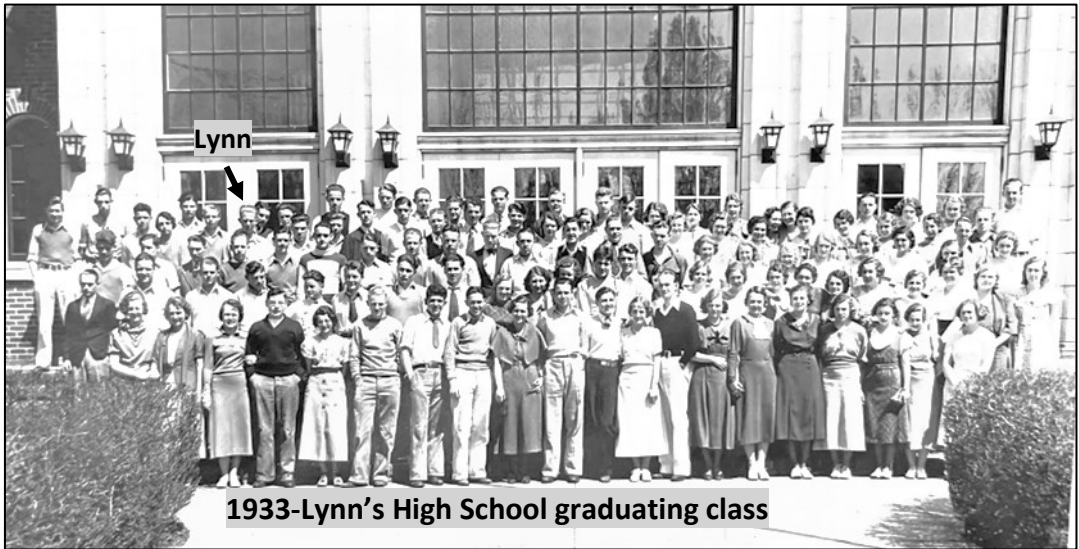
Abt 1932 Blanch, Lynn



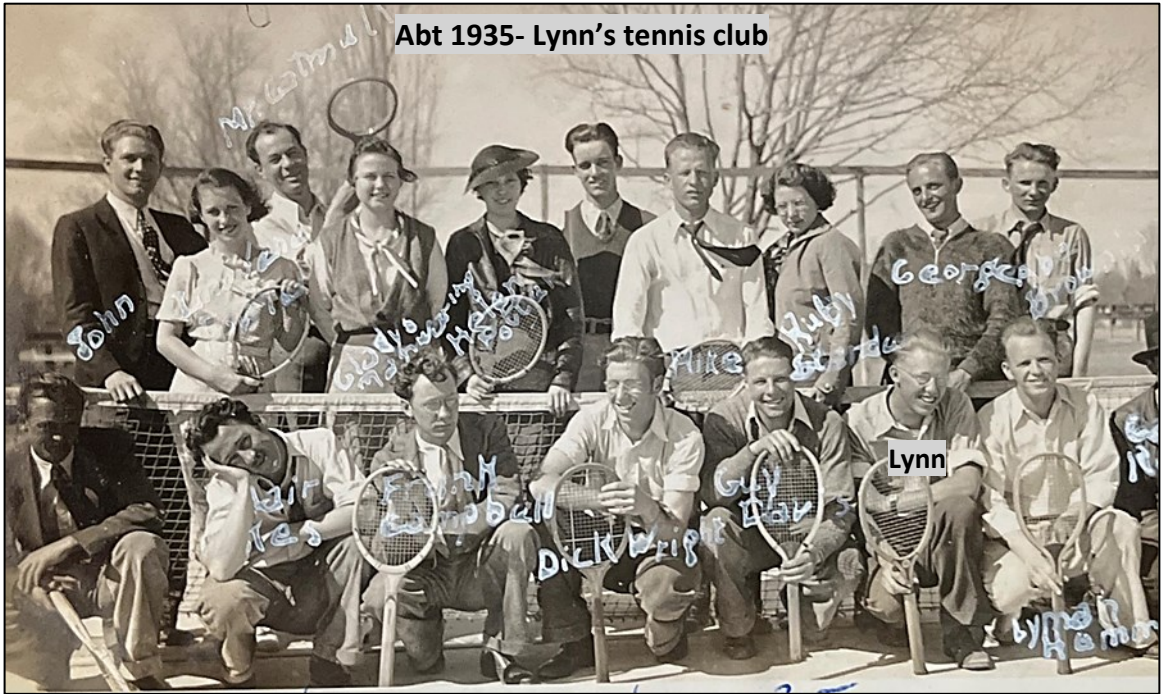
Abt 1932- Raymond, Lynn, Blanch, Viola
Earl J, Merrill



1933-Lynn high school graduation



1933-Lynn's High School graduating class



Abt 1935- Lynn's tennis club



1936- Lynn, Viola, Merril, Earl J,
Raymond, Carol, Blanch



1936-Raymond and Lynn
graduate from Ricks College-



4

MISSION 1936-1938



LYNN WROTE THE FOLLOWING REGARDING GOING ON A MISSION WHILE HE WAS IN THE MISSION HOME IN 1936.

From the time I was a child, I've had the fact drilled into me that someday I would fulfill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I attended Church regularly, hardly ever missing a Sunday School unless it was absolutely necessary until the fall after I graduated from high school.

That fall, I went to college. I took some religious instruction. We studied the Articles of Faith by Dr. Talmadge. I continued going to Church and paid my tithing regularly. By the end of my freshman year, doubts were beginning to arise in my mind concerning certain principles of the gospel. I still believed the Church to be the best that I knew anything about, but I was doubtful about many of the principles taught by the Church. I began to realize that

matters pertaining to the Church hadn't always been as idealistic as they had been painted to me as a child.

During my sophomore year, I took a class in Comparative Religion. We studied the doctrines of all the major religions of the world, but our class was almost entirely Latter-day Saints, and invariably we would return to a discussion of Mormon doctrine. Many times we embarrassed the teacher by making him contradict himself on the doctrines of the Church. This did much to shake my faith in Mormonism.

From the beginning of 1935, I let my tithing get behind. Because of the type of work I was engaged in, I usually did not arise early enough Sunday morning to attend Sunday School, and there was almost always something to do Sunday night, so my religion suffered.

Since leaving school last fall, I have been thinking considerably about going on a mission. I have wondered about it and pondered over it in my mind. My parents, of course, were very anxious that I should go, and finally I consented. Within a few days I received my call.

When my call came, I didn't think very much about it. It was still almost two months before I was to leave for Salt Lake City. Some way the report went around that I intended to go on a mission. I was well known, and everywhere I went, the people would approach me and congratulate me.

All this attention suddenly awakened me to the fact that I was going someplace. This all went on until the time of my farewell party. I was never so thrilled or frightened in my life as at that party. The chapel was so crowded that there was hardly room for everyone to be seated. The dance afterwards was so crowded it was difficult to dance.

I still didn't really know what it was all about. All I could see in a mission was myself going from door to door delivering tracts or standing on a street corner preaching, while the people walked past. It was with these thoughts in my mind that I left home and friends and arrived in Salt Lake.

Since that time, here in the mission school (home), I have gone through some of the most interesting and educational days of my life. I have gained a new conception of the missionary work, and I look forward to trying to complete a successful mission. This new idea of making friends with the people before trying to convert them appeals to me. It seems to me that it gives a basis or common ground to work on.

I sincerely hope and pray that the Lord will help me to fulfill a mission that He and I and everyone concerned can be proud of.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

December 17, 1935.

Elder Lynn Raymond Hansen,
Rigby, Idaho.

Dear Brother:

You have been recommended as worthy to fill a mission. It therefore gives us pleasure to call you to labor in the Mexican Mission.

The date of your departure is February 6, 1936. You will be expected to present yourself at the Missionary Home, 31 North State Street, this city, Monday morning, January 27, 1936, to avail yourself of a special course of training in preparation for this sacred labor.

Kindly let us know your feelings with regard to this call, and have your reply endorsed by your Bishop.

May the Lord guide you in this important matter.

Sincerely your brethren,

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

By David O. McKay

STEVE'S INTERVIEW WITH LYNN CONTINUES.

Who was at the train depot in Idaho Falls when you left for your mission?

My folks and the girlfriend I had then. It was kind of funny. There were four of us that went to school and graduated together. We were all called to the same mission at the same time and we were all from different stakes.

How did you feel as you got on the train and the train pulled away?

It's a lonesome feeling to say the least.

Where did you go to from Idaho Falls?

Salt Lake.

Was there a mission training center, or anything like that there?

Yea, there was, I was there for, I think, ten days.

And then where were you sent?

We reported to the mission home in El Paso and went to Los Angeles and then to El Paso. That's where the mission headquarters were. I went from there to Taos, New Mexico. That was my first assignment. We didn't wear suit coats. I had a leather jacket and we'd wear ties. We hitch-hiked. In my first assignment in Taos we covered territory from Santa Fe, which was 75 miles south of Taos, I believe, all the way up to the Colorado border on the north. It was in an area that was quite famous for what they called "Penitentes". They would actually put somebody on across at Easter time. They didn't want anybody mucking in their religion. They were basically Catholics, but they had their own beliefs. Even now you see an article about them occasionally.

What were your missionary functions?

We'd help take care of the members of the church. But mostly it was proselyting. We didn't do any tracting to the North. We held meetings. When we held Mutual we'd leave Wednesday morning and be back sometime Saturday. Some of those towns back in there were WPA. I don't know if anyone will understand what the WPA is, but it was a make-work program in the depression times. Of course they all signed up for WPA. They were all so poor and they hadn't had so much money in their lives. They raised their own cattle and beans. They served beans for three meals a day. Seven days a week. They had a bean pot on the stove all the

time. When they got low they'd throw a handful of beans in there and more water. They were delicious.

Did you ever get out to the actual Indians in Taos?

We talked to some of them. They wouldn't let you proselyte in the pueblos there. They had a law against it and they watched. When we approached the pueblos, they watched. They wouldn't let you in.

Where did you go from Taos?

I went to Los Angeles. They had a music problem in Los Angeles. They had an old fellow that tried to run the music program. And they had an organ. They didn't have anybody who could play it so.... They usually don't ship them that far, but they sent me over to see if I could straighten it out. We did our regular proselyting and our regular tracting. The people might not have much furniture, but they had a big fancy radio. And you could hear it from one end of the street to the other! You never got out of the sound - they all had the same station turned on. Some say Mexicans were dirty, but I never saw the so-called white people sweep their yards like the Mexicans to keep them clean. That was common practice. They might not have much, but they were clean.

Where did you go from Los Angeles?

I went to EL Paso. I worked in El Paso to help with the translating of the hymn book in to Spanish. In fact there's one of the songs that was attributed to me that the guy who worked with us and corrected our mistakes, did most of the translating on.

The current Spanish hymn book is there still a hymn that has your name on it?

As far as I know.

You were called as a District President? Is that what they call them?

Yes, a District President.

And what did that entail?

Well, it's like a Stake President. You organize the church. I had the California District. We had missionaries in San Diego and Los Angeles. There had been some up in Fresno, but there was none when I was out. In the meantime we organized a quartet and toured the mission with apostle Callis and his wife. We held meetings for about a month.

And he was out there all this time?

He was out there all the time.

You had the basic responsibility for the missionaries and the members in that District?

Right. We built a little Mexican chapel. As far as I know it's still there. It's in east L.A. I helped build that. They hadn't dedicated it when I went home. It was dedicated about a month from when I went home. Because of my music I was able to tour the mission several times with my President, Orlando C. Williams. I accompanied a male quartet and furthered the musical development of the mission. While in the mission I helped translate a Spanish Hymnal, served as district president and was in charge of mission music. (There is still a hymn in the current Spanish Hymnal [1991] that was translated by Lynn and is credited to him.)

When did you meet Mother?

Well, we knew when the missionaries were coming through. They were headed for El Paso and we'd usually meet the train. She was with one of the groups. When she came out I just casually met her and I worked with her on some of the translation of the primary hymns in the office, but there was nothing, nothing between us. Lots of the time just casual conversations. When I was transferred, I ordered a sarape and I asked her to pick it up for me. We got to writing after that a little. She was in Los Angeles when she was being released and her folks came down to get her and we went on a conference or two. I don't remember all the details, but President Williams was the person who made the match. He told me he wanted me to take her family and show them around Los Angeles. So, he was the one who pushed things for us. We never did anything in the mission field, but what any missionary would be able to do. Then on my trip home, I got on the train and was in the diner. Elder Ballard was in there, so I went and introduced myself as being released and he said, "Do you have a girlfriend?" I told him that I thought quite a lot of this girl that was released as a missionary from my mission. He said, "Where does she live?" "And I said, "Logan." He asked me where I lived and I told him, Idaho Falls. Then he says, "I want you to call her up and have her dad meet the train at Cache Junction." (The train didn't go through Logan.) "And you go spend the night in her home." And that's what we did. And I was trapped.

Lynn and Isabelle were married a month later. Lynn kept a daily journal from January 1, 1936, to July 26, 1938, when he finally arrived home. He wrote that he played a dance that night. He also kept a journal written in Spanish. Those complete journals are on FamilySearch.

While on his mission, his folks apparently were struggling financially and in January of 1938 he wrote in his journal, *Received letter from home suggesting*

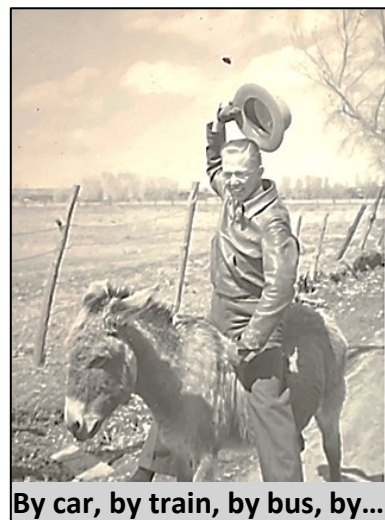
that it would be better if I could come home the last of May. If he had done that, history would have likely changed as far as Isabelle and their future family. He would not have met her family in Los Angeles nor had the experiences with her that he did. She would still be on her mission when he left. He seriously considering coming home over the next month or two. Then in March, he received a letter from Blanch.

Ever since the first word was mentioned about you coming home, I've been quite disgusted. I told the folks that why in the world didn't they let you stay out the full 30 months if you wanted to. So mother said (after my last outburst) why in the world I didn't write and tell you how I felt about it so that is the purpose of this letter. ...The idea that you have to be released because your family can't afford to keep you out there is all bosh. As long as I'm able to work and have a job, you don't need to worry about the financial part of it. My check can spread over the food bills at home too if that's necessary. I don't want you to get the idea that we don't want you to come home if you want to because we are all getting so homesick to see you, it's a pity. But I do want you to get the idea that you don't have to come home for financial reasons. I'm telling you that if you want to stay out the full 30 months, I'll give you as much money as you need to get through school (after your mission).

After receiving this letter, Lynn wrote in his journal, *A letter from Blanch. She said she would keep me out here until the end of my term if I wanted and see that I got to school next year too. That sounds pretty good to me. I'll have to see what I can do to pay her back.*

Thank you Blanch for being the kind of sister that every boy wishes he had. Thank you Blanch for making the Lynn and Isabelle Hanson family possible!

Pictures of Lynn on His Mission





What have I got myself into?



Missionaries do everything!



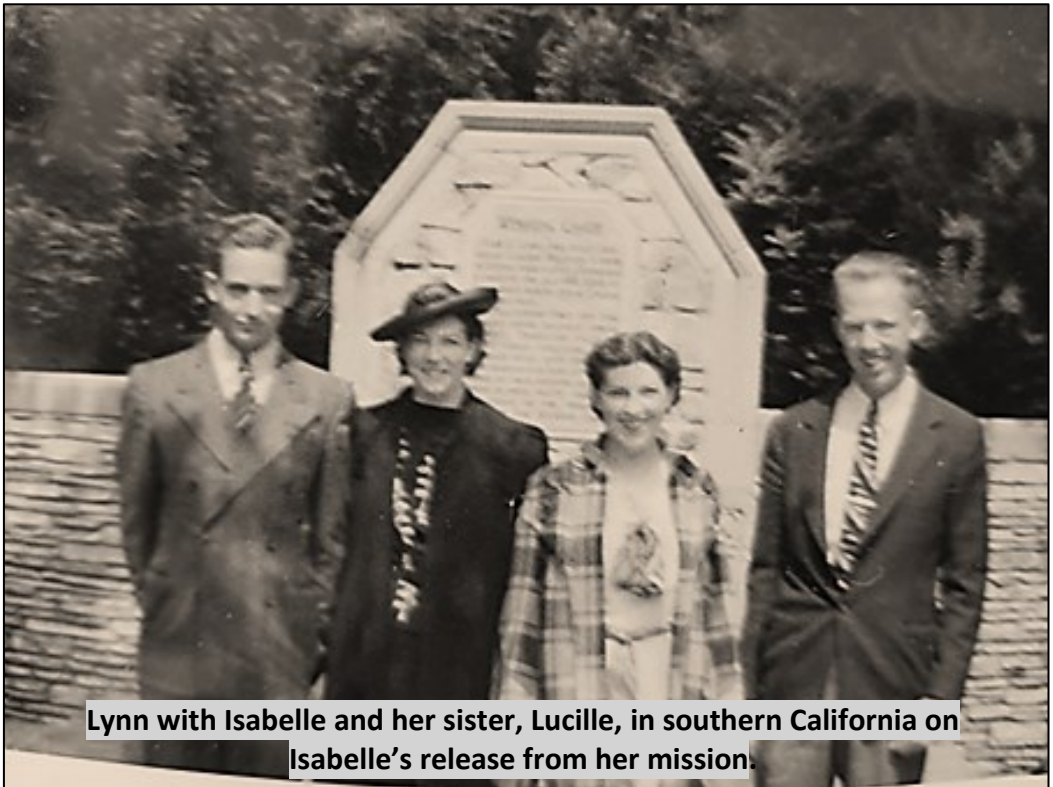
The missionary quartet Lynn accompanied and traveled the mission with



A trip to Tiajuana with Blanch (right) and friends



Lynn and his father at San Juan Capistrano



Lynn with Isabelle and her sister, Lucille, in southern California on Isabelle's release from her mission.



Lynn & Isabelle
Together



6

MARRIAGE—SHELLEY 1938-1941

TELÉFONO EAST 1314

ORLANDO C. WILLIAMS, PRESIDENTE

SPANISH AMERICAN MISSION
(MISIÓN HISPANO-AMERICANA)

IGLESIA DE JESUCRISTO DE LOS SANTOS
DE LOS ÚLTIMOS DÍAS

3531 FORT BOULEVARD
EL PASO, TEXAS

August 26, 1938

Mr. & Mrs. Lynn Hanson
175 East 2nd South
Logan, Utah

Dear Son & Daughter :

The above may sound as queer to you as it does to me, but we must all get used to it. We all join you in your happiness and wish you an overload of joy, health and happiness.

I think I am getting about as much thrill out of this as you are, as I was so interested in both of you, and so concerned in your mutual welfare. I am praying that you will have a very pleasant trip through the Park and that the business will grow as you desire it to, and thus supply the interest in life as well as the support of it.

We took Eduardo and Leah to L. A. With us and had a very inspirational time, with Brother Ballard in charge of the dedication. The Church is beautiful and useful and we are all very happy over it and wish you could have been with us, in fact it did not seem right to dedicate it without Lynn who had worked there so long.

We miss you both all the time as you filled such a large place in our hearts and lives and we will always claim you as our own.

Brother Callie is here with us to day and spoke to us last night. He is on his way back from the Colonies and will leave tonight for Mesa to hold conference. Elder Gosling left last night for L.A. to work with Elder Jenson.

I must close for now but will try to write you more later, may God bless you dear children, on your way through life that it may be most abundant.

Sincerely your Mission father

Orlando C. Williams

THIS LETTER WRITTEN THREE DAYS prior to their marriage by their mission president and chief matchmaker voices the consensus sentiment of all who knew Sister Isabelle Jane Dunn and Elder Lynn Raymond Hanson. They were meant for each other!

It was Friday the 13th of November 1936 when Sister Dunn first met Elder Hanson. They were both serving as full time missionaries in the Spanish American Mission and Sister Dunn arrived at the Union Pacific Depot in Los Angeles on her way to the mission office in El Paso Texas. Elder Hanson, his companion, Elder Meryl Tibbitts and another lady missionary, Sister Fawn Nebeker, were there to meet her and the other missionaries that had been traveling with her.

Isabelle's first impression of Lynn was that "he was very thoughtful." She was impressed that Lynn and his companion had been helping the sister missionary with Primaries and Relief Societies.

Their first meeting was brief and they were not to see each other again for nearly a year. That was not unusual in a mission that spread from Southern California to Brownsville, Texas. It was in October 1937 when their paths crossed once again. This time it was at a special mission conference in San Antonio, Texas which Isabelle was attending and where Lynn was accompanying a Mission Quartet who were traveling the mission with Apostle Charles Callis. Everyone was too busy to take much notice of each other and each went on their separate ways.

It was just before Christmas of that same year that they found themselves assigned in the same area. Isabelle was laboring in the mission home in El Paso and Lynn and some other missionaries were invited to dinner at the mission home. Lynn played the piano for entertainment and Isabelle was impressed! It was only a few weeks later that Lynn was also assigned to the mission home to work on the translation for a Spanish LDS Hymnal and over the next two months a deep friendship grew.

From time to time they would accompany new missionaries across the border to Juarez, Mexico. There was an old man there who would play the harp for them and his favorite song was "Estrellita" (Little Star). It soon became the favorite song of Lynn and Isabelle's too. Lynn was soon transferred to Del Rio, Texas, but the middle of May he received the call to serve as District President of the California District and was going to California accompanied by the Mission President, President Williams. President Williams, in his self-appointed

role as matchmaker, asked Isabelle if she would like to accompany them as they traveled to California, holding conferences along the way. She was excited to go!

President Williams would ask her how she felt about this missionary and that one, but when he came to Elder Hanson's name, he persisted! Isabelle would respond, "I like Elder Hanson and really enjoy his music." But that's about all she would say. President Williams continued this line of questioning the whole trip going and returning. Isabelle and Lynn enjoyed some special experiences together both during the trip and in Los Angeles. As Isabelle and President Williams traveled back to the mission home, he again asked her about her feelings toward Elder Hanson. She wrote in her journal, *My answer was a little clearer: There will be no commitment until after I finish my mission, but then after he finishes his, if we both feel the same, it well could be a story with a happy ending.*

And so it was.

Isabelle was released as a full time missionary on July 5, 1938. Her folks met her in Los Angeles where President Williams, ever the matchmaker, had written to Lynn giving him permission to take Brother and Sister Dunn around to see the important sights in the Los Angeles area, thus allowing Lynn to meet his future in-laws, and Brother and Sister Dunn to meet the man who would marry their oldest daughter.

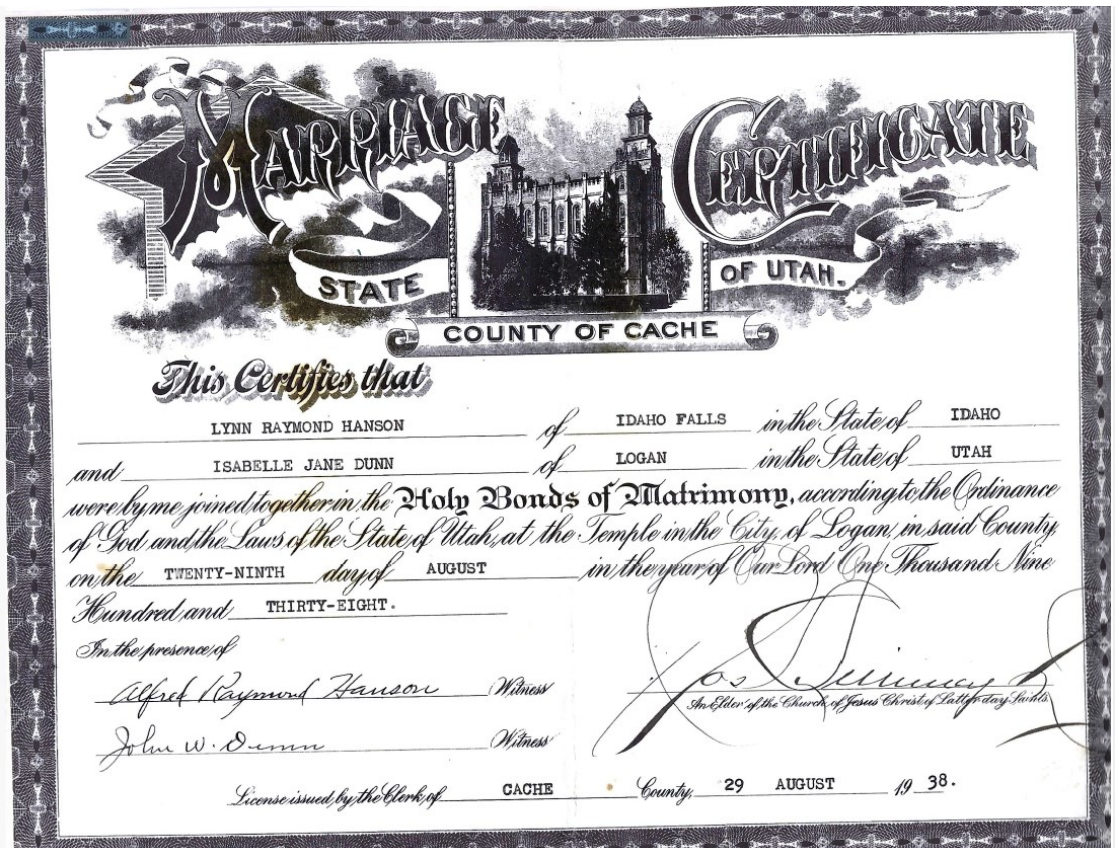
Three weeks later, Isabelle, who was now back home in Logan, Utah, received a surprise phone call from Lynn. He was in Salt Lake and had been released from his mission several weeks early. He sat next to Apostle Melvin J. Ballard on the train from Los Angeles and was calling Isabelle at Elder Ballard's prompting. He would be taking the train through Cache Junction, 17 miles outside of Logan, on his way home to Idaho Falls and wanted to know if he could stop off to see her. She said, "Yes", but she had to cancel a date to do it.

The train arrived 10:30 at night and since Lynn had to leave the next morning for Idaho Falls, they spent a good part of the night walking and talking and confirmed what they already knew: They were in love and wanted to be married. A marriage date wasn't set, but it was to be as soon as possible. Isabelle made a journal entry about Lynn: *This is the finest man on God's green earth and I pray to be worthy of him.*"

After several trips of Lynn's to or through Logan and several trips of Isabelle's to Idaho they got together in Idaho on the 21st of August to do some "serious" planning, and they set a marriage date for the 29th, just eight days later. Her mother's response was, "Give me at least two weeks!"

The marriage date held, though, and a whirlwind of activity commenced during the next week. There were showers from friends and family and a thousand preparations to make. Lynn surprised Isabelle with an engagement ring. She knew how broke they both were and what a difficult time their folks were having financially coming off the depression. In fact, Isabelle had to leave her mission early because of her family's financial hardship. But she had her ring! And she had her man.

August 29, 1938, Lynn Raymond Hanson and Isabelle Jane Dunn were sealed for time and all eternity in the Logan temple. And on August 30th with a car full of Isabelle's belongings, they headed for Idaho to begin the rest of their life.





It didn't take Isabelle long to get introduced to two of Lynn's greatest loves—playing for dances (both piano and trombone) and fishing. The night they arrived in Idaho, Lynn played a dance. The next morning they left for their



honeymoon to Yellowstone Park and went fishing. The night they got back to Idaho Falls after spending a few days in the park, Lynn played a dance.

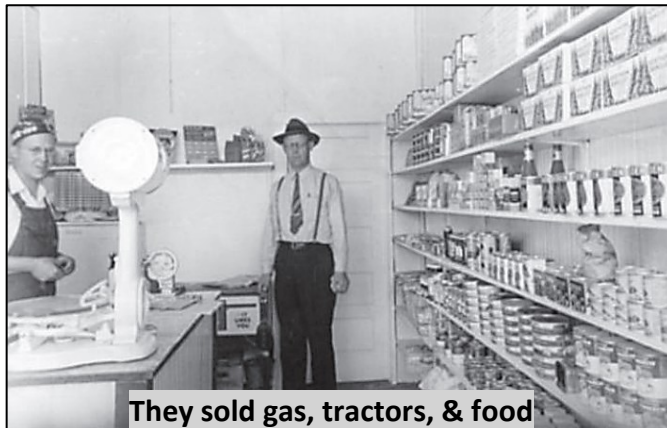
Lynn's folks had just purchased the Shell service station in Shelley, and

because Lynn's father was still selling for an automobile company, he needed Lynn to stay in Shelley to run the service station.

Lynn and Isabelle rented the small back apartment in the home of Lynn's uncle and aunt, Bennett and Belva Hanson, and shared the bathroom with their family. This began a relationship with Bennett and Belva that would be close for the next years.

Isabelle records in her journal: *We spent a good part of the day fixing our things around to make it our very first home! Then I left with Lynn so he could play another dance. He played 3 more dances that week...but we were glad to have some money coming in.* That statement typifies Isabelle's feelings about the dances over the next 13 or 14 years that Lynn was involved in them. She did not like Lynn being away so much at night nor did she like not being able to dance with him. But she knew that the dances made it possible for them to survive financially and have the family they wanted to have. So she made the best out of it.

While Lynn spent long hours at the station and playing dances to put food on the table, Isabelle spent her time being a homemaker and helping Lynn at the station. Then the latter part of November, Isabelle became very ill. She decided to go to the doctors, and he told her the good news: they



were expecting a baby! The excitement did not overcome the reality of her sickness though, and she was thankful to have a mother who came up to spend the week with her until she could start doing for herself again.

During these first few months of marriage Lynn and Isabelle enjoyed being together and getting to know each other. They read the news together and each did their share of teasing. Lynn also learned something about how women feel about their birthdays.

Isabelle's birthday was the 20th of December. Lynn knew it was around Christmas but couldn't remember which day, so he bought a gift to give her for both Christmas and her birthday thinking that would suffice. The 20th came and found Lynn in bed with the flu and no mention of Isabelle's birthday. Isabelle spent a good part of the day walking alone in the snow, and shedding a few *self-pity* tears, as she described them.



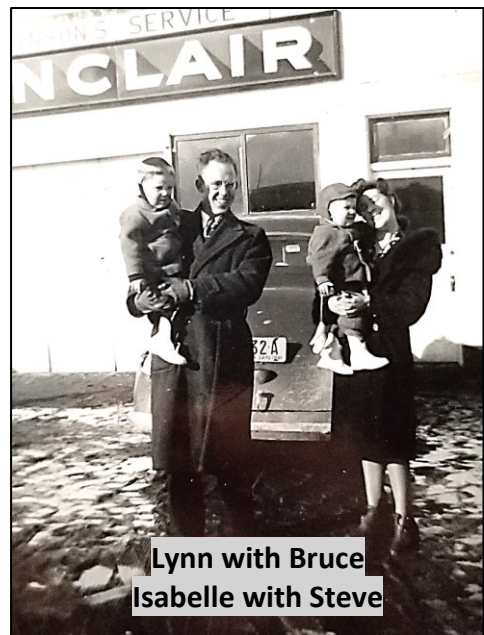
Isabelle and Bruce

July 19, 1939, their first child was born in the Idaho Falls hospital. Bruce Lynn Hanson was the picture of health. Isabelle wrote: *It was such an exciting and inspiring thing to hold this precious little spirit in my arms; one who had been so recently with my Heavenly Father. The special joys of motherhood were not overrated!* She spent the next 10 days recuperating in the hospital, and then came home. That length of stay was common in those days.

That fall Isabelle was at home tending her baby and working at the station. Lynn continued his long hours at the station and playing dances, but he also took time to go fishing or pheasant or sage hen hunting with his dad. They were both feeling that their future was not doing what Lynn was doing now. They had talks about the direction they were NOT going and discussed Lynn going to school somewhere. But for the present, they decided to stay with Lynn's father at the station. Besides, Isabelle was expecting again.

Steve Dunn Hanson was born August 5th, 1940, also in the Idaho Falls hospital. It was the day construction began on the Idaho Falls temple, and Isabelle could look out her hospital window and see them working. This baby was not the picture of health and temperament that Bruce was. And he didn't stop crying for the first six months. He had colic, rickets, and scarlet fever. Probably good reasons to make his feelings known. This baby made a mother and father out of Isabelle and Lynn.

The two babies were a handful, but Isabelle would not let that limit her activity. She would put them both in a buggy, and Lynn and she would take them to the movies or dances or other outings. They also kept close ties with their Spanish American Mission friends and would try to get to their annual reunion in Salt Lake every year. They both loved music,



**Lynn with Bruce
Isabelle with Steve**

and some of the songs that were their favorites were, *The One Rose*, *Music Maestro Please*, and *The Lambeth Walk*. They kept busy with church callings as well. Lynn served as a stake missionary working with the Mexican Nationals who worked on farms around Shelley, and Isabelle served in the stake primary to hold primaries for their children.



7

OGDEN 1941-1945

THINGS WERE NOT GOING WELL economically though. The country was still depressed and war was in the wind. The business generated by the station was not enough to support Lynn's father and his family of five at home and Lynn's family of four. So Lynn and Isabelle decided a change was needed. They got word that the railroad was hiring in Ogden, Utah, and Lynn found a job with the Union Pacific as a laborer on the rip track and as a member of the Union Pacific Band so they moved their little family to Ogden in August of 1941.

But there were no homes or apartments available for couples with children. Lynn and Isabelle stayed with Rhea (Isabelle's cousin) and her husband and left their boys with Isabelle's folks in Logan, some 50 miles away, while they searched for an apartment. The days turned to weeks and weeks and no apartment! Isabelle called this the most depressing time she has ever gone through before or since. Finally, a worker on the railroad heard of their plight and told them they could rent a small apartment he had just built onto his home. They took it and were a family again.

But finances were still a very real problem. Lynn's starting wage with the railroad was only 43 cents an hour, and they still owed some bills from Shelley. Isabelle wrote to their creditors in Shelley explaining their economic situation and promising to pay them something every month as small as it might be. They all accepted, and by spring, with a raise of Lynn's wage to 73 cents an hour, all of their bills were paid off.

The end of the year brought momentous events and uncertainty as to how they would affect their small family. Pearl Harbor was attacked by Japan

and the United States was at war. Gas was rationed and food and clothing likewise. Their apartment was too small for a third child so they went house hunting again, and the summer of 1942 they bought a small 4 room house on Swan street. They were happy to be in a home of their own. Then Lynn was called to report to Boise, Idaho for possible drafting. Isabelle anxiously awaited the outcome. Lynn did not have to go. He was working in what was considered an exempt job and his eyesight was bad. They were greatly relieved since Isabelle was expecting again.

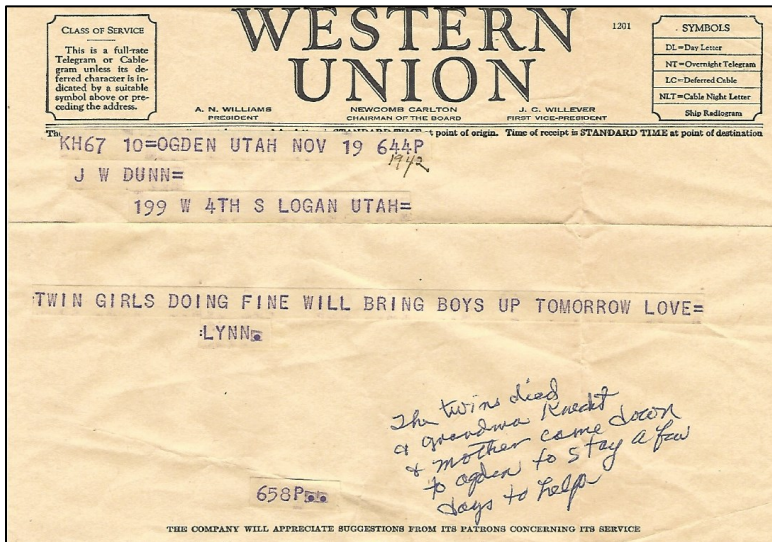


The fall of 1942. Isabelle was pregnant with the twins, and Grandma Knecht's husband had just passed away.
 FRONT: Will Dunn holding grandson, Michael Cardon; Emily Dunn holding Steve, Isabelle Knecht, Bruce, Jack Dunn
 BACK: Lucille Dunn Cardon, Doyle Cardon, Isabelle, Lynn, Lila Dunn

Lynn was dissatisfied with the low wages and circumstances with his railroad job and began working for Wonder Bread as a route salesman and

deliverer. But because of his unwillingness to participate with his customers in smoking and drinking, he lost his job. It was just a short time before their baby was due, but within a few days he found work at the Greyhound Bus Depot.

Isabelle was due in about six weeks, but she slipped and fell down a few stairs leading to their basement and went into early labor. She had been completely unaware that she had been carrying twins. Even at the testing just before wheeling her into the delivery room, no mention was made of the possibility. On November 19, 1942, two beautiful twin daughters were born. Rita and Ruth.



Lynn sent a telegram to the Dunn's in Logan saying, "Mother and twin daughters doing fine!" But that was pre-mature. Things were not fine, and within 24 hours both Rita and Ruth had passed back to the presence of their Heavenly

Father. Lynn and Isabelle were heart broken. And for the next 10 days, Isabelle, who shared a hospital room with four other new mothers would turn to the wall and weep as every three hours the nurses would bring those mothers their babies to feed.

During her stay in the hospital, Isabelle received a beautiful bouquet of red roses from the men that Lynn worked with at the bus depot. But one morning, Lynn came to her room, sat down by her bed and burst into tears. He had lost his job and with no explanation. Apparently, again because of the high standards he insisted on maintaining for himself.

The Death of the Twins



Rita And Ruth Hanso

OGDEN—Funeral services for Rita, Ruth Hanson, two daughters of L. Raymond and Isabelle Jane Dunn Hanson of 1319 Swan Street, were conducted Friday afternoon in Autlorest Funeral Chapel by Arias G. Belnap, bishop of Ogden Twentieth L. D. S. Ward. Entombment in Autlorest mausoleum followed.

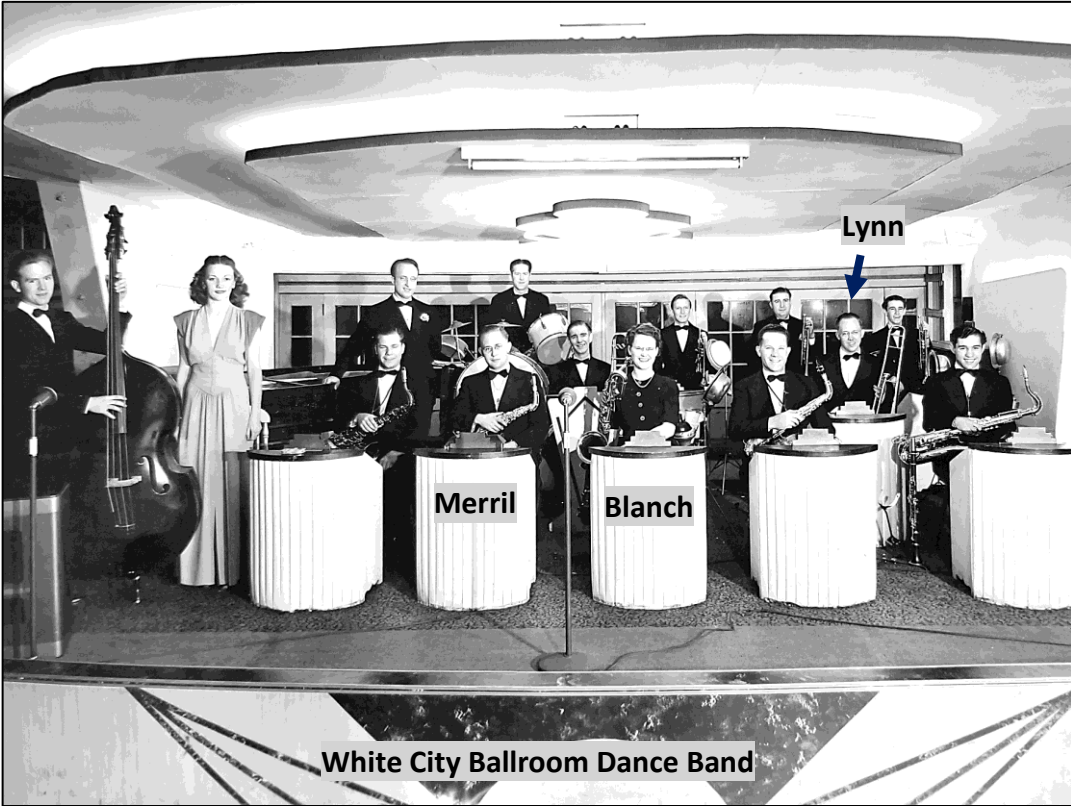
Surviving are the parents, two brothers, Bruce Lynn and Steve Dunn Hansen of Ogden, and their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hanson of Shelley, Ida., and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dunn of Logan.

*My arms have ached,
these long years past,
for babes I could not see nor hold.
My soul has yearned to
cherish these lives I could not mold.
For after birth, these infants small,
returned to God above.
I know He watches, gently guides,
with wisdom and with love.
Someday, the privilege mine will be,
if worthy I am found,
to guide small feet
and hear glad song—
To me they have been bound.*

Written by Isabelle Dunn
Hanson 40 years after the
death of Rita and Ruth

Christmas was only a few weeks away and Lynn scrambled for a job. He finally found one through the Christmas season assembling toys. Then he got a job driving a taxi for a month or so and kept his family in food by playing dances at night.

By March of 1943 he took a job at the 2nd Street Army Depot repairing band instruments and playing in the band. They were so grateful for a regular pay check and health insurance. In addition, Lynn began to play for the White City Ballroom and before too long his brother Merrill and sister Blanch were playing there too. This was "big time band" and literally 1000's of people would attend their dances on a given evening.



It was about this time that they lost Bruce. He was 3 years old and loved to play with the other kids in the area. But one day, he was nowhere to be found. There were a number of empty houses in the project and Lynn and Isabelle began hunting and calling and praying. Finally, some little boys came up and said, "He is down in that cellar." pointing to a partially built house almost a block up on the hill. They said some older boys took Bruce down and pulled up the ladder and left him. They found him safe and asleep, curled up in a corner with muddy tear marks streaked down his little face.

1944 found Isabelle expecting again and March 12, 1944, Ray William



Steve, Isabelle, Ray, Bruce

Hanson was born. His was a difficult birth and when he finally came, the umbilical cord was wrapped around his neck 3 times. He was black and the doctors immediately placed him in oxygen to preserve his life. Both mother and baby progressed and regained their health. But Ray had respiratory problems through the first year of his life and by the end of December, his colds developed into full-fledged pneumonia and the year ended with Ray back in an oxygen tent in the hospital. Lynn and Isabelle's faith was strong that he would live and finally 11 days later, they were able to take him

home. They literally saw the hand of their Heavenly Father in the preservation of his life.

The summer of 1945 brought additional change. Germany had surrendered the year before and now

Japan surrendered. The horrible war was over and a wave of optimism flooded over the country. Lynn's folks had bought the Nash Automobile Agency in Blackfoot, Idaho and talked to Lynn and Isabelle about buying their business in Shelley. Isabelle was not a 100% sold on doing it, but since it had been both of their desires for Lynn to work in his own business, they made their decision

to sell their home and move back to Shelley. Ogden had been a time of great emotional and spiritual growth.



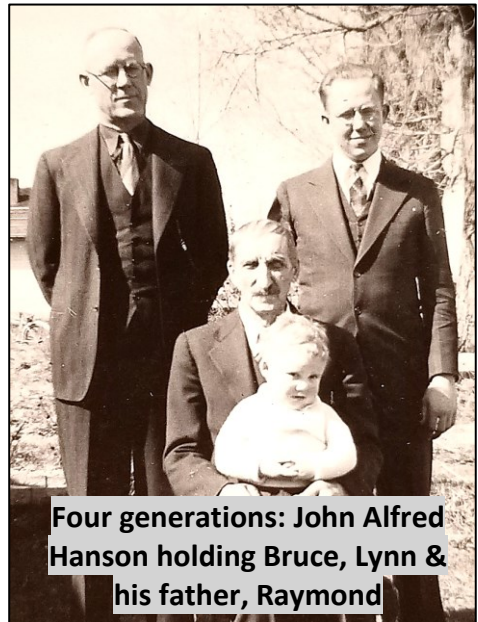
8

SHELLEY 1945-1951

LYNN WAS RELEASED AS SUNDAY School Superintendent in their ward and they began packing. Isabelle was not quite up to it as she was expecting a baby in October. Since they did not have a place to live yet in Idaho and their Ogden home was not sold, Isabelle stayed in Ogden with Ray and Steve, while Bruce went with his dad to Idaho.

Finally, in September they joined Lynn in Shelley. They had no house as yet and so stayed in the back spare room of Lynn's Grandfather and Grandmother, John Alfred and Hannah Hanson. They were both in their 80's and he was a genuine pioneer, having been born in the 1860's on the plains of Nebraska in one of the last wagon trains before the railroad. It was not the best of circumstances with five people in that small room and with Isabelle due in a month.

In the room was a double bed, a big old black stove, a small table and a couple of chairs. Isabelle used Grandma's washer. She boiled the water on the stove and carried it to the washer for the washing and



Four generations: John Alfred Hanson holding Bruce, Lynn & his father, Raymond

the rinsing. Then she carried the clothes to the lines to hang them up. It was all she could do to manage this. Then she would often go down to Lynn's station to help out there.

I am about up the wall in this crowded room, was her journal entry describing this time. In addition, Lynn was playing dances many of the nights. A few days later she wrote, *We did not get the place to rent that looked hopeful and nothing on our place in Ogden. I feel very, very, blue*. But a short time later, they moved to a house in Idaho Falls that Lynn's brother, Earl J, and his wife, Olive, had been renting. Less than two weeks later, on October 20, 1945, Lynn took Isabelle to the hospital in Idaho Falls where their fourth son, Glen Roy Hanson, was born.

Isabelle said his birth was the easiest she had, and she even felt good after the anesthetic wore off. But her doctor had a different opinion. He informed her



Isabelle holding Glen, Lynn with Ray, Steve & Bruce

that her uterus should come out and that she should not have any more children. He explained, "We about lost you and the baby with hemorrhaging. Another time you would not be so fortunate." Fortunately for Reed and Lynette, she did not follow his advice.

Their stay in Idaho Falls was eventful. They finally sold their house in Ogden but their lives were still hectic. Lynn continued to play dances several times a week and sometimes Isabelle would go.

But, as she wrote about one of them, *I just sat as usual but had mother there. Loving to dance as I do, it is torment*. Lynn was never able to dance with her. Also Ray became very ill here—probably pneumonia and Isabelle was grateful that his life was spared.

In March of 1946, they finally found a house to buy in Shelley. There was a lot of work to be done on it but they were moved in by the end of the month and attended church in their new ward, the Shelley 1st ward. Soon both Isabelle and Lynn had church callings. Isabelle the theology teacher in Relief Society, and Lynn the ward YMMIA Superintendent.

It seemed to be the ideal house to raise a bunch of boys. There were enough exciting hiding places in the out buildings to attract the neighborhood kids for games of cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers, or army. The house had a living room/dining room, kitchen, and three bedrooms upstairs with a full basement. It was heated with an oil stove in the living room and a pot belly stove in one of the bedrooms.



Shelley house 1946-1951

There was a covered front porch and an enclosed back area. At first they rented out the basement, then Bruce and Steve slept down there. A year two after they moved in, Lynn installed a coal furnace that gave the boys the opportunity for a despised chore. Filling the coal hopper every day and taking out the clinkers. Their cooking range was also coal and wood burning, but later they replaced it with an electric range.

They had 2 1/2 acres of land with a long chicken coop, the framework of a barn, and a log cabin that had also been used for chickens and that sat in the middle of a pasture. They had a cow—Isabelle was to learn how to milk it—and a dog. The only female dog in the world to be named Butch with an unusual taste for the neighbors chickens and the mice that lived in the chicken coop. They also had cherry and apricot and peach trees and an extensive garden with raspberries, vegetables, melons, and rhubarb.

About this time, Isabelle began having some dental work done. It cost \$30 for 3 short visits and Lynn said he guessed he missed his calling. Little did he know.



Lynn's service station/farm implement business

These days were filled with activity. Isabelle raising her family, tending the garden, bottling fruit and vegetables from their large garden, and often going down to the service station to help Lynn out. She loved to write poetry

and had her poem, BOYS, published in the Church magazine, *The Improvement Era*. Lynn spent countless hours at his business and often played dances at night. They both sought to magnify their Church callings and attended the Idaho Falls temple regularly. Lynn and Isabelle had the extended Hanson family over for

New Years dinner most every year and Sundays they usually took their family to Lynn's parents in Blackfoot for dinner and to play between the Sunday meetings. They traveled to Logan several



1946 Raymond Hanson Family
FRONT: Carol, Joyce, Garth; BACK: Blanch, Olive, Jeane, Viola, Isabelle, Earl J, Merrill, Raymond, Lynn

times a year both for the holidays and the Dunn reunion and to Salt Lake City for their missionary reunion. Every summer they attended the Anderson reunion in Shelley.

And funerals. Lynn's Grandmother and Grandfather Hanson and Grandmother Holland passed away. And several of Isabelle's and Lynn's uncles died as well. In so many ways, these funerals were reunions and the sorrow was mixed with the joy of being with loved ones.



Isabelle with Steve and Bruce and their camping trailer

The summers also meant stealing a couple of days here and there to go fishing and camping or to Yellowstone Park with Bernice and OV Handly, Bennet and Belva Hanson, Lynn's folks, and other

Hanson relatives who lived close by. Lynn especially liked to fly fish at Willow Creek east of Idaho Falls. He made a trailer that they used to haul their gear and as a sleeping place for the boys. They also bought a World War II surplus rubber raft they used for fishing on the lakes. There wasn't anything that the family

would rather do than go camping and fishing. Lynn also enjoyed the fall hunt, not just for sport, but for food. Most years the Hanson's had a major part of their meat supplied with fish, pheasant, sage hen, duck, antelope, and deer.

In Shelley, there was the annual Spud Day event. It commemorated the potato harvest, and Shelley proudly proclaimed itself the Spud capitol of the world.



School was let out for two weeks for the kids to help harvest the potatoes and then they celebrated with a carnival complete with Ferris wheel, booths, and a parade. The city gave away free huge baked potatoes with butter and salt and pepper at the yellow train depot. Lynn always had an entry in the parade to advertise his Allis Chalmer farm equipment. One year Lynn

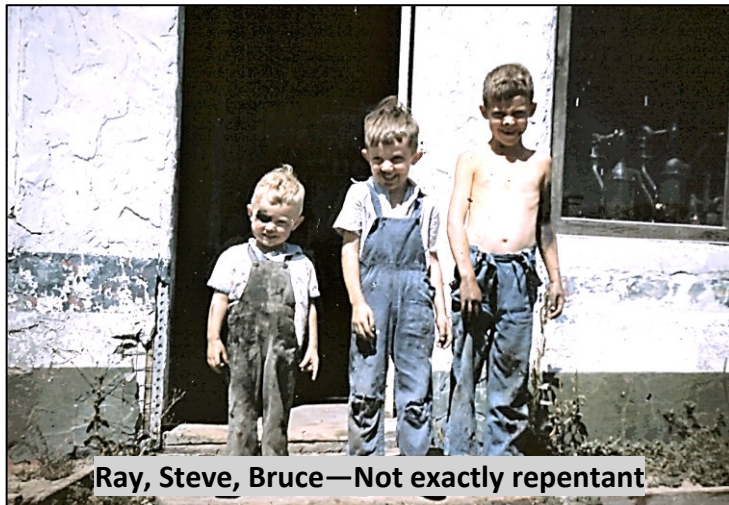
drove a big tractor, Bruce a middle sized tractor, Steve a small tractor, and Ray rode his trike. They won one of the prizes for best parade entry.

Bruce and Steve were given much responsibility. Bruce helped Lynn at the station, and Steve helped Isabelle with babysitting, making meals, and housework. With that kind of responsibility, they figured they were grown up enough to go wherever they wanted to go. One day Isabelle took the younger children and went with Lynn to Blackfoot on some business. When they got home, Bruce and Steve weren't there. Lynn and Isabelle had to go to Idaho Falls on more business and were really concerned about the boys.

When they returned from the Falls, there were the boys. It seems Bruce and Steve had decided to take a trip into the country for the day. They had gone several miles out of Shelley and then hitchhiked home. Bruce was seven and Steve was six.

It was also about this time that they decided to paint a tree stump in the back yard. They found an old can of black enamel paint to do it. When they finished, they still had some paint left and thought it would look good on Ray. They painted him with a black eye.

When Isabelle saw them with paint all over their clothes and hands and what they had done to Ray, she broke into tears and sent them down to Lynn at the station. She was determined that they have big time punishment. Lynn took one look at them and



laughed. He got his camera and took a picture. Trying to get the paint off though was no laughing matter for the boys. Turpentine does not feel good on the skin, and they had evidence of their misdeed on their bodies for weeks.

The standard form of punishment for misbehaving boys was a willow across the legs from Isabelle or for more serious matters, it was a flat-backed hairbrush on the backside administered by Lynn. Although these punishments were not given frequently, the very mention of their possibility often served to keep some very active and independent boys half-way manageable. But only half-way.

Later that year Isabelle drove to the Falls for some shopping and left Bruce in the car with the two little boys, Ray and Glen. Bruce got tired of waiting, so got out of the car, and left Ray and Glen. Without anyone to watch them, they both got out of the car and left. Isabelle was panicked when she got back and called the police. They found three year old Ray and two year old Glen about seven blocks away.

Later, when Ray was a little older, was playing in the front yard and decided to go down to Lynn's station by himself. When he got there, he somehow managed to pull a big tractor's motor block off a bench and onto his leg. It took several men to lift it off. Nothing was broken, but his knee was badly hurt.

And Glen. Lynn was looking all over for his car keys. After an exhaustive search, he finally found them. They were in a can of oil where Glen had dropped them.

Then...there was a fire. Bruce and Steve were playing the let's throw a match in the weeds and then stamp out the fire before it gets too big with one

of their friends by the shed in back of the service station where Lynn kept some old farm machinery. They were winning until they weren't. The fire got of hand and was burning the machinery and the shed. They ran to the station to tell their dad. The fire engine came (there was only one in Shelley), and the fire was put out without damaging the station or the other commercial buildings that were nearby. The shed was gone though, and the old machinery was ready for the junk yard, but the boys were safe. Lynn was so grateful that he still had his sons, there was no punishment for them. They were scared enough to never do that again, however.

The spring of 1948 brought a new arrival to the Hanson's. Reed Jan was born April 12th at Mrs. Eaton's maternity home in Shelley. But he couldn't come home with Isabelle since all of the other boys had the measles. Isabelle was grateful for family and friends who helped with meals and taking care of children while she tried to recuperate.



In February of 1949, Steve broke out in a rash again. This did not include the normal measles symptoms, however, and after some blood testing in his office, the doctor told Lynn and Isabelle to take Steve to the hospital for more testing. He suspected that Steve had leukemia. The ward and family were fasting

and praying for him as Leukemia back then was always terminal. The tests proved negative for leukemia, but positive for mononucleosis and thus a long period of recuperation.

February also brought one of the worst winter storms on record. A family from Canada who had been driving through, could go no further than Shelley because of the blizzard. There were no hotels or motels there, and Lynn and Isabelle put the family up. They were expecting to just stay overnight, but the storm was so severe that the family could not leave for several days. The snow had drifted so high that the chicken coop was like a huge snowdrift, and their cow died behind it. They couldn't get the cow out until a thaw came.



The winter of 1949—the chicken coop is snowbound

As Reed got old enough to stand and crawl, he would not stay in his crib. Finally Isabelle tied his ankle to the side of the crib with one of her silk stockings. They came in a little later on because he kept crying and found him dangling outside the crib hanging by one leg. That ended that remedy for staying in the crib.

The summer of 1949 the family went to Yellowstone Park with the



1949-Yellowstone Park had bears then

Handly's and went swimming at Old Faithful. After the swim, they got back into the cars and drove to the cabin where they were staying. But they had forgotten about three year old Glen. He had been left at the pool. They hurried back and no Glen. After searching the camp, Lynn finally went to the Rangers

Station. There was Glen eating an ice cream cone and not bothered at all being

lost. When they got back to camp, Glen asked, “Who sent me to you Mommy?” Isabelle answered, “Heavenly Father.” And he responded, “I’m sure glad.”

July 14, 1950, was a momentous day. After five living sons, Lynn and Isabelle finally got a daughter they could raise. She was also born at Mrs. Eaton's maternity home. They named her Lynette. They had actually picked the name out years before, but this was their first chance to use it.



1950-Isabelle with Lynette, Bruce, Steve, Ray, Glen, Reed

During their stay in Shelley, the children went through just about every contagious disease there was from measles to chickenpox, from mumps to whooping cough, and all kinds of flu versions. With the highly contagious diseases, they would put up a “quarantine” sign on their door, and the doctor would come to their house rather than have the kids go to his office where they might spread their germs. The three younger boys had their tonsils taken out the same day while Bruce and Steve had theirs taken out the same day while they were in Ogden. It seemed like there was always something happening to the boys from getting stitches from accidents to pneumonia to eye infections to getting lost. But Lynn and Isabelle survived and so did their boys.

Shelley was an adventure with significant changes in the family. Three children born here, Bruce and Steve were baptized, and Bruce was ordained a Deacon. Lynn and Isabelle even saw US President Harry Truman there as he rode in his convertible while campaigning for President in 1948. But this adventure would end and a new one begin.

After nearly six years in Shelley, the business was not doing what Lynn wanted it to do. There was more than one night that he walked the streets by himself worrying about how he was going to come up with the money to provide for business inventory and feed his family. He had a number of talks with his brother, Merrill, who had recently set up his dental practice in Idaho Falls. Lynn, for a long time, had wanted to be a dentist and now as he and Isabelle took a pencil to their finances, they figured that if they could sell their business and house along with what farmers owed them for farm equipment they bought from him, and with Lynn playing dances whenever he could, they could probably get through the five years of schooling it would take for Lynn to become a dentist.

And that's what they did. In September 1951, after taking a trip to California to explore possible pre-dental schools, Lynn applied at BYU and was accepted. They were going back to college.



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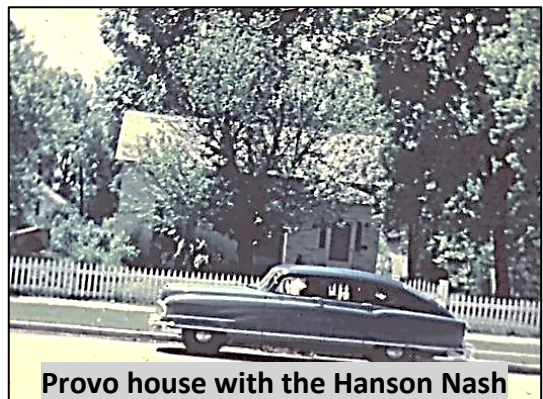
PROVO 1951-1952

ISABELLE AND LYNN LEFT FOR Provo and BYU in October of 1951. Lynn was 35 and with six children, the oldest 12, they began an exciting, new adventure. The Shelley First ward devoted a sacrament meeting to them, and after they spoke, the bishop turned over the time to the congregation to whoever wanted to pay tribute to the Hanson's. And one by one, nearly all the adults stood and paid tribute to the Hanson's and how they had blessed their lives.

Glen wasn't too happy about the move. He was six years old, but he had to go to a year of kindergarten there instead of first grade. There was no pre-school or kindergarten class in Shelley, and the Provo school said he had to have had kindergarten to start in first grade. But he survived.

Lynn and Isabelle found a small two bedroom home on 7th North and 1st East, in Provo just at the foot of campus. It was crowded. Lynette slept in a crib in Lynn and Isabelle's bedroom, Bruce and Steve slept on two couches in the living room, and the three younger boys on bunk beds in a tiny second bedroom. The kitchen was a "very egg yellow,"

not Isabelle's favorite color, and she had to dry her clothes on two racks set up in the kitchen and the bathroom.



Since the house was so near campus, Lynn could walk home for lunch. He had to carry a heavy load of pre-dental classes and attend summer school the next year in order to complete all his pre-dental requirements in just a year. It was difficult for him to get used to studying again after 15 years out of school, but he did. They not only got used to college life, they learned to love it. They attended many plays, musicals, and other cultural and athletic events at the college and were active in their Provo ward. Lynn was pianist for priesthood meetings and Isabelle served in the Primary. She was also active in the PTA at the grade school where three of their children attended.



Here it was Lynette's turn to come down with something exotic. She broke out with huge purple blisters all over her body with her extremities swollen. The doctors didn't know what it was, and they took her to the hospital for testing, but no conclusion. Then Lynn and Gordon Miner (a former missionary companion of Lynn's) administered to her and within a few days the worrisome symptoms were entirely gone.

Then, another trip to California to explore possible dental schools. Lynn and Isabelle took the three youngest children and left Bruce, Steve, and Ray at home for four days. Bruce was 12, Steve 11, and Ray, 8. Their neighbors wanted to help by watching out for them and feeding them, but the boys were self-sustaining. They cooked for themselves, went to Church, and were completely independent.

They were not accepted at a California dental school, but were at schools at Kansas City, Missouri, and Washington University in St. Louis. They would go to St. Louis. They sold their home in Provo, and Lynn and Isabelle drove back to St. Louis the summer of 1952 leaving the children with their grandparents in Logan and in Blackfoot. They were welcomed with open arms by the members of the Church in the branch that serviced all of St. Louis county. With the members help, they found a home they could buy, and they fell love with these members who would become their life-long friends.

Their short Provo stay ended. Here Ray was baptized and Steve ordained a deacon. And they would be moving 1200 miles away from their families in

Idaho and Utah. What they could not have anticipated was they were about to experience one of the happiest times in their married lives.



10

ST. LOUIS 1952-1956

THE LATTER PART OF AUGUST 1952 found the Hansons, all eight of them, in their Nash pulling a trailer with their belongings the 1200 miles to St. Louis. They hadn't gone far when Lynn noticed a problem with the axle on the trailer. It was causing the load to wobble, and they couldn't go over about 40 miles an hour without causing the car to shake. So, the trip was made going 25 to 40 miles an hour. They could not stop at a motel overnight or they would not be to St. Louis before Lynn's school started. With eight in the car and no air conditioning and with only a brief stop now and again to get gas or for Lynn or Isabelle to change drivers, they drove straight through to St. Louis. The trip took them two full days and all one night.

They found immediately that they loved St. Louis. There was only one branch of the church in the entire area and Lynn and Isabelle became mainstays in the branch. In fact, Lynn was called upon to play the organ for Sunday School the first Sunday there.

They bought a small two story house on the southwest corner of the giant Forest Park and that was home for the next four years.



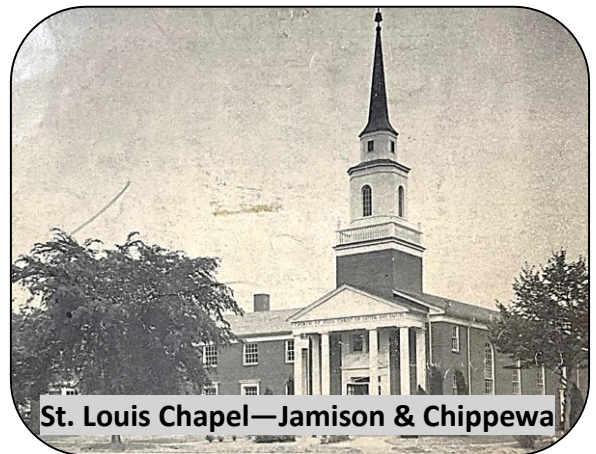
It had three bedrooms upstairs—sort of. Besides Lynn and Isabelle’s bedroom, there was a small bedroom where Ray and Glen slept, and then by walking



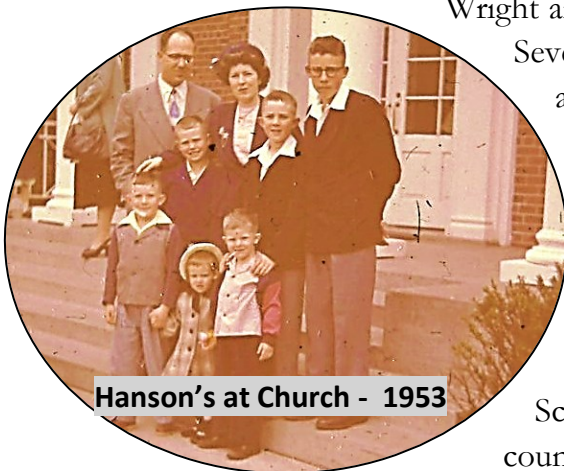
through that bedroom, there was an even smaller room under a gable where Bruce and Steve slept. Reed and Lynette had their beds in the hallway off the master bedroom. There was no air conditioning, of course, and an exhaust fan in the window of the upstairs hallway attempted to generate a breeze

through the bedrooms during the summer.

The members of the St. Louis branch were like family. Virtually all of the Hanson’s social life was tied into the branch and the other LDS dental students attending school there. Lynn and Isabelle were involved in church work from the first day. Lynn served as organist, was in the Sunday School Superintendency, and then as counselor in the branch presidency to Orsen



Wright and Hank Beal. He had been ordained a Seventy when he was called on his mission and was set apart by Elder Bruce R. McConkie as one of the seven presidents of the Seventy in the Central States Mission. This was the first Seventies quorum to be established outside of a stake. Isabelle was kept busy in Primary, Sunday School, Relief Society, including counselor in the district Relief Society



Presidency, and Young Women's where she served as president in the branch and on the district Young Women's board.

Money was always extremely tight. They scraped up enough money to buy a television, and that helped keep entertainment costs down for the kids. Isabelle tended other dental students children for a year or so, including three in diapers, and sometimes having as many as 13 or 14 (counting her own) in the house at one time. She even tried her hand at selling Avon for a while. Lynn would pick up nightclub or other music oriented jobs to supplement their income. Both Bruce and Steve worked selling newspapers on a street corner, scrubbing floors and cleaning house for other members, babysitting, and Bruce working as custodian for the branch chapel. They both worked at the high school cafeteria for school meals.

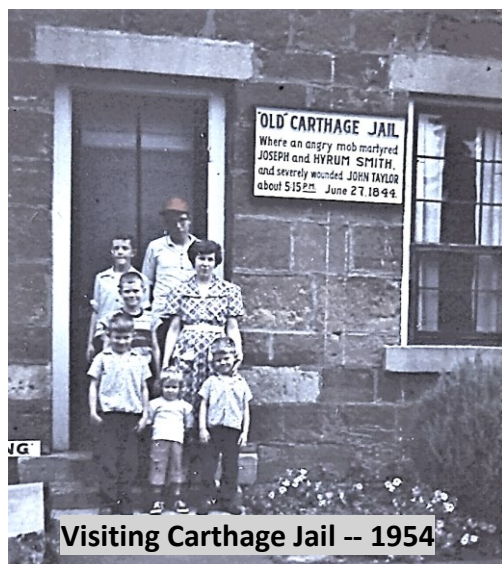
The money that was owed them from the sale of their business in Shelley, and their houses in Shelley and in Provo, was coming in dribbles and unpredictably. They counted on that money to put them through school, and the family constantly felt financial pressure. There were times when the decision had to be made as to whether to buy food or make the house payment. Sometimes the house payment went in 30 or more days late. Their meals were anything but extravagant, but they never went hungry. This entry in Isabelle's journal was repeated in one way or another throughout their four years of school.

We ae having headaches over Lynn's tuition. Everyone has neglected to send us their payments, and we have nothing to draw on and have even run behind on our house payments, little as they are. Heavenly Father has always watched over us, and finally some came thru to pull us out of the hole. March brought more financial worries. The payments from Lynn's business are late again. We both are becoming jittery and wearing down. In 2½ months we have only received \$196, and our utilities and house payments etc. equal \$324 alone. That doesn't count food. We ate but only one house payment made. and our other payments are due.

Their financial challenges didn't stop them from being generous and helping those who were in less fortunate circumstances than they when they had some money. At one point, when they had received a substantial amount in payments from their debtors, some of their own extended family members were in financial straits and a few \$1000's, virtually all they had to get them by in the months ahead, was loaned with the hope that the Lord would provide for Lynn and Isabelle's own family.

In order to maximize the effectiveness of his study time—in other words, study when the house wasn't noisy—Lynn would go to sleep around 9:00 p.m.,

then wake up around 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. when everyone else was in bed and study until he had to get ready to go to school.



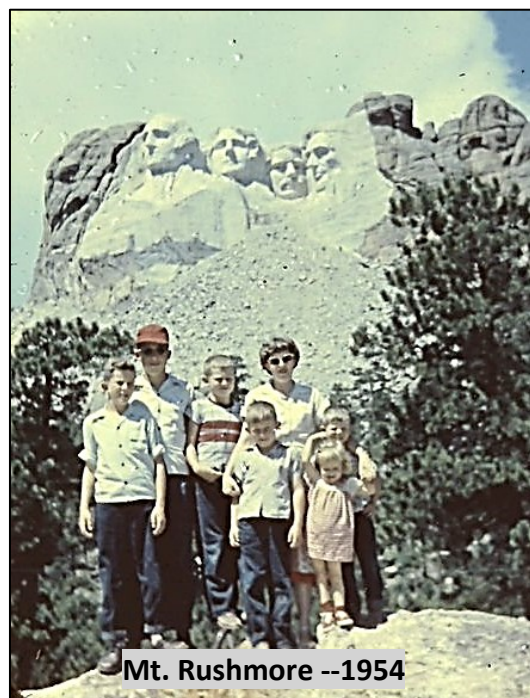
Visiting Carthage Jail -- 1954

Louisville, KY, Mammoth Caves, Nauvoo, Carthage Jail, Independence, Liberty Jail, and other historical sites in Illinois and Missouri.

Each summer, to help with finances, they took their family to stay with the Dunns and Hansons out west. They visited, attended family reunions, and Lynn would even sometimes play dances. They would be gone for the better part of the summer and would take a different way to and from each time, seeing many of the states and famous sites west of the Mississippi in the process.

One of those times was almost catastrophic. Isabelle wrote about it, and it was published in the Church's Improvement Era.

It was a hot summer night in August, and my husband, Lynn, and our six children were asleep in the car. I had taken over driving just out of Rock Springs, Wyoming, so that my husband might rest. We could be at his parents' home by midnight, he said, so it was best we go on. We were en route to Idaho from St. Louis,



Missouri, where Lynn studied dentistry. Soon after turning off Highway 30 and taking 30N toward Bear Lake, I came to a detour sign that sent me to the right on a dirt road. I drove for quite some time, thinking I would soon see a sign to put me back on the main road. But the road got rougher and rougher. Suddenly out of the stillness came a very clear voice: "Stop!" I stepped on the brakes, and since I had been driving very slowly was able to stop almost instantly. Seven sleepy heads popped up to inquire: "Where are we? What's the matter? Why did we stop here?" All I could say was, "A voice told me to stop. Something must be wrong." My husband took the flashlight and got out of the car—and found the front wheels on the edge of a canal. By this time I was shaking, so Lynn took the wheel and our older son guided him back. As we retraced our path, we noticed a very small sign that pointed back to the main highway—so small I had missed it in the darkness. Eight heads bowed in grateful thanks.

Their adventures on the road did not end with this one. As the family left St. Louis after Lynn graduated from dental school, they were faced with another life-threatening experience that is included below.

There were also some unusual experiences during their four years in St. Louis. The year after they arrived, Steve got ringworm in his hair. The doctor decided to cure it by X-raying his head. This would not only kill the ringworm, but it would also cause his hair to fall out. The doctor instructed Isabelle to get some adhesive tape and put a strip on his hair and then pull it off and the hair would come out onto the tape. Before trying it out to see if the hair was ready to come out, she covered his head with the adhesive strips. The hair on top came out, but the hair on the sides did not. Both Steve and Isabelle were crying plenty by the time she pulled the last strip off. Steve was the only bald 12 year old in their neighborhood and wore a hat until his hair grew back in.

In 1954, Isabelle spent a week in the hospital. She had been very low in her hemoglobin count and with no energy. She had minor surgery and recovered fully. Because Lynn had to spend the days at dental school and the nights studying, the older boys took turns staying home from school to watch Reed and Lynette who were not yet in school and got them to bed. Members from the Church branch helped with meals.

One Sunday evening Lynn and Isabelle got their family in the car after sacrament meeting and went home. Usually they were one of the last families to leave the church, but this night both Lynn and Isabelle didn't get tied up and were able to get the family home early. They grabbed a bite to eat and then went to bed. After everyone was down, the phone rang. Lynn went downstairs and answered it. It was Ray. He had been left at church, and no one had noticed he

was missing. Even Glen, who slept in the same bed, didn't notice he wasn't there. The family had never left church that early before, and Ray was playing around not noticing his family had gone. He watched as the Church was locked up and didn't say anything but walked down to the street corner where there was a bus stop and a pay telephone. He began to cry, and a lady found out what the problem was and gave him a nickel to call home. Lynn made the 20 to 30 minute drive to pick him up and treated him to a malt on the way home.

Another episode involved Reed. There was a small, detached garage behind the St. Louis home, and at the back of the garage was a pile of wood that was used for the fireplace in the house. One day Reed was playing with matches in the wood. Had he learned this from the stories of Bruce and Steve setting fire to the shed behind Lynn's garage? He would start a little fire and then stamp it out. One fire got a little too big, and he couldn't stamp it out. So he went into the house to get a glass of water to throw on it. But Lynn and Isabelle were talking in the kitchen, and he knew if he were to take the glass of water outside, they would ask where he was going with it, and he would get in trouble. So, he drank the water and went up to his bed and slept.

In the meantime, the garage burned down along with a car Grandpa Hanson owned that was in it. With all of their other financial worries, this seemed to be the straw that would break the camel's back. But it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The garage was covered by insurance, and the insurance payment they received was enough to pay some obligations they were having trouble meeting. They even had enough left over to buy the materials for Lynn to repair the garage. In Isabelle's words, *who says the lord does not answer prayers? He even moves in a mysterious way. In our case even thru a fire.*

During their first year of school, their *Thor* "semi-automatic" clothes washer broke. Most washing machines only washed and rinsed the clothes. A manual roller wringer was used to get the water out of the clothes so they could be hung up to dry. But the *Thor* semi-automatic washer spun the clothes to get most of the water out so they could be hung up directly on the clothes line. While their semi-automatic washer still washed and rinsed the clothes, it could not do a rapid spin anymore to remove the water. So, for about three years, Bruce and Steve hand wrung out the clothes, including the bedding and towels. They could win most hand squeezing contests for the rest of their lives.

As Lynn and Isabelle got into their last year of dental school, the financial problems became extremely severe. The man who had bought their business from them was two years in arrears on his payment. All of the money was to

have been in by the first year of dental school and now in the fourth year, it still had not been paid. Isabelle's journal recorded the anxiety they felt.

October 13, 1955, the past weeks have been a nightmare. No money. We manage to eat some way. Our Heavenly Father is nearby. An entry a few days later. In the mail today came a check, \$200 from (our dear friend) Henry Beal. I wept all day long. Then a few days later she wrote, "Received a little money in the mail. We paid Henry back \$100. Lynn played six dances the past two weeks and when paid that will help.

Then several weeks before Christmas this entry. *The children made out Christmas lists, but I can't get enthused. No Christmas shopping done. We have very little food and some washing powder on the shelf. The financial tension is mounting. At this time Lynn and Isabelle confided to Bruce and Steve and Ray what the situation was. They had no money and no presents and no Christmas tree. Putting all the cash together from all of them they had between \$20 and \$30. Isabelle asked the boys if it would be okay if they went without Christmas presents this year, and they would use this money and the money that Lynn would get playing holiday dances to buy food, a Christmas tree, and a few small presents for the rest of the kids who still believed in Santa Claus. The boys agreed to the plan and that was what was done.*

On December 23rd, Isabelle made this entry: *The prophet Joseph Smith's birthday, and more than ever I am so grateful for my testimony of the gospel and for family and friends and children and brothers and sisters who can 'read between the lines. Today came a wire from Lucille, my sister, for \$100 until we can get the monies owed us. And on the 24th of December the mail came and in it was a check from the man who bought their business in Shelley for the rest of what was owed. Isabelle's journal entry said in bold capital letters: OUR HEAVENLY FATHER PROVIDED. But I shall never, never forget the love of our family; the praying together and the closeness we felt to each other. Truly it was a touch of the Christmas Spirit. Talking and planning how we could make a happy Christmas without the wherewith.*

But their financial problems were not yet over. A few months before Lynn was to graduate, they ran out of money and could not expect any more from their debtors. Five brethren in the branch found out about the need and each wrote out a sizeable check and gave it to Lynn. They told him that the money was his. If he could pay it back someday then that was fine. If not, it was a gift. This was only one of the many ways the saints in St. Louis manifested their love for Lynn and Isabelle and their family and their gratitude for all that the Hansons had done for them.

During these last few months in St. Louis, a number of families had the entire Hanson family over for dinner. There were also luncheons held in their behalf and a special sacrament meeting similar to the one held in Shelley when they moved from there. Some of the sisters even held a "shower" for Isabelle complete with gifts and remembrances saying, "Isabelle, for four years you have given showers and attended every one for all the babies born in the area and for newlyweds and so it is now our turn to do one for you."



Lynn graduates from dental school--1956



Finally, after five years of struggle and tears and worry, Lynn graduated from dental school June 6, 1956. He was a Doctor of Dental Surgery. Isabelle and the children were busting their buttons as Lynn marched down the aisle with his cap and gown. They had done it. And with the selling of their home they paid back the

five brethren who had loaned them money. Lynn and Isabelle had taken six children through five years of dental school and ended up without owing anybody a nickel.

St. Louis was a wonderful experience for everyone. Major events for the children included Glen and Reed being baptized, Ray ordained a Deacon, Bruce ordained a Teacher and then a Priest, and Steve ordained a Teacher. Bruce and Steve graduated from 8th grade and were now in high school, and Reed and Lynette began school. Isabelle wrote, *it would be so easy for me to stay right here. There are those who have tried to get Lynn to do so and they would help set him up in business. I have grown to love these people and feel they are truly my own.* And Bruce and Steve really wanted to stay to finish high school there, but...

Lynn, fearing he would be drafted if he didn't join the army, had enlisted and applied for a commission. He would spend nearly two months at Fort Sam Houston for officers "boot camp" and then take his family to Fort Ord, California, on the beautiful Monterey peninsula, where they would be with their close dental school friends, the Reber's. But they had to leave St. Louis first, and that proved to not be too easy. They were about to have an experience like the one they had where the family's lives were put in jeopardy when Isabelle nearly drove into a canal a few years before.

They packed their trailer to the hilt, and off they went with eight in the car and a very heavy trailer going up and down the rolling hills of east central Missouri. The road was just single lane each way with the grass growing right up to the pavement and no pull-off places. Their car was coming down a steep hill when their trailer hitch popped off. The trailer was attached to the car only by the safety chains and with the load in the trailer it was swaying the back end of the car back and forth across the road. As they reached the bottom of the hill, another car was coming toward them down the opposite hill. There was no way they could pull off to their right since that was also a steep hill, and they couldn't put on their brakes or the trailer would hit the car and knock it completely out of control.

Suddenly, Lynn made a sharp turn to his left, across the oncoming lane and into the only piece of somewhat level ground around. A pasture. His turn was sharp enough that the safety chains broke as the trailer continued to go straight ahead and the on-coming car drove right between them. They pulled to a stop several 100's of feet into the pasture and just sat for a few minutes as they realized how close to death the family had come.

When they finally gained their composure they looked back to the road to see what had happened. It wasn't good. The trailer had run up the hill on the side of the road and had split into pieces. Their belongings were scattered up and down the hill and alongside the road. But the family was so grateful that their lives were spared, this almost seemed to be a minor problem in comparison. Their trip west was delayed, however. Lynn drove into Columbia and contacted the branch president. He graciously brought his own truck out, helped them load their things (what was left of them) and took the family to his home to feed them and to spend the night. Members of the Church are truly brothers and sisters.

Other than a small dent in the trunk of the car and the loss of a trailer, the Hanson's were on their way to new adventures at a new home in California.

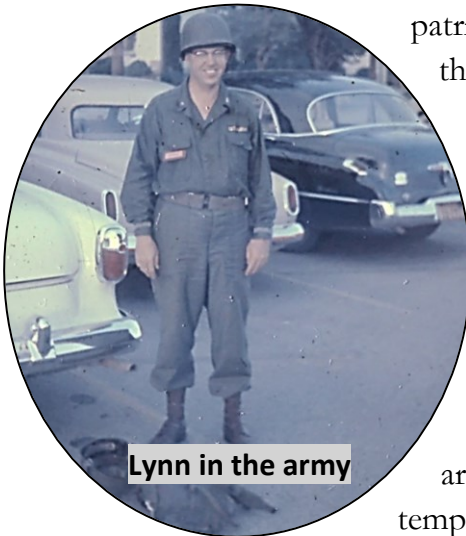


11

FT. ORD-FRESNO 1956-1960

The rest of the trip was uneventful - even boring in comparison. The summer was spent with the Dunns and the Hansons and in August Lynn went to San Antonio, TX for his basic training, leaving Isabelle and the kids scattered around with relatives in Utah and Idaho. Bruce and Steve received their

patriarchal blessings in Logan but spent most of their time in Idaho. Isabelle brought the family to Idaho when school started so they could all enroll in school for the month they had to wait before Lynn was through with his officer's training. Then, in the latter part of September of 1956, the family traveled to Ft. Ord to spend two years in the army.



Lynn in the army

a temporary apartment that was in the same building as three other apartments. This was called "Splinter Village," that perhaps described the wooden walls and floors of their apartment. They finally moved into an Army provided house in Bayview Park which was owned by the government and was on a hill where they could see the ocean. It was small, with three bedrooms, kitchen, living room, and one bathroom, but it was a house and

in Isabelle's words, *it was nice to be by ourselves*. Their furniture finally arrived that was shipped by the army from St. Louis and Columbia, Missouri, and from Idaho Falls. It was beginning to feel like their home.

They immediately became involved in church. They attended the Seaside branch meeting in the brand new LDS Servicemen center in Seaside. Lynn was set apart by Elder



Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of Twelve as one of presidency in the San Jose stake Seventy's quorum. He played the organ for the services and Isabelle taught classes in Relief Society and Young Women. Steve was ordained a priest here. Glen was ordained a deacon, and Ray a teacher. With Bruce and Steve administering the sacrament as priests, and Ray and Glen passing sacrament, the branch became highly dependent on the Hansons.

They loved being near the ocean. Isabelle wrote, *it is so breathtakingly beautiful! It is never the same. It changes every minute. Saw huge sprays up into the air and something leaping out. Two fellows with field glasses let us look thru them. It was a school of whales! Must have been about five or six spouts going continuously*. Then she said they walked out on the Pier and watched people "crabbing" and catching quite a few.. They would let down a wire basket with bait in the bottom. *The whole business held quite a fascination for us*. It was long before they tried their hand at crab fishing and got three crabs and two starfish their first attempt. They would go crabbing several times during their stay here.

Isabelle was really looking forward to New Years Eve. Lynn had played dances on that night almost since they were married and at last she would be able to spend New Years Eve with him. But... As a dental officer, he was assigned to be on-duty New Years Eve! But... On of the other dental officers stood in for Lynn for part of the night so he could go with Isabelle to their New Years Eve party.

In the early winter of 1957, Isabelle received word that her father was dying of cancer. He was in a coma and Lynn and Isabelle decided to take the kids out of school for a few days and go to Logan to see what they could do to help Grandma Dunn in taking care of her husband. He was in a coma most of the time, and Lynn took all the children, except Steve, to his folks in Idaho so they

wouldn't be in the way in the small Dunn Home. Steve was particularly close to his Grandfather Dunn and wanted to stay to help take care of him.

There were some special spiritual experiences had at that time. Grandpa Dunn had seen and had conversations with some of his family who had predeceased him. On one occasion with family gathered around his bed, he looked up at Isabelle and said, "Don't worry about your twins, Isabelle, my mother is taking care of them for you." He died a few days later.

Isabelle was elected president of the grade school PTA, and Lynn was given a new call. Lynn was set apart as a high councilor in the San Jose Stake and ordained a High Priest by Harold B. Lee of the Quorum of the Twelve. There was not an LDS chaplain at Ft. Ord, and Lynn's responsibility was to serve as acting chaplain for the approximately 1,500 LDS servicemen in the military there. It was a rewarding calling and one that gave him an opportunity to touch the lives of countless young men. Isabelle wrote, *How thankful I am for such a wonderful husband who loves the Lord*. About the same time, Isabelle was called to serve as the stake speech director in the stake MIA. She loved that calling.

With her help, Lynn established The LDS Soldiers Chorus



at Fort Ord. She helped write their performance program and the narration that

was given between their numbers. They sung in the wards throughout the stake, from San Jose and Santa Cruz to Salinas and Pacific Grove.

Ord Sergeant Coaches LDS Basketball Team

Sfc Charles Mocksing of the Headquarters Company USATC Training Section, is coaching a top flight basketball team which boasts a 12-0 cage record. The squad is a composition of teenage hustlers ranging from 14 to 17 years of age.

The squad is from the local Latter-day Saints Church in Seaside and the members are mostly children of Army personnel stationed at Fort Ord and Camp Roberts.

Two basketball participants are sons of Capt. Hanson, Dental Survey, Fort Ord Hospital. The boys Steve and 6'1" Bruce, are first stringers and good point gainers.

Gerry Wall, son of M/Sgt. Wall stationed at Camp Roberts is a 6'2" 14 year old team member. (Height is not one of Coach Mocksing's problems.)

Other squad members are Tim Kandell, son of an ex-Navy man, Roger Knight, and Claud and Gary Crabb.

Included in the 12 straight victories were defeats over the Seaside, Salinas, and Pacific Grove champions and Watsonville's top LDS team. Last Monday evening the Mocksing quintet rolled over Third Ward Team of Oakland, California 38-31. The Third Ward contenders are the Oakland-Berkeley champions who boasted a 20 game winning streak before meeting the local talent. The Mocksingmen netted 7 points in the final seconds to break a 31-31 deadlock.

On March 8 the LDS team will vie with competition from Las Vegas and Reno, Nevada, up at Stockton, Calif. The winner of the tournament will go to Salt Lake City, Utah, for the final championship title for the Latter-day Saints Church Leagues.

Bruce and Steve were part of the Seaside Branch young men's basketball team that was extraordinary. With just a half-dozen boys, Charles Mocksing, one of their priesthood advisors who was an LDS sergeant at the Fort and an outstanding athlete, coached them. They won their stake championship and traveled all over northern California playing the winners of other stakes and defeating them. They went all the way to a final game, where the winner would go to Salt Lake City for the All-Church championship tournament. Perhaps unfairly, that game was played on the other team's homecourt which was their stake center gym and that was significantly smaller than the full court that the Seaside team was used to playing on. They lost, but they had a marvelous experience.

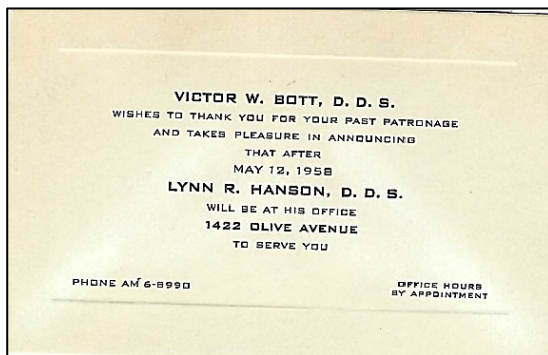
Bruce graduated from Monterey high school that year and joined the army reserves for six months and was sent to Ft. Huachuca in Arizona. Gratefully, the United States was not at war. In the previous 16 years, they were at war half the time. Isabelle recorded in her journal, *I am in a weepy mood. It seems like the beginning of the breaking up of our family.* And so it was. How their family had been, would never be again.

During this time, they were privileged to have Elder Marion G. Romney of the Quorum of the Twelve and his wife have dinner at their home. Their son was in the army at Ft. Ord and worked with Lynn on priesthood assignments. As the time approached for Lynn to be released from the army, the San Jose Stake was split into the San Jose Stake and the Monterey Bay Stake.

Isabelle thought that Lynn, given his service overseeing the LDS soldiers, would

have been a strong consideration to become president of the Monterey Bay stake, and she was told by her branch president that he wanted her to be their Relief Society president if they stayed. But it was time for Lynn to set up a private practice.

In the spring of 1958, Lynn's two years with the army were up. They bought a dental practice in Fresno and in May, moved their family into a lovely, new home near where Isabelle's sister, Lucille, and her family lived. It even had two bathrooms! They left Steve and Ray at their friends, the Reber's in Seaside, for Steve to graduate from Monterey High School, and Ray to graduate from Fremont Junior High in June. The boys joined them after they graduated.



In Fresno, Bruce and Steve enrolled at Fresno State College and the other



children were put into school with Ray in high school. A few months later, Isabelle was called to serve as the president of the stake young women . And then in the spring of 1959, Lynn was called as the bishop of the Fresno First ward and ordained by Sterling W. Sill, Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve. Bruce was serving as a counselor in the Sunday School Superintendency and Steve as

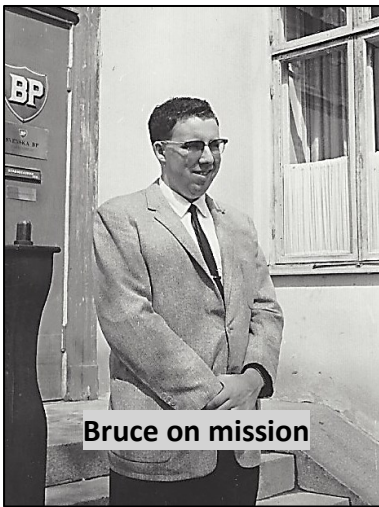
Sunday School chorister.

Once again, the Hansons became an integral part of the local church organization. The Fresno First Ward was the first Church unit that was large enough to be a ward that they had lived in in the past six years. The Hernandez family, who Isabelle was instrumental in introducing to the Church on her mission in Texas, were also members of the ward. Isabelle loved renewing that relationship and their daughters became good friends with Bruce and Steve. Here Bruce and Steve were ordained elders and Glen was ordained a teacher. Steve also baptized Lynette.

That Christmas brought another member to the family. Reed had wanted a dog and Lynn and Isabelle decided that with their own home and nice yard, it was time to get one. They saw a Chihuahua advertised for sale in the paper, but when they called to find out a price, they discovered the phone number printed was the wrong number. With some sleuthing and some luck, they found it and in doing so, found Oscar. He was a tiny little pup and immediately



won the hearts of the Hansons and at the same time won the frustration and near-hate of any friend or relative or stranger who dared ring the Hanson's doorbell. Oscar became part of the family and acted more human than humans around Lynn, Isabelle and the kids (especially Reed), but anyone not of the immediate family would get ear-splitting barks and bared fangs if they got anywhere near him.



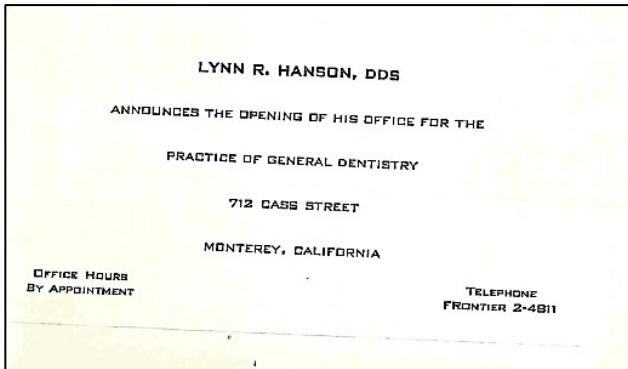
The summer and fall of 1959 brought more life changing events. Bruce received his call to serve in the Swedish Mission, and Steve decided to go into the army like Bruce had two years before. Isabelle wrote, *we are losing them all at the same time. How we pray for Heavenly Father to watch over them.*

Lynn's dental practice had not been going as he wanted and after talking to Don Reber, who had established his dental practice in Monterey after he left the service, Lynn and Isabelle decided to sell their practice in Fresno and move back to the Monterey Peninsula. The kids at home felt bad. Ray, who was in high school and loving it, said, "You said when you were out of the service we would not be moving again." In their 21 years of marriage, Lynn and Isabelle had lived in at least 12 different places.

Lynn was released as bishop after serving only one year, and Isabelle wrote, *I pray that sometime in the future, Lynn will have the opportunity to so serve his Heavenly Father again.* That prayer would be answered a few years later. The family moved to Seaside the late spring of 1960. Steve and Ray were left in the Fresno home for Ray to finish his year of high school and to watch over the home until it sold. Then Ray left for Seaside, and Steve stayed in Fresno living with his friend, Bob Norman.

Lynn had been sorely disappointed in his dental practice in Fresno, and he and Isabelle were praying that his new practice in Monterey, with Don Reber's

help, would be what they wanted it to be. Isabelle was disappointed leaving Fresno where her only sister, Lucille, lived and who she was so close to, but both she and Lynn knew that this move was right.





12

PACIFIC GROVE 1960-1971

IN MARCH OF 1960, THE FAMILY moved to the Monterey Peninsula- first to a rented place in Seaside and then to a nice split-level home they bought on Shazier in Pacific Grove and Lynn established his dental practice in Monterey. Immediately they were put to work in the church. Ray was



ordained a

priest and Reed a deacon. Isabelle was called as YWMIA president in their ward and Lynn was set apart as a high councilor in the Monterey Bay Stake. Within a few months, Isabelle was called as the stake YWMIA president.

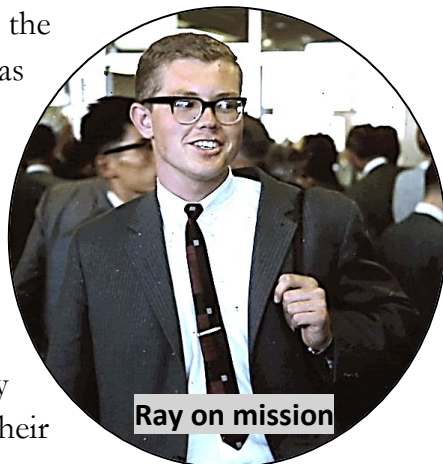


Steve received his call to the Australian mission and left in October. And in December, Lynn was called as a counselor in the stake presidency. As part of his responsibilities, he was over the stake YWMIA and was able to work directly

with Isabelle. He drove with her in virtually all of her stake travels. Elder Gordon B. Hinckley was in attendance at that conference and ate dinner at Lynn and Isabelle's home.

In November of 1962, the entire stake presidency was released, including Lynn. He enjoyed all of the callings he had in the church, but he particularly enjoyed this one. That Thanksgiving, with both Steve and Bruce were home from their missions. It was the first Thanksgiving that the entire family had been together in four years and as it turned out was probably the last one that all of the family were together for Thanksgiving.

In January of 1963, Ray received his mission call to Germany and at the same time, Lynn was called as the stake superintendent of the YMMIA and continued to work with Isabelle in the MIA. They received Honorary Master M-Men and Golden Gleaner pins for their work here.



About this time, Reed got thrown from a horse and kicked in the face by a cow. His nose was cracked as were his ribs, and he required 30 stitches in his lip and mouth. You would have thought they still lived in Shelley.

1964 brought the greatest change yet to the family. The first of March, they moved into their

new home on Pico in Pacific Grove. They were only a 15 minute walk to the ocean, and their spacious home was surrounded by 2/3's of an acre of ground. They loved this home perhaps more than any they ever lived in. The yard was home to countless Monarch butterflies, blue jays, robins and coastal Magpies. From time to time there were even quail or deer that would venture in. It always seemed so serene and peaceful.



Isabelle back left, Viola & Raymond Hanson in back, and Viola's Holland siblings

They welcomed company, and with their nearness to the Monterey coast their home was a popular stay for both Lynn's and Isabelle's siblings and extended family. They enjoyed showing them the striking views that surrounded them.

In May of that year, stake conference was held.

Gordon B. Hinkley was the visiting general authority again and met with Lynn. He told him the Lord wanted him to serve as the Bishop of the Pacific Grove Ward and gave him a beautiful blessing. Isabelle's wish for Lynn to have the opportunity to serve as a bishop again was granted. He was bishop for the next nearly seven years.

In June, Bruce married Joann Kochever in the Los Angeles temple, and in August, Steve married Joyce Swenson in the Salt Lake Temple. And then in October, Glen received his call to the Brazil South Mission. Only two children



Adding more daughters to the family: Steve, Joyce, Isabelle, Lynn, Joann, Bruce

left at home. Isabelle wrote, *One day you have no extra blankets and wonder what you can do when company comes. Almost the next day, you have a box filled with extra bedding. Your sons have left and I shed some tears for loneliness and the empty feeling I have this morning as our 4th chick has left the nest.*

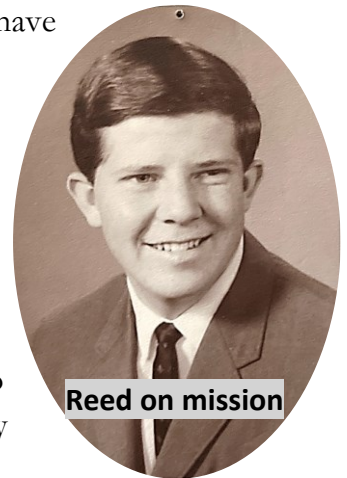


Glen on mission

But as they were soon to find out, rather than "losing" their family, they were expanding it. In March of 1965 their first grandchild, Kenneth Bruce Hanson was born to Bruce and Joann and in September, their first granddaughter, Laura Hanson was born to Steve and Joyce. So now their family totaled 14 counting in-laws and grandchildren. They would continue to expand rapidly.

In January of 1967, Reed, the last of the sons, was ordained an elder, the 5th son to receive the Melchizedek priesthood. As with the other boys, Lynn ordained him and was assisted by the stake president, President Merrill. He commented, "This is one of the choicest experiences of my life. Your family all have such a sweet spirit. It is a joy to partake of it."

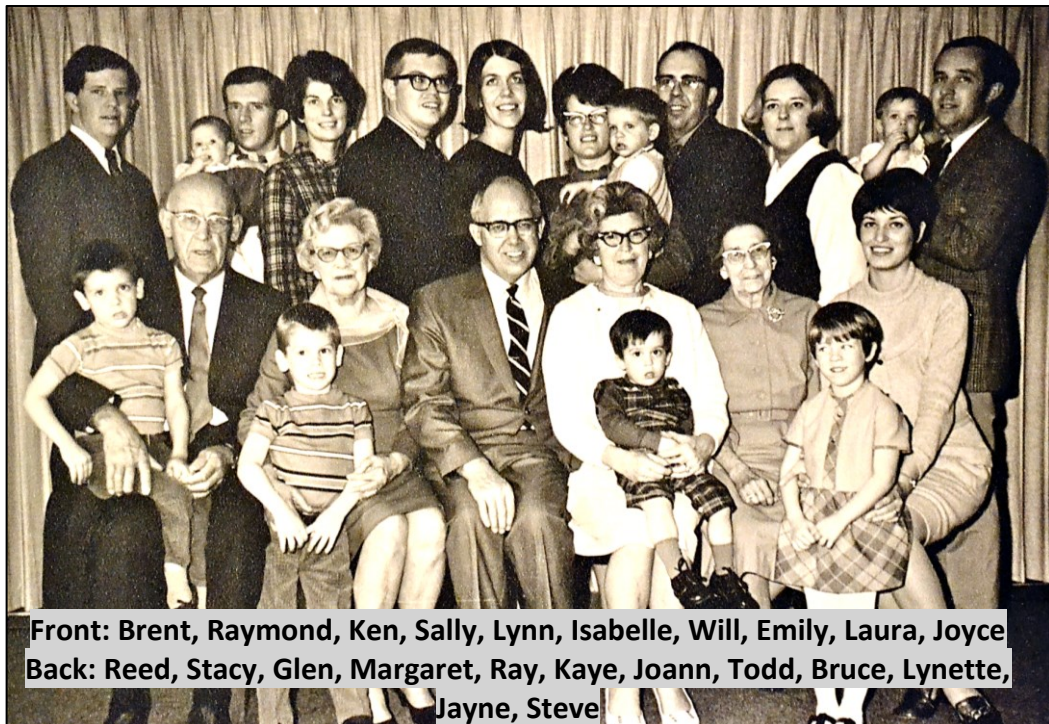
Ray was married to Kaye Terry in the St. George temple on January 26, 1967. Then June 10th, Glen married Margaret Lee in the Idaho Falls temple. At the reception for them that was held in Pacific Grove, it was the first time in five years for all of the family to be together. Lynn gave each of their six children beautiful father's blessings. Reed then left for the mission home to begin his mission to Brazil. The five sons had literally been scattered around the world on their missions.



Reed on mission

In 1968, after years of deteriorating health, Lynn's mother passed away, and they attended her funeral in Shelley. In 1969, all of the family, including grandchildren were at the Pacific Grove home for Christmas. A lot of presents!

And then, one by one they left for their own homes and Reed for Provo. Lynette announced she would be getting married in the spring and Isabelle



recorded, *So now the house is so quiet. One day the rafters are ringing with happy voices and the next, the owners of the voices are grown, married, feathering their own nests and thinking the same thoughts, and dreaming the same dreams (as we have for them) for those they love.*" And, *Oh how I love these dear people! May they never have any regrets in the way we, their parents, conduct our lives!*

February 21, 1970, Lynette married Larry Flaherty in the Los Angeles temple, and August 20, 1970, Reed married Etta Smith in the Salt Lake temple. Isabelle was left with only Oscar at home, but that wasn't to last long either. In September of 1970, Oscar died. He was truly one of the family. Although he was certainly the nemesis of the sisters-in-law and virtually everyone else who wasn't an original member of the Lynn & Isabelle family,



he was the beloved companion, friend and playmate of the Hansons and especially Isabelle when all the children had left.

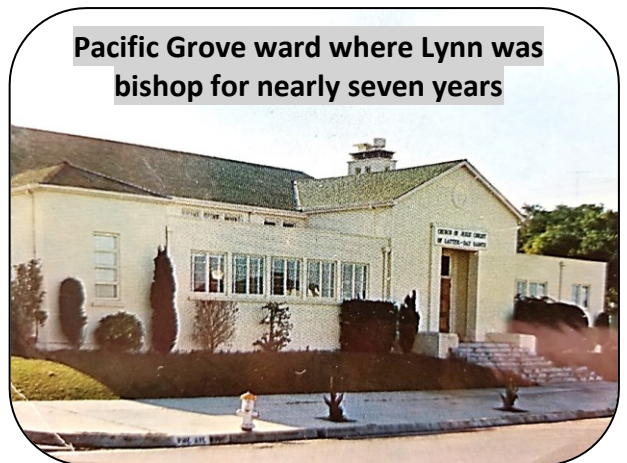
What other dog would sleep on his back with his legs sticking up in the air; or would go get his leash when you mentioned the word "walk;" or would run ferociously to the patio door, snarling and barking when you mentioned the word "cat;" or would sit patiently watching the other members of the family open their Christmas presents until it was his turn, then tear the wrapping paper off his own presents and threaten with a bare-fanged snarl any hand that reached out to take his present. And Oscar seemed to sense when a member of the family was sick or blue, and he would pay particular attention to that person seemingly trying to cheer them up and comfort them.



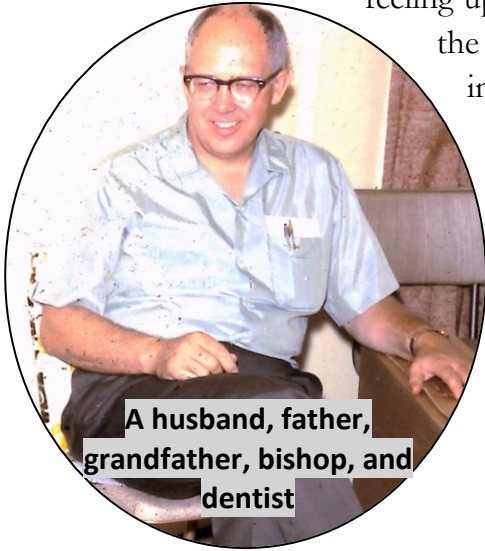
It was not long before their beautiful home in Monterey was to become a memory as well. Lynn's dental practice in Monterey was not doing as well as hoped, and an opportunity arose to buy an excellent practice in Fullerton down in Orange county. Bruce and his family and Glen and his family already lived down there, and Steve and his family were planning to move there. So the decision was made. In the fall of 1970, Isabelle recorded in her journal: *As I look at my home and yard, I feel like Oscar as he stepped out the back when he was dying, taking his last look at what was dear to him. I have a sad heart but keep giving myself pep talks. Surely challenges are great and so many loved ones are in that area. Our house is really creaking and cracking, and I wonder if it is telling us, "don't go."*

Lynn was released as bishop on November 22nd and again a sacrament meeting was devoted to paying tributes to Lynn and Isabelle and their family. Their years in Monterey had been filled with service and their family had literally been the hub of the church on the Monterey Peninsula for the years they lived there.

Pacific Grove ward where Lynn was bishop for nearly seven years



This move was particularly hard. Lynn had back surgery and was not feeling up to par, and there was the concern of selling the practice in Monterey and finding a place to live in Orange county. At their age, to pick up and move again was traumatic. But they felt it to be the right thing to do. They found a nice home in Placentia and moved there in February of 1971.





13

PLACENTIA-YORBA LINDA 1971-1980

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BROUGHT ITS REWARDS and challenges. Although fully involved in the church throughout their stay here, they found in Placentia a ward filled with young active families and it was difficult for them at their age to feel at home or to feel as needed as they had where they lived before. This was a new and challenging experience to be something other than the mainstays of the ward and stake.

Also their health began to deteriorate. Lynn had severe back problems and ultimately had an operation that entailed the removal of several disks. In addition, he developed Parkinson's that forced an early retirement from his practice. On the other hand, Isabelle began having significant heart fluttering, and her hearing continued to degenerate. She had to learn to cope with the frustrations that are associated with being nearly deaf. She wrote in her journal, *Tiring as usual trying to hear. Sunday School, sacrament meeting and choir. All are so noisy (people/children in the congregation). Keeps me on edge.*

There were further financial worries. After they finally sold their practice in Monterey, the buyer went bankrupt, leaving them with nothing from that sale. Financial challenges seemed to plague them throughout their lives. A frustrating entry in Isabelle's journal during their stay here capsulizes her feelings about that chronic challenge. *Back to Burton's to check on my ear phone. He could send it back at a cost of \$75.00 but no guarantee beyond six months. So, here we are \$450 for a new one. Lynn looked as though he had received a blow between the eyes, and I felt like I had one in the pit of*

my stomach. \$500 out for car, \$300 for a dishwasher and now this. It can't be done on what comes in and so very little in the bank. Again—trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to thine own understanding. Frequently in her journals when confronted with difficult situations, Isabelle would write about her faith and reliance on the Lord to help them through.

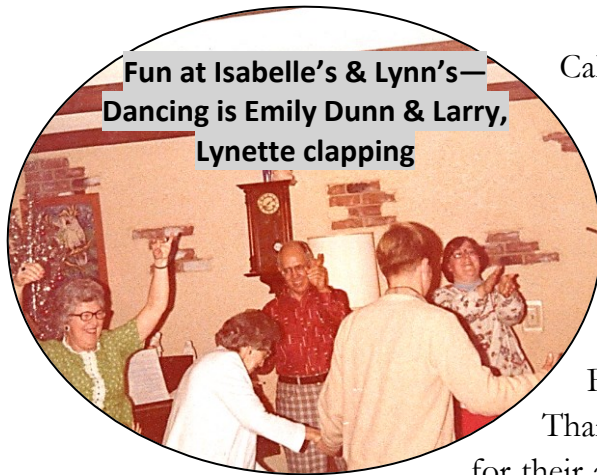
It was also during these years that they were involved in several severe family problems, including Steve & Joyce's four-year old, Mary, being hit by a car and the deaths of Lynette and Larry's and Steve and Joyce's babies. In hearing of Lynette's baby's death in Germany, Isabelle wrote, *If my heart is heavy how heavy Lynette's and Larry's. If I could just hold them. Please Heavenly Father comfort them.*

Joyce was in the hospital for nearly two weeks prior to the birth of their baby, and her life was in jeopardy. Isabelle wrote about their experience with Mary and this birth. *Mary's life has been spared. This babe does not need mortal experience. Our prayers again have been answered. They were able to have him live (long enough for Steve to give him a blessing), and Joyce's life has been spared to care for her family of seven. We thank thee our Father with all our hearts!*

There were other heartbreaking challenges with some of their married children that required their love, patience, and counsel. Lynn and Isabelle were a source of peace and comfort for those who tapped into their "well of living water."

With a resilience built through years of trial and tribulation, Lynn and Isabelle weathered their difficulties and grew from them. They continued to do what they always did. Serve and help others. They were never too busy nor circumstances too difficult for them to be dutiful, loving children to their surviving parents. It was during this time that Isabelle's mother became too old and weak to stay in her own home, and she spent most of her remaining years under the care of Lynn and Isabelle. Lynn's father also received much kind attention and assistance from them over the years. He lost his first three wives to death. Isabelle introduced him to her good friend, Lucille McCutcheon, and they were married and spent several happy years together before their deaths.





**Fun at Isabelle's & Lynn's—
Dancing is Emily Dunn & Larry,
Lynette clapping**

Isabelle & Lynn's stay in Southern California brought many happy times as well. At one point, all six of their children were living nearby and family activities and get togethers were frequent. Typically, all the families would be at Lynn and Isabelle's for Christmas Eve, at Bruce and Joanne's for Thanksgiving, and at Steve and Joyce's for their annual Easter Egg Hunt. Lynn and

Isabelle and some the family would go each year to Family Camp in the Sierras with other LDS families and to the Raymond Hanson reunions that were held both in southern California and in Washington where Lynn's sister, Carol, and her family lived.

One memorable event was the Hanson family production of the musical, Hansel and Gretel. Under the direction of Kaye, almost all the Hanson grandchildren participated. The families invited their friends to attend and several performances were put on at the various church buildings in Orange county. The Hanson's particularly sought out non-member friends to invite, and they used the event as a missionary occurrence to explain how the Church helped families. They gave them information on how to put together family organizations and hold family home evenings. There were over a 1000 people who saw the production with scores of non-members in attendance. Isabelle submitted an article on the event that was published in the Church Section of the Deseret News.

In 1976 their stake president talked to them about serving a fulltime mission. Both of them were willing to go, but the call never came. Then in 1978 Lynn was called, sustained, and ordained a patriarch by Elder David Haight of the Council of the Twelve. This calling was a great blessing to him and his family. He was able to give patriarchal blessings to many, including several of his grandchildren.

For a time it looked like Lynn was going to realize his dream of working in business with one of his children. Glen, who received his degree in dentistry practiced with Lynn for a period, but then decided to go back to school to study pharmacology. Lynn's brother, Merrill, also worked with him for a time. But with deteriorating health, he sold his practice and retired. At first they were

considering moving to Merced where Reed and Ray had moved, but they decided to move to Utah instead, and in 1980, they moved to Orem.

For much of the time, Lynn's Church callings were the focus with Isabelle serving a supporting role. But her contributions both in her Church callings and especially to her family were exceptional. The following tribute was written about Isabelle by the Yorba Linda Stake Relief Society.

She has served in both stake and ward Young Women's Presidencies, and also in a stake Relief Society Presidency. She has taught many years in every church auxiliary.

Isabelle has been blessed with a special gift for writing and has generously shared that gift over the years to the joy and pleasure of many people. Her poetry and compositions show a great love of the gospel and help build the testimonies of all who read them. She is continually writing letters of encouragement and support to missionaries in the field as well as notes of appreciation and praise to any one that performs a helpful act for someone in need.

She has a great love of people and a testimony of compassionate service which means that she can frequently be found preparing one of her delicious meals for someone needing help or just a boost in spirits.

Isabelle is loved and respected by many sisters throughout the stake and is a valuable member of the Yorba Linda Relief Society.

Lynn and Isabelle loved each other deeply.



Isabelle wrote this to Lynn

I want you to know, too, how much I love you and appreciate you and all that you do to make life happy for us.

You are a good provider and my Patriarchal Blessing has literally been fulfilled in that I was married in the House of the Lord to a choice son..that I would never want for any good thing..that our children would rise up and call me blessed. Yes, there were other promises too that have come to pass.

I have always had the utmost confidence in you, that you could do anything that you desired to do.

I am so proud and humble at all of the callings that the Lord has given you and for the way that you have fulfilled them.

I am glad for the talent in the music field that He has blessed you with and the joy that it has brought to others as you unselfishly shared..myself included.

Yes, as I take inventory today, my cup runneth o'er and so as usual, I am much in the Lor's debt. Thanks so much for your part (so important) in my life.

A MOTHER'S DAY PRAYER

I would pray for the wisdom of Solomon
For the understanding heart that he desired.
For the patience of that great Prophet Job,
And ask for the gift of Love
Shown by John the Beloved.
Yes, and the dedication to the Lord
Displayed by Alma, the Younger,
I would that I could better develop,
ABless me with the charity
That Paul, the Apostle, spoke about..
"The Pure Love of Christ!"
And may I use temperance in all things,
And I would pray for Faith..
Not to move mountains,
But to accomplish the little things

And while Lynn didn't/couldn't express his feelings about Isabelle in personal writing like Isabelle did, he would give her exceptionally meaningful cards on special occasions that showed his love and respect for her.

**Birthday card to Isabelle from Lynn
with her notes**

The longer we're married, Honey,
the more I see
how tolerant, patient and understanding
a wife has to be
(especially if she happens to have
a husband like me.)
The longer we're married,
the more I realize
how much I need your steadying influence
and the love in your eyes --
the way you have of making me feel
so important and wise,
The longer we're married,
the more I think you know
the things I feel in my heart
but don't know how to show --
the many little daily reasons
why I love you so.

*To my wonderful wife
who makes every day
the happiest day of my life.*

*Happy Birthday
With All My Love*

Lynn

- Names
Lynn gave by (how
many)
- 1-son
 - 2-1st wife
 - 3- Elder
 - 4- Mrs.
 - 5- Dr.
 - 6- Lt.
 - 7- Captain
 - 8- Chaplain
 - 9- President
 - 10- Bishop
 - 11- husband
 - 12- grandpa
 - 13- father-in-law



*Dear
Song*

*Little man
with hair in queue - Mexico
to Abrasa Street
Los Angeles*

The Hanson Family Presents Hansel & Gretel



Some of Lynn & Isabelle's grandchildren

The
Lynn R. Hanson
family organization
presents



Hansel & Gretel
English by Humperdink (1833)

November 24, 1978

"No other success can compensate for failure in the home." (David O. McKay)

We members of the Lynn Raymond Hanson family have taken this directive from a modern day prophet seriously. Under the direction of our father and grandfather, Lynn Raymond Hanson, and our mother and grandmother, Isabelle Jane Hanson, a family organization has been formed to help meet the goals of each family member. On a regular basis family meetings are held, goals established and challenges given covering virtually every aspect of our lives.

As a result, gardens have been planted, food canned, personal histories written, journals kept, physical fitness programs begun, financial assistance rendered, study habits improved, on-going scripture reading programs established and cultural events fostered. We are growing strong spiritually as well as physically. We are becoming secure emotionally and socially as well as financially and materially. We are learning to become well rounded, to appreciate beautiful things and to create beautiful things. We are learning that through the family we can become as our Heavenly Father.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has provided us the knowledge and framework and truths upon which our family has been built. And to you our friends we testify to the joy and happiness it has brought to us as we have accepted and attempted to abide by its principles. Our musical play tonight is one result of our desire as a family to develop our talents and to share with others. We present and dedicate this production to you our friends as a token of our love and appreciation for you.

The costumes, scenery, directing, music, lights, sound, stage management, and refreshments were provided by the parents of the children in the cast.

The families are:

Bruce and Joann
Kenneth, 13
Brent, 12
Todd, 10
Heather, 6
Sara, 4
Bradley, 7 mo.

Steve and Joyce
Laura, 13
Will, 10
Jayne, 9
Amy, 8
Elizabeth, 7
Mary, 3
Benjamin, 2

Ray and Kaye
Rolf, 7
Gretchen, 3

Reed and Etta
Adam, 5
Seth, 4
Ruth, 3
Daniel, 1

Other members of the family organization who live away from the area at this time are:

Glen and Margaret
Stacy, 9
Kerry, 7
Kimberly, 6
Kathryn, 3
Kristine, 1

Larry and Lynette
Fiaberty
Jennifer, 3

CAST

In order of appearance

Gretel.....Amy Hanson
Hansel.....Will Hanson
Carl.....Todd Hanson
Helga.....Elizabeth Hanson
Gerta.....Heather Hanson
Fritz.....Rolf Hanson
Frederick.....Adam Hanson
Katrina.....Sara Hanson
Mother.....Jayne Hanson
Father.....Kenneth Hanson
Baby Tree.....Sara Hanson
Snippy Old Woman Tree.....Jayne Hanson
Old Man Tree.....Kenneth Hanson
Snowflakes.....Mary Hanson
Benjamin Hanson
Ruth Hanson
Gretchen Hanson
Reindeer.....Todd Hanson
Owl.....Rolf Hanson
Herr Hare.....Brent Hanson
Englebert Bear.....Adam Hanson
Adelheid Bear.....Elizabeth Hanson
Mother Bear.....Laura Hanson
Sandman.....Seth Hanson
Angels.....Heather Hanson
Bradley Hanson
Daniel Hanson
Mary Hanson
Benjamin Hanson
Ruth Hanson
Gretchen Hanson
The Munchie.....Brent Hanson
The Witch.....Laura Hanson
Accompanist.....Joyce Hanson



Performing in "Hansel and Gretel" was a fun experience for members of the Lynn R. Hanson family.

How to succeed as a family

Family grows closer by presenting play

An activity that recently helped members of the Lynn Raymond Hanson family grow closer together was the production of the play "Hansel and Gretel," with the grandparents, four sons, their wives and 19 grandchildren participating.

YORBA LINDA, CALIF.

Last summer, the family of Lynn Raymond Hanson, patriarch of the Placentia California Stake, decided producing and performing in a play would be a fun way to bring family members closer together and to share the gospel with non-member friends.

Of the six children of Brother and Sister Hanson, four sons live in the Orange County area and were able to participate. Using a script printed in a national magazine, the parents began supervising the production of "Hansel and Gretel."

Different talents were put to use as the parents produced the scenery, costumes, lighting, sound and directed the play and the music. One sister-in-law played the piano and another helped the children with the musical numbers taken from the opera "Hansel and Gretel" by Engelbert Humperdinck.

Some extra characters were added

to the script so each child (ages ranged from infants to 13 years) could have two parts. Besides Hansel and Gretel and the witch, there were parts for talking animals and trees, a magician, dancing snowflakes and an angel.

"We had to make a real effort to get together for rehearsals," said Mrs. Reed (Etta) Hanson. "Sometimes we rehearsed together on Saturdays or on Friday nights and sometimes we all got together for family home evening and held a rehearsal."

The play was presented four times. The first time, the family members invited their friends, especially non-members, and after the play was over explained the Church's doctrine on the family. They also had family home evening manuals available for their friends to take home.

They also presented the play for a Relief Society party and two ward parties.

"The experience brought us all so much closer together," Sister Hanson said. "It was a good experience for the children, especially. They learned to sing and perform better, and they also got to know their cousins as friends and had fun."

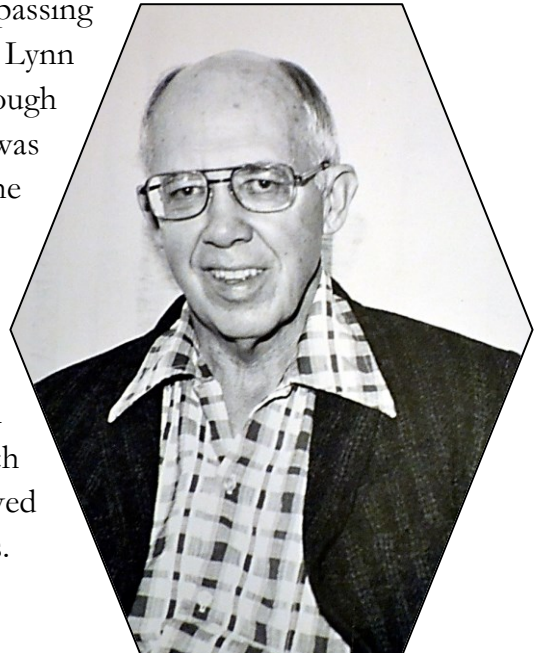


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OREM 1980-1990

LYNN AND ISABELLE LOVED THE Provo area ever since they attended BYU 30 years before and decided Orem would be the place to spend their remaining years. They loved their ward here and being close to family and long-time friends in the area. They were at a geographic crossroads of sorts and also enjoyed visits from friends and family who were "passing through." While his health permitted, Lynn worked at the Provo temple, and although Isabelle, with her hearing challenges, was unable to serve as an ordinance worker, she attended frequently.

They were both involved in their ward with Isabelle teaching various classes and Lynn playing the piano and organ. He was the designated "sage" in priesthood meetings and was asked each week to give a thought. He was also involved in Kiwanis and Sons of the Utah Pioneers.





Isabelle continued writing poetry, her caring, loving notes to family and friends, and wrote an article that was published in the Church News.

My most influential teacher

BY ISABELLE J. HANSON
Visiting Teacher, Orem
30th Ward, Orem Utah
Central Stake

Grandmothers have influential teachers too. We've had teachers inspire us to study, learn, grow, develop and share. J. Karl Wood, a seminary teacher of mine, was such a teacher.

As a seminary teacher, he made the prophets and other characters of the Book of Mormon come to life. His was a unique way of teaching — using skits, pageants and tableaux that allowed students to become personally involved.

His book of Mormon chart is still a favorite of mine. It has a special place in my Book of Remembrance. From time to time, I bring it forth to share with other students and members of my family.

For our seminary graduation program, Brother Wood wrote a pageant about the gospel of Luke. The students presented it to the school, parents and also to the stake. Our appreciation of this man's



Isabelle J. Hanson

contribution to the gospel as exemplified by our Savior, reached new heights. And, not only was Brother Wood interested in our learning the spiritual message and presenting it in our program, but he also taught us correct pronunciation of words as the need arose.

Through this influence, my testimony of the Savior was strengthened and I knew that He did live and because He did live, I, too, could live again with Him and my Heavenly Father if I chose the right path.

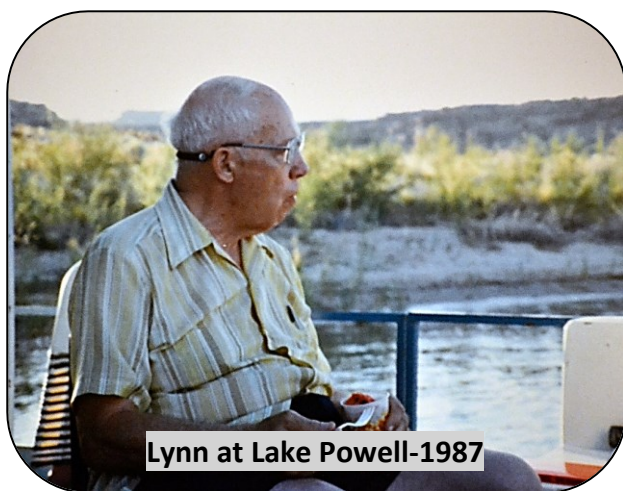
It was my good fortune to live in Brother Wood's ward and I felt his influence during my pre-missionary days. At this time he was author of another moving pageant, this one honoring Elijah the prophet. I was a guide at the Logan Temple grounds at the time and was given a part in the pageant. During rehearsals and the three weeks of presentation, this great prophet, Elijah, became a reality to me. The scripture "turning the heart of the children to their fathers," had more meaning.

I later served a mission, then returned to be married and move to another state. Still, Brother Wood's influence continued to be a guiding factor in my life as I was a mother and wife and recalled his methods as as I taught in Church callings.

Karl J. Wood became a member of the Church Educational System board and subsequently guided many others with his store of knowledge. He passed away a few years ago, but I am sure he is teaching and influencing others wherever he is.

Isabelle's mother lived with them here in Orem until her death in April of 1984. She had dementia that increased in severity until Isabelle was helping her with all of her needs. The day of her death, Isabelle wrote, *She is gone. My dear little mother! I felt yesterday that it was time. What a lost and hollow feeling! How difficult it will be to adjust to a new life after 27 years of feeling responsible for her, and the last four doing everything for her. Oh that we may live to one day meet her and the rest of our loved ones who have gone before. How grateful I am to my heavenly Father for answering my prayer that I have the strength to care for her here in my home...until her call came.*

Isabelle and Lynn also had his father and his wife, Lucille, with them much of the time until his death in 1989 and her being placed in a nursing facility prior to that. They often traveled to California to visit their children in Merced/Atwater and Orange County and were visited by them. Lynette, Glen, who was a professor at University of Utah, and Kaye were nearby, and they had much interaction with them and their children. They also frequently were visited by Lynn's youngest brother, Garth who was, like Kaye, a professor at BYU.



They attended family reunions and a special outing on Lake Powell in Utah/Arizona where the family rented two house boats and Ray brought his outboard boat for water skiing.

In 1988, their children planned a celebration for their 50th wedding anniversary. It was held at their Church building in Orem. Many of their friends and extended family attended. All of their children and grandchildren, except Steve's son, Will, who was serving a fulltime mission, were there. Isabelle's brother and sister, and three of Lynn's siblings were present. What was unusual, Lynn's father, Raymond, was there as well. A father attending his son's 50th wedding anniversary party does not happen very often.

Lynn & Isabelle's 50th Anniversary

*On Saturday August 27, 1988
Lynn and Isabelle Dunn Hanson
will celebrate their
Golden Wedding Anniversary.
You are cordially invited to attend
an open house in their honor
that evening at the
Orem 30th Ward Chapel.
150 East 600 North
Orem, Utah
Reception from 6:00-7:30 pm with
a special tribute following from
7:30-9:00 pm.
Let your presence be your gift.*



Hanson's celebrating 50th wedding anniversary

The children of Lynn Raymond and Isabelle Dunn Hanson will honor their parents on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary at an open house, Saturday, August 27, from 6 to 9 p.m. at the Orem 30th Ward Chapel, 150 E. 600 North, in Orem. Friends and relatives



Lynn and Isabelle Dunn Hanson

are invited to attend. No gifts please.

Lynn and Isabelle were married August 29, 1938 in the Logan Temple. They met while both were serving in the Spanish American Mission.

Lynn is a talented musician and Isabelle a talented writer. They are both active in the LDS church and have served in the church in many capacities.

They have six children: Bruce, Steve, Ray and Reed who all reside in California; and Glen and Lynette, residents of Utah. They have 35 grandchildren, and 4 great grandchildren. 1998-30 →

The program included a video of their 50 years together, tributes, Lynn accompanying Jack on the trumpet, and the family choir singing.



And most important was the family who were there, including their children with their spouses and their grandchildren.



Bruce, Joann, Steve, Joyce, Etta, Reed, Margaret, Glen, Carolyn, Ray, Isabelle, Lynn Lynette



And three of Lynn's siblings with their spouses and Lynn's father, and Isabelle's brother and sister with their spouses.



**Raymond, Lynn, Isabelle
Garth & Sheila, Joyce & Dave, Blanch & Bill**



**Lynn & Isabelle
Lila & Jack, Lucille & Doyle**



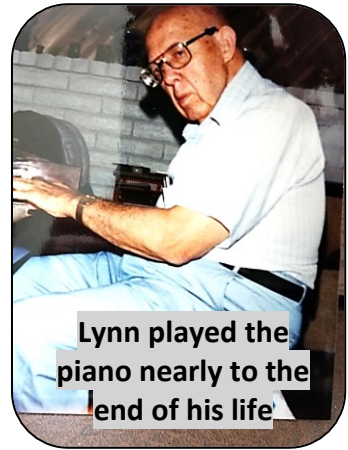
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MERCED/ATWATER 1990-2001

AS BOTH LYNN'S AND ISABELLE'S health deteriorated and in consultation with their children, they felt it would be best to move to Merced where Ray could assist them medically and Reed and his family could be of help to them as well. Ray owned a home that he made available for them to live in. It was a single level so Isabelle and Lynn wouldn't have to climb up and down stairs.

It was a difficult decision for them to move as they loved their friends and neighbors in Orem and felt uneasy about leaving Lynette and Jennifer. But given the circumstances, it was the best thing to do. The children helped them and within a week after the decision was made, they were in Merced.

Lynn's debilitating Parkinson's ultimately caused him to be bedridden all the time, and Isabelle again became a 24/7 caretaker for a loved one. Her hearing continued to deteriorate as well, which meant she was only able to communicate with those who were away from her by letter and email. Up until the last few years of their lives, they were able to attend a few family reunions and the family celebrated Isabelle's and Lynn's 80th birthdays in Merced.



Lynn played the piano nearly to the end of his life

The constant love and care given them by Reed and Etta and their family, and by Ray, and later Bev, were literally lifesavers for them. They did everything possible to assure that Lynn and Isabelle had what they needed and made as comfortable as possible in these their declining years. Ray and Bev brought them into their own home to care for them when it was impossible for them to live on their own.



Isabelle – 80 years old

Lynn passed away in March of 2000, just two months shy of his 84th birthday. Services were held for him in Merced and Logan, Utah where he was buried. Isabelle outlived him by another year and a half. Their family was at a reunion at Ray and Bev's home in the Sierra's in late August of 2001. When it concluded and the families began to head to their homes in southern California and Utah, Isabelle was very tearful. She told Steve how lonely she was and that she missed Lynn horribly. She said she wanted to die to be with him again. That night she passed away. Services were also held for her in Merced and Logan. She was buried beside Lynn in the Logan cemetery.

As Lynn and Isabelle became one over their more than 60 years of marriage, each brought into this oneness their own special talents and gifts.

Isabelle's life was literally spent in serving others and striving to bring joy to all she associated with. She served in ward and stake Relief Societies, Young Women's, and Primaries. Over the years she wrote many thousands of letters including to sons and grandchildren and brothers and sisters serving on full time missions, to missionaries who had no mother to write to them; and as often as needed to friends and family and relatives whose lives were in disarray or just to keep contact to let those she knew feel of her love and concern. She wrote cantatas for Christmas and programs for other special events. She wrote poems by the score, often as a result of a special event or to convey a personal message to someone she loves. She has had a book of her poems published and distributed to friends and family. She has also had a poem and several articles published in church publications. Most important, she was the near-perfect wife and mother and grandmother.

Mother

Steve Dunn Hanson

At first,
I strove to make
my way
with eye on
inward point,
and stumbled endlessly.
While all the while
your ray arced out,
embracing in its bow
those who would be
warmed.
Including me.

At last,
as my beam
bends and spreads
because of you,
it lights
the way
beyond my prideful veil...
and brings Him
into view



Lynn's life was also one of service and love. With characteristic unselfishness, he shared with tens of thousands a musical talent that was truly unique. Whether it was on the baritone, the trombone, the piano, the organ, and in his later years, the accordion, people from southeastern Idaho to Utah and from St. Louis to California tapped their feet, danced, and listened with emotions close to the surface as Lynn shared his marvelous, musical gift. He led scores of choirs, accompanied uncounted soloists, and was organist in hundreds of church meetings. But more, he blessed countless members of the church through magnifying his many priesthood callings. In his shy, quiet way, he was the epitome of courage and fortitude in the midst of untold adversities and difficulties and showed by example what it means to endure to the end. To Isabelle and their children and grandchildren, he was a gospel rock.

Father

Steve Dunn Hanson

Then
you did not know
that battles lurked.
That you would feel the axe of
fate,
the bruising blows of wily man.
Nor had you wind of hoary
time—
relentless press through summer
to a bleaker clime.
Now
you see, because you've seen—
though age has brought a
gossamer gaze.
And scar-strewn soul
stands strong, serene—
though torso strength ebbed
long ago.
Endured you have and learned.
It is your gift to me.



There was a real synergism with this marriage. The whole was indeed greater than the sum of its parts. Lynn and Isabelle, both directly and through their children and grandchildren, have brought hundreds into the waters of baptism, have blessed the lives of thousands through countless acts of kindness and service, have brought joy and pleasure to tens of thousands through their music, poems, and writings, and have taught by the way they lived the meaning of love and family. Their lives were a testimony of Jesus Christ and the restoration of His gospel and Church.

Lynn & Isabelle Funerals



Weddings of Their Children





Glen & Margaret



Reed & Etta



Lynette & Larry

Children and Grandchildren

CHILDREN

GRANDCHILDREN

Bruce (1939) & Joann	Kenneth	Sara
	Brent	Bradley
	Todd	Nathan
	Heather	Matthew

Steve (1940) & Joyce	Laura	Elizabeth
	John William	Mary
	Jayne	Benjamin
	Amy	Jacob

Rita (1942)

Ruth (1942)

Ray (1944) & Kaye	Rolf
	Gretchen

Glen (1945) & Margaret	Stacy	Kathryn
	Kerry	Kristine
	Kimberly	Jarom

Reed (1948) & Etta	Adam	Johnathan
	Seth	Esther
	Ruth	Rebekah
	Daniel	Rachael

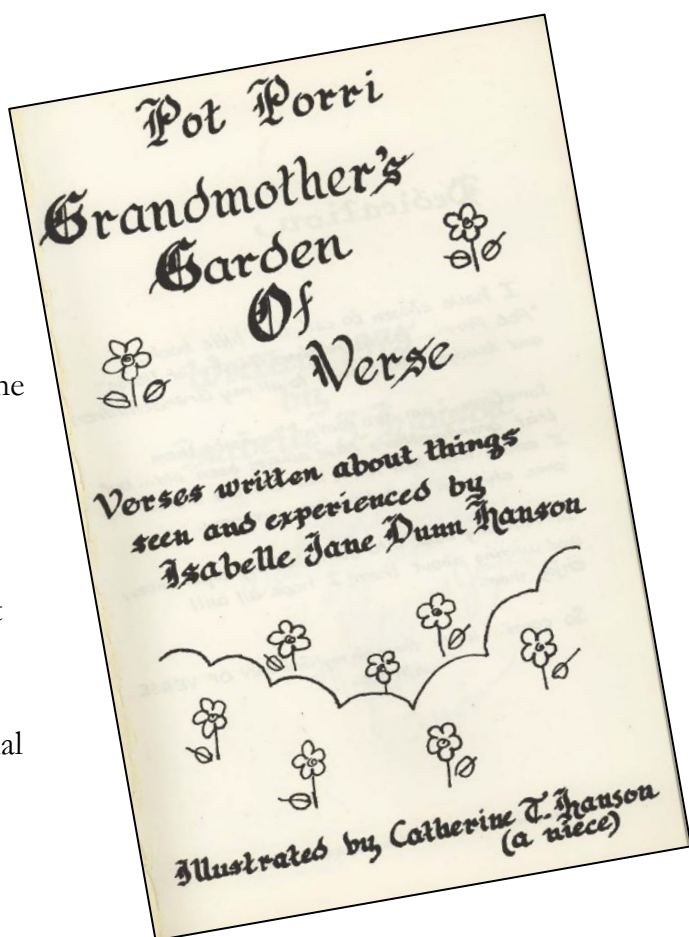
Lynette (1950) & Larry	Lawrence
	Jennifer



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ISABELLE'S POEMS

Isabelle wrote scores of poems. Her niece, Catherine Hanson, illustrated and published a booklet that contained many of her whimsical poems. That book is available to look at on FamilySearch. The following pages include several of her most personal poems.



Why I Write

I write not to be known of man
But to give courage, hope, and cheer
To those who stumble and find
The way too steep and long
And shed a silent tear.
I write of love and deep respect
For those so close and dear.
I write of mercy from above
For nature's beauties here.
For life and time to prove myself
A worthy child of God.
For love of life and love of earthly sod.
And if I can keep one heart from breaking,
And give joy and ease the aching,
I have not written in vain.
I thank God for this gift
He has given me. Isabelle

To Lynn

Tribute to Lynn

His hands rest on the organ,
Gently yet strong and secure,
And the notes peal forth round us,
Bell-like and pure.
You can see by the glow in his eyes,
By the touch of his hands resting there
That his love for music
Brings tones beyond compare.
The hearts of those of us there
Are touched by his hallowed sound,
And as often as he plays,
Tears will be found.
This man who gives his talent
So liberally and unrepressed

I Love You

I love you.
Oh, so many ways, I love you.
With actions I try, but sometimes fail,
Oh weak mortal that I am.
For you and all you represent,
I want the very best.
But sometimes cause you pain
By things I say or do.
Still, deep down deep
I'm so in love with you,
And only want you happy.
I want your love, companionship,
To be your friend and make you glad.
I love you.
I love you for the many things you are.
For your compassion unto many.
But most of all to me.

For the wise, kind understanding father
That our children love.
I love you for your cleanliness of mind,
That in this day and age
Are, oh so hard to find.
My respect you for you
and the things you do and say,
Play such an important part along loves
way.
And in the years that lie ahead for us,
May we weather every storm
More calmly, patiently, and together.
That in the evening of our life,
We'll still be a happy husband and wife.
God bless you!

Written on Lynn's 50th birthday

For Family

The Miracle

The tiny stitches in each garment
Served to bind my love more tight,
As I sewed and planned and worried
With the coming of the night.
Such a tiny little nightgown,
Petticoats and blankets too,
Not enough hours left
To accomplish what I must do.
Then the long, long months of waiting
Have gone by and baby's here
With dark hair, great big eyes
And features, oh so dear.
As I look upon this miracle,
Knowing from whence it came,
Felling now the breath of heaven,
And thinking of a name,
I'm thankful and I'm humble
For this call that came to me.
I hope to prove I'm worthy
Throughout eternity.

First Grandson

Your our first grandchild, little boy,
Holding tight to that small toy.
So soft and cuddling in my arms,
My but you have many charms.
Big brown eyes and dimples too,
Yes, we surely do love you.
Chattering gaily while you play,
Smiling lips most all the day.
Be guided, little feet,
O'er the rough and rocky street,
Until again one day, you'll be
Tall and strong for all to see.
My blessings on you precious one,
Such a darling little son.

To Ken Hanson, 1965

First Granddaughter

Oh, the miracle of you,
Little babe with eyes of blue.
Tiny, button-turned up nose and
Ten twinkling baby toes.
Hair so soft in shades of brown,
Small face creased in a funny frown.
Sent so recently from above
For us to cherish and to love.
If you cry out in the night
We will gently hold you tight.
Safe, secure from all harm,
Let us guide with our loving arm.
Little babe with eyes so blue,
Oh, the miracle of you!

To Laura Hanson 1965

Boys

God sent me boys,
No girls to help me sew,
And make sweet cookies, don't you know.
But boys so full of life and fun,
Still bubbling o'er when day is done.
No girls to help me with my bed
When tired, no cool hand on my head.
But boys to follow a guiding hand,
And preach the gospel in foreign land.
No daughter here in frilly lace,
No trace of power on fair face.
But if God wills in years to come,
My five sons will bring me some.

Published in The Improvement Era
1949

Sequel to Boys

Our sons have gone to foreign land,
The Father's work to help expand.
The people loved them, one and all,
As they answered the Mater's call.
More daughters have joined our clan,
Thus fulfilling the desired plan.
Oh the joys that come from our family!
And I'm sure there are many yet to be.

Ode to My Sons

If I can fire within your soul
The need for setting a definite goal;
The desire to keep your chin up high,
Regardless of the reason why,
Then I will not have lived in vain.
If I can inspire you to do the right,
To not give in without a fight;
To help others in their need
And live your life in very deed,
Then I will not have lived in vain.
If I can help you do your part
To find contentment in your heart,
That peace may in your soul be found,
That joy will in your home abound,
Then I will not have lived in vain.

Close of the Day

As the end of a day draws near,
And children are scrubbed and fed.
The fire is burning bright
And stories are read for bed.
Mishaps of the day are forgotten.
Petty feelings laid aside.
Only joy at being together
Is what matters deep inside.
And our prayers are gratefully given
To the Father who reigns above.

My Daughter

My prayer was heard by the Father above,
And He sent me a daughter to cherish and love.
Hair so golden, soft, and bright,
Eyes so round...may we teach her right.
Laughing and bubbling all of the day,
What fun it is to join her in play.
She's gentle and kind as a child should be,
Oh how thankful, God, I am to Thee!

Mother

Mother is a name revered by all.
A name that brings
A lump to ones throat,
If the mother is one like mine.
This name has stood
The test of time.
It was a mother
Who bore the Son of God.
How sacred is that trust to us
On earth
To give to spirits mortal birth.
To teach infant lips to pray,
To watch that boy
To manhood grow
And know that we
Have inspired him
To do the right.
That daughter to go to her own
Reward of motherhood.
And for this, my mother dear
I thank you.

Written to Isabelle's Mother

Your Wedding Day

This is your wedding day.
You have become as one
To experience all life's sorrows,
To cherish all life's fun.
Remember it's the giving,
The sharing all the way,
That brings this sacred marriage
A happiness to stay.
May God sanctify this union,
Give you strength each coming day,
And be your blest companion
As you travel on life's way.

*Written for all her children on their
wedding days*

Isabelle's Prayers

A Prayer

Kind Father, help us
Our minds to purify,
That goodness and knowledge
May enter in,
Crowding out hate, deceit and sin.
Let us each morn
As a new day begins,
Radiate thanks for
Thy blessings above;
Have joy in our hearts
For Thy bounteous love.
Help us each day
Do that which is good,
Seek out the sorrowing
And those who have need,
And never fail to do a good deed.
Yes, make us a part
Of Thy Kingdom today,
That never more
From Thee will we stray.

A Prayer for Those Who Have Strayed

Wet their understanding, O Lord,
And touch the ventricles
Of their hearts
That they may open wide
And knowledge of the Gospel
Flow deep inside.
Let their bosoms swell within them
That they might know once more
The strength and
Love and compassion
That comes from Thee.
O may their eyes be opened
And their ears hear our pleading
Unto Thee for them!
And may they be found once again
Within the walls of our family circle,
That we may work together
For Eternity with Thee.
This is our humble
And earnest prayer, dear Lord,
Amen

A Prayer for Help

In the midst of my despair
Tis good to know that God is there
To help me with my weary load.
To Him all burdens I unfold.
He helps me see a better day,
That's really not too far away.
Then all my cares will seem so small,
I'll seldom think of them at all.
So I lift my eyes to the Heavens above
And thank Him for His wonderous love.

*Written when she & Lynn were
having hard times*

A Leaders Prayer

Oh Lord, help me to be humble
And find refreshment sweet
As o'er the rocky road I guide
Young, unfaltering feet.
And Lord, may I commending be,
And never tearing down,
And may those assisting me,
Never see me frown.
And when the road gets rough,
And the climb is steep and long,
Then Lord, give me courage
To sing a happy song.
Dear Lord, my heart within me swells,
And thanks I give to Thee
For this great call of leadership
That Thou has given me.

*1959-When called as Fresno Stake
Young Women President*

A Prayer to Be of Service

May my fingers be nimble
With tasks that bring joy,
This of Thee I would employ.
Help me be of service
To my fellowmen,
That they'll not have
To ask "where" or "when."
Let me in the Church
Answer each call.
Be willing to help and give my all.

A Prayer to Endure to the End

Oh, the relief that comes through prayer,
The knowledge to know that Thou art there.
Now, at the sunset of my life,
Please bless me, I cry out in the night.
Help me, dear Lord, to win the fight.
Give my limbs the strength to do,
The courage to carry on
My whole life through.
Touch my ears with Thy pure hand,
That I may hear and understand.
As through the refiners fire I go,
Help me to learn all I should know.
And may I stand humbly waiting...
"Come my child, come unto Me.
Rise up now from bended knee.
Take My hand and follow Me.
Thy faith in all has made thee free.

*Written 1999 a year before Lynn's death
and a year and a half before her death.*

