

Life History of James Richard Lofthouse

I was born March 26, 1904 at Paradise, Cache County, Utah. My parents were Joseph Thomas Lofthouse and Emma Bishop. My parents had six children, Emma, Joseph Terry, Harriet, myself (James Richard), William Morris and Preston.

I was blessed by Gideon E.. Olsen, June 5, 1904.

I was baptized by John Welch July 7, 1913 and confirmed the same day by John F. Wright. I was baptized in the Hyrum Canal just west of the Paradise Church. They had put some planks in the ditch to back up the water to make it deep enough. The water was pretty cold.

I was ordained a Deacon by John P. James November 19, 1917.

During the time I was a Deacon my family became members of the Avon Ward, having been members of the Paradise Ward. I don't know just why they made the change, Dad always said that he was kicked out of the Paradise Ward.

I was ordained a Teacher by Samuel Bankhead November 19, 1922, a Priest by George C. Nuhn January 28, 1924, an Elder by George C. Nuhn June 6, 1926.

I was called to be 2nd Councilor in the Sunday School some time before being ordained an Elder. Alma O. Jackson Sr.. was Superintendent and Edwin Johnson was 1st Councilor. I later became Superintendent of the Sunday School when Brother Jackson was called to be the Bishop.

I was also Scout Master for a time and YMMI President for a short time.

I was called to be Ward Clerk March 24, 1934 when James Knowles was put in as Bishop, LeRoy Forsberg and Leo Bankhead were his councilors. I later became 2nd Councilor in the Bishopric. LeRoy Forsberg was released and Leo Bankhead was made 1st Councilor. I was still Ward Clerk.

I was married November 18, 1936 to Laura Ashliman in the Logan Temple by A.E. Cranney.

We were blessed with four children, Carol, James A., Laura, and Sharon.

I was ordained a High Priest March 14, 1937 by Apostle Joseph F. Merrill.

I was released as 2nd Councilor and Ward Clerk when Leo Bankhead became Bishop.

The Avon Ward was later disorganized and we became members of the Paradise Ward..

In the Paradise Ward I was Sunday School Teacher, Home Teacher, Dance Director, and Stake Dance Director of the Hyrum Stake.

I was set apart as a Temple Officiator in the Logan Temple November 6, 1972 by President Elvie Heaton and released October 2, 1976.

I was set apart as a Temple Officiator in the Ogden Temple August 11, 1977 by President Leslie T. Norton and was released March 3, 1979.

I was set apart as an Officiator in the Logan Temple February 13, 1979 by President Reed Bullen, I was released August 1982.

I grew up on my father's farm, which was on the west side of the valley, west of Avon. We had a pet billy goat which we would hitch to a wagon to pull us around. One time when I was about 8 years old, my cousin Henry Lofthouse, who lived in Paradise, came up to play with my brother Terry and I. Terry was four years older than me. We decided to put the goat up in the barn on top of the hay, so we made a sling out of some old canvas, put it around the goat and fastened it to the moveable pulley of the hay carrier, that was used to put the hay into the barn. Terry and Henry went around to pull the cable that would take the goat up and I was to stay and watch that everything worked OK. Well they had the goat about half way up when I saw Mother coming up to the barn. I yelled to them to let him down. They said "What's the matter". I said "Never mind just let him down". Well Terry and I got our hides tanned. Mother could always find a nice little stingy willow, and Henry suddenly got on his horse and took off for Paradise.

One morning Terry and I were milking the cows, Dad was away from home, when Terry heard something move under a wheelbarrow, that was leaning against the wall in one end of the stable. He thought it was some wild animals so he went over to the neighbors to get Albert Forsberg, the neighbor boy, to come and shoot it. In the mean time Mother came out to the barn and her and I went right on milking. When Terry and Albert arrived Albert stood with his twenty two rifle all pointed and ready and Terry walked up softly and moved the wheelbarrow, out came a red hen. Albert said "A chicken" and started to laugh and he laughed all the way back home.

I went to school in Avon. Some of the kids rode horses to school. At noon they would ride their horses up to the Paradise Canal to give them a drink. One day as they came back to the school on the gallop the horse that Jess McArthur was riding slipped and fell down and broke the boy's leg. While they were waiting for his folks to come and get him I got to thinking how it must hurt him and I fainted away and fell backward and bumped my head on the floor which brought me to.



JT Lofthouse, Morris, Richard, Preston, Indian boy June Nimon

Each year the Indians would come from Washakie to pick Chokecherries. There was Maroni Timbimboe, his wife Leona and some of their friends and relatives. They would camp in Dad's cow pasture by the river. They would mash the Chokecherries with rocks and form little patties which they placed on mats of wheat grass to dry. These mats were prepared before hand by cutting wheat grass stocks and spreading them on the ground. There was an Indian boy about my age. His name was June Nimon. When I went to

get the cows from the pasture he always wanted to get on the horse with me. I usually rode bare back and this Indian boy was very fat so he would have to get up on a gate or fence in order to get on the horse behind me. Well this one night I let the cows out of the gate and instead of taking them home I stopped to watch the squaws mash the Chokecherries. There was a fork in the road, one going up to Dad's, the other to Forsberg's. Of course the cows took the wrong one. When I went to get them I had the horse on a fast gallop. As soon as that old nag got around the last cow she stopped and turned. Well that Indian boy just kept on going. I would have gone too, but I grabbed the horse's mane and held on. When I looked to see what had happened to June, he had rolled under the fence and was lying in a small ditch. He looked just like a fat pig in the wallow. It looked so funny I couldn't help laughing. Well he climbed up on the fence and got back on behind me, mud and all, and we proceeded to get the cows home.

When the people went to church in Avon the men all sat on the south side of the hall and the women on the north side. Of course some of the men would go to sleep. One day the Bishop called on one of the Brethren to speak. The man sitting next to him gave him a nudge and he got up and gave the benediction, so we had a short meeting that day.

One winter I got sick with pneumonia and I was very sick. My parents had Bishop Alma O. Jackson Sr. and George Davis come and administer to me. Brother Davis did the anointing and Bishop Jackson sealed the anointing. As soon as the Bishop said Amen, I felt a tingling sensation pass through my body and the fever and sick feeling left me and I was well again. I just had to recover my strength.

When I was fourteen years of age I was playing with a dynamite cap. It exploded and took off the thumb and first two fingers of my left hand. It did not bleed nor hurt very much. It hurt the most when they took out the stitches.

I went to high school at South Cache High in Hyrum, Utah. I started in the fall of 1920, graduated 1924. I liked Chemistry, Physics, and Mathematics the best. I bought a Cornet during my second year and played in the band my third and fourth years. During my first year I boarded in Hyrum at Melinda Liljenquist's. During the second year I rode a horse or bicycle to Paradise then rode the bus from Paradise to Hyrum. I would leave my horse or bike at Grandma Lofthouse's place. During my third and fourth years I went with Frankie Rock all the way from Avon to Hyrum. When the roads were dry and the weather warm we rode our bikes. When the roads were muddy we went with a horse and a two wheel cart. If there was snow we took a horse hitched to a go-devil. A go-devil was a small homemade sleigh. We took turns furnishing the horse. We would leave the horse at a coal and feed yard in Hyrum and then walk across Salt Hollow to school.

At one time Dad was raising some pigs. He got the idea that if the grain he fed the pigs was fermented the pigs would get more nourishment from it. So he got a couple of fifty gallon barrels and we would put grain and water in them and allow it to ferment before being fed to the pigs. I had to feed the pigs most of the time, a job I didn't like because the odor from those old swill barrels got pretty loud some times.

Later on when I got older I went to a dance in Avon. Frankie Rock was there with some home brew he had made. This was during the days of prohibition. He said, "Here Dick come

and have a snort.” So I took the bottle and removed the cork. Well that stuff smelled just like Dad’s old swill barrels and I said “No thanks” and handed it back. I have had no desire to drink any kind of liquor since.

When I was a small boy all the grain was cut with a binder or header. A binder was a machine that would cut the grain and tie it in bundles which were hauled and put in a stack until the thresher came. The header would cut the grain and elevate it up into a box which was then hauled to a stack. The threshers would be set by the stacks of grain and were powered by six teams of horses (twelve horses), hitched to the horse-power. There was a rod called the tumbling rod connecting the horse-power and thresher. The horses went round and round and the power was transferred by the means of gears in the horse-power and the tumbling rod to the thresher, which thrashed and cleaned the grain. Later Orson Miles, John McArthur and Charlie Pearce got a thresher that was powered by a steam tractor. Still later on William Pulsipher, G.H. Pulsipher, George Nuhn, W.A. Forsberg and my dad got a thresher that was powered by a gasoline tractor. The first combine harvester, which cut the grain and threshed it at the same time, that came into this area, was owned by Alma O. Jackson. It took about eighteen horses to pull it, as the horses had to pull it along and furnish the power to run the machinery.

I attended school two years at the Brigham Young College at Logan. The school was discontinued the year I graduated 1926. It was a two year college. The class that I had the most trouble with was Composition and Rhetoric. We had to write a theme or essay almost every day and I didn’t like to write. My crowning work was a whimsical essay entitled “Writing A Theme”. The evening I was trying to do this assignment my brother, Preston, kept asking me to help him with his lessons. When some guy going up the street brawled out “There isn’t much to it, just doodle do do it”, these were the words of a song that was popular at the time. The thought suddenly came to me to write about the task of writing a theme. So I put this all down in a narrative form and all that happened until the essay was completed. I finished off by saying “That when I got my paper back from the teacher it was so marked up with S, P and Gs etc. (S meant misspelled word, G poor grammar, P wrong or no punctuation. ”. I guess I’d get a lot of these on this history that I couldn’t even tell what I had written.) Then I wrote, “Anyway, I can use the paper to start the fire in the morning”. I happened to be called on to read my theme in class. The teacher called on Alden Lillywhite to comment on my theme. He said “That one speaks for itself.” The teacher, her face all red, said that I had really done fine.

During my second year at college (fall of 1925), I organized a dance orchestra with Ann Bickmore, piano; Harven Obray, trombone; Lyman Obray, alto saxophone; Vernal Norman, drums; and myself, cornet. These people all lived in Paradise. We played for the first time for a kids dance in Paradise during the Christmas Holidays. After the Holidays we played for all the dances in Paradise. At first we only had five tunes. We just kept playing them over and over. I later changed to a trumpet, and after a couple of years got a tenor saxophone and would change off with the trumpet and sax. Some of the others that played with me through the years were Morris Obray, Fern Norris Heaps, Preston Obray, Darrell Norris, Bill Rawlins, Ruby Lofthouse Reese, Elmer Obray, Jean Obray, Janet Cook Summers, Myron Norman, Kathy Nuhn Bailey, Ivor Lavon Larsen, Garnell Larsen, Harold Baker and Hans Dewey.

Another class I took at college was public speaking. The teacher was A.N. Sorensen from Mendon, each year he would have one of his students give a Memorial Day address for the

meeting on the Mendon cemetery. I had that honor the year I took the class. Dad went with me and we just barely got there in time, having had a flat tire on the way. Funny thing though, I never did get to be much of a public speaker.

When I was growing up, Christmas was always a happy time. I was surprised the most when I got my toy train. It had a wind-up locomotive, coal tender and two passenger cars, and ran on a circular track about two feet in diameter. Another year I got a pair of ice skates which I enjoyed very much. We made most of the trimming for our Christmas tree. There were wall-paper chains, popcorn strung on strings, strings of straw and pieces of bright colored paper, spools covered with tin foil, and popcorn balls. We had six boughten ornaments which we always handled very carefully. We also had seven or eight candles which were rarely lighted because of the fire hazard. The Christmas I remember most we didn't have a thing when we got up in the morning. Mother had been sick for some time, and money was really scarce that year so Dad had not got us anything. About noon, Uncle Hyrum and Aunt Mary Miles and their family came up to visit. They brought each one of us kids a small toy. This really made our day.

When I was seventeen years old (1921), my brother Terry died of a ruptured appendix. He was herding sheep in the mountains east of Avon when he got sick. He walked home then got on a horse and went to where his employer had another herd of sheep to tell him he was sick. When he got back home they took him to the hospital but it was too late. He died the following day.

I had not did any milking since the accident with my hand. Mother had been helping Dad with the milking. She was so upset with Terry's death that she could not go out to the barn, so I started to milk the cows again.

While I was going to high school and college, I was very shy and afraid of girls. I did however, attempt to dance once in a while, but was so awkward, all I did was step on my partners toes, till hardly any of the girls would dance with me. I was at the B.Y. College when the Charleston was in full swing. I took a fancy to the dance and tried and tried till I could do three or four steps or variations of the dance. Almost all the large cities in the country passed ordinances forbidding people to dance the Charleston. However I discovered that I could now do the Foxtrot. Soon after this the M.I.A. started having their gold and green contest dances and I learned to waltz and square dance. I took part and danced in the M.I.A. dances every year for quite a number of years. Later becoming dance director of the Paradise Ward and also of the Hyrum Stake.

I was playing for the dances in Paradise so in order to dance, I had to go to Logan. Dad had a Model T Ford pickup truck which I drove to get there. Dad never learned to drive a car, he just couldn't concentrate enough on where he was going to stay on the road. I did not date any girls. I just went stag. I went through high school and junior college without ever having a date. My cousin Ruby Lofthouse learned that I was going to the Saturday night dances in Logan, and asked me if her and some of her girl friends could ride over with me, and I told her yes. There was six or seven of them and we would pile into the one seat of Dad's pickup. Sometimes some of them would have dates and there wouldn't be so many. Sometimes they would all pick up dates at the dance and I came home alone. After a time I started to take a liking to one girl, Daisy Hall, so I asked her for a date, and as it happened none of the others went that night, they either

had dates or did not go. Daisy and I had a fine time at the dance, but during the dance one of her friends asked to take her home, and I came home alone. This made me angry, and I said to heck with the whole bunch of them. So I quit going to the dances so that they wouldn't be asking for a ride. Soon after this the great depression of 1929 and the early thirties started so I did not have the money to go anyway.

Things were pretty rough during the depression, the farmers were only paying a dollar a day for labor. I worked on my dad's farm most of the time, all I got was board and room and my clothes washed and the use of dad's car. What money I had I earned working for the neighbors and working on the threshing machine in the fall. I bought all my own clothes. A pair of overalls cost fifty cents so it took a half a days work to buy a pair.

By 1933 things began to pick up a bit. I bought me a 1929 Ford 2 door sedan for \$175.00. I paid \$75.00 down and had a year to pay the balance.

In the fall of 1934 while I was working on the thresher, Dee Nuhn, who was also working on the thresher, began kidding me about going to the Saturday night dances in Logan and taking turns driving so as to cut the expense of transportation. I finally agreed and started going to dances again. Most of the time we had dates. James Knowles also would go with us part of the time, so with our dates there would be six of us. Sometimes we took in a movie on some other night. I went with several different girls from Paradise and Avon. After a bit, on one Saturday night I danced with a girl from North Logan. She introduced me to Eleanor Ashliman. She was a good dancer and just for kicks I asked her for a date, to my surprise she said yes. When I called for her the next Saturday night, I met her sister Laura who was later to become my wife. Laura was sitting on the couch with her boyfriend.

I got a couple of more dates with Eleanor, then during the week before our third date she wrote me a letter and said she could not go with me and not to ask her for any more dates. The next time I saw Laura I got a dance date with her just to find out why Eleanor had canceled our date. Of course Laura wouldn't tell me.



I dated Laura now and again until the summer of 1936 I decided that she was the one. When I asked her to marry me she told me that she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth, but she did. We were married November 18, 1936 in the Logan Temple.

After we were married we stayed at Laura's home in North Logan as her dad was working in Idaho Falls and Laura had to milk the cows. Her dad came home just before Christmas but her parents asked us to stay till after the Holidays.

In January of 1937 we rented two rooms of Orrin Jackson's home in Avon, and moved to Avon. Orrin told us that we wouldn't need any furniture as the rooms were already furnished. When we lit a fire in the kitchen range the mice started coming out of it. It seems there was a hole in the bottom of the stove and the mice had made nests in the space surrounding the oven. Well we began chasing mice and it took till about 11:00 o'clock to catch them all, there must have been at least 2 dozen of them. Then when we went to bed we couldn't sleep as the bed was

the most uncomfortable thing. The spring was a broken down link spring affair. The next day we went to Logan and bought a bed and stove.



Jackson Home

Along in March I started hauling milk from Avon to Morning Milk Company in Wellsville. I bought the truck and took over the job from Glen Olsen.

During the year of 1939 I bought part of dad's farm, which was west of Avon. We built a cabin of sorts and moved into it in January of 1940. In July of 1942 (during World War 2) I got a job as a carpenter at Bushnell Hospital in Brigham, and quit hauling milk. I worked at Brigham till the middle of October. I then got a job at the Army Depot in Ogden. The company I was working for transferred me to Hill Air Force Base, south of Ogden and I worked at the Navel Depot in Clearfield until the later part of March 1943.

While I was working at Hill Field and Clearfield, I boarded at my Uncle Richard Bishop's home in Ogden. My brother Preston milked my cows during that time.

For the next several years I worked my farm, and did a few carpenter jobs for my neighbors. About 1951 I worked on the Hyrum Third Ward Church when it was remodeled. I started working on the Paradise Church House in August 1952, and worked till December 1953. I milked my cows and took care of my farm during this time.

During the fall of 1953 we bought a home in Paradise from Maud Olsen for \$6,000.00, and we moved into it in January of 1954.

I need to back track a bit. Our daughter Carol was born February 2, 1938, James September 6, 1940, Laura February 2, 1944, Sharon August 16, 1946.

When Carol was ten years of age she was stricken with Polio. The doctor called the ambulance and she was taken to the St. Benedicts Hospital in Ogden, Utah. Laura and I were worried sick about her as she couldn't hardly move an arm or a leg and couldn't eat, they had to feed her through her veins, she was able to breath so she did not have to go into the iron lung. We had her name put on the prayer roll at the Logan Temple and we prayed for her in our family prayers.

We went to the hospital to see her two or three times a week. One morning after she had been in the hospital about a week as I was milking a cow, I was milking early as we were going to go and see Carol, when I heard a voice say "Carol is going to be all right". I rose to my feet and said "Who is there", but there was on one there. I don't know whose voice it was but it sure brought comfort to me. As we traveled to Ogden I told Laura what I had heard, and I think she felt better too.

Carol was in the hospital from the first part of December till the last part of February, and the March of Dimes paid the entire bill. When Carol came home she was almost completely cured, she still had a little weakness in one arm, and had to wear what they called an airplane splint for awhile. Laura had to have her do some strenuous exercises for more than a year. She is now completely healed and is married and the mother of seven children. The Catholic Sisters at the hospital told us that her recovery was certainly a miracle.

Laura's dad died August 22, 1943 at his home in North Logan of a heart attack.

My dad died August 24, 1952 in the Logan hospital of problems caused by old age.

Laura's mother died April 13, 1955 at Rexberg, Idaho

My mother died February 21, 1959 at her home in Paradise, Utah of pneumonia.

After I worked on the church in Paradise in 1953, I worked on my farm and did a few carpenter jobs for my neighbors. In May of 1954 Laura and I were hired as custodians of the Paradise Ward Church which we did for fourteen years. All our children would help us with our work at the Church. I had an appendectomy operation in May 1956. In the fall of 1958 I went to work as a hod carrier for Dorrel Kohler who was a mason contractor. It was my job to mix the mortar and put the bricks handy for the masons. I would work in the fall and spring while his sons were in school. They would help him in the summer. He didn't do much in the winter.

In the spring of 1961 Dorrell ran out of work so I got a job with John H. Mickleson and Sons on the U.S.U. Stake Center in Logan. I sold my cows and rented my farm land so that I could work on construction full time. While working for this company I worked on a nursing home in Brigham City, Utah, the Sky View High School in Smithfield, Utah, a boys dormitory at Ricks College, Rexberg, Idaho, the Fine Arts Building, the Stadium, the Spectrum, and the Swimming pool all on the U.S.U. campus in Logan.

I did cement finishing as well as carpentry work. On the Rexberg job I did more cement finishing than carpentry work. When they started on the Fine Arts Building, they put me to work on the power saws. I would saw materials that the other carpenters needed and made all the odd shaped forms for concrete.

In March 1971 I sold my farm to my son James. On November 6, 1972 I was called to be an Officiator in the Logan Temple. At the time I was working for Spindler Construction Company on an addition to the building of E.A. Miller and Sons Packing Company Hyrum, Utah. I quit my job to work at the temple. I later worked part time for Spindler on my days off from the Temple. At times when I wasn't working for Mickelson or Spindler I would do electrical work for Carol's husband, Maurice Van Orden.

They closed the Logan Temple in October 1976 for remodeling. On August 11, 1977, I was set apart as an Officiator in the Ogden Temple and worked in the Ogden Temple till they were ready to reopen the Logan Temple in February 1979. I was set apart as an Officiator in the Logan Temple February 13, 1979 which position I held till in August 1982. The time I spent at the temple was the happiest and most rewarding time of my life.

After I retired as a carpenter, I would go and help my son-in-law Maurice Van Orden with his electrical work. I worked on church houses in Layton, Kaysville, Farmington, Bountiful, Salt Lake City, Kearns, Holliday, Sandy and Bennion. I also worked on homes, schools and commercial buildings scattered through about the same area.

My wife and I have taken quite a number of nice trips. Some of the trips we went with one or more of our children, some we went with Ralph and Lena O Bray. We have been to Yellowstone Park, Dinosaur National Park, Glacier National Park, Arches National Park, Bryce Canyon National Park, Zion National Park, both rims of the Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest National Park in Arizona, Masa Verde National Park in Colorado, Canyon Lands National Park, Cedar Breaks National Monument and Craters of the Moon National Monument in Idaho. We have also been to Los Angeles and Disneyland and Lion Country near by, and also Sea World by San Diego, California. We have also been to the Redwood Forests and San Francisco.

The nicest trip of all was to New Zealand. When David Van Orden was released from his mission his father and mother (Maurice and Carol) went to New Zealand to bring him home. They took Laura and I with them. Maurice drove his motor home to Los Angeles, it took two days. We boarded the plane at Los Angeles May 1, 1981, about dark. It took five hours to reach Honolulu. We were stopped there an hour while they serviced the plane. It then took eleven hours to reach Auckland, New Zealand. We arrived there just as the sun was coming up May the third. We had skipped May the second entirely. We had to catch a smaller plane to get to Christchurch on the South Island where the mission headquarters were located. Maurice rented a mini motor home in which we lived and traveled. It had a stove, sink, frig, dining table and space to sleep six people, everything except a bathroom. We would stop at night at a trailer park, these would have power hook-ups and bath, laundry and cooking facilities.

It was two days before David was released so the four of us drove across the island to Hokitika on the west coast. We had to drive on the left side of the road. Some of the intersections had go-rounds, which was a circular road with a road going to the left, straight thru or to the right. You simply went round the go-round till you got to the road you wanted to take. Some of the bridges were single lane. One even had a railroad on the same bridge. We were glad that the train did not come along while we were crossing that one. The bridges were quite long. One was all of a block long.

There are a lot of sheep farms, a few deer farms, a few horse farms, but very few dairy cows or beef cows on the South Island. We spent the next day shopping in Christchurch. The next day we picked up David and drove thru Timaru and Dunedin to Invercargill where we spent the night. Then we went past Cook Mountain. We did not get too close but could see it very plainly. Then back to Christchurch.

They had stands with fresh fruits and vegetables all along the way. Some of them did not even have a clerk in attendance. They had the stuff in various size containers with the price marked on each one. You took what you wanted and put your money in a box with a slot in the top. We had fresh strawberries or other fruit and vegetables every day. The food we got at the grocery stores was always wrapped in newspapers. May 10th we went to church in the Fendalton Ward. Then we drove north almost to Knikoura and spent the night by the side of the ocean. Next day we drove north to Picton where we took the ferry to Wellington on the North Island.

We did not stop in Wellington but went north a ways and stayed the night in a recreation park. We usually stayed at a caravan park. The next day we drove to Taupo, and the next to Hamilton where the temple is. The temple had a motel for its patrons and the rates were very reasonable, so Maurice rented a multiple unit which was big enough for all five of us, to give us a rest from the motor home. Carol, Maurice and David went to the temple that night, but Laura and I were tired and did not go. The next morning we all went to the temple, and in the afternoon we went shopping in Hamilton. Maurice, Carol and David went to the temple again that evening.

The next day we drove to Auckland where we went shopping. Everyone except me bought a wool sweater. We left Auckland at 8:30 PM, May 15th on our flight to Honolulu. We arrived in Honolulu 6:45 AM, May 15th, so we had two days of May 15th. In the afternoon we drove to Laie and went to the temple. We stayed each night at the Honolulu Holiday Inn., Maurice rented a car in which we traveled each day. The next day we went to Pearl Harbor. Then we went sight seeing along the west coast of Oahu. The next day we went to the National Memorial Cemetery than traveled around a bit. In the afternoon we went to church in Aiea (pronounced īāā). When the bishop started the meeting he said aloha and the audience answered aloha back. Each speaker did the same.

May the 18th we went to the Polynesian show in Laie. This show took a full day and evening and depicted the dances and customs of the various Polynesian Islands. It was put on by the students of the B.Y. College of Hawaii. It was very interesting. We left Honolulu the next morning at 8:40 AM and arrived at Los Angeles at 4:40 AM. It took 5 hours and it was daylight all the way. Maurice's friend met us at the airport with the motor home. It took that afternoon and the next day to reach Layton. Laura and I came on home the following day. We had a wonderful time, but the best part was getting home again.

I need to mention some things I have skipped. During the twenties and thirties, I took part in quite a few dramas. Each year the Avon Ward would put on one or two three-act plays and I would have a part in most of them. Later on I started giving readings. I did them at Lion's Clubs, High Priest, Relief Society, Temple Group parties and family reunions. The favorite one was Sockery Kadacut's Kat.

I went hunting deer once before I was married, didn't have any luck so I did not go again. A couple of years after we were married, Laura went to town and bought me a deer license. She gave it to me and said "Here, I would like some venison". I was hauling milk at the time and when I went on my route I asked Leo Bankhead to go hunting with me that afternoon. We went up on the mountain east of Avon and got two deer. I went every year after that and always got my deer, until James was old enough to get a deer license then I let him do the hunting and I did not go again.

On January 9, 1987 I had an operation for a clogged bile duct. They found I had cancer of the pancreas, which they said could not be cut out. After leaving the hospital I had chemotherapy treatments for two months, which did no good. I then went to Dr. Harmon Eyre at the University of Utah Medical Center. He told me that there was no cure. He said that there were several treatments that could probably extend my life for a year. But they all had unpleasant side effects. So I decided to just ride it out. I finished this history April 7, 1987

Postscript by Laura Dayley, daughter of J. Richard Lofthouse:

May 2, 1987 Dad had his first stroke, the second on Wednesday May 13, 1987.

Dad died 2:30 PM, May 29, 1987, Friday at Sunshine Terrace, Logan, Utah.



Richard and Laura

Notes by James A. Lofthouse: My wife Beanie typed this history from a photocopy of the original hand written manuscript. Some attempt was made to correct punctuation and spelling to make it read a bit better. I added the pictures to the document. This work was finished May 18, 2003.

JAL