

Chapter XXIV

Salt Lake City

April 2, 1949 – June 1, 1949

With the coming of spring, Sheffield turned his attention to getting things ready around the ranch. He had noticed that the alfalfa and pasture hadn't done as well the previous year and asked Roger what to do about it. He said that all that it probably needed was some fertilizer in the spring. Being new to the whole idea of ranching and farming, it hadn't even occurred to him. Roger invited him to go with him to the Annual South County Auction to see if he could find a fertilizer spreader.

On Saturday April 9th, Sheffield and Craig went with Roger and his boys to the auction to see what he could find, after all that was where he had got his tractor and haying equipment two years earlier. In looking around Roger showed him some drop spreaders that would do the job. He also recommended that he get a couple of sections of harrows and explained that they would not only work the fertilizer into the soil but that they would also help take care of weeds and that it stimulates the plants as they come out of winter. He further explained that the same was true for pasture grass.

Sheffield took his word for it and they found some equipment that he planned on bidding on. In looking around, he also found a two bottom plow. The idea occurred to him that he could save a lot of work in getting Ramona's garden ready. There were a couple with two prong quick hitches that would work perfectly with his tractor. Not only that, he found some scraper blades that would also fit his tractor to smooth out his landing strip and driveway.

When it was all over, Sheffield ended up getting more than he went for. He was able to pull the ten foot EZ-Flow fertilizer spreader home with his pickup, but had to go back with his hay wagon for the two five foot sections of harrows complete with a draw bar, the International Harvester model 211 two bottom – one way plow, and an eight foot scraper blade also with a quick hitch.

By the time he got it all home, there was enough time left in the afternoon to take the hay wagon over to Brown's Feed and Supply in Salem to get a load of sixty – fifty pound bags of fertilizer. Roger said that that should be enough to cover his alfalfa and the pasture, and have some left over for the lawn and garden.

It took Monday and Tuesday evenings after school to spread the fertilizer. He set the gauge just like Roger told him and to save time, he pulled the harrows behind the spreader. Since it only covered a ten foot swath and having to stop frequently to fill the hopper it took that long. Later in the week a good rain added the finishing touch. Within days, the alfalfa and pasture perked right up.

Ramona's fruit trees were bursting with blossoms, promising a good crop of apples, peaches and cherries. On Saturday, he hitched up the plow and turned over her garden. It was a good sized garden as it was, but while he was at it, she had him make it just a little bigger. Finally he worked up a good seed bed for

her with the harrows. When he was through, she was delighted and he had saved a lot of work.

The calves born during the winter had grown a lot in three months. Roger suggested that it was time to ween them off their mothers. One Saturday, he came back to help with the first ever Two Star roundup. The calves were separated from the cows and kept in the coral while the cows were turned out into the pasture. At the same time the young bull calves became steers. The two calves that Sheffield bought the previous year were ready for butchering. One was loaded into the pickup and taken meat packer and the other was donated to a building fund auction for the new meetinghouse, which was progressing ahead of schedule. For the rest of the day and all night, the calves bawled for their mothers and the cows bellowed for their calves. The ordeal was rather heart wrenching. After a day or two, they all quieted down.

The calves had to be fed hay twice a day, while the cows grazed in the pasture. A few days latter, Roger showed up with his bull to begin the process all over. Once all of the cows had all been bred and the bull had been removed, the calves could also be turned out into the pasture as well.

During the middle of April, Craig received his formal acceptance letter and scholarship to Ricks College. He, Edith, and Read Rowan were looking forward to going off to college in the fall. But first they had to graduate from high school. The remaining weeks seemed to crawl by for them.

Sheffield began working on his next book, without waiting for school to let out. He began right at the beginning with his desire to learn to fly and how that lead him to the Naval Academy. After his first book, he felt that he was doing a better job on the initial draft on this one.

On the Monday of the second week in May, during his third period class, Sheffield had an unusual interruption right in the middle of a discussion of the Federal Reserve and its relationship with the government. Craig, Read and Edith were all in that class, as was another wrestler from his team by the name of Scott Leeman.

Scott was usually outgoing and participated freely and openly in class. This particular morning he was somber and just sat at his desk with a blank look on his face, which bore two long, deep scratches. Sheffield wondered what was wrong with him.

The principal, Mr. Logren, accompanied by two Roanoke police offers burst into the room unannounced. "That's him in the third seat of the second row." the principal declared pointing out Scott.

Sheffield stopped right in the middle of answering a question for another student. Dumbfounded, he and the rest of the class watched as the officers approached the student, who had turned white as ghost.

"Scott Mitchel Leeman," one of the officers said and he raised the young man from his seat, "You are under arrest for the murder of Donna Wyman."

Scott just stood there without any protest as he was handcuffed and lead out of the classroom. An audible gasp was heard as the students and their teacher responded in shock. This was the first anyone had

heard of this horrible tragedy.

Donna, a seventeen year old junior, was an attractive girl but lacked social skills and had very few friends. She wasn't disliked, but seemed to always blend into the woodwork. Sadly, that morning, hardly anyone noticed that she wasn't at school.

An announcement came over intercom over explaining that one of their classmates had been murdered and another classmate had been arrested for committing the crime. Both the victim and the perpetrator were identified in the statement. Due to the psychological impact, this had on the student body, school was canceled for the rest of the day.

As students and teachers spilled into the hallways, shock and disbelief permeated the atmosphere. With no other details available, speculation and rumor ran rampant. All sorts of theories began to circulate ranging from Scott having raped Donna to killing her in self defense. The truth was, no one knew what had happened, the police were still conducting their investigation and had not released any information, except for the names of those involved.

Scott Leeman, an eighteen year old senior, was a member of the wrestling team, an honor student, and was well liked by everyone. He was known as a champion of the underdog and went out of his way to befriend fellow students, such as Donna. Scott was a member of the student council and had a scholarship to the University of Virginia where he planned to major in mechanical engineering. An eagle scout, he was an active member of the Episcopal Church, where he sang in the choir.

Ramona was surprised when Sheffield, Craig, and Norma come home from school early that day. Over lunch, they related the horrible event that had taken place. Sheffield and Craig were particularly upset by the whole matter. Scott had been on Sheffield's varsity team for the last two years and knew him well, or so he thought. Craig had known him since junior high and had even palled around with him a little. Neither of them could comprehend how he could be capable of such a thing. On the other hand, neither of them knew who Donna was, even after looking her up in last years yearbook. She was just one of the nameless faces that crowded the halls of Jefferson High School. Norma, on the other, at least knew who she was from home economics.

Details of what had actually happened began to appear in the Tuesday morning edition of Roanoke Times. "Roanoke VA – AP – Scott Mitchel Leeman, an 18 year-old Jefferson High School senior was arraigned yesterday for the slaying of 17 year-old Donna Wyman, a fellow classmate. After being taken into custody during class at Jefferson High School, Leeman was questioned by investigators regarding the murder. Police sources say Leeman confessed after being presented with his blood stained letterman jacket which had been found in a dumpster behind the Christ Episcopal Church at 1101 Franklin Road where the murder took place.

“According to investigators. Wyman's body was found early Monday morning by the church custodian in the kitchen. The crime scene investigation revealed that she had been bludgeoned about her head and face with a pop bottle. The body also had two slash marks presumably made by a broken pop bottle that was found near the body.

“The victim's parents, William and Maureen Wyman, said that their daughter left home just before 7:00 p.m. Sunday evening to go to the church to join a youth group outing. They said that they were members of another church, but their daughter often attended youth activities at the Episcopal Church.

“Youth Pastor Clyde McGovern said that Donna often participated with them and that evening after gathering, they left the church to go to a nearby park. Donna had said that she planned to come but had not arrived when they were ready to leave. He said that Leeman offered to stay behind and wait for her and that they would join the group later. Neither one ever showed up.

“As far as a motive or the circumstances surrounding the crime police are not commenting as the investigation continues and the prosecution is building there case against him.

“With news of the slaying, classes were dismissed at Jefferson High School but will resume this morning with a first period assembly in which school officials and a professional counselor will address the student body and faculty.

“Meanwhile, funeral arrangements for Miss Wyman are pending.”

Sheffield went to school with Craig and Norma that morning, earlier than he usually went so he could attend the assembly. As they took their seats, Sheffield saw Walt seated on the stage along with Mr. Logren, Bill Casper and other members of the school board, and the chief of police.

The principal first addressed the student body and faculty, expressing his profound sadness and grief over the tragedy. He was quite emotional as he turned the time over to the police chief.

He wanted to put a stop to all of the rumors and speculation that were circulating. He emphatically ruled out rape as a factor to the crime. He did relate what little Scott had revealed in his confession. He had remained behind to wait for Donna with the intention of telling her where the group had gone and escort her to the park. How they ended up in the kitchen is uncertain, but an argument broke out between the two of them. Scott didn't say what it was about. It escalated into an altercation in which Donna scratched his face and he clubbed her over the head with an empty pop bottle, eventually slashing her with a broken bottle.

The chief indicated that Scott left her there bleeding and unconscious. Judging from the pool of blood, she most likely bleed to death. Had she received prompt medical attention, she most likely would have survived. No one will ever know her side of the story. Based on the evidence and Scott's confession, he was charged with voluntary manslaughter rather than second degree murder. He was facing up to twenty years in prison.

After the police chief explained what he could of the case, the professional counselor, Walt, talked to the assembly. He said, "Regardless of motive or what really happened, two lives have been destroyed. Donna is dead and neither she nor Scott's promising futures will ever be realized. This tragedy extends far beyond the two individuals involved, but to their families, their friends, the school, and the community at large. Our hearts and prayers should go out to not only for the Wymans but to the Leemans as well." He went on to address the students and faculty about their grief and showed them ways to cope with the their own feelings and reactions.

The assembly lasted the entire first period. As the students and teachers went to their second period class, a somber mood went with them. Most of the teachers, including the Admiral, dispensed with their prepared lesson plans and let the kids talk about how they felt about it. As the day progressed, Sheffield did get back to his lesson plan. After school at wrestling practice, he didn't have them change into their P.E. clothes but gathered the boys around and let them talk about what was on their minds.

The next day there was some semblance of normal in the halls and classrooms at Jefferson High School, but the emotions of the students, faculty, and administration were still unsettled. Class and activities resumed but everyone was keenly aware aware of who was missing, the outstanding student athlete and the girl that no one seemed to know.

During the week, another assembly was held to pay tribute to Donna. Everyone came away wishing that they had known the sweet, warm hearted young woman that longed for recognition and acceptance. No one had really gone out of their way to be mean to her, but no one ever went out of their way to be friendly either.

School was let out again on Friday afternoon for the the funeral of Donna Wyman. Many who never knew her attended in a belated show of friendship to their classmate. For the next week and a half until school let out, there was a different feeling at Jefferson High School as existing cliques reached out and included those typically excluded.

One day, Sheffield took advantage of his long lunch break and went to the jail where Scott was being held and explained that he was his coach and asked to to see him. Permission was granted and he had the opportunity to visit with Scott in a private room. What could he say, but offer his sincere regret for the life that Scott had ahead of him. He told him that he knew that he was a good person regardless of what had happened and encouraged to keep a hold of that goodness during whatever lay in store for him.

As Sheffield left the jail, his mind went back to another young man that he had visited in a jail cell. Murry Puchesky was not anything like Scott. He was nothing but trouble and nothing but trouble followed him wherever he went. Murry never killed anyone, but the possibility was certainly in his future. Just as opposite as these two young men were in the beginning, they were just as opposite in the end. Murry had

made some changes in his life that changed completely the person he now was as Murry Austin. On the other hand Sheffield feared for Scott and what he would become after twenty years in prison.

Graduation day for the Jefferson High School Class of 1949 was on Wednesday May 25th. It was the big day that Craig had so eagerly looked forward to. Graduation was held at Victory Stadium, so there was plenty of seating for everyone who wanted to celebrate with the three hundred sixty eight graduating seniors. There was no mention of Scott Leeman, who should have graduated with them. Instead, he sat in his jail cell awaiting his sentencing.

The Brason family turned out in force to show their support for Craig. When he walked across the stage to accept his diploma, the family stood in unison to cheer for him. They were joined by the Austin Clan who were there for Edith. In turn, when her name was called, the Brasons stood with the Austins to cheer for her. They were all seated in the same section and were by far the largest cheering section for any one student. The Rowan clan was almost as large as the stood to cheer for Reid.

After the ceremony the Brasons and Austins congregated in the pasture at the Two Star Ranch for a joint celebration. It reminded Sheffield of the one the Brasons and Austin had for he and Geannie when they graduated from high school thirty two years earlier. Only now, both families had grown quite large.

Craig would have never had such an outpouring of love and support from his natural family. In fact none of them came, even though they had been sent invitations. The same for Norma who's birthday was the next day. A round of "Happy Birthday" was rendered just for her.

On her actual birthday the next day, Ramona threw a sweet sixteen birthday party for her and invited all of her friends from church and school. There were party games, birthday cake and ice cream, riding Red and Roxy, and a sleepover in the barn. The most thrilling part was when Norma's dad took them up for a ride in his airplane.

The best thing about turning sixteen was that she was formally available to go out on dates and even better, drive at night. When Craig left for school, she could have their red 1939 Buick Century convertible all to herself, except for when he came home for the summer.

The weekend was a flurry of activity in getting ready for the trip to Utah, not only for Sheffield, Ramona, and the kids, but also for all of the Brasons and Austins who would be making the trip. In addition, Jack and Renee Brown, Roger and Chantelle Rowan, and Tom and Eve Rowan from the branch were also going. Besides them, Herman and Opal Gibson from Radford were going too, since their daughter Vonda and Tim Brason were to be married during the trip.

The last class for the temple preparation class was taught on the first Sunday in May. From then until the very day before the plane was to leave, each person was interviewed first by President Roger Rowan

and then by President Price, the mission president, for their temple recommends. That was the one thing no one wanted to forget to take with them.

Since they were leaving on Monday, which happened to be Memorial Day, the Brasons gathered at the Tow Star Ranch for their annual Memorial Day picnic and reunion on Saturday. The main topic of conversation was their upcoming trip, the anticipation of going to the temple, and the things they looked forward to doing while out west. For most of them, it would be the first time to the Rocky Mountains.

On Monday morning, there wasn't time to go to the cemetery to decorate graves, that had been done on Saturday. Sheffield, Ramona, and the kids left house at seven thirty and drove to the airport. They were among the first to arrive, but were soon followed by everyone else. Since this was charter flight, they bypassed the ticket lines and were directed directly to the gate for their flight. The luggage to be checked was loaded onto a cart and taken out and loaded onto the plane while the flight crew went over their final checks.

At eight fifteen the announcement was made that the plane was ready for boarding. The door leading out to the tarmac was opened and an airline official with a clipboard checked off the names as each person passed by. Out on the tarmac, the DC-4 sat waiting with the boarding ladder in place at the rear of the plane.

The plane quickly filled and by the time that everyone took their seats, it was full. This particular aircraft was configured for high density seating and carried more people than a standard DC-4. Since many of the passengers were children, the seating arrangements were satisfactory, but a little cramped.

The door was closed and the stewardess gave the last minute instructions. A moment later the captain addressed the passengers over the intercom. At eight thirty five the wheels left the runway and the plane was in the air, gaining altitude. For many, it was their first time flying in a commercial airliner.

The last time the Brasons flew across country, Craig plotted their course on a map. This time he was too preoccupied with Edith, who was sitting next to him, to care. Norma, who had trouble with air sickness in the past was seated over the wing where the ride was the smoothest, which seemed to help. It also helped to have a window seat so she could focus on distant objects. One other thing that seemed to help was sipping on some ginger ale.

The excitement of being in the air soon wore off and some of the children began to be restless. Out came the coloring books and games to keep them entertained during the long flight. Three hours into the flight, while over Missouri, lunch was served. Fortunately it was followed by nap time for many of the children.

For as many people there were on board, the flight went well with very little turbulence. The time seemed to drag on, but as they drew nearer to their destination, boredom was again replaced by excitement.

Once the plane was on its final approach from the north, downtown Salt Lake City was off to the left with the Wasatch Mountains towering above it. Directly below was the Great Salt Lake. Momentarily the plane touched down at two fifteen in the afternoon, accounting for the time zone changes. Soon the plane had taxied up to the terminal and began unloading. Everyone was happy to deplane and stretch their legs.



The airline had arranged for two city buses to take the party and their luggage downtown to the Hotel Utah. It took several bellmen to bring in all of the luggage off the buses while the passengers got off. They went through the revolving door into the grand lobby, supported by huge columns with the mezzanine balcony overlooking over the ornate lobby. The lobby was so large that the two bus loads of Bransons and Austins had plenty of room to spread out and await their room assignments. While waiting, the lobby invited the children to a game of hide and seek. Almost from the beginning, Norma, Janet, and Edith were the designated babysitters.

By the time everyone checked into their rooms on the fifth floor, it was only three thirty, with plenty of afternoon left. After being cooped up in a plane for nearly eight hours, everyone wanted to get out and explore. Naturally, Temple Square, just across the street, was their first destination. After all, it was the reason they were there.

As they filed across the street, a large statue of Brigham Young stood in the middle of the intersection of Main Street and South Temple. Temple Square was surrounded by a wall, with a gate in the center of the block. Once inside, they were greeted by the beautiful landscaped grounds with flowers, shrubs and trees.

The first stop was the two story visitors bureau located on the southeast corner of Temple Square where many artifacts from early Church history and pioneer life in the Salt Lake Valley were on display. Here they were divided into two more manageable groups for the tour that took them through the grounds including the Assembly Hall and the historic Tabernacle.

Though out the square were statues depicting events from Church history. There was one of Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum and a monument to the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon. The life sized handcart pioneers was a fairly recent addition, having been on display for only four years. Then there was the towering Seagull Monument that commemorated the miracle of the gulls that saved the pioneers' crops from an infestation of Mormon crickets.

While on Temple Square, Sheffield experienced the same feeling that he had felt on the grounds of the temple in Hawaii. It was that feeling that had brought not only he, but his entire family and as well as

Geannie's to where they were. Now tomorrow they would enter the temple to receive the fullness of the blessings that it had to offer.

Following their tour of Temple Square, they toured the Beehive House and Lion House on the other side of the Hotel Utah. From there, the groups split up and everyone went their separate ways for dinner. Some dined in either of the two restaurants at the top of the Hotel Utah or in the coffee shop in the basement. Others found places nearby.

As for Sheffield's family, they had dinner at the Roof Garden Restaurant before returning to their room. Their room was a two bedroom family suite that overlooked Temple Square. Sheffield and Ramona had one room while the girls had the other. Craig slept on a roll away bed in the living room.

Before retiring for the evening, Sheffield called Debra Mayfield to let her know that they were in town. She invited them to her home for dinner on Wednesday.

Tuesday morning began early for Sheffield and Ramona as they had to be at the Temple at seven o'clock. Due to such a large group, smaller groups were scheduled at different times. It actually worked out very well. First of all, the Temple wasn't overwhelmed; and secondly those who weren't scheduled could watch the children of those who were. For example, Norma watched Danny's children while Janet took care of Emmaline's.

Sheffield and Ramona and those scheduled to be there at seven arrived right on time. Their group included Emmett and Ellen, Emmaline and Willie, and Danny and Melissa. Another group of four were scheduled for eight o'clock.

They entered the temple through the annex that stood about one hundred feet north of the temple itself. The annex building was of Moorish architecture built of cream-colored oolite stone from a quarry in Manti, Utah. The annex, that looked nothing like the granite temple, was begun in 1892 and was dedicated along with the temple.



The group entered at ground-level through a spacious vestibule with wave-glass on three sides. At the door stood two large columns of marble mosaic. The floor was of mosaic tiling, bordered with marble blocks. Once inside, they presented their temple recommends. The temple recorder greeted them and took their information. From there, they were escorted to the main part of the temple through an underground passage and up a flight of granite stairs into the lower corridor of the temple.

Before beginning, they were given more specific details of what to expect and instructed in what they needed to do. The first order of business was to receive what was called initiatory ordinances, preparatory to receiving their endowments. Later, they joined a group of other people all dressed in white in what was called the Creation Room. Looking around the room, the only other familiar faces were Roger and Chantelle

Rowan.

The walls of the room was a panoramic mural depicting the creation of the world. During that part of the endowment, the events of the creation of the world and Adam and Eve were presented. From there they were introduced into the Garden Room. Again this room featured a panoramic mural representing the Garden of Eden. Here they learned about Adam and Eve being placed in the Garden of Eden and how Satan tempted them, and how they were cast out of the garden and out of the presence of God.

In representation of being cast out of the Garden, the company moved into a room symbolic of the world in its fallen state. The mural in that room depicted rocks broken and fragmented, gnarled trees, misshapen, and blasted; shrubs growing from rocky clefts; thorns, thistles and noxious weeds growing among the vegetation. The animals were depicted as living under the ever-present menace of death. Overall, the scene depicted the lone and dreary world, where Adam and Eve were to struggle with difficulties, and to live by strife and sweat in a fallen world. The presentation centered around the joys as well as the discomforts of life, in which they were taught the gospel principles of sacrifice and obedience and entered into a covenant of obedience to God.

After symbolically passing through the cares and sorrows of this world, the company progressed into the Terrestrial Room. This room had no murals, but was restful combined with richness and simplicity. It included elaborately framed mirrors and paintings, and crystal chandeliers. In this room, further instruction was given pertaining to the endowment along with entering into additional covenants of living the higher law.

At the conclusion of the endowment, one by one those in the company were presented at a veil that separated the Terrestrial Room from the Celestial Room. Here they were required to demonstrate certain elements that had been presented up to that point.

As Sheffield and Ramona passed through the veil and entered into the Celestial Room, they were struck with awe at its exquisiteness. The room exuded with the Spirit of the Lord so powerfully that they felt as close to God in his Kingdom as earthly possible. They felt a deep reverence; more than just being quiet and still. It was both an emotion and an attitude.

Emotionally they felt love; pure, unconditional love and acceptance. Not only did they feel the love of God toward them, but they were keenly aware of the love that they had for God. At the same time, the love they had for each other was amplified and elevated to that same level. The power of the love felt was all encompassing. It extended to their children, their extended family, their branch family at church, and all of mankind in general.

The reverence they felt was also an attitude of deference and willing submission to God; recognizing their dependence upon him for all they had and were. The significance of the covenants that they had just made came into focus and they understood that they were the key that would permit them to one day enter

together into the presence and rest of the Lord where it would be more grand and glories than that momentary glimpse of eternity could possibly suggest.

The room also had no murals, but was finished and furnished as the the grandest of all the rooms within the temple. Like the Terrestrial Room it had large mirrors, paintings, and chandeliers, but it was suggestive of more exalted conditions symbolizing life as eternal families with God and Jesus Christ in the highest degree of heaven. The Celestial Room was a profoundly quiet and reverent place. It was furnished with tables adorned with floral arrangements as well as comfortable sofas and chairs where individuals could pause to pray, meditate, and discuss among themselves.

They were soon joined by the rest of their party and the Rowans. They exchanged greetings of hugs and found a place where they could sit and discuss what they had just experienced. In that setting, Roger was able to help them more fully understand the symbolism and richness of the endowment and answer some of their questions.

After lingering and basking in the feeling, they left the Celestial Room and made their way back to the dressing rooms to change into their street clothes. By then it was nearly eleven o'clock. Sheffield and Ramona returned to the hotel, where they found Craig and Edith in the lobby where she was keeping here sister's four children entertained while Misti and Rupert where at the Temple. Norma and Danny's children were playing on the courtyard lawn between the two sections of the building. Danny and Melissa gathered their children, releasing Norma of her charge.

Together, Sheffield, Ramona, Craig and Norma took the elevator up to the fifth floor where they found Janet. She was in Emmaline and Willie's room where she had their two year old down for a nap while she played dolls Carrie who was just a few weeks shy of turning six years old.

It had been a long morning and they were ready to have lunch. It had been equally long for the girls as well. This time they decided to leave the hotel and find a place to get something to eat and wander around the nearby area.

After lunch, the kids changed into their Sunday clothes and returned to the temple with Sheffield and Ramona. The entire group had an appointment at the baptistery to do baptisms for the dead. A few, including Emmett and Ellen remained at the hotel to watch the younger children. The few who were older than twelve got to go too. They were Craig, Norma, Janet, along with Edith and Randy Hart, Elvira's oldest child.

They entered the temple the same way and were lead to the baptistery located in the semi-basement. After changing into white baptismal clothes they were taken to the font. The floor of the font room was tiled with white marble. The walls are virtually a succession of arched double doors, the lower half paneled wood, the upper half pebbled glass. There were six pairs on both north and south sides, and two

pairs on both east and west.

The baptismal font was in the center of the room. Twelve, life-sized cast iron oxen with bronzed bodies and silver horns stood in a three foot deep depression in the floor facing outward in groups of three. The twelve oxen, symbolical of the Twelve Tribes of Israel supported the font which sat on their hind quarters.

The elliptical font was ten feet long and six feet across and four feet deep. A flight of seven steps at either end led up to the brim of the font, with five steps down into the font at either end. The landing at the top of the steps on the west end of the font had two small platforms, one at either side. On the south side was a small table for the use of the recorder, and on the north were seats for the witnesses.

Since Geannie was the one basically responsible for leading them to the church, it was only fitting that she be the first of the baptisms performed for the dead that day. Sheffield stepped down into the font from one end and helped Ramona down from the other. In the same manner in which they had been baptized nineteen months earlier, Sheffield baptized Ramona by proxy for and behalf of Gean Marie Austin, who was dead.

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The story about Donna Wyman and Scott Leeman is based on an actual murder of a sixteen year Jefferson High School junior by the the name of Dana Marie Weaver by another sixteen year Jefferson High School junion by the name of Lee Scott. The murder took place in the kitchen of the Christ Episcopal Church in Roanoke on May 8, 1949. The story is taken from newspaper accounts of the murder with a few variations of the deatails.

The standard configuration of the Douglas DC-4 seated fourty four in roomy seats in pairs with gernous spacing. Another configuration allowed for fifty five seats, a combination of roomy pairs seats and smaller seats, three to one side and two on the other. In addition to being smaller, the rows were spaced closer. Another confiuration allowed for eighty six of the smaller seats spaced as described above.

The description of the Salt Lake Temple and the temple ceremony is adapted from James E. Talmage's "The House of the Lord"

The Visitors Bureau on the south east corner of Temple Square was built in 1902 and the second story was added in in 1915. It was torn down to make way for the new South Visitors Center which was dedicated on June 1, 1978. The orginal Temple Annex was torn down in 1962 and replaced by the current structure.