

## Chapter XXVI

### Rexburg

June 4, 1949 – August 27, 1949

Sheffield and Ramona found everything in order when they returned home from Salt Lake on Saturday the 4<sup>th</sup> of June. It had been a very rewarding trip, with so much accomplished. Most of all, they were satisfied that Geannie now had what she had come to them to tell them what she needed them to do for her.

With school out and the trip behind them, Sheffield turned his attention to working on his next book, "In the Right Place". The journals that he kept all of those years were a valuable resource. Things had come a longways since those early pioneering days of naval aviation.

Not wanting to let June slip away as it has a tendency of doing, the family took advantage of the time together, especially since Craig was going away to college in August.

Over Memorial Day, a new type of movie theater opened in Roanoke. Now they were back, they wanted to go check it out. The first drive-in movie theater opened in New Jersey in 1933. By the beginning of the war there were only a handful of them in a few states. After the war, the concept began to spread across the country. Now there was one right there in Roanoke.

The North 11 Drive-in Theater was located just off U.S. Highway 11 near the airport. That next Saturday, with the whole family loaded into the car and they went to a movie. They found a good spot in the center of the third row. The drive-in began filling up with cars as the sun went down. When it was just dark enough, the audience was treated to short animated feature with Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd. Next to each parking place was a post with a speaker attached by a cord. The speaker was made to hang on the side window, and had its own volume control knob.

By the time Bugs Bunny was over, it was dark enough for the feature film. Ramona was the one who really wanted to see this movie. The fact that it was a western was good enough for Sheffield. The title of the film was "Lust for Gold" and starred Glenn Ford.

The film was about the legendary Lost Dutchman gold mine and was filmed on location in Arizona's Superstition Mountains. Ramona lived in that area as a child from the time that she was six years old until her father was murdered when she was nine and she and her mother were forced off their land. She hadn't been back since moving to Pheonix. The movied stirred a lot of childhood memories that she hadn't thought of in years and years.

June managed to slip away after all and it was the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. As always, the Austins and Brasons got toether at the cabin. It had been a while since Ruth Ann had been home, so Harvey brought her and Joseph home for visit. It had been about as long since Harvey had seen Ramona. They flew up in Harvey's Bobcat and landed at the airstrip at the Two Star Ranch on Friday the 1<sup>st</sup> of July.

Her little girl, Anna, had turned two in March and now she had a new baby boy named Paul who was only three months old. It was the first time that Shenan and Emily had seen him. Harvey and Marcelle's little girl, Winifred, was now four years old.

They spent the weekend and flew back to Denison on the 5<sup>th</sup>.

July also slipped away. One Sunday in July, Ramona performed a solo during sacrament meeting. Not only was this her first solo since joining the church, but she was accompanied by Norma. It was also her first public performance, outside of recitals. They practiced for two weeks because they wanted all to go well with their rendition of "I Stand All Amazed".

Craig turned eighteen on August 4<sup>th</sup> and the following Sunday he was he was ordained a Priest. Now that he had graduated from high school and summer was quickly passing, he looked forward to going to Idaho in a few weeks with Edith and Read. They had a great adventure planned. The year before, it had been announced that Ricks College would become a four year school, offering undergraduate degrees in Farm and Home Sciences, Natural Sciences, Education, Humanities, Social Science and Business, and Religion.

With the added emphasis, Ricks continued to offer two year associate degrees in vocational programs. Craig had his sights on the automotive program. A new shop had been completed just that spring. His intentions were to graduate with an associates degree, then when he turned twenty, he wanted to go on mission for the church. Edith had agreed to wait for him. When he returned, they would get married and he would go to Virginia Tech in Blacksburg and get a bachelor's degree in automotive technology.

With his wrestling scholarship and the money that Samantha had put away for the kids' education, it wouldn't be necessary for him to get a job. This way he could stay focused on his studies and wrestling, and of course Edith.

He and Read were going to be roommates, sharing a bedroom in Read's grandparents home a few blocks from campus. Housing was in short supply and the college put out a plea to the community to open their homes to the students. Edith would be sharing a room with another girl in a room provided by a retired couple who lived a block from campus. They would have their own bathroom but would eat their meals at the cafeteria on campus. All Edith knew about her roommate was that her name was Janell Harris from Idaho Falls. Read was going to major in Livestock Production and Edith in Home and Family Management.

In early August, Sheffield spent a day at school in preparation for the up coming school year. There wasn't really anything new. He had the same schedule, the same classroom and the same textbook. It was becoming quite routine and worked out well with his semi retirement from the Navy.

Ramona was still sitting tight on her investments. The income from the the houses that she was renting out and the contract that she was carrying made up in part for what she not able to make by actually

selling property. The economy was improving and the experts were saying that the recession should be over in the fall. She was already looking for distressed property that she could get some deals on, betting that the housing market would rebound soon. She found a house that fit the bill that she bought at a bank auction. Since the new meetinghouse was complete, Ray was available to fix it up for her.

On the second Sunday in August, district conference was held in the new meetinghouse. The new brick building was so much more spacious than the old meetinghouse had been. The chapel was big enough to accommodate the weekly attendance with room to grow. The cultural hall provided sufficient overflow for the conference. There were more classrooms and a larger Relief Society Room and combination Junior Sunday School/Primary chapel. All of the expenses hadn't been calculated yet and there were still some outstanding debt that the branch had to cover, but it was finished and ready to use.

August was proving to be an exciting month. Just before the middle of the month, *Reprisal: The Forgotten Carrier* was released. Sheffield received a case of books from Random House along with a letter telling him that the first printing of ten thousand copies had been shipped to bookstores around the country.

It was gratifying to see the finished product. His original manuscript remained pretty much in tact. What changes that were made were for the better. The photo on the dust cover was well done, featuring a picture of the *Reprisal* at sea taken from the rear seat of a *Dauntless* that had just left the deck. They had also selected some excellent photographs to illustrate the book with.

Of the copies that he received, he kept one for himself. Others he sent out as gifts. He sent one to Mason Owen, one to Hank Terry, and one to Reggie Jackson. He would deliver *Morris'* to him in person in a few days. He donated one each to the Jefferson High School library, the Roanoke Public Library, and the Salem Public Library.

A couple of days later, he began to get telephone calls from local bookstores to schedule some meet the author book signings. The first to call was his favorite book store called "The Book End" located in Roanoke's downtown shopping district. In fact, that was where he was when he first got the idea to write the book. He had to put off any appointments until after taking Craig to Idaho.

School was to start at Ricks College on the 24<sup>th</sup> of August. They planned a whole week to have a real summer vacation since they didn't get to do much in Salt Lake City. It had been twenty one years since Sheffield had been through that country when he and Geannie went on their great western adventure. Ramona and the kids had never been there and wanted to see Yellowstone Park.

In planning the trip, Sheffield suggested that they take along his old camping equipment. Ramona had a great disdain for camping and replied, "Not on your life, Babe. I lived on dirt floors for the first nine years of my life; first on the reservation than at the mine. Not to mention all of the logging camps my mother

and I worked at as we made our way to Tacoma. I don't have to and I'm not going to. That's not my idea of a good time. Certainly there are better places to lodge."

Sheffield relented and withdrew the idea. Craig was disappointed but the girls stood with their mother on the issue.

Craig had the plane serviced and ready to go the day before. Most of what they were taking with them was loaded aboard the night before. They took off in the Staggerwing on Wednesday the 17<sup>th</sup> and made stops in Springfield, Illinois and North Platte, Nebraska. Late that afternoon they arrived at Rexburg and circled the area getting a good look at the town and the campus from the air.

When they landed at the airport in Rexburg, as prearranged Roger Rowan and his brother-in-law, Rockland Ricks who preferred to go by Rocky, met them at the airport with their spare car. The Rowans were there on their annual visit to Chantelle's family and to take Read to school. They drove all the way from Roanoke and had been there since the previous weekend.

After unloading the plane and securing it, they put all of their luggage into the trunk of the car and drove into downtown Rexburg. It was a small town with its businesses lining Main Street. With a population of 4,250, it had grown quite a bit since Sheffield had last been through there. Still, it seemed an unlikely location for a college.

In the heart of town, they turned right onto College Avenue, which led to the college. On the right was the Hotel Idamont, where they would be staying. It was a nice hotel, much nicer than the one they had the bad experience in in Goodland, Kansas a couple of years earlier. After checking in and taking their luggage to their room, they found the coffee shop on the main floor and had supper.

After supper, they walked up the street a block and a half to the campus to have a look around. The three story main building, surrounded by a spacious lawn, sat back off the street a ways, with a row of trees along either side of the sidewalk. To the right was another building of comparable size, rock construction, and architecture.

From the brochure that the school had sent Craig, they recognized it at the Administration Building, which housed the administrative office,



naturally. It also had faculty offices, a bookstore, student union room, cafeteria, and classrooms. The other building, also three stories, was the gymnasium. It too had classrooms and faculty offices.

Around to the left and behind the main building were a number of structures that had been set up as temporary classrooms. Beyond them was the boys dormitory and some apartments for married students. Across the way was the new shop building. To the south was open farm ground. In front of the shop were two other small buildings. That brought them back to gymnasium. The entire campus took up a block and a half.

With plenty of evening left, they drove around the town to see what was there. The town was laid out in a square grid pattern with numbered streets much like what they found in Salt Lake City. It didn't take long to go through the entire town. During their exploration of the town, they ran across a Chevrolet dealership. Their intent all along had been to buy an older car for him to get around in, rather than leaving him completely stranded. In looking through their inventory of used cars, they found one that looked like it would fit the bill.

After covering the town, they drove around the surrounding county side. To the east there were some hills with the Tetons towering in the distance. To the west was the Henry's Fork of the Snake River with lava flows beyond and way off in the distance another mountain range.



The next morning, Sheffield and Craig returned to the car lot to take a closer look at the 1942 Chevrolet two-door coupe. For being seven years old, it was the same style as the 1948 model. Craig had hoped for a convertible like his car back home, but after Chantelle told them of the winters in

Idaho, it didn't seem to be very practical. This one would do, and it was affordable. After a test drive and looking it over closely, it was determined to be in good shape. They bought the car and drove it to the courthouse to license it.

Now that they had access to a car, they no longer needed Rocky's car and returned it to him. He lived across the Teton River, just north of town on the main highway. Buying the car was also part of their plan for going to Yellowstone Park. Sheffield and Craig returned to the hotel where Ramona had packed enough for a two-day trip and were on the road by around one o'clock.

As they drove north, they got a better look at the Tetons. Sheffield knew where he wanted to go and got directions from Rocky. When they came to Ashton, at the foot of the mountains, they turned off of U.S. 20 and followed a state highway through town and around to the north. Eventually they came to the Lower Mesa Falls overlook. They spent a few minutes there looking across the way at the spectacular waterfall.

But the place he really wanted them to see was the Upper Meas Falls. Another half a mile up the

road they turned off on to a gravel road and followed it down the side of the mountain. At the end of the road was the old inn where he and Geannie had stayed. As they got out of the car, they could hear the roar of the waterfall. A trail took them in direction of the sound and down to the brink of the waterfall two hundred feet across and one hundred fourteen feet down. It was certainly worth the diversion.

Back on the road again, they continued north and eventually got back on U.S. 20. Sheffield found the turnoff to the other place he wanted them to see. After driving four miles down a gravel road, they came to Big Springs, the headwaters of the Henry's Fork of the Snake River. One hundred twenty million gallons of water, with a constant temperature of fifty two degrees, come out of the ground in to a large pond that flowed into the Henry's Fork of the Snake River. In the clear water the big rainbow trout were plainly visible. Around behind the spring was the little cabin that was being built the last time Sheffield was there. The cabin was the home of a four foot eleven inch tall hermit by the name of Johnny Sack.

After spending a while at Big Springs they continued on their way up and over the Continental Divide and stopped off in West Yellowstone and checked into the Stagecoach Inn, which had been built only the year before. West Yellowstone was a quaint little town of about four hundred residents. They spent the rest of the afternoon and browsing the souvenir shops and trading posts.

They got an early start on Friday morning. After filling up at Eagle's Store, they entered the park. They hadn't gone far before they came to turn out that over looked a meadow full of bison along the Madison River. The huge, mangy beasts looked so docile as they grazed totally oblivious to the dozen or more cars that had pulled off the road to gawk. One or two people with more curiosity than sense had wandered out into the meadow to get a close up photograph.

At Ramona's suggestion they played a game of license plates. Besides license plates from Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, they had seen cars with plates from Missouri, Minnesota, New York, and Georgia. The first one to spot one from Virginia would be the winner.

A little farther up the road some more cars had pulled over to look at some elk. It was easy to tell when there was something to look at because there would be one or more cars stopped on the side of the road. Before reaching Madison Junction, they were stopped by a heard of bison wandering right down the middle of the road. As the buffalo meandered by, they got a good look at their massive heads.

From Madison Junction, they stopped off at Gibbon Falls, the first of many waterfalls they encountered in the park. Not much farther up the road they stopped at Beryl Spring, a large superheated pool of one hundred ninety six degree water that boiled up to a height of four feet.

They stopped off again at the Norris Geyser Basin, the home of Steamboat Geyser. It is the worlds largest geyser capable of sending water three hundred feet into the air. Not that day however, it had been dormant since 1911.

From the Norris Geyser Basin, they drove another twenty one miles up the road to Mammoth Hot Springs. They stopped off at a number of places, saw more bison and elk and added more license plates to their list. Janet was disappointed that they hadn't seen any bears yet.

Mammoth Hot Springs looked as if steam was rising from terraces of ice. What looked like ice was actually deposits of calcium carbonate. As the trip continued on over to Tower Falls, they saw a moose at Floating Island Lake and stopped off at the petrified tree. The most prominent feature in that region of the park is Tower Fall, which plunges 132 feet. It gets its name from the rock pinnacles at the top of the fall. Just a thousand feet downstream, the creek then dumped into the Yellowstone River.

Continuing on, they drove through some pretty rugged country as they went up and over the 8,859 foot Dunraven pass located between the 10,433 foot Mount Washburn and the 9,869 Dunraven Peak. Through that stretch, they actually saw some bighorn sheep.

After arriving at the canyon area, they ate the boxed lunch that they had picked up when they filled up the car that morning. Canyon Village had a lot to offer. The most spectacular attraction in the area, and perhaps the entire park, is the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and Lower Yellowstone Falls. There were several vantage points to see the falls and the canyon from either side of the canyon. The best view was at the brim of the three hundred eight foot waterfall. The canyon is where Yellowstone gets its name from. The yellow rock walls of the canyon get its coloration from the various iron compounds found in the rocks.

Finally, Norma was the first to spot a car with Virginia license plates. It was parked at the Lower Falls overlook. There wasn't anyone around it so they didn't have a chance to talk to them. But they made a note of the car and the license plate number, in case they ran across it later.

From the canyon, they drove on up the Yellowstone River toward Yellowstone Lake. Along the way there were countless bison. Some in herds, others off to themselves. Besides stopping to look at the wildlife, they also stopped off at the Sulfur Caldron and the Mud Volcano.

Fishing Bridge was a fun place to stop. It had changed a lot since Sheffield was there last. The old bridge, built in 1902, had been torn down and replaced with a new one in 1937. It still hosted dozens or people fishing from either side of the bridge, although the pelicans seemed to be catching more fish than the people were. Also new to the area was a museum that was built the year after he had been there.

Norma again spotted the car from Virginia, parked not far from where they were parked. They waited around a few minutes to see if its occupants returned. They didn't have to wait long until a couple in their mid thirties and three children approached the car.

"Is this your car?" Sheffield asked.

"Yes, sir. Is something the matter?" the man responded hesitantly.

"Oh, no. Nothings wrong. Its just that we saw your car back at the canyon and wondered who it

belongs to. You see, we're the Brasons from Roanoke."

The man shook Sheffield's hand and introduced themselves, "We're the Carters from Fairfax. We're pleased to meet you."

That exchange was followed by an introduction of each member of the two families.

"What brings you all the way out here?" Paul Carter asked

"We're here to bring our son to school in Idaho. What about you?"

"We're just here on vacation. We drove all the way across the country just to come here."

In visiting for a few minutes, they learned that Paul was an architect and had grown up in Maryland. His wife was actually from Richmond. They chatted for a few minutes before they each went their separate ways.



From Fishing Bridge, they drove along Yellowstone Lake and stopped off to see the geysers at West Thumb. Janet finally got to see a bear. Not just one, but dozens of them. Cars were stopped along both sides of the road. The brochure they had been given when they entered the park plainly said that feeding the bears was prohibited, but that didn't stop a lot of people. A bear went right up to the car behind them and stuck his nose into the car, sniffing for food. Many of the bears had cubs tagging along. Here again there were people with more curiosity than sense who got out of their cars to get up close to take pictures. All along that stretch of road they must have seen a couple of hundred bears

Toward late afternoon, they arrived at Old Faithful. Before looking around they checked into the majestic Old Faithful Inn. When it first opened in the spring of 1904, it boasted electric lights and steam heat. The lobby was incredible with two levels of balconies, the lower one encircled the lobby and the upper balcony ran along two sides. A massive fireplace measuring sixteen feet square at the base dominated the lobby. It had four main hearths, one on each face, each with its own smaller hearth.



They found their room to be quite ordinary compared to the lobby, yet it was roomy and comfortable. Much better than sleeping on the ground, in Ramona's opinion.

Once they were settled, they had to go see Old Faithful. A sign in the lobby predicted the next eruption to be a five thirty seven. That gave them about fifteen minutes. The boardwalk was already crowded with people when they got there. A few minutes ahead of the posted time, hot water began spurting from the vent, indicating that the show was about to begin. Right on time, water and steam shot one hundred

and fifty feet straight into the air for nearly three minutes.

It was quite spectacular indeed and would go off again in about another ninety minutes. In the meantime, everyone was hungry and they returned to the inn to get a table in the dining room. It extended to the south of the lobby, with log scissors trusses supporting the roof. The dining room had its own stone fireplace. It wasn't as big as the one in the lobby, but still very impressive. After looking over the menu, they settled for buffalo burgers. For a mangy looking critter, they sure tasted good.

They missed the next eruption, instead, they browsed through the gift shop looking at all of the souvenirs. There was a lot to see in the Old Faithful area. A good share of it would wait until morning. Next they looked through the Old Faithful Museum of Thermal Activity, which opened in 1929, just after Sheffield had been there the first time.

The museum was a low T-shaped single-story rustic log and stone building. Two stepped sections of roof dominated the main portion of the building with overhangs supported by angled log brackets resting on the stone foundation. A perpendicular wing extended in the direction of the parking lot. The museum's surroundings featured an amphitheater for lectures and a small botanical garden displaying native plants.

After looking around a little, they found a good spot on the boardwalk for the last eruption before the sun set. This time, they had a better view of the equally spectacular eruption.

The next morning, after breakfast, they set out to explore the area around Old Faithful. Not only was the museum new, but a lot of buildings had been constructed since 1929. Some were dormitories for employees, but there was a new store, a photo shop and a gas station. What they really wanted to see was the natural attractions.

They saw Old Faithful go off again before walking the trail that lead through a number of other geysers and springs along the Firehole River. They happened to be in the right place at the right time to see the Beehive Geyser erupt. It typically erupted every eight to twenty four hours. Although not as predictable, it was even more spectacular than Old Faithful, as it blasted water two hundred feet into the sky for nearly five minutes.

Farther back the trail, they also witnessed an eruption of the Riverside Geyser. What was interesting about it was that it shot water and steam at an angle out over the river. From where they were standing, the morning sun hit it just right to cast a beautiful rainbow.

At the end of the trail, at least as far as they walked, they came to the lovely Morning Glory Pool. The name fit the hot spring which resembled a morning glory blossom. The distinct blue color was caused by a certain bacteria that thrived in the water.

After their walking tour of the Upper Geyser Basin, they loaded up the car and went on their way. Within just a short distance there was so much more to see. There was also Biscuit Basin and Black Sand

Basin which were also part of the Upper Geyser Basin. There was a lot of spurting bubbling going on, but no eruptions. All of that hot water from the geysers and springs drained into the Firehole River. Farther down the road they came to yet more geysers and springs.

As they drove on, they came to a picnic area along the Firehole River. Sheffield remembered the spot and wanted to share it with his family. At this point, the river glides along peacefully and is shallow enough to wade in. Sheffield and Ramona sat on the bank dangling their feet in the water while the kids splashed around in the river. Just then, a bald eagle swooped down and plucked a fish right out of the water and flew off.

Sheffield told Ramona, "When I was here with Geannie, there was a young couple from France bathing in the river right over there with no clothes and no shame. Geannie decided that instead of being embraced by them, she was going to turn the tables on them."

"That sounds like something that Geannie would do. Did it work?"

"Like I said, they were French. They came up onto the bank and dried themselves off parading around like they didn't care who was there."

What Sheffield never knew, is that years later that same couple had played an important role in the the Raid on Bordeaux that he participated in back in November of 1942. Jean and Adrian were the leaders of the French Resistance in Bordeaux. Jean distracted the German officers at his casino while she and a group of men met the Marines on the beach and directed them to their targets. After the successful mission, she was captured and executed by the Germans. Her connection to Jean compromised his cover and he had to go into hiding.

Further down stream, the peaceful Firehole River was forced through a narrow gorge, making for yet another incredible waterfall. As the water calmed down farther down the canyon, there was a swimming area that they stopped at to take advantage of.

There the water was deeper which made for good swimming. At the canyon rim were some changing rooms and a staircase that led down to the river. It was far enough from the geysers and with other streams emptying into the river, the water was cold, unlike the warm water that they had played in at the picnic area.

Downstream from the stairs, the swimming hole is calm and sandy, but further upstream the current is stronger and the river bottom was more rocky. There were plenty of eddies where the water was free from the current which made for good swimming. There were also a couple small caves and underwater ledges to play on. For the kids, it was about their favorite part of their adventure in Yellowstone.

That was their last stop in the park. Just down the road they came Madison Junction. From there they backtracked to West Yellowstone. It was about two in the afternoon and a stop for lunch was in order. By five they were back at the hotel in Rexburg. Earlier that afternoon Stirling, Mary Ann, and Edith arrived on

the train and had checked into the room next to the Brasons.

On Sunday, the Brasons attended church with the Ricks, who were members of the Rexburg 1<sup>st</sup> Ward where Craig would be attending. The meetinghouse was an old, two story, rock building located a block west of the home of Jedidiah and Bessy Ricks, Chantelle's parents. It was the first time that they had attended an actual ward. In actuality, it wasn't much different than attending their branch back in Roanoke, except for it was much larger. What was different however was the fact that there were four wards in Rexburg alone, not counting those in the surrounding areas. As for the Austins, they went to the Rexburg 4<sup>th</sup> Ward where Edith would be attending.

On Monday, Craig and Read got settled into their upstairs room in the Jed Ricks home. At the same time, Edith got settled in her room six blocks away. That afternoon, the Brasons, Austins, and Rowans had a picnic in Smith Park across the street to the south from where Craig and Read were staying.

Later in the afternoon when they returned to the hotel, Sheffield decided to go into Porter's Bookstore, just across the street from the hotel to have a look around. After browsing for a few minutes he was approached by the clerk. "Is there something you're looking for in particular?" he asked.

"Yes." Sheffield said. "I was was wondering if you have 'Reprisal: The Forgotten Carrier'."

"As a matter of fact, I do. It just came in a few days ago. It's over here in our history section." he said as he led Sheffield to the aisle. "Here it is, right here."

Sheffield saw two copies on the shelf and asked, do you have more copies than this?"

"Yes, there are six more in the back. How many do you need?"

"None." Sheffield said holding up the copy in his hand. "I wrote the book."

"Oh really." The clerk said. "How long are you in town for?"

"We'll be leaving Wednesday after we get our son settled into school."

"I see. Would you consider coming in tomorrow evening and do a book signing? That would give me enough time to get an announcement in tomorrow's paper and on the radio."

"Yeah. I'd like to do that. We're staying just across the street at the Idamont."

"Great. Lets say from seven until eight. How would that be?"

Sheffield agreed and the clerk, who happened to be the proprietor, got some information about him and the arrangements were made.

The next morning at breakfast, Sheffield picked up a copy of the local newspaper, The Standard Journal, in the coffee shop to see if it was there.

"Here it is." he announced to Ramona and the girls. "It says, 'There will be a meet the author and book signing held this evening from seven to eight p.m. at Porter's Bookstore. Rear Admiral Sheffield Brason, the author of Reprisal: The Forgotten Carrier, a native of Roanoke, Virginia is in town and will be in

our store this evening. Admiral Brason served as the ship's captain as it fought the Germans from Occupied France, to the South Atlantic, to the Arctic Circle, and to the Mediterranean Sea. Later, as an Admiral, she was his flagship in the Pacific where she served as the only carrier in the Seventh Fleet and finally participated in the attacks on Japan during the final days of the war. The book takes you through the action of this important but forgotten ship as seen through his eyes and the men who sailed with him. Come and meet Admiral Brason and get your copy of this compelling story.”

“Very good.” Ramona said. “He took that right off the inside flap of the dust cover. It will be interesting to see how many show up.”

“I hope at least eight.” Sheffield replied.”

“Why eight?”

“Because that's how many copies he has.”

After breakfast, Sheffield and Ramona took Norma and Janet over to Jed Ricks' house where the Rowans were staying to leave them off with the with the Rowan girls, as they had an outing planned for the day. Craig was ready for his busy day as well. Sheffield and Ramona took him to the Administration Building on campus to get him registered for classes and to pay his tuition. Craig, Edith, and Read were among a record number of freshmen to enroll in the fall quarter that year, making up about fifty percent of the four hundred forty students registered.

After getting that taken care of, they went with him to the campus bookstore to get the books he needed. All of this was accomplished by nine thirty. At ten there was a freshman orientation meeting that he had to attend.

With the kids settled, Sheffield and Ramona and Stirling and Mary Ann returned to the hotel and changed into their Sunday best and drove down to Idaho Falls to attend the temple, since there was one so close. Less than four years old, the Idaho Falls Temple was the newest temple in the church which brought the number of temples to eight.

When they got back to Rexburg, the girls weren't back from their back from their outing yet. They too had gone down to Idaho Falls with Joleen, Regena, and Beverly Rowan and one of their cousins to Funland and the zoo at Tautphaus Park. It too was relatively new attraction that opened two years earlier.

A little before seven, Sheffield went to Porter's Bookstore to get set up for his book signing. Ramona tagged along as well. There was a small table with a stack of eight books and a chair. At first it was a little slow. The first one to come in just for him was Rocky Ricks, his new friend. He asked Sheffield about his service in the war and listened intently as he described some of the episodes in the book. Needless to say, he bought one.

The next person in was a young man and his wife and small child. He was a student who was

enrolled in some upper division classes. It turned out that during the war he had been a crewman on the tanker Yellowstone that had had sailed with the Reprisal. After the ship was sunk by a U-boat, the crew had been rescued and transferred aboard the Reprisal. He too bought a book.

Some of the others who stopped by his table had served in the war in the Pacific and were interested in his story of the war in the Atlantic. One woman bought a copy for her husband who was a history buff. Another person bought one just to have a signed copy of a first edition book to add to his collection of books that he never read. At the end of the hour, six books had been sold. Of the remaining two, he signed them and they went back on the shelf.

On Wednesday morning, Sheffield, Ramona, and the girls were all packed and ready to leave. Craig's first class wasn't until nine, so they drove over to the Ricks and picked him up before going to the airport. He helped them stow their luggage in the plane and then it was time for goodbyes. His sisters cried as they hugged him tight. Ramona failed to keep her composure as she took her son in her arms. Sheffield did a better job of it. All of his life he had been saying goodbye.

They boarded the plane and got settled. As the plane began taxiing, four hands extended from the open windows, waving goodbye. Craig, leaning against his car, waved back. He watched as the Stagge wing took off into the north and circled around. Anxious to get to his first class, his college experience, and being on his own, he got back into his car and drove back into town to the campus.

It felt strange leaving Craig behind like that. In the short time he and the girls joined their family he had always been such a big help with anything that needed done, and always with a good attitude. It wasn't as if they'd never see him again, he would be home for Christmas and again next summer. They knew that he was in good hands with Ricks College and Chantelle's family. He had Read and Edith to keep him company and was sure to make a lot of new friends.

Less than forty five minutes later, they landed in Wayne Gover's pasture. After bringing in their luggage, Gail had lunch ready. Sheffield was pleased to present Morris with a personalized copy of his book. The only thing was that he had seen it in a bookstore in Logan a couple of days earlier and bought a copy. Morris graciously accepted it and gave his copy to his father. Morris and Sheila were proud to announce that they were expecting. Morris boasted that if it was a boy, his middle name would be Sheffield. While they spent the afternoon and evening visiting, the Gover kids; Joyce, Holly, and Jerry, kept Norma and Janet entertained. For dinner that night, Gail had prepared a roast leg of lamb, naturally.

After having attended the Idaho Falls Temple earlier in the week, Sheffield and Ramona wanted to go to Logan Temple as well. After all, when they went home, it would be a longtime before they would have another opportunity, so Wayne and Gail took them into Logan the next morning.

After leaving the temple, Sheffield wanted to pop into the bookstore where Morris had bought his

copy of the book. He had a similar conversation with the proprietor and ended up with another book signing for the next evening. During the afternoon, Wayne and Gail took Sheffield and Ramona for a ride up into the hills to where their sheep were grazing. Again the girls were kept entertained by the Gover kids.

On Friday both families, including Morris and Shelia, went into Logan and drove up Logan Canyon for a picnic. They said that they were a few weeks early, because the fall colors in the canyon were breathtaking. After coming down out of the canyon, the Govers showed them around Logan some more. Then Sheffield treated his hosts to dinner at one of Logan's finer restaurant. The women went shopping while Wayne and Morris went to the book signing with Sheffield. It went much like the one in Rexburg had gone. Those who bought copies were mostly navy veterans of the war. Morris bought one that he had Sheffield personalize for his friend Simon Ballard, who had served with him on the Reprisal. It was dark by the time the the two car caravan got back Clarkston. With what was left of the evening was spent visiting.

After a good breakfast on Saturday morning, they loaded their luggage back into the plane and bid farewell to the Govers and took off for home. It was an all day flight with stopovers for lunch and to refuel the plane. Wanting to avoid Goodland, Kansas after their misadventure there, Sheffield took a slightly more northerly course and made their stop in McCook Nebraska, which is about ninety miles northeast of Goodland.

After another stop in St. Louis, late in the afternoon they touched down on their airstrip at the Two Star Ranch. It had been a nice ten day vacation. The highlight had definitely been Yellowstone. But the time spent in Rexburg had been nice too. It was different without Craig, but they knew he would be alright. They now had some new friends in Chantelle's family, and it was good to see the Govers again. As they laid in bed reviewing their trip, Ramona made an observation. "I think Janet is sweet on Jerry Gover."

\* \* \* \* \*

The North 11 Drive-in Theater located at 6532 Peters Creek Road opened in the summer of 1949 and operated until it closed in 1978 or 1979. It was the first drive in theater in Roanoke. Two others opened in 1952.

Lust for Gold was relaeased June 10, 1949. a western starring Glenn Ford about the legendary Lost Dutchman gold mine filmed on location in Arizona's Superstition Mountains.

Accordong to a talk given by Beulah Riley in the Spring of 1993 at the Roanoke 1st Ward found at <http://beulahhendersonriley.blogspot.com/2007/04/roanoke-history-talk-beulah-henderson.html> the Roanke Branch began meeting in the new building in August 1949.

The information about Ricks College came from BYU-Idaho History: The Spirit of Ricks Chapter 9

For Sheffield and Geannie's trip to Yellowstone and Eastern Idaho in 1928 see Remembering Geannie, Part II, Chapter 22: The Great Western Adventure

The Old Faithful Museum of Thermal Activity was torn down in 1971.

For the Raid on Bordeaux, see Surviving Geannie, Part I, Chapter 10.