

Chapter 11 Quitting School

At seventeen I was only a sophomore in school and hated it. My greatest joy during those years was roller skating. I loved to go to the Play-More-Roller-Rink on the corner of Main and Albion every Wednesday evening, slip into a pair of rented shoe skates and get out on that floor. I was in Heaven as I waltzed around and around the rink to the music, noise, shouts, laughter, and my friends. I took a lot of tumbles but got right back up and was



Me and my little sisters: Marion, Kathryn, me, Irma, and Lorna



The Frost Family - January 1944. Back: Lorna, Me, Myron, Eunice, and Thelma. Front: Marian, Gerald, Ira, Irma, Vyla, and Kathryn.

off again. I was very good on a pair of shoe skates but as I stated earlier, I could not stand up on ice skates. I could do almost every thing on roller skates but waltz backwards. On March 10, 1944 while trying to learn, I fell and chipped my knee cap. That was very painful and took me off of skates for a while. (It got me out of P.E. at school which I was happy about.) Mother was working swing shift at the potato processing plant. On Wednesdays we would stay in town after school and skate all evening and ride home with her when she got off shift at 11: p.m. Once in a while I



LaPreal Boyce

went skating on Sunday nights as well. It was a sin so it is a wonder I didn't fall and break my neck. Sometimes the folks would go to a movie while us kids skated.



Ready to go to church

I was equally as happy on the dance floor at the Y Dell Ballroom. The Y Dell was the finest dance hall in all of the Magic Valley. All the Big Bands played there at one time or another. Thelma and her friends had danced there and now it was my turn along with Lorna and Donna. We were not allowed to date until we were sixteen, so before then Daddy and Mr. Gooch took turns each Saturday night taking the three of us to town and then came back to get us. One night Mr. Gooch forgot to come after us. The three of us walked the three miles home along the railroad tracks dressed in our finest dance dresses. It was pitch black that night, we could hardly see our hands in front of our faces and we were really frightened. All of a sudden a pheasant flew up in front of us. Three young girls about died on the spot. With much fear, we did make it home okay on very shaky legs.

Another night I got stranded alone after the dance. A young couple along with a soldier boy from Paul saw my plight and offered to take me home. I was very grateful and also frightened at the same time. As soon as they got me home I thanked them as I jumped out of the car and run to the house as fast I could.

I danced away many, many Saturday nights. One night as the evening progressed the power went off, but the band went right on playing. Happily, we continued dancing in the dark. When the power came back on, the light on the big shining crystal revolving ball revealed a lot of lipstick smeared faces. I had a date with Jerry Stroller from Paul that night. The outdoor dance floor was great on hot summer evenings. I met a lot of very fun people at the Y Dell. Many years later, I was very unhappy when I found out that they took down that crystal ball and made the Y Dell into a bowling alley.

My employment during those teen years really varied. I picked potatoes for farmers that paid. I did babysitting and light house work for Afton and Wade Baker. My first job uptown was at the Woolworth 5 and 10 Cent store on Overland. On October 30 1944, right after I got to work my cousin, Ila Martingdale, came in to tell me that Uncle Lenard Drussell had shot and killed Aunt Cora during the night. I also worked at M.H.Kings for a short time. Later, I worked at a dry cleaning establishment on Main Street but I was too slow, so my boss got me a job at the bakery on Overland. I was working there when we got the word about Myron's ship.



Me in 1943

The job I grew the most from was working at JC Penny's on the corner of Overland and 13th. Mr. Burns was the manager and a great boss. I clerked mostly in the shoe department, but also other departments. I worked a lot in the stockroom checking

in incoming merchandise and pricing everything. I loved being the first to see the new merchandise. I worked with some wonderful people there. Betty Session and I were the window trimmers. We also hand printed all the store's signs and prices. It would have been a wonderful opportunity if I had stayed with Penny's. It could have turned into a window trimming career. I worked there for two summers and after school.

Thelma moved to Salt Lake where she met a handsome sailor boy and it was true love. She and Jay Jackson were married July 20, 1944 in the Logan Temple. They waltzed right off to California where Jay was stationed in the Navy.

Sunday May 28, 1944 was a great big step in my life. I moved into town with Norma Jo Price as my roommate. We rented a motel type room from Freers on the corner of 16th and Oakley Ave. I was working at JC Penny's and Jo worked at Western Auto. It was a whole new experience for me being on my own. It was a lot of fun and we got along very well. On August 1, 1944 I moved back home to get ready to go back to school.



My friends and I in front of the Seminary Building: Marjory Bunn, me, Lorerra Espenosa, Glenda Burgess (in the back), and Lavon Loveless.



In my very own formal

I have always had good friends, most of them were good girls. There was this other group that got me to sluff school a couple of times with them but when they tried to teach me how to smoke, that was the end. I dated a lot after my sixteenth birthday with fellows from school and also from Rupert and Paul. It caused Mother and Daddy some concern because I did not not always come home when expected some nights. One such night Donna and I double dated the Fenten Brothers from Paul. After the movie we sat in the car in our driveway until quite late. Daddy, imagining all sorts of mischief going on, finally came out to investigate only to find the four of us in a political argument. Not a one of us knew what we were talking about. That had to give Daddy a good laugh. One of the most fun dates I had was with Vaughn Hobson. We attended the Jr. Prom and I wasn't wearing Minnie's dress.

The first of many major mistakes that I made during my lifetime was dropping out of school during my junior year. At eighteen years old, I was two years older than all of my classmates who were only sixteen. But I did continue go to Seminary the rest year and graduated on Sunday May 11, 1945. Brother Allred and Brother Jenkins were our teachers and they were a great influence in my life. In the three years that I went to Seminary, I was able to use my artistic abilities.

After Myron had gone into the Navy he shared with me his secret, that he was finishing school and wanted me to also. I did go back but I was so far behind and did not have the courage to remain. It has been a lifelong regret and embarrassment to me. Had I stayed in school, I would have graduated in 1946.

I moved back into town again, this time I lived at Mrs. Beaver's rooming house on East Main Street, right across from the East Park. I had a tiny room of my own that was at the back of the house. Theo Gooch and Dora Sagers shared a room and two others girls shared another room.

I was living there then we got the word about Myron's ship, the USS Spence. I, along with the rest of the family were horrified when on January 12th we got the news that his ship had been lost in a typhoon on December 18th. As I remember it, Mr Gooch had read it in the newspaper, and came and told us. We would not give up hope until we got finale word from the government which seemed to take forever. On January 15th Daddy and Mother received a telegram stating that Myron was missing. Then on February 8th another telegram arrived saying there was no possibility that he had survived.



Myron in the Navy

Germany surrendered on May 8, 1945. Daddy let me take the car to town with the other kids to join the crowds driving up and down the streets honking their horns. What a great and glorious day that was. Japan surrendered on August 15, 1945. On September 2, 1945 the surrender was signed on board the U.S.S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay. I along with all of America was overjoyed with the ending of World War II. At last we had peace after a very long dreadful 3½ years which took the cream of the crop of our young men into battle in unknown lands and on ships at sea. Thousands to never return. It was when all the other men were returning home that saddened our hearts when our son, brother, and my best friend was not among them.



The Idaho Falls Temple in 1945

Prior to leaving on her mission in August 1945, Eunice and I went to Idaho Falls with other young women of our ward to see the new Idaho Falls Temple before it was dedicated. We rode in the back of Wade Baker's truck. It was raining so it had a canvas over the top. I had to sit in the very back of the truck and by the time we got to Idaho Falls I was completely splattered with mud. Eunice and I both gave way to tears as she helped me clean up the best we could with out the benefit of a shower and clean clothes. The Temple was so beautiful, I knew that it is God's House.