



FREDRICK HENRY ROYLANCE

Born: September 20, 1917, Provo, Utah

Died: December 24, 2005, Anchorage, Alaska

**PERSONAL HISTORY
OF
FREDRICK HENRY ROYLANCE**

I am writing this personal history to pass on to my children the things, events and activities that have taken place in my life and that of my first wife, Margaret Bertha Hartley. These things are from my memory.

I am starting this history in my 75th year. My children have not had much contact with their grandparents on the Roylance or Lamb side of the family. My parents, Charles Ira Roylance and Louise Susanna Lamb, passed away about the time that Margaret and I were starting our family. Margaret's parents lived into the decade of the eighties. The Hartleys had more contact with our children through visits, and the children staying with them at various times.

I was born September 20, 1917, in Provo, Utah. My mother had gone to Provo so I could be born in the hospital. At the time of my birth, our country was at war with Germany in WWI. My family lived in Storres, Carbon County, Utah, a coal mining community in eastern Utah. The locality was called Spring Canyon, about five miles from the present town of Helper, Utah. My parents had moved there in 1912 when the community was established. My parents were Charles Ira Roylance, born December 28, 1879, died March 18, 1945; and Louise Susanna Lamb, born August 14, 1881, died March 26, 1937. My mother was from Provo, Utah, and my dad was from Springville, Utah. Father was of English, Irish, and German extraction and mother was Scottish. My father's mother died when he was born and his grandmother Sanford raised him until he went to live with his father who was a local contractor who improved railroads and road grades. I had an older brother, Mark Lamb Roylance, born May 26, 1909; and a younger sister, Mary Louise Roylance, born March 8, 1925.

My father had a position of some importance in the mining town of Storres. He was there at the initial stage of development as the outside of the mine foreman, or tipple foreman for the Spring Creek Coal Company. The tipple was the facility where the coal brought from the mine was sized, graded, washed and placed in railroad cars for distribution throughout the western United States. There were two railroads that hauled the coal away, the Utah Central Railroad and the Denver & Rio Grande Western. One came

into town on one side of the canyon and the other in the bottom of the canyon. At the time of this writing all of the physical evidence of this mining company has been removed; only the roads remain.

Spring Canyon was a great place to live and grow up. Our family lived in this area from 1920 until the spring of 1932 at two different locations, Spring Canyon and Latuda. Everybody knew who you were. There was one school (grades one through six), one church, one company store, one confectionary. There was also a motion picture shown in the church each Wednesday. In the summertime there was a swimming pool where I learned to swim. My brother had a paper route (evening paper) that I helped him to deliver *The Salt Lake Tribune*. Every mining company had a waste area for storage of slack coal (very fine coal particles and dust). Eventually the waste area in Spring Canyon caught fire, probably through spontaneous combustion. The fire was hardly noticeable on the surface but smoldered underneath. We kids used to go out to Goose Island as it was called and dare each other to run down this pile of smoldering slag in our bare feet. I never got burned, but some kids did. I always wore a cap with a bill on it called a "louse cage" and bib overalls. I was a towhead and was nicknamed "Toughy." The meanest kid in town; that was my reputation.

I don't ever remember my father attending church while living in this community. I don't recall any activity that we shared together. Mother attended church and took me with her. At one time she was Ward Relief Society President and often visited non-member families in the community. Both of my parents attended grade school and were able to read and write well. My father never observed the Word of Wisdom throughout his life, but my mother did. She never used tobacco or drank coffee and never let us kids use them.

The community of Storres was named after George Storres, a local law official from Springville, Utah. He was one of the original group of men who pioneered this coal mining town. Following Mr. Storres' death and the purchase of the company by another group in the mid 1920's, the town was renamed Spring Creek. I remember that day well. My father owned a 1925 Studebaker, a big six with a rex top, sliding windows, and a heater in the back on the floor, which got its heat from exhaust fumes. The fumes leaked though, and the heater had to be discarded. The car was not very fast but had lots of power. The change of name for the community celebration was held at Price City park. All the cars were lined up in Spring Canyon and then

caravanned to Price. The roads were not paved and it was a dusty ride if you were not the lead car.

My parents were frugal and saved their money. My mother had taken in boarders during the construction of Storres from 1912 to 1917, and so they were able to afford a Maxwell Touring car.

My mother came from a family of four sisters and one brother; however one of the sisters had perished at an early age. Mother was a kind, loving, and gentle individual, but very stern at times. She took a lot of abuse from my father because of his excessive drinking. There was no physical violence, but a lot of verbal abuse. Before her marriage my mother worked on the railroad as a cook. She was an excellent cook, and her homemade bread and biscuits were the best.

Mother had worked for local contractors from Springville, Utah, who had contracts to improve railroad grades and tracks, etc. They would set up camps to feed and house the work crews and mother cooked at some of these camps. My grandfather was one of the contractors, and it was on one of these jobs that my parents met. There is one little incident my mother told me about that occurred when she was when cooking at one of the camps. She had made a large batch of bread, but something went wrong. She had to throw it in the dump and cover it up, but it kept rising. She was embarrassed and would go out every few minutes and push the dough down to keep it from being noticeable.

One of my earliest memories is of being in the front room of the house in Storres and trying to put on my long stockings and shoes. I had a hard time tying my shoes. I wish I could remember more about those early days and about my parents.

Something I remember about my father is that he always chewed Horseshoe Chewing Tobacco and smoked White Owl cigars. Almost every evening it was my job to go up to the local pool hall and get two or three cigars for my dad. When I started high school my grammar teacher accused me of using tobacco because my clothes reeked of smoke. She thought this was the reason for my poor grades in English.

Sometime in 1919, state land became available for purchase in western Utah and eastern Nevada, at a place about eighteen miles from Gold Hill, an



Fred and brother Mark, about 1924.



Fred about 1925.



Fred with sister Mary and ^{brother} father, Charles, on steps of house on 9th East, about 1937.

old mining town. The actual location was a place called Deep Creek, which was south and west of the present day Wendover, Utah. This ranch became home for me and my brother and parents around the time I was less than two years old. Since I was so young my memories of this ranch are not many. A few, however, do remain with me. I can recall putting on my clothes with long stockings and high top shoes. I remember the animals well. I used to ride the pigs and somewhere there is a funny picture of me sitting on a pig backwards. I went barefoot most of the time and got a sore or infection around one of my toes and almost lost it.

We had a black dog named Snyder who had been bitten on the nose by a rattlesnake. There was a mud hole by the watering trough and Snyder buried his nose in the mud for several days and lived.

I also remember going to Gold Hill with my parents to pick up supplies for Christmas. I sat in the back with my mother and we had a blanket wrapped around us for warmth. The car had no heater or curtains. The distance to Gold Hill was about 18 miles.

I can remember my father killing a sheep for fresh meat. We had no refrigeration to preserve food, so the mutton was wrapped in canvas and hoisted up in a tree for preservation. I remember trying to follow Dad one time when he was going to the field with the wagon and team of horses. I was running along the road to catch him. He looked over and said all he could see was a little blonde head bobbing along in the sagebrush. He said a coyote could have gotten me.

My father had a partnership with James A. Halliday and his wife, Isabella, to work the ranch. Aunt Bell had made a cake and frosted it. I had sampled the cake frosting and Aunt Bell wanted to know who had done it. I said, "The little red hen was responsible."

Aunt Bell was my mother's sister. She and Uncle Jim had two boys, Alvin and Perry. My brother, Mark, and Perry were the same age, born in 1909. Alvin was three years older. The two families split the partnership and the Hallidays returned to Salt Lake City to live. My father gave them the Maxwell Touring car for their share of the ranch.

At the end of WWI agriculture prices dropped and ranching did not pay. My parents then decided to move back to Springville, so we lived on the

ranch for 18 months at the most. When we left, my father and brother drove wagons and teams from the Deep Creek ranch to Springville, where the wagons and horses were left with Uncle Charles Sanford, who was a brother to my grandmother, Amogene Sanford Roylance. She had passed away when my father was born in 1879. Mother and I went to Gold Hill and caught the train. We arrived in Springville before winter set in. A home had been rented there for us. The house had at one time been the Church tithing office for that area, and it had a room-sized wall safe with a huge steel door. My mother was very concerned that I would get locked in the safe.

Shortly after Mark and dad arrived in Springville, my dad took me to my first moving picture show. There was no sound only writing and, of course, it was in black and white. The music was provided by someone playing the organ, which I liked a lot. I don't recall much of the movie but Dad told mother I laughed and yelled a lot. I remember later seeing the movie, *The Thief of Bagdad* with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. He was our hero.

My family did not reside very long in Springville. In 1920 the horses and wagons were sold and the family moved back to Storres in Carbon County, and my father got his old job back as tippie foreman. I recall many things from this period of time, which lasted from 1920 or 1921 when I was about four years old until 1928. This was a happy time for me as I was growing and learning there were no strangers. Everyone knew everyone else. Our residence was near the tippie and the fork in the road. This was the entrance to the town. One road went up to the company store, church, and office for the coal company main residential area. The other road continued on up the canyon to four other coal mining camps - Standardville, Latuda, Rains, and Mutual.

There were no fresh streams in the canyons, only springs which furnished the domestic water supply. The rock formations were spectacular and were mostly red sandstone. Many of the homes were made of gray cut sandstone. Looking up at the mountains one could see the veins of coal since vegetation was sparse. There was lots of sagebrush with gnarled coniferous cedars. The wood inside the cedars was a pale pink color and it made very good kindling for starting fires, and was used for making cedar chests. There were also pine trees and cones filled with pine nuts and covered with sticky pitch. In the fall the cones would yield their nuts when a little heat was applied to the cones.

About six hundred feet from our home, looking west from the front

porch, was a rock formation that looked like a human face with a very sharp nose. Although it did require a look from a good distance away to get the facial impression.

The area had a very nice, dry climate with very little rainfall. There were maybe one or two snowfalls every winter, and snow packed down hard enough to ride on sleighs. If the roads were packed down by cars, we kids would put on our ice skates and hook cars, grabbing the bumpers or fenders with heavily gloved hands. Cars didn't go very fast at that time so it was not as dangerous as hooky-bobbing is today.

Rain in the summer was unusual but occasionally a low pressure system would settle in and we would get a flash flood situation. I have a mental picture of my father with a shovel in his hand feeling his way across the road toward the railroad tracks and the tippie with the water about a foot deep and heavy with red silt. Near our residence, which was on higher ground above the muddy water, was a series of red tin garages end on end, steam heated for winter starting and storage. After one of these flash floods there were several inches of red mud accumulated on the floors of the garages.

I attended Sunday School and Primary all the time we resided in Spring Canyon. I was a Trail Builder, with a little green skullcap and bandalo that was worn to meetings. I remember a hike that one of the bishopric took us on up the mountains overlooking the community. The church building could not accommodate all the classes so the overflow went to the schoolhouse next door.

Mother was Relief Society President for a while in Storres, but was not active later. She died very young at only age 56. Mom was active in the Church when she was well enough. We went to Sunday School, but I don't remember my father ever going to meetings. He never spoke against the Church, he just never went. Uncle Jim Halliday was a polygamist child, but ranted and raved against the Church. I wanted to be baptized in the September I turned eight, but it got put off for one reason or another and so I was ten years old before I was baptized in the cement font in the Spring Canyon meeting house basement.

I began school in the first grade at Storres, in a red brick school house, and then changed to Spring Canyon school. I don't think I was ready to start school. My chronological age was six, but I was promoted to the second

grade. I was in second grade for only a short time and one morning the teacher took me back to the first grade room. It was a shock to my ego, but I did get over it. I don't recall any feedback from my parents. It was a good thing for me that learning came easier for me after that. I was just not ready to start school at six. I did like school, though I was glad to get out in the spring, but also glad to go back in the fall. I liked reading, math was harder, and I sailed through geography and history.

One fond memory I have of this period is of a dog that was given to me. I named him Ol' Jack. He was a white bulldog. At times we kept him tied up at the back of the house. The neighbors had a batch of kittens and the neighbor kids and I used to bring the kittens over to tease the dog. The kittens would scratch his nose and make it bleed. He developed a hatred for cats and he would catch every one that crossed his path and kill it. He was my dog, and he would respond to my commands. All I had to say was, "Sic 'em Jack", and he would go. At times I would sic him on my brother. The dog would get hold of his pant leg and not let go until he was forced to. I got into trouble over this situation for the torn trousers. One day the white dog and I were in the blacksmith and repair shop, and a bucket of red paint with a brush was out. I picked up the brush and painted the dog's back. It lasted for some time until the hair grew out.

The town of Spring Canyon had no playgrounds, but the coal company had organized a welfare committee for recreational purposes. They sponsored a movie that was shown once a week on Wednesdays, with prizes and candy passed out to the kids. They also sponsored the building of a swimming pool, with heated water and two diving boards. The pool was open in the summer months of June, July, and August. I learned to swim there; first the dog paddle, then the overhand, and then the diving. All the kids went there. It was just a cement pool, but it was great when we learned to swim the length of the pool and could dive from the high dive in the deep end. One kid dived too deep and scraped his face on the bottom. The pool was heated and we would sneak in at night for more swimming. I have maintained a love for swimming all of my life.

One of the pastimes the kids in town indulged in was to climb the mountains away from town and roll as large of rocks as we could move by hand and start them rolling down the mountainside. Great excitement and no one ever got hurt! I remember our first grade class in the spring of the year planting a cottonwood tree on the school grounds as a class project. When I

visited there in the late 1950's the tree my class had planted was the only one remaining of the six planted that year.

As a youngster in the summertime I always had a home-made flipper in my back pocket. This would shoot rocks and small ball bearings at whatever was a good target. Someone in authority was always taking my flipper away from me, but it was easy to make a new one as natural rubber was plentiful. The crotch was made from the local scrub maple or cottonwood trees and the rubbers were from inner tubes of autos. The leather patch was usually from my dad's high top shoes. The episodes of using the flipper got me in difficulties at home. One of our best targets were the little rock lizards. In this country of fractured rock, the lizards liked to get out on the sharp points of the rock and sun themselves, so we would take out flippers and hunt the lizards.

During the 1920's the Ku Klux Klan was well-organized in Carbon County, so it was not unusual to see a cross burning up on the hillside at night. Once some of us kids in town got together and made a cross. We took some grease-soaked waste material out of the journal boxes on the railroad coal cars to burn with the cross and went up on the mountainside at night to do it. It caused a lot of comment.

During the summer months the school didn't receive any attention, and we would break windows at night with rocks. All the kids had nicknames in those days. I had a reputation of being a mean little kid and sort of a bully, so my nickname was "Toughy". It's like the old saying, "Take the toughest kid, and he grows up to be Bishop".

The D&RG Western Railroad supplied the empty coal cars and picked up the loaded ones. The engines would stop in the middle of town and the townspeople would bring their empty containers for fresh water from the engine tender. One of the engineers on this railroad was a good friend of my father. He was a very large fellow named George Harmer. He got my father his job in Latuda in about the Fall of 1928, after my father lost his job in Spring Canyon. We had moved back to Springville for about four months. I completed the third grade and part of the fourth grade in Spring Canyon in 1927, and in the spring of 1928 I attended the ending of the fourth grade in Springville, with twenty days remaining. I was amazed when I received my report card and had been promoted.

When school started in the Fall of 1928, we moved again, this time to Latuda, thanks to Mr. Harmer. As I was hiking down to Helper one sunny afternoon, along the tracks near the road, the railroad engineer with the tender was slowly coming down the tracks. The train stopped and my father's friend, Mr. Harmer was the engineer, he pulled me up into the engine cab and gave me a ride almost into Helper. Boy, what a boost that was to my ego.

I remember one other little story about this Mr. Harmer and my father. Mr. Harmer was a Democrat, my father a Republican. The Democrats were going to have a rally in Helper. Mr. Harmer had a supply of railroad fuses for a torch light parade, but my father stole the fuses, and when Mr. Harmer caught up with dad he put him head first in a snow bank.

The fifth and sixth grades were combined in the same room with the same teacher; seventh grade - same room, same teacher; eighth grade - one room, one teacher. Mr. Hunsaker, the principal was our first male teacher. This little town had no library, but the school received several cartons of new books when I was in the eighth grade. One book which I liked very much was *Mountain Men* by Stewart Edward White - a story of the fur trade and one of the mountain men who ended up in California as a rancher.

It was common practice in grade school to pledge allegiance to the flag first thing in the morning. On Armistice Day (now Veteran's Day) we sang a war song or two from WWI, and then observed a minute of silence. I don't recall doing that after about the fifth grade.

My favorite studies were history, literature, geography, math, and recess or gym - in that order. My dislikes were art, social studies, and music. In the fourth grade I began to discover books and started to read the newspapers. We had few books at home. We did have a book of Bible stories of which I was very fond. I read it from cover to cover. It had some illustrations from Bible events and characters. We also had the *Book of Knowledge*.

My brother had a paper route for the *Salt Lake Tribune*, which was an evening paper then, and I would help him deliver the papers. He was usually late getting home from school. He rode the bus from Price and then I took some of the papers and delivered them for him.

In the presidential campaign of 1928, Herbert Hoover came to Helper on

the train and made a short speech from the back car of the train. My father had taken me to hear Hoover and lifted me up so I could shake his hand.

During the 1920's my Dad always purchased Studebaker automobiles from a dealer in Provo, Utah. I can recall three of those autos. One was called a "Light Six"; it had no glass windows, had no curtains and no heater. There was one that had a plastic, or a Rex top with sliding windows all around. The last one he purchased in the spring of 1927 was green, and had roll-up windows. It was a "Big Six" with brass petcocks on each cylinder to help start it in cold weather. It was called a "Commander" model and cost \$1,800.00, My brother got in big trouble with this vehicle when he wrecked it. It took his wages for an entire winter to pay for the damage, about \$250.

The clothes I wore on week days were bib overalls and ordinary everyday shoes. We wore BVD's in the summertime and long, heavier underwear, usually wool, in the winter months. We always looked forward to the time when mother said we could change to BVD's. On Sundays I wore knee pants and long stockings. The pants buttoned at the knee and were supposed to hold your stockings up. Great was my happiness when mother bought my first pair of long pants and a leather belt. The pants were gray flannel. One of life's little joys.

In 1925 I heard a radio for the first time. It had been set up in the meeting house stage and was broadcasting a championship prize fight. I remember well the Dempsey-Tunney fight of October 3, 1927. I saw it in the newsreels later. My father was a Dempsey fan so he bet on Jack Dempsey and gave me 50 cents to do the same. We made the bet with Don Hacking, the weigh master for the coal company. We both lost our money. I've never been an individual to wager money or gamble.

In the spring of 1932 my father lost his job as tippie foreman in Latuda. The Great Depression was taking its toll. I remember a sign on the lunch room door at the tippie letting the working men know the present conditions facing the coal mining industry. The note said there were six million men out of work in the United States. My parents had purchased a home and an acre and a half at 4200 South 9th East in Salt Lake. It was a red brick home with six rooms, bath, and big back porch. Outside below ground was a level basement for milk and food storage. It also had a one car garage and chicken coop. A garden had been planted, a cow purchased for milk and a few chickens for eggs. We had moved to the home since my father was

unemployed and had no income and my mother's health was not very good. My parents only had a small amount of savings. That summer we lived out of the garden and that winter, 1932-33, we went on public welfare - groceries, fuel, and clothing. There were two Federal agencies (Works Progress Administration and Public Works Administration) that did a lot of good. The number of hours a person could work a week was restricted.

The idea of working for whatever we received was much better than a public handout of meat or groceries. All the family disliked this kind of charity. Dad worked for private contractors from Springville on highway construction and did some work on national defense at Toole Ordnance Depot. My brother Mark signed up with the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) and worked with them for a period of time.

I started Junior High School (ninth grade) at Granite High; 5th East and 33rd South in Salt Lake City, Granite School District. I also took a class in Seminary (Old Testament).

The 30's were the years of going to school at Granite High School. The junior high was situated next to the high school. This was a time of change for me. All my life I had attended grade schools in which I was acquainted with all of the students and teachers. The communities were small and the main idea was the production of coal. I was intimidated and somewhat frightened of going to a school with several hundred students and unknown teachers. This was an environment that was vastly different than living in a coal-mining town.

My high school years were from September 1933 until May of 1936. I attended Granite High School, located on 5th east and 33rd south; Salt Lake City, Utah. The school had a great song that was very inspiring. It was known as the "Song of the G", and it was sung at pep rallies and sporting events and at some general assemblies. The words were:

SONG OF THE "G"

When sights and sounds of the campus
Fade in the long busy years,
Yet will return in our memories,

Echoes of old songs and cheers.

You of the field, track and diamond,

Fighters for clean victory,

You who love the fair, square sport,

You'll hear the song of the "G".

Go it Granite, go it Granite,

Hear the battle cry,

Go it Granite, go it Granite!

She will remember, you'll not forget her,

Though you are far away -

She is calling, calling to you ever,

Honor the grand old "G"!

The school slogan was "The Fighting Farmers". In the years of the late 20's and 30's the school was outstanding, with many state championships in football, basketball, swimming, and track. I didn't take part in any of these athletic activities, but it was great to be attending a winning institution. At the time I attended Granite High, it included the geographic area from the southern boundary of Salt Lake City to the Murray city limits, the Holiday and Cottonwood areas, and from Taylorsville to East Millcreek. Bus service was free if you lived over 2-1/2 miles from the school. We lived on the boundary line, so I walked to and from school, except when the parents of someone gave me a ride.

On 5th East across the street from the main school building was the LDS Seminary building. I studied Old Testament there and received a credit in history. For Church History we got no credit, but we could attend during school hours since it was released time. Then our credit from Seminary which counted toward graduation from high school since the class was called Bible history. I liked this Church education very much.

I had two very good Seminary teachers, one was James E. Moss for Old Testament and the other was Frank K. Seegmiller for Church History. Brother Moss was a very good teacher and a very lovable individual. He was instrumental in getting basketball started in Utah high schools as a regular program. He was principal of Granite High School when it was first organized. When my mother passed away in March of 1937, at my request, Brother Moss was one of the speakers at her funeral.

One of Brother Moss's requirements in class was to collect and learn little gems of thought or a verse or two of poetry. It was standard practice to recite these things as a group in his class. He was a very inspirational speaker, often speaking in the high school assemblies. I really appreciated my seminary classes and associations. Those were some of the best classes and best memories of my high school years.

My wardrobe was not very extensive as a teenager. I wore blue denim bib overalls all the time, and light blue shirts. When I started junior high school I got a pair of tan colored corduroy trousers. My winter coat was a plaid lumber jacket or a mackinaw with buttons and cloth collar; it was all wool material. I wore high top shoes with leather laces almost to the knees. For Sunday I always wore white long sleeve shirts. My arms were a little short, so the cuffs were always too long. I always had a suit for Sunday School until I was a teenager. I had a pair of black oxfords which I had to keep polished. After I turned twelve I was growing and changing so rapidly that nothing seemed to fit. The oxfords always pinched my feet. When I got old enough to buy my own clothes, short sleeve shirts became standard, and I began to wear my brother's clothes if he was at home and didn't protest too much.

One incident I remember is about the shoes I wore. In August of 1928, we moved from Springville to Latuda. I was going to start school in the fifth grade and I needed a pair of everyday shoes. There was a shortage of money around the house. Dad kept putting me off on buying a pair of shoes. He had several pairs of patent leather dress shoes that were out of style and old fashioned to me. He said I could wear them until he could buy me a pair of new shoes. I was teased and laughed at a lot at school and on the playground until I finally got the new shoes.

I didn't attend any school activities or socials in the ninth or tenth grades. We didn't have any money and I really wasn't interested in those sorts of things. In my junior year I started to go to the football and basketball games with my friend, Reed Merrill. I wasn't interested in girls at the time. In my senior year I had use of my brother's car since he was very generous with his two-door, two-seater Model A Ford. Granite won the State championship at the State tourney and we had a snake dance down Main Street in Salt Lake City. School officials opposed this and condemned our actions, but there were too many kids involved.

There are two things that I did in high school that I am not proud of in retrospect. Mostly in my junior year I was a truant. I skipped going to class. My friend Scott would get a couple of bucks and we would go to town, catching the bus on State Street. All the movie houses were uptown from the high school. Bus fare was a dime one way, and the movie cost 25 cents. I had a friend who wrote all my excuses, forging my parents' names.

My older brother Mark was unemployed and came back home to live during this period. To try and earn some money he began to sell booze-whiskey for Uncle Jim Halliday, the family bootlegger. This didn't last long since the law caught up with Uncle Jim, confiscated his still, and arrested both him and Mark. Uncle Jim was fined and Mark was put on probation for a year by the court system.

I enjoyed starting school in September, 1932. We had individual classrooms and teachers for each subject, six periods a day. We walked to school in good weather. There were also four families in the neighborhood who took turns driving the kids to school. We didn't live far enough away from the school to ride the bus. The winter of 1932-33 was a heavy snow winter with some cold periods of below zero temperatures. Getting the car started was a challenge. We didn't have any anti-freeze or alcohol to put in the radiator. We would heat a couple of gallons of water to boiling, then pour it in the radiator, hoping the car would start. Sometimes we would have to prime the petcocks with raw gas to start it. Each cylinder had a prime cock.

My mother always made me a good lunch. Homemade bread in two big sandwiches, a jam sandwich, apples. We had plenty of food - hams, bacon, fruit and vegetables. When we killed a pig, mother made headcheese, which was great for lunches. Pies were a specialty for her. Whenever I had a date and came home late, my mom would call out to me from her bedroom, "There's a piece of pie for you in the pantry, and milk in the refrigerator."

My feelings about my home and parents were quite normal. I assisted my mother in the kitchen and with whatever chores there were to do around the property, such as tending the garden, watering when my turn came, feeding the chickens, milking the cow. About this time of life, 1933, my Dad let me drive the car, a 1927 Studebaker Commander. The state of Utah had recently passed a law that all vehicle drivers should have a license. My father took us up to the State Capitol to get one. All that was necessary to get one was to

fill out an application, pay 25 cents, and receive a card for your wallet.

I met my future wife, Margaret, in 1936 at the end of my senior year in high school. As graduation time approached everyone was concerned, hoping they had sufficient credits and grades good enough to leave the institution. I had been going out with a girl by the name of Naomi Quist since New Years of that year. We sat next to each other in Library class. My brother, Mark, worked at the Garfield smelter on a shift basis with a shift change every two weeks, and occasionally he would have to drive to Garfield, but most of the time he left his Model A Ford at 33rd South and 7th East while he took the bus on to the smelter. I would pick up his car and then go home. Having wheels to drive was great, provided Mark left enough gas for me to use and still get home.

My buddy Reed Merrill and I were inseparable companions. He was dating a tall blonde girl by the name of Maureen Wright, who was taller than he was. Maureen had a girlfriend by the name of Margaret Hartley. The two girls worked on some school assignments together. Maureen arranged a blind date for Margaret and me. Reed and I were supposed to learn how to dance. Margaret had flaming red hair and freckles. She was almost as tall as I was. She was a straight "A" student, and Editor of the school paper. She had also taken part in several school dramas. She was witty and very good at expressing her thoughts and feelings. She loved to read and always had a book at hand. She corrected my spelling and grammar, which I needed. After that first date we were inseparable. There was no one else for me after I met her. She got a job that first summer out of high school at W. T. Grant Co

My graduation from high school was a great event in my life. It was the end of my formal education. I had thoughts of going on to college at the University of Utah in Salt Lake or the Agricultural School at Logan. I registered at the University in Salt Lake in September of 1937, but I had no savings and no support at home from my father. I also had no transportation. I never went back after the first week of classes.

The summer of 1936 I spent looking for a job. The State Employment Office gave me a referral to a farmer in Santa Quinn, south of Spanish Fork, Utah, but the pay was low and there was no place to sleep except in an old grainery, on the wheat. The grainery had no door and only a window to crawl through. I worked there only about two days and then returned home to Salt Lake where I worked for Hamilton Brothers Dairy, which was about

one half mile from where we lived on 9th East and 42nd South. My wages were thirty dollars a month and all the milk I could drink. I worked there for an entire winter.

In the summer of 1937 I was employed by my cousin, Jack Moore, and his wife. They owned and operated a café in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I was the dishwasher. I worked about two months for pay of \$30 a month, plus board and room, and returned to Salt Lake that August.

When we lived in the coal camps my mother's health was good. My sister Mary and I attended Church in Spring Canyon, both Sunday School and Primary. When we moved to Salt Lake Mother never attended since her health became poor. She had surgery in 1928 and a lump in her breast was removed. From that time on her health was poor. The next two years were very difficult for her. She slowly lost weight and the ability to do her housework. Finally, by Christmas of 1936, it was necessary to move her to Aunty Weber's home in the east part of Salt Lake. Aunty Weber's real name was Billa but she didn't like it so we called her Aunty Weber at her request. She was a sister to my father's mother. She was sometimes sharp and gruff, but was also very generous and kind. She was thoughtful and had charity.

Mother remained ill, and during the winter of 1936-37 she bloated up and was taken to the County Hospital, where she stayed for six weeks before she died on March 26, 1937, when I was twenty. Dad never remarried and lived for years in the home on Ninth East. Then he couldn't make the payments and moved to Murray for a couple of years. It was about that time that I began to seriously think about going to Alaska.

I worked for awhile for the Rocky Mountain Packing Corporation, a cannery in Murray, Utah for vegetables like peas and carrots. We used lye to take the skin off carrots. I would throw in buckets of lye and then clean the carrots. On my 19th birthday I got lye up my sleeve and didn't realize it until I got home and found big raw patches on my arm. My mother put vinegar on it to stop the action. In a few days I got a large boil on my arm. It broke and I never had any more trouble, but it left a big scar. My mother was able to take care of it when today we would run to the doctor for such a thing. These were depression years and jobs were very scarce. I had no steady employment during 1937 or 1938 and only the part-time work canning fresh vegetables.

A friend with whom I had once gone to school named Darrell McKay, owned a flat bed ton-and-a-half truck. I helped him haul coal from Spring Canyon to Salt Lake. The father of another high school chum, Sheldon Parks, operated a small dairy. I helped Sheldon deliver milk.

In the summer of 1937 my father got a job in road construction as a grade foreman at Randolph, Utah, with A. O. Thom Company from Springville. They had a camp set up with a kitchen and bunkhouse. I got a job there as a dishwasher with a chance to break in on equipment. But the job soon ended and dad and I went back to the home on 9th East and 42 South in Salt Lake. During the time I worked at this job in Randolph I picked up my mail at the post office window. Margaret wrote a nice letter and she would put perfume on the letter and envelope. The post mistress would smile whenever I would ask for my mail.

About the time we were working in Randolph, I became acquainted with a lady who had worked in Ketchikan, Alaska, as a waitress. She spoke in glowing terms of the employment opportunities in Alaska. That was the beginning of my dream to go north. I think this lady was a distant relative of Margaret's stepmother's family.

From that time until Margaret and I came to Anchorage to make our home, I was never free of the idea of going to Alaska. As I think back and try to remember my thoughts and feelings at that time, the spirit was letting me know that action was necessary, that the time and season was now. I read all the books and information on Alaska that were available in the Murray Public Library. I wrote to the Alaska Steamship Company and the Alaska Railroad for travel information, and they responded with quite a lot of travel brochures and pamphlets. I didn't have a job and no money for travel. My father was aging and needed someone to care for him. I was also in love with a lovely girl who wanted to get married. It was a difficult decision to make. I procrastinated for over a year. The spirit was persistent, however.

During the winter months of 1938-39, I dug a basement under a house for Loren James, Margaret's uncle. I think he gave me \$30 for my effort. My father had a friend, a barber, who gave me a two-week job south of Toole, Utah, with a sheep shearing crew. I gathered the wool and stomped it into bags and helped out around the camp. I was beginning to accumulate a little money. I had worked in the cannery in Murray the past summer, so I was eligible for unemployment insurance under a law that had recently been

passed by the Congress. I received \$19 a week for several weeks. Getting a little extra money was very helpful. I bought an engagement diamond for Margaret. My brother, Mark, and his wife, Dora, took us to Malad, Idaho, and arranged for us to get the marriage license at the Franklin County Courthouse, and the Bishop performed the ceremony on February 11, 1939, about 12:00 PM, a Saturday night, in Dora's parents' home.

We didn't make our marriage known to our families or friends. Margaret was still working at W. T. Grant Co. in Salt Lake and living with her parents. I was living with my father in Murray, but had no job and very little money.

My determination to go to Alaska had not diminished, so I began to make definite plans to go north to Ketchikan in late May. The cost of steamship fare was \$19.50, steerage third class. I was one apprehensive kid, leaving home for the first time. I had no back-up money, no one I could call on for assistance. I took the Greyhound bus from Salt Lake to Seattle and had no one to stay with, but someone was looking out for me. When I arrived at the bus station in Seattle, Mark Anderson, a fellow I knew in high school met me and let me stay with him overnight. He also took me to visit a relative of my father's family, the Sanfords. This helped my spirits very much. The next day Mark took me to the pier and I caught the Alaska Steamship *Baronof* to Ketchikan, Alaska, to spend from May to September the summer of 1939.

On the trip north I met a couple of fellows about my age, Stony and Donn Bundy. We became good friends. I corresponded with Donn Bundy for a time, and used his given name for our first child. Stony came to see me and stayed with Margaret and me in Salt Lake for a day during the fall of 1939.

I had one or two short stretches of employment in Ketchikan, but nothing permanent. I decided to go back to Salt Lake where Margaret had rented a small apartment where we set up housekeeping in September of 1939.

Leaving Ketchikan, I caught a Canadian boat to Vancouver, B.C., then caught a short ride to Seattle, overnight, no bunk, very cheap. I had about thirty dollars in my pocket. I got my suitcase, had breakfast and headed south, hitchhiking toward Portland, Oregon. I stayed with a fellow I had met in Ketchikan whose home was in Portland. I then got a ride with a fellow in a Model A Ford coupe to Umatilla, caught a freight train to Pendelton, where I got kicked off. I then went to the Greyhound bus station and bought a ticket to Salt Lake City, arriving the next evening.

On the boat trip from Ketchikan to Vancouver we made several stops at Canadian ports, mining towns, pulp mills, canneries, etc. When we came to Prince Rupert they had guards with rifles patrolling the dock. It was the first week of September, 1939, and World War II had started in Europe.

I had two or three stints of employment during the fall of 1939. One was with my former employer, Rocky Mountain Packing Corporation. I also helped Margaret's uncle haul brick and unload it and worked at the Salt Lake Post Office sorting mail at the Christmas season. We had no transportation, but we lived in town so Margaret was able to walk to work. I got a job with Strevell Patterson Hardware shortly after the first of the year and I could walk to my job. We saved every cent that was possible with the idea of going to Anchorage in late May.

We had reservations on the Alaska Line Boat, *SS Aleutian*. Margaret went first class and shared a cabin with a lady from Anchorage. I went third class, or steerage as it was called, down in the ship's hold. Another idea to save dollars.

Margaret had an Aunt Margaret, her mother's sister, and when the time arrived, she drove us to Seattle by way of San Francisco, saving us transportation costs. We departed from Seattle and had stops at several southeastern ports, then on to Valdez, Cordova, and Seward. The ship's steward would not handle our luggage because I hadn't given him a tip. It was on a Friday, June 6, 1940, when we arrived. It was a beautiful sunny day. The trip from Seward to Anchorage took about seven hours on the Alaska Railroad. I was nervous and concerned since we didn't know anyone and had very little money.

When we arrived in Anchorage we had to walk from the depot up to the Rexall Drug Store on the corner of 4th Avenue and E Street and ask the clerk, whose name was Bill Able, if there were any Mormons in town. He replied that Theron Luke was LDS and worked in the Post Office, so we became acquainted with him. Theron Luke helped us get a room in the Parson's Hotel at 3rd and H Streets. The Parsons has been since torn down and a parking garage is now there. He also helped us get a small apartment with a hot plate and a 3/4 bed at the Rose Walsh rooming house. Rose Walsh was the Magistrate Commissioner in Alaska, which was a Territory of the U.S. then. We stayed in that apartment until the first of July when we moved

into the Landstrom apartments at 3rd and H. In January of 1941, we gave that apartment up to Lucille Johnson and her husband, an army officer. They were an LDS couple just assigned to the base at Fort Richardson. Margaret and I then moved into a duplex just west of the Landstrom apartments, where we remained until October of 1941.

Our new friend Theron Luke helped us in many ways, with housing and lending us money until a payday became a regular occurrence. On our first Sunday at church, Theron introduced us to Luke Hale and his wife, Phyllis. Luke was a civil engineer brought down from Ladd Field, a recently constructed air force base at Fairbanks, Alaska. He was with the Constructing Quartermaster. Between the time Margaret and I left Salt Lake City and arrived in Alaska, the President had appropriated twelve million dollars to build Elmendorf AFB, where construction was just starting.

I got a job on June 9, 1940 at Whitney Station on the Alaska Railroad. Equipment had to be removed from railroad flatcars - such things as bulldozers, trucks, and carryall scrapers. My pay was 90 cents an hour, eight hours a day, seven days a week. We had arrived in Anchorage on a Friday and I had only \$5.00 in my pocket, and Margaret had only a little more, and by Monday I had a job.

The summer of 1940 was one of lots of sunshine with very little rain. Anchorage suddenly became a very busy place and housing was in short supply. Margaret and I were fortunate to have good living quarters because of our friend, Theron Luke. Every boat docking in Seward brought in hundreds of people seeking employment and housing. Because of the long daylight hours there were two shifts at Elmendorf, one starting at 4 AM and the other at 12 noon. That summer I was hired for the early morning shift. I drove a flatbed truck for awhile, then transferred to the maintenance and repair shop. I was on a crew that hauled fuel, gas, and diesel to the equipment working around the base. I was also a grease monkey servicing the equipment. The pay was \$ 1.10 an hour. This was an excellent opportunity for me to learn about heavy equipment.

Margaret also began looking for a job. She could have gone to Mt. View working in a grocery store, but we had no transportation and there was no bus system. The other job was at the Anchorage Hotel as a night clerk. She liked this situation and was going to take it. About that time she became pregnant with our first child and I decided that she shouldn't work since we

were going to have a family. And so it was with all the kids.

We saved as much of our money as we could, putting so much in the bank out of each paycheck.

That summer we also became acquainted with J. L. McCarrey and his new bride, Cora, from Salt Lake City. Mac was a salesman for Utah Woolen Mills and had been coming to Alaska since 1933, selling clothes and putting himself through law school. Since finishing his education he was thinking of where he would set up his practice, Fairbanks or Anchorage. Eventually he settled on Anchorage.

We met several people who were members of the Church, but no formal meetings were held until the winter had closed in. Joseph H. Tippets, employed by the CAA (Civil Aeronautics Administration), had been transferred from Yakutat to Anchorage with his wife, Alta. We began to have meetings in our homes. This situation continued throughout the winter of 1940-41. Joseph Tippets was a natural leader and organizer and soon had a small branch of the Church going. I was working at Elmendorf AFB with the option of working seven days a week, so I was working on Sundays. In May, 1941, Nichols G. Smith of the Northwestern States Mission at Portland, Oregon, came to Anchorage and we had a branch conference. Joe Tippets was made a Branch President. The conference was at the old Finn Hall on 5th avenue and Cordova Street and was attended by over a hundred people, and so the Anchorage Branch was organized.

Since Margaret was pregnant with our first child, each evening after supper we would take a long walk to a different part of Anchorage to get acquainted with the city and give Margaret some exercise. During the summer months we would go west from our apartment toward Cook Inlet, and when the sun was setting we called it our "path of gold". Margaret made friends very easily. She had met Charlotte Lear and Elsie Coats. We shared Thanksgiving dinner with the Lear family in 1940.

The bill to draft men into the armed services had passed Congress and was in effect in the States starting in September of 1940 and in Alaska in January of 1941. Signing up in Alaska was very significant to me, although I didn't realize it at the time. I was given a 3A rating - married and no children. I stayed in this classification until 1945. In Anchorage there was a large group of single men in my age group who were working at the base and who

would be called up before me.

On March 6, 1941 our first child was born at Providence Hospital, which was then located at 9th Avenue and L Street, Margaret was in the hospital for about two weeks, standard practice at the time. She nursed our boy, Donn Hartley Roylance, until about midsummer when she went to the dentist and he gave her a shot of novocain, which affected her breasts and her milk supply. We had to put the baby on a bottle. Margaret was never able to nurse any of our other children.

The summer of 1941 was a delightful season, with very little rain and lots of sunshine. Many new people came to Anchorage. There were plenty of jobs, but housing was in short supply. We shared a duplex across the street from the Parsons Hotel at a cost of \$25 per month. In addition, I took care of the heating system for the duplex, which consisted of a coal stoker. I kept it loaded with coal and removed the ashes and clinkers as needed.

We were very fortunate. We were putting money in the bank each month; living costs were low and our expenses were very few. Medical expenses were almost non-existent. I worked most Sundays, but we didn't get paid overtime, only straight time. Everyone was happy just to have steady employment and regular paydays.

One person who came to Anchorage in the summer of 1941 was Wells C. Bowen, a salesman from one of the woolen mills in Utah. He was disposing of his stock and Margaret bought some of his women's clothing. Wells had had a cancer on his lip which had been removed and left a scar which distorted his mouth and facial appearance. We became friends and remained so throughout the years. He departed Alaska in the late 1960's.

As the winter months began their approach, Margaret began making suggestions about moving Outside for the winter. I really didn't want to go and leave a good job. We finally made up our minds and left Anchorage in the latter part of October 1941. Margaret's Aunt Margaret came to Seattle and met the boat and then drove us to Salt Lake. We moved in with Margaret's parents for the winter months. Then Frank K. Seegmiller, who was one of my Seminary teachers in high school, remodeled an apartment in his home at 27th South and 9th East. Our little family moved there in March of 1942.

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transferred to Prince Rupert, B.C. to work on building another ordnance
*Branch Presidency, Anchorage, 1953-1954. Front: J.L. McCarrey, Jr., Fred Roylance. Rear: Dr.
 Harold Budge, Wells Bowen (Branch President) and Harold Miller (Clerk).*



*Roylance Family - Rear: James, Fred, Suzanne. Front: Jon, Margaret, Joel.
 About 1960.*

The Remington Small Arms Co. built a factory to make bullets for machine guns of 30 and 50 caliber. I went to work at their plant located west of Salt Lake City on Redwood Road. I worked there about three or four months, but I didn't like working in that kind of a factory where I was making brass shell casings and standing over a machine eight hours a day. I was also on shift schedule. We were informed that we could not change employment since it was essential that we stay in war-related work or be drafted into the army.

In May I went to work operating heavy equipment at the Toole Ordnance Depot as constructing quartermaster (TOD). My brother Mark was working there operating cats and scrapers. My father also worked throughout the summer oiling on the dragline. My job lasted until midwinter when we were transferred to Hill AFB in Ogden, Utah, to put in a railroad siding to some warehouses. At that Christmas time Margaret had given me a very nice present, a Movado watch, which I foolishly left on the cat track when I started the tractor one winter morning. This job soon ended, but we were transferred to Prince Rupert, BC, to work on building another ordnance depot for ammo storage. Mark soon left and went back to Salt Lake. I stayed in Prince Rupert until June and drove a five yard dump truck hauling big rocks to make pads for igloo type storage buildings for ammo.

Margaret was expecting our second child and I thought I should be in Salt Lake with her. Our daughter Suzanne Margaret was a lovely, normal girl, healthy and very easy to take care of. She was born in the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City on June 23, 1943. I know Margaret was very pleased that the baby was a girl. I took a box of Lindsey chocolates and some flowers to Margaret, although they both wilted because of the warm temperatures.

We now had two children, but I had no regular employment. We did have some money in the bank and I was in a favorable situation because of my draft status. Whenever I applied for work they asked what my draft classification was and when I told them my current classification they immediately asked me to go to work. I had always entertained the idea of returning to Alaska because of the favorable circumstances when we arrived in 1940. I also had the feeling that I should enlist in some branch of the service to serve my country. Margaret was not happy with this thought. I went to the recruiting office at the Federal Building in Salt Lake and inquired about the Sea Bees for a construction type job. There was no one in the office and when no one came after about ten minutes, I left. Thinking

about this later I feel someone was watching over me and guiding me, and I wasn't even aware of it.

Getting regular employment was my main concern at this time. Dick Newsome was a first cousin of Margaret's. He was working for a trucking company which was delivering eggs to Los Angeles and I went with him on one trip. He had found out about a company called Betchel-Price and Callahan which was hiring men to work in northern Canada on the Canal pipeline. They were building a road and laying a four inch pipeline on top of the ground from Norman Wells to Whitehorse, a distance of about five hundred miles. Dick and I went to work there, each earning \$1.80 an hour, 70 hours a week. We received \$15 a week as a token check for expenses and the rest was sent home to our families. If you stayed the full nine months of the contract, your wages and expenses back to your home were paid. Dick worked about a month and then returned home. I stayed until the following June. I operated a bulldozer and carryall scraper building the road that serviced the canal pipeline.

That winter of 1943-44 was mild. There was not much snow or severe cold weather. The coldest temperature was 68 degrees below zero F. When the temperature dropped to such low readings we let the equipment run all the time, day and night. Living conditions were not bad. The bunkhouses were mobile and warm. There was plenty of food and the cooks did a good job. There was no time off and every day was work time. About the only recreation available was shooting a dice game called 4-5-6 in which three dice were used. I was involved in two or three games, but never won or lost any large amount of money. We were given our weekly token check of \$15 and some of the lucky gamblers won quite a few of these. Some woman in the bank at Whitehorse was asked by the teller where she got all those endorsed token checks, so she candidly informed him.

Break up time in late May helped me see that the contract would be completed in June. The roads were covered with water and very muddy. I didn't intend to work another nine months, so I caught the supply 6x6 truck into Whitehorse and then went by a DC3 army aircraft with bucket seats into Edmonton, Alberta. From there it was a milk train ride to Great Falls, Montana, and then the Union Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake City, Margaret and the kids, Donn and Susanne. I had purchased a moose hide jacket for Donn and silk stockings for Margaret in Edmonton.

It became necessary to once again seek employment, of which there was plenty since my draft status was so good. We decided that this was the time to return to Alaska. So once again I caught the Greyhound bus to Seattle and the Alaska Steamship line to Seward, arriving in Anchorage in mid July. I stayed with the Joseph Tippetts family and then at Anderson's camp on the base. Margaret had stayed in Salt Lake to come later when I got housing.

I went to work immediately at the base, not in the construction section but the maintenance or utilities section, operating a maintainer or grader (Caterpillar) in the Roads and Grounds section. The scope of my activities depended on the time of year. I did road maintenance in the summer months and snow removal in the wintertime. Other equipment that I became acquainted with and operated were tournapulls, snowgos, cranes, and power shovels, clamshells, and sometimes a jack hammer. In the warm summer months we mixed asphalt and paved some of the roads on Elmendorf AFB. I continued working at the air base until the summer of 1952 when I transferred to the Civil Aeronautics Administration at Anchorage International Airport.

In many ways 1944 was a year of some serious decisions we made as a family. In October of that year we purchased a home in a south Anchorage subdivision. It was not in the city limits, but on the south edge, and on a dead end street. No sewer or water systems were available. The water source was a 6 foot well under the house with an electric plumb and a 30 gallon storage tank. There was no inside plumbing, only well water that had a bad taste and worse appearance. We drank a lot of soda pop. We had close neighbors on the north and south and across the street. The purchase price of lot and house was \$4,600. I had to borrow some money from Ben Loffgren, a Church member and friend of Joe Tippetts in order to make the down payment, the remainder, in the amount of \$2,600, we paid off to the National Bank of Alaska. The view from the kitchen window on the east side of the house was unbroken spruce and birch trees, no buildings were visible. Some CAA towers with flashing lights were visible at night.

With a steady income and permanent employment, I felt good about staying in Alaska to make our home and raise our family. There was an inward feeling that this was a good decision. (Although Margaret may have had some reservations!) Our friends and associates we made through the Church and work, both civilian and military, were sources of satisfaction and joy. Margaret once said, "I have fed an army of soldiers in my home."

The location of our new home was a good one. It was close to town, schools and had lots of families with children the same age as ours. Within a few years we were annexed to the city and had sewer, water, fire protection and road maintenance. We soon had the indebtedness paid and were looking forward to expanding our home to accommodate our growing family.

We had one difficult time when Donn contracted typhoid fever during his 2nd or 3rd grade year at Chugach Elementary School. One of his schoolmates was the source of the infection. Donn had to be in isolation in the hospital and we were not allowed to enter his room. This was very difficult for Margaret, since Donn would see her standing in the doorway of his room at the old Providence Hospital and would scream to have her come to him. This period was always a source of distress for her and when Donn returned home he was never as close to her as he had been before.

The last four winter seasons of the 1940's were severe and difficult. We had record snowfalls and record low temperatures. We had one beautiful summer in 1947, from May until mid September, with very little rain, lots of sunshine, blue sky, and high temperatures. There has never been an equal summer in weather since that year.

World War II had ended and the military was slowly winding down. I began to think that perhaps I should look at employment at some place other than national defense. I could go into construction, of which there was plenty, but it was seasonal. It was high pay, but required lots of travel and time away from the family. Toward the end of the decade the government built two international airports, one in Fairbanks and one in Anchorage, for the CAA to operate. The Anchorage facility was completed and commissioned in December, 1951. I transferred from Roads and Grounds, Elmendorf AFB; to the Anchorage International Airport in July, 1952.

Church membership and meeting places were also changing. At the War's end military people who had been stationed in Anchorage were discharged and going home. Permanent civilian families were few in number, but there were some military officers with families who were part of the branch and they became good friends. In late 1945 and early 1946 Joe Tippetts was transferred to Washington DC with the CAA. Wells Bowen was made Branch President and J. L. McCarry and I were his counselors. This Branch Presidency lasted ten years until we were released in 1956.

The early winter months of 1949 were very dry with hardly any snow. I figured this would be a winter of little snow, - so I took annual leave for the holidays and took the family to Salt Lake so the kids could get acquainted with their grandparents and other relatives. I returned to Anchorage and brought my sister Mary with me, since she was leaving her husband. There was no international airport at that time, so we used Elmendorf terminal. Commercial aircraft for Northwest Airlines and Pacific Northern Airlines were using the base facilities. Margaret and the children stayed outside with her parents, returning later in February of 1950. Alaska that year had a record snowfall. When I came home with my sister I had to shovel snow off the chimney in order to start the floor furnace.

Our third child, a boy we named James, was born to us on August 14, 1950. Margaret had a difficult time carrying James. Some of the medications she had been prescribed did not agree with her and the pregnancy was not a joyful one. James was born six weeks early in August instead of October. His weight was around 4 pounds. His birth made us realize the need to expand our home. In 1950 the sewer and city water were available. In 1952 we borrowed some money from the First National Bank to put in sewer and water, and we expanded the east side of the house and the upstairs and put a cement floor in the basement.

We had never owned an automobile since we had been married, and I had never really owned one of my own before our marriage. I had always used my dad's and brother's cars. I had purchased a Model A Coupe from a neighbor. It was light gray in color with a rumble seat. I also purchased a black two-seated passenger Ford model, but I didn't keep either one very long, selling each one a short time after purchase. In the late forties cars were very much in demand and the car manufacturers were trying to fill orders but falling way behind. In 1949 I went to the local Studebaker dealer in Anchorage and put a down payment of \$100 on a new Studebaker with an indefinite delivery date. The waiting time became too long, so I canceled the order and got my deposit back. We did not purchase an automobile until 1956.

The need for additional income soon became apparent as we began to furnish and improve our home. I had never entertained the idea of Margaret getting a job and going out to work. We had made that decision when our first child was born. So I began to look for a part time job, one that I could

do in the evenings. And so Wells Bowen got me a job at Reed's Dress Shop, where he worked. My next part-time employment was at Gilman's Beauty shop. These evening jobs were of short duration. Then in 1947 I got a janitorial job with the First National Bank of Anchorage, and I stayed with them until 1963. The job required me to work three to five hours, six nights a week, and I then dusted from 4:30 AM until 6:00 AM, Monday through Friday. The bank was a good place to work. They paid very well, treated me with respect and gave me a yearly bonus and paid vacation, as well as funds in a profit sharing plan.

In the late 40's and early 50's the bank was expanding very rapidly, with huge increased deposits. They built a new building which caused a big increase in my responsibilities. Robert Baker was the cashier. He called me over to his desk one evening and asked me what I thought they should pay me for my work. I didn't have an answer at that time but said I would let him know later. After I had done some checking I gave him a figure. Then he said, "We will give you \$150 more than you figure." That was when I began paying a full tithing.

The 50's were a time of growth and development for the whole community. There were plenty of jobs with good pay. The influx of civilian and military personnel was tremendous. This was reflected in Church membership increases and the creation of several new branches in the Anchorage area. The Anchorage Branch had been created in 1946. Wells Bowen was Branch President with me and J. L. McCarrey as counselors. This leadership lasted ten years until 1956 when a third branch was put in motion and the leadership was reorganized. The next change and reorganization came about 1961, when on August 13th the Anchorage Alaska Stake, the first in Alaska was formed. This stake included the Fairbanks and Palmer membership. With this change the branches became wards and I was called as Bishop of the Anchorage First Ward with Charles Dickey and John Bennett as my counselors. Other bishops called at this time were Keith Calderwood of the Third Ward, Darryl Bowman for Palmer Ward, and Wayne Priebe of Second Ward.

In the hectic years of growth during the 40's and 50's we met in rented buildings - Finn Hall, Union Halls, Pioneer Hall, Odd Fellows Hall, and the American Legion Log Cabin at 5th and G streets. Throughout the years a small building fund had been accumulating and we began to look around town for a good location to build a new church. We finally settled on a site, a

comer lot at 11th and E streets. It was a good choice for our family, since it was within walking distance from our home.

On Memorial Day, 1954, Vance Phillips hauled in a bulldozer and began excavation for the basement of the building at 11th and E. It was an excellent site, with about a foot of top soil and sand and gravel down for several feet. It was also located in a nice residential neighborhood. The lots were level and city water and sewer were available. The building was completed and dedicated in October of 1957. The outside of the building was red brick, the only building in Anchorage at that time that had a brick finish. One young soldier newly arrived in town expressed his feelings as he walked south on E street from downtown and saw that red brick building and its spire, and how grateful he was for its appearance.

Our second son, James, had arrived at the baptismal age of eight years by the time the building was ready for use. He was the first person baptized in the font at the 11th and E building.

Our third son, Jonathan, was born on the 26th of May, 1955. We had a social activity at the church building to celebrate the New Year of 1956. Jonathan was about seven months old and was just beginning to walk and stand by himself. About midnight I went home and took Jon out of his nice warm bed. The night was clear and cold, with temperatures down below zero. I wrapped Jon in a blanket and took him over to the church and went up on the stage in the recreation hall. I was the "Old Year" and Jon was the "New Year". Jon was very calm about the whole thing, wearing just a diaper and a banner across his body saying, "New Year 1956". I then took him back home to bed without a whimper or a tear and he went right back to sleep.

The winter of 1955-56 was very cold with record snow falls. We had 111 inches of snow in Anchorage that year. We began holding meetings in the 11th and E building before its completion and dedication. The building was very much the center of all our social and religious activities.

On April 27, 1966, I got a call from Bruce Cumbie, a City police officer and member of the Church, that the building was on fire and I immediately rushed to the building. The fire department was there and soon had the fire controlled. I was the agent Bishop at the time and it was my responsibility to manage the rebuilding of the structure. The building had been well constructed with good materials. Within a few weeks the building was like

new with fresh paint and new carpeting.

One other incident comes to mind. We had three wards meeting in the building and near the entrance to the chapel in the hallway was a collection box for donation envelopes. Stake President Orson Millet, had suggested that this box be removed and the donation envelopes given directly to a member of the Bishopric. I had Billy Nichols remove the box immediately. Within a few days we had a break-in at the building. Two of the Bishops' office doors were jimmied and some few items stolen, but no donation envelopes were available. I always bought suit coats with two inside pockets to carry tithing envelopes.

The last child born to Margaret and me, our fourth son, Joel, was born on the 21st of June, 1958. From this time on Margaret's health was never very good. She suffered terribly from rheumatoid arthritis and severe migraine headaches. Her hands were hit hardest by the arthritis and towards the end of her life she began carrying light-weight scarves which she could wrap her hands in so that people would not notice their deformation.

Margaret and I had to work out our relationship. She was a true red head, feisty and independent. We had our fair share of arguments and she blamed herself for many things over which she had no control. James was born prematurely and she felt that it was her fault. One thing she never learned to do was drive. It made her nervous and she would get very upset.

In high school Margaret was editor of the Granitian, the school newspaper. She was a straight A student and loved to read more than any person I know. Joel says that having her read aloud was the most wonderful thing. She truly knew how to read to the children and made the stories and books thrilling to them. She was also a wonderful cook, making pies, cakes and cookies for the children all the time. Everyone would still like to know her secret for making pie crust. Flaky, tasty and great. The children and I would come home to the most wonderful aromas and we always knew that dinner would taste good.

Margaret always stood up for her children, particularly the boys. If they were in the wrong she made them own up and apologize, but if someone wrongly accused them, she would make sure their names were cleared. She would stand up to anyone if she thought they were wrong.

I met Margaret during our last year of high school through a friend named Reed Miller and his girlfriend, Maureen, a tall blonde. Margaret was Maureen's friend and she arranged for us to go on a blind date. The girls were supposed to teach us to dance. I never looked at anyone else after I met Margaret.

I served as bishop from 1961 to 1969 and much of the rearing of the children was on Margaret's shoulders. The boys, particularly Joel, had many accidents and illnesses that Margaret attended to alone while I was working or fulfilling church duties. She also broke her pelvis and hip twice, once at home when she fell over a chair while backing up from her baking table, and then again when she was working for J. C. Penney and slipped on water at the bottom of the escalator.

I was working at the airport when the great Alaska earthquake struck on Good Friday, March 27, 1964. I had gotten home when the quake started and was sitting at the kitchen table while spaghetti was cooking on the stove. I was looking out the south window and watched the neighbor's chimney fall over. Margaret had gone to the spa to see if Joel was there. She fell on the street and then saw Joel standing there. The pool had ruptured and sand and dirt were everywhere. Margaret got the kids home OK. James was staying with a military family who had children on the swim team. The base was closed so he couldn't get home until the next day.

There was a break in the gas line which meant we had no stove to cook the Easter Eggs on. Margaret took the kids over to the church and boiled the eggs. I went back to work at the airport to see what I could do. I checked both runways and there were no breaks so I was able to return home to the family. We had no gas for two weeks. Our furnace was cast iron, but I had a small wood burning stove I put on the grate and kept going on low heat. We also cooked on a small hot plate for those two weeks.

We had no casualties in the church membership and everyone took care of each other.

I served as bishop until November of 1969. President Charles Welling couldn't come up with a replacement until Lynn Robinson moved into the ward and he became the next bishop.

In the early 1970's we got a pure bred German Shepherd from a friend.

We named him JJ because of all the J's in the family. He liked all the family members, but he didn't tolerate strangers. Once when Don Lucas's wife came over, JJ bit her hand. We had her get it checked and paid the doctor's bill. But when Suzanne came up for a visit JJ came over and introduced himself to her. She was sitting on the couch with her arm down and he nudged under her hand to say hello.

We had a six foot fence around the property and one day when he was out in the yard JJ jumped and jumped until he got over the fence. Then he came around to the front door and wanted in. He didn't want to get away. One of the boys took him out and he was hit by a car. When he was older he developed arthritis and his hind legs wouldn't hold him up. I had to take him to the vet to be put down. That was one of the hardest things I have had to do.

I made a trip outside in 1979 or 1980 to take possession of a gray pickup truck. I flew to Detroit, got the truck and drove to pick up Joel who was in school in Minnesota at the time. Joel was to meet me at the bus station, but was not allowed to stay in the bus station over night, however a black guard allowed him to stay on a bench and I picked him up the next morning. I hardly recognized Joel because he had cut off all his hair. We drove to Utah and picked up Jon, who was going to school at the University of Utah. We then drove to Mesa, Arizona to see Suzanne. We came home by ferry from Seattle to Haines.

Margaret's health became precarious for the last three or four years of her life. We had planned a big trip in our 1984 Chevy, but she became ill and went to the hospital for the last time on December 27, 1985. Dr. Fish didn't realize what was wrong, and Drs. Mills and Bustad later jumped him about his handling of her case. I think she had heart problems but I have never really been clear about her death. She was born on December 20, 1919 and died on January 16, 1986, at the age of 67.

I made one other long road trip with Jon. We took our 1984 SUV and drove to Haines, caught the ferry to Seattle, then drove down I-5 to Poway, California to visit Suzanne. We drove back the same route.

In 1985 I was called as manager of the Bishop's Storehouse, located in Palmer. I drove there three or four days a week. There I made up the bishops' orders for food and supplies.

I was alone for most of 1986, and did no dating until Elaine Wilde entered my life again. She had been the wife of Larry Wilde, who served as one of my counselors in the bishopric. They had been divorced for a number of years, and in September of 1986 Elaine wrote me a letter on bright orange paper. We got together and drove down to Hope to see the autumn leaves on our first date. Elaine was a lovely lady. She was small with black hair, dark skin and bright blue eyes. I never saw her lose her temper and be mean in any way. We were married by J. L. McCarrey III at the 11th and E Chapel in January of 1987. Then we flew home from Chicago.

Following our wedding Elaine and I went outside by car by ferry to Seattle, and then to Mesa, Arizona where Suzanne lived and where we were sealed in the temple. We then drove to Salt Lake and Seattle and on to Haines by ferry. When we returned to Anchorage, I moved into her home on West 47th Avenue. Jon and Mandy, who had married in August of 1988, bought my old home and they and their two boys are still there in 2005, which means Jon has lived in the same house his whole life. Also had some funds. I helped with the funds I had and we paid off her home on West 47th.

Elaine and I went on a mission to New Zealand in September of 1986. We did a little door-to-door tracting, but mostly we were getting acquainted with the members. We established a residence in Wakatani, a split town. The business district was on one side of the mountain and the residential area on the other side. We became friends with one family, all of whom were later baptized. We served in Wakatani for a few months when Elaine had a stroke and we had to return to the states. I hated to see our time there come to such a sudden end when we could see the beginnings of results from our efforts. New Zealand is a beautiful country.

Suzanne had moved to San Diego and we went to her home for Elaine to recuperate. We hoped Elaine might get well enough to resume our missionary efforts, but that never happened and we were released in June and moved home to Anchorage.

We had a few good years and took a BYU sponsored history tour. It was a very interesting trip. We were supposed to join the group in Sale Lake City but were unable to do so until they reached Omaha. We got on the bus there and traveled to Independence, Missouri, where we visited a few sites, including the temple site. then we went across the country to Jefferson's Plantation at Monticello. I was surprised at the French pronunciation.

We went along the coast of Virginia to see where one of the first settlements in America was established. I wasn't too impressed with the location. Then on to Boston, where we visited a famous Revolutionary War battleship. We went from there to Vermont and the mountains, then to New York where we visited the Smith Farm, Hill Cumorah and the Sacred Grove. We had a nice experience there. We never got to Brigham Young's birthplace. But we did get to Pennsylvania and Nauvoo and by bus to Cincinnati. The rest of the group went back to Salt Lake, but we wanted to see Elaine's folks in Valpraiso, Indiana. Then we flew home from Chicago.

Elaine's father gave her a red station wagon he didn't want to drive anymore. We went back to Valpo to pick it up and drove down into the southern states and left the car with John and Lorna for the winter and came home. We picked up the car again the following year. Elaine later gave the car to her son, Larry.

Elaine had some money saved when we married, and she also had some bonds. I helped with the funds I had and we paid off her home on West 47th Avenue so that we had no indebtedness.

I kept a garden for about three years after I moved to Elaine's. But by the 1990's I was just not up to it anymore and never did any extensive gardening again. I did so much enjoy gardening.

After we came home from our mission I was called by President Norm Thompson to work in the Alaska Bush District. That involved some travel to Bethel, King Salmon and Unalaska. I traveled to branches on a monthly basis and met some very nice families living in those areas.

Elaine developed cancer in 1988. She had her ups and downs, but finally died in 1992. Her oldest son, Larry, Jr. came and stayed to help me for the last few weeks of her life.

Elaine and I never fought and she was very easy to get along with. She told me when we were talking of getting married that she did not cook, so that became my job when we did get married. But I never minded.

I became a Seattle Temple worker after Elaine died. I served there for about 18 months beginning in 1994 and flew down once a month at my own

expense. I would stay each time for a week, from Monday through Saturday. I lived in a motel down the street from the temple and walked both ways. It was a good experience for me. I feel I was not a very good learner or a fast one, but I didn't feel their instructions were that clear. Only one man was ever offensive when he told me I wasn't learning fast enough, so I was unhappy with him but never said anything. I was a little squeamish about flying so much and was beginning to have heart problems, so I was forced to give it up.

After the Anchorage Alaska Temple was dedicated I served there for as long as I felt I could handle it, from January through June, 1999. I worked with a number of very nice individuals: President Briggs and his wife, Catherine Gauchay, Beth Weckle, and her husband, Hank. There were two or three people from Palmer who were very nice, including Ted Pyrah. I think it is a marvelous thing to have a temple here.

I had enjoyed good health my entire life and I had gone back to swimming until I developed an enlarged heart. I had to have a pacemaker and a defibrillator put in in 1999.

In the summer of 2002 I was trying to keep up a small garden when I fell there while burying fish beads. I had to roll from the garden to the driveway. Things worked out from there.

My hands began shaking in 2004 and I was told I probably had Parkinson's Disease, but the shaking is now gone and I have no other symptoms. My memory takes awhile sometimes and I can't always do what I would like, but I am still relatively healthy.

I have to confess that I always have had a love affair with cars. My love started with my father's first car in the 1920's. He was a Studebaker man, and bought three of those autos in that decade: a light six; an open touring vehicle with removable curtains; and a big six with rex top sliding windows. In 1927 he bought a regular sedan in the new green color, four doors, six cylinders, with a top speed of 72 miles an hour. We had it for five years. That Studebaker was traded for a Hupmobile on the recommendation of my brother. It lasted about a year. Our last car was a reconditioned Model B Ford coupe, dark blue with red trim.

My brother had two cars while I was living at home, a 1932 Ford V-8 and

a 1930 Model A two-seater with two doors.

My first car was a light gray Ford Model A coupe bought from a neighbor in 1946, which I kept for about a year. I purchased another Model A which I used for six months. I had no other vehicles until 1956, when I bought a light brown Plymouth station wagon and drove it up the Alcan Highway in a cloud of dust. I traded that auto in on an American Motors two-door, two-seater which I drove until 1969 or 1970, when I purchased an American Motors four door auto.

I bought a Chevrolet gray pickup through Ray Earl in 1979, which I paid cash for and picked up in Detroit. I gave the pickup to Jon and then purchased a 1984 Chevrolet diesel, which I kept until 1995, when I gave it to Donn. I then purchased a 1995 GMC Yukon, green with two doors. I drive very little now.

Mine and Margaret's five children have grown into fine people: Donn was always a pretty good kid and never complained. He worked at Safeway during high school. He married Carol Evans, and before they were divorced they had three children, Donnie, Ricky and April. Margaret often tended April, but I have not seen the children for many years.

Suzanne was always a beautiful girl and easy to get along with. She often acted as a baby sitter for her younger brothers. She served a mission for the church in Philadelphia. She married Cliff Evarts, a nephew of my friends, Pat and Ray Evarts, and they adopted two children, Justin and Leslie. Suzanne and Cliff currently reside in Las Vegas, Nevada.

James was born two months early and was very ill. The hospital would not let the priesthood in to administer to him. Wells Bowen, Irving Skousen, Margaret and I knelt and prayed for him. I felt very comforted and knew that all would be well. The hospital changed his formula the next day and he began to thrive. Brother Skousen told me later that he had also felt a spiritual change when we prayed together. James had some health problems when he was younger, but was a state champion diver and swimmer. He worked for Stephan & Sons driving trucks in Glenallen for two years before work slowed down. He has worked as a Municipality of Anchorage bus driver for many years, and is due to retire in about five years. James is very generous, giving all he can to others. He had a brief marriage many years ago, but no children. He has been living with me since Elaine's death.



*Margaret and Fred.
About 1965.*



*Fredrick Henry Roylance
About 1960*



*Fred with grandsons Kris and Steven.
September 9, 2002.*

Jon was a joy all of his life. He is the peacemaker in the family, trying always to keep things running smoothly. He was smart, active and had lots of energy, playing hockey and football until he had a knee injury. He is married to Amanda and they have two boys. They boys are active in scouts and very helpful. They have been very kind and loving to me. Jon says the members of his family are his three best friends in all the world. He teaches math at Dimond High School in Anchorage.

Joel is the Roycastle politician. He was a computer teacher and is now the principal at Wendler Junior High. He and his wife have three children, Morgan, Ashley and Ross. Ashley looks so much like Margaret as a young girl, red hair, love of reading and writing and all. Joel's children are all very good students and very lovable. The boy, Ross, is very energetic and runs rings around his sister.

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A Tribute from Diane Winters Lommel

Many years ago, my friend, Fred Roycastle, requested that I help him with his life history. I knew Fred for about 45 years, and both Margaret and Elaine were my good friends. We played around with doing his story for several years, but finally got serious about completing it early in 2005 because Fred had not been feeling well.

While we were working on his story we had a lot of fun discovering how closely our paths had crossed. I was raised just two blocks from his home on 9th East in Murray and we had attended many of the same schools, including Granite High School. One of my aunts graduated from Granite the same year he did. We had both wanted to come to Alaska for many years before we were able to do so. Fred's daughter, Suzanne, became one of my good friends when I moved to Anchorage, and I had once been a roommate to his second wife, Elaine. For a few years I lived next door to Fred and Margaret. Margaret's health was not good and I would frequently visit her and we would discuss our shared passion of books and reading.

Fred and I were unable to finish the last paragraphs of his history. During the latter part of October and the first part of November, 2005, he and I discussed what he wanted to say to his beloved children and grandchildren, just one or two paragraphs to finish his story. I was called away to Chicago

on what was to be a two week stay at the hospital with my youngest daughter. I told Fred I would be back and we would complete those few paragraphs and pick out photos for the history. The two week stay turned into four months, and during that time Fred suffered a stroke and died on December 24, 2005.

The last few weeks we met together Fred told me he had been dreaming consistently of Margaret and that she was mad at him. He wondered if she was upset over his marriage to Elaine. I told him that could not be, that Margaret and Elaine had both loved him and would love each other, too. I think that is so. We laughed together over the differences between his two wives - Margaret, the great cook, and Elaine who refused to cook at all; Margaret, red headed and feisty , and Elaine who was calm and never fought.

Fred told me often how much he loved his children and how proud he was of his grandchildren. Just once he said that he was sorry he had not been as good a father as he should have been and that he had spent too much time at church. He knew that Margaret was sometimes upset by his total commitment to being Bishop and he felt that he had let her down. I do not know if that is true. I do know that Margaret got angry when she felt he second-guessed her about things at home, particularly if she took Joel to the emergency room or the doctor when Fred thought she should have patched him up at home. I know because she told me so. Since Joel needed several patch jobs I think it was a sore subject between them. Overall, though, I think they were a happy family and that their children knew of Fred and Margaret's great love for them.

Except for his love for his family, automobiles and Alaska, and his love of the Church, I'm not sure what Fred's last paragraphs would have said. I do know that he was a good and faithful father and husband, and a wonderful friend. I'm so grateful to have known him.