



"PEACE ON EARTH!

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!"



THE LITTLEST STAR

by Dorothy Hall Jr.

Once upon a time in God's home up above there was a little tiny star called the littlest star. Every night he would shine just as hard as he could and every day he would sleep.

All the time you couldn't see the littlest star because the other stars that were bigger and brighter made the sky so bright at night that you couldn't see the littlest star at all.

Now one time God called all the stars together for a meeting. He told them that He was going to have a contest. He said that the star that was the most friendly, kind, and shone with love could do a special job for Him, and would be remembered for it down through the years.

All the big stars shined themselves up and strutted around like a bunch of peacocks.

But all this time the littlest star was very sad. He could see little children starving in the streets.

Every time a cloud got in front of him he didn't get mad like the other stars did but he smiled at them instead.

Now God had been watching all the stars and He saw how the big stars shone and glittered but most of all He saw the littlest star.

He saw how it loved everyone and everything and He saw how friendly it was and how sad it got when it saw people starving. And He saw that it shone with love for all mankind.

So God called the stars together once more to choose the one for His special job.

Not one of the stars was more friendly, loving, or kind than the littlest star. He shone with love and lovelight is the brightest light of all.

God chose the littlest star for His special job and that was to shine in the sky over the stable where the infant Jesus laid in the manger. He led the shepherds and the wise men to the baby Jesus.

So now every Christmas when we think about Jesus we remember that the littlest star that led the shepherds and the wise men to the baby Jesus.

Springville
Herald Jan 18 '55

News Notes

Dorothy Hall invited the girls and boys of her Sixth grade at Brookside to the hill near their home Saturday afternoon, for a sleighing party. Chaperoned by their teacher Dean Nelson, approximately 30 students participated in the funclimaxed with a chilli lunch and song fest given at Dorothy's home by her mother, Mrs. Theron S. Hall.

* * *

Dear Dorothy,

Feb 10, 1955

How could we know of the light if we never knew of the dark? It seems that we don't fully realize our blessings of everyday life until they are restricted. You may come away with more patience and understanding if you live these experiences than if you merely read of them.

How fortunate will the teachers be who have you to teach! Your attitude is near the ideal that any student could attain. May God bless you to quickly attain the health you seek!

Your sixth grade teacher,

R. Deane Nelson R.N.
411 No. 8 West Provo, ut.

From Near and Far

Thank you for an outstanding issue of The Relief Society Magazine (February 1955). Arriving today (January 26th), it came like a very special gift for my birthday, all the more so because you used for a frontispiece my mother's exquisite poem written for me. I then found my poem (written for my daughters) "The Unanswerable," page 108. Also I noted how every one of the other poems and each of the stories are well above average in quality. The Magazine always has something special in it, but this time it deserves superlatives!

—Mrs. Lael W. Hill

Salt Lake City, Utah

Thank you for the story "Faith and Prayer and Johnnie Morton" (January 1955). I feel it is an answer to my prayers. We have a little daughter eleven years old who had polio when she was a baby, and, in spite of our prayers, exercises, braces, and massage, her back has continued to twist — very rapidly the last few months. On January 4th she had another appointment with a specialist to see what his verdict was after seeing X-rays taken the week before. So, on fast day, January 2d, our family, including those who are away, had a special prayer after fasting, and afterwards our daughter was administered to. The doctor said she would have to have a serious operation that would mean being in the hospital about six weeks and at home on her back in a cast for six months. On our way home she nearly broke my heart by saying, "What good did it do to fast and pray?" I tried to explain that sometimes our prayers aren't answered as we want to think they should be, but sometimes they are answered by our knowing where to go for help to doctors who are skilled and know what to do, and I told her the story of Naaman and Elisha. Then came the Magazine and the story of Johnnie and his problem—just like hers. I read the story to her and I know it helped her to understand that God had not deserted her and was still mindful of her and our prayers. She is going to need her faith to get through the coming year cheerfully.

—Mrs. Theron S. Hall

Springville, Utah

During the past one and one-half years my family and I have been in Palestine. Contacts with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have been very interesting. When I left Panguitch, Utah, friends gave me a subscription to The Relief Society Magazine. It has followed me over a way around the world to bring cheer, comfort, and reassurance of the stability of the spiritual values of our life, and which we cling very tightly. The Magazine is a never-ending source of knowledge and inspiration. I have enjoyed group photos immensely, too, being able to recognize many friends I have known in various wards. Being so far from home I can more sincerely feel the influence of the Magazine is having upon every corner of the world. May every Latter-day Saint realize the values to be gained and let a single edition be unopened.

—Mrs. Clyde T. Low

Rawalpindi, Pakistan

I wish to express my thanks for the Magazine. I read it from cover to cover. Mrs. Woolsey's poem "Poet's Mother" the February issue is very fine.

—Gene Romolo

Provo, Utah

The Relief Society Magazine has been comic, and I have read Mrs. Sharp's special editorial "Take Time to Safeguard Children" (February 1955). It is carefully worded and written. It is of the best that I have read.

—Charles V. Worthington

Los Angeles, California

We ladies of the Seventh Ward, Logan Stake, do love our Relief Society Magazine, and thank you sincerely for the Magazine, and especially for the "Greetings for the New Year" (January 1955). I, for one, am going to try to make greetings a part of each day's living

—Mrs. A. R. Gibbons

Logan, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy our Magazine. Since my husband is in the Air Force, and we are away from home, it brings home so much closer.

—Mrs. Beverlee Nilsson

Cibola, Texas

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Faith and Prayer and Johnnie Morton

Maryhale Woolsey

IT seemed to Johnnie that Saturday morning, that breakfast was an awfully long time and that food was harder to swallow than he'd have ever thought it could be. It was a good thing, he thought, that Grandma was pretty busy with the waffles and that Daddy's own gladness was so big he didn't pay much attention to Johnnie. Not really, even though he talked to him almost all the time, and Johnnie had to answer.

Talk like . . . "Isn't it wonderful, Johnnie! This is the day we'll have Mommie home again, all safely getting well. Aren't we the happiest, luckiest people in town?"

"We sure are!" Johnnie said, hoping his face looked really happy. Daddy's did; his blue eyes were all sparkle, his mouth all smile; and his shoulders had their swing-and-sway look—as Mommie called it—as if they were secretly doing a dance to secret music.

"We ought to have some flowers in the bedroom for her, don't you think?" Daddy went on. "Let's see—how about a pot of tulips? Real bright, gay pink ones—for a snowy February day—what do you think, Johnnie?"

"Yeah, sure," Johnnie replied. "I spect Mommie'd like tulips better than anything."

"Okay, then. Tulips it shall be. I'll order them first thing this morning, and put both our names on the card—I mean, all three of our

been asked first; at the very beginning, even when Mommie had been only a little bit sick, Daddy and Johnnie had prayed for Heavenly Father to make her well. Johnnie himself had prayed dozens of times—all by himself; in his room when he was supposed to be asleep, he had got out of bed and snuck and prayed over and over.

"Please, Heavenly Father, make Mommie well. She has such a lot of work to do, taking care of Daddy—and me—especially me. She needs to be well and strong . . ."

And later, when Mommie had got sicker instead of better, and sometimes in the nights her moaning would waken Johnnie, he had prayed harder: "Please make Mommie get well, Heavenly Father! Please let this prayer be granted, 'cause it's the most important prayer I ever prayed. We need Mommie so awfully much, Heavenly Father! Please make her get well right away!"

BUT still Mommie had got worse and worse; and at last the doctor looked very worried and said that an operation was the only chance for her. So she had been taken to the hospital.

Daddy and Grandma, who came to stay with them to look after Johnnie and the house and meals, and Johnnie with them, had continued to pray for Mommie to be made well. But in Johnnie's mind a doubt had come, and grown bigger and bigger: what was the use of keeping on asking Heavenly Father to do it, when it was the doctors and nurses who had to take care of her? If Heavenly Father had wanted to, he could have made

Mommie well without all this fuss and worry! What good were faith and prayer, if after all you had to depend on the doctors and nurses and the hospital?

ONCE the thought had come, it brought up other times Johnnie had prayed, and thought his prayers answered—like when he prayed for a bike, and got it. But Daddy had thought it for him, and Johnnie knew how Daddy and Mommie had talked very seriously about it, because it wasn't easy to spare the money, just when Daddy had had to have a better car. Daddy had paid for everything Johnnie had got, that he'd wanted enough to pray for. And Peter Ellis had prayed for a bike like Johnnie's—but Peter didn't have a daddy at all, and Peter had not got a bike yet! A fine lot of good praying had done Peter!

Johnnie had wanted to ask Daddy about it, but somehow he couldn't find words for asking. He'd heard grownups talk about how your faith had to be very strong, sometimes; maybe Johnnie Morton's faith wasn't very strong . . . It might even be his fault that Heavenly Father hadn't been able to make Mommie well! It was a dreadful thought, that was.

At the end of breakfast, while Daddy and Grandma talked plans, Johnnie put on his jacket and cap and boots and went outdoors to play. Or rather, to work; he'd shovel the snow off the walks, he decided. Mommie would like having them clear when she came home, and she'd be proud that Johnnie had done them by himself. The snowing had stopped, and there were light places in the clouds and even

one small patch of blue sky over by the mountains. Johnnie got his small push-shovel out of the garage and got busy.

Daddy, coming out in his go-to-office clothes, said, "Good boy, Johnnie! How's it go—hard work?"

"No, it's easy," Johnnie answered. "It's not very deep, not even to the top of my boots. I could do twice this much!"

Why, he'd be through in just a little while—and then what'd he do? The morning seemed suddenly long and longer, stretching away with emptiness.

Daddy was sniling with a wise understanding look in his eyes. "Could you, now?" he asked. "Well . . . how'd you like to go down and do Mrs. Grimes' walks? I was intending to, but it will be clear into the afternoon before I can, and maybe she needs her paths this morning."

Mrs. Grimes was a very old lady who lived all by herself in a small house at the edge of town. Folks said she oughtn't to stay there, with nobody to help her and not even a telephone; but Mrs. Grimes said it was her home and she wanted to stay there till she died, and anyway as long as she could carry her own coal, she wasn't going to leave. Besides, with so many lovely friends to look after her now and then, there just wasn't any reason she couldn't stay right where she was! Daddy and Mommie often looked in on Mrs. Grimes, and did things to help.

"Sure I will," Johnnie said now. He liked the walk to Mrs. Grimes' house, he was thinking. "I'll go as soon as I'm through with ours."

"Fine!" said Daddy. "Be sure

all." Johnnie began immediately to whistle, and Mrs. Dexter smiled at him and went on with her sweeping, and Johnnie kept whistling, but couldn't make any tune out of it. When Mrs. Dexter had gone into her house again, he gave up trying, and shoveled in silence until all the walks were clear.

Grandma came out to look and said he had done a fine job; and then Johnnie started for Mrs. Grimes' house. It was down near the end of Willow Street, at the end of a little lane all its own. Push-shovel over his shoulder, Johnnie walked rapidly, his troubled thoughts heavy in his mind.

Down where the lane began, the snow was clean and soft, and unmarked until Johnnie's boots made small deep wells as he stepped carefully along. Then he discovered some tiny tracks where a bird had run along on the snow, and the mark of where its wings had brushed the snow as it took off in flight. After that, Johnnie watched intently for other little tracks, and for a brief time his trouble was forgotten. But it came back very soon; almost as if it had gone ahead to wait for him at Mrs. Grimes' house.

It was a small, gray house with a red door and red-and-white shutters, and it looked as pretty as a picture on a Christmas card, with the soft snow rounding the roof lines like a white fur bonnet, and the trees all white-and-dark lace ruffled around it. He felt a little disappointed because no smoke was coming out of the chimneys; smoke often made spirals and whirls that he liked to watch, and besides, the picture-house wasn't quite right without smoke rising up tall from it.

Maybe—a thought came to him suddenly—Mrs. Grimes had emptied her coal bucket and hadn't wanted to go out in the snow to get more. Maybe he'd better do the back yard walk first . . . No, first he'd better tell her he was here, and ask where she'd rather have him begin! He stood his pusher up against the porch and went up to the red door, planning what he'd say: "Good morning, Mrs. Grimes. I came to shovel your walks for you . . ."

HE knocked, and stepped back to wait for the door to open. But it didn't open; instead, a voice called from inside, "Come in! Come in, please—and hurry!"

It was Mrs. Grimes' voice, all right, but extra quavery and with a sound in it like crying. It gave Johnnie a sort of fright; he wasn't sure he should open that door, for Mrs. Grimes had always, before, come to open it and ask folks to step in.

But quickly the call came again: "Whoever you are, please come in! I need—help!"

Johnnie stomped the snow off his boots and opened the door. Nobody was to be seen in the red-carpeted living room. But the quavery voice came again, this time from behind an arch where a flowered curtain hung.

"Come this way, please."

Following the voice, Johnnie found himself looking into the bedroom; and there, huddled on the white rug beside the high, old-fashioned bed, with a patchwork quilt over her, lay Mrs. Grimes.

"Thank God! Thank God you came, little boy—why, it's Johnnie

Morton, isn't it!" she said, her old eyes squinting to see him.

"Yes'm, I'm Johnnie. What's the matter, Mrs. Grimes? Are you sick?" He was puzzled. If she was sick, she ought to be up in her bed.

"I'm—hurt, dearie. I slipped and fell, when I was getting out of bed away early this morning; and I can't get up. I think . . . I'm afraid I've broken my leg. I've been praying and praying for help, Johnnie. Thank the good Lord for sending you!"

Johnnie gasped a little. She'd been praying for help—and he had come—a small boy, who suddenly felt very small indeed, wondering what he could possibly do to help an old lady with a broken leg.

"Do you think—I can help you?" he asked doubtfully, and with his own faith problem swiftly and sharply bigger inside him.

"Of course you can!" Mrs. Grimes answered. "That is, you can go after someone who can do what needs to be done, that you—couldn't." Her eyes, dark and pain-filled, suddenly twinkled. "I didn't tell the Lord what help to send me, Johnnie. I just asked him to provide it, and left the rest to him."

"Oh!" Johnnie said, still not quite understanding. Then, "I'll go after anyone you say, Mrs. Grimes. I'll go as fast as I can."

"Fine, Johnnie! The Jensens are the nearest folks that have a phone. They live just around the corner of Willow and East Five, the white house near the little store. Ask Mrs. Jensen to call Doctor Herrin, and then come over if she can. And, oh . . . before you go, Johnnie, would you haul me down another quilt off the bed? I couldn't reach

it for the pain—and my fires are out and I'm getting cold."

Johnnie pulled the quilt off the bed and tucked it carefully around her as she directed; then he hurried away.

Mrs. Jensen said, "My goodness, how awful!" She was holding a baby and a nursing bottle, and she laid the baby in his crib, gave him the bottle, and hurried to the phone. "I'll call the doctor first, and you hurry back and tell Mrs. Grimes I'll be right over. The poor thing . . . on the floor all this time, you said? Goodness sakes!"

JOHNNIE hurried back. He bet ter get the front walk done real fast, he was thinking; folks would be tracking in a lot of snow if he didn't, and Mommie said it was a shame to track snow onto carpets. But first, he'd go in and tell Mrs. Grimes that her help—her real help—was coming soon.

"I'm so grateful to our Father!" she declared. And suddenly Johnnie burst out with the question he hadn't wanted to ask Daddy because he didn't want Daddy to know Johnnie's faith wasn't as strong as it ought to be! He sat down on the floor and asked earnestly,

"Mrs. Grimes, why didn't Heavenly Father send you real help right away, instead of just sending—me?"

"Oh, my goodness, Johnnie! I don't know, but I'm sure he had good reasons. What matters, is that he saw to it I got my help."

Johnnie sat still a moment, thinking hard. Then, "Would he have good reasons why my—why some body had to go to a hospital, instead of getting well at home?"

"I'm sure he had good reasons. Why, Johnnie? Tell me, dear."

"Well—I was thinking about how we prayed and prayed for Mommie to get well, but she only got worse until she had to go to the hospital and be operated on, before she could get well. I—I can't see why Heavenly Father couldn't have made her get well without all that fuss and . . . and worry."

"What you mean, Johnnie—you sort of wanted an out-and-out miracle."

"Well . . . I s'pose . . ."

"Oh, Johnnie dear! Of course he could have done it that way; but if he just went around doing miracles for us, how would we ever learn anything for ourselves? What good would life be to us, if we just played around and had Heavenly Father fix everything fine for us when things go wrong? He has to let us learn things for ourselves."

"Gee!" said Johnnie. And again, "Gee! I never thought of that."

Mrs. Grimes smiled through her pain. "Johnnie, I bet I can guess why Heavenly Father sent you to me this morning. He wanted me to help you understand something that was troubling you. That was his way of helping you. Do you see?"

"Gee! Yes'm, I think I see. You mean, he lets us help him do the . . . the things somebody else prays for?"

"Yes, Johnnie. Everyone who does helpful things for others, is helping to accomplish the Lord's good will. Whether it's doctors and nurses and teachers, or good neighbors—even little big boys who go to shovel snow for old ladies

who can't do their own."

"Gee. And . . . and nice old ladies who tell kids things they need to understand? Even if I didn't think to pray about . . . that . . ."

"But maybe you did, Johnnie. Prayer isn't always kneeling and asking in exact words; you know what the song says, 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed.' You can understand that, can't you?"

"Sure I can—now. I guess I just never did quite, before . . ." He stopped short as a knock came at the door, and the sound of the knob turning, and then Mrs. Jensen's voice calling, "Hi! Here I am . . ."

"Oh, gosh!" Johnnie exclaimed, here's Mrs. Jensen already, having to wade through the snow!"

And Johnnie hurried out again, out into the crisp morning. He felt something big and wonderful inside him; it seemed to warm him all through. He looked up to see the sky clearing, the sun breaking through. Never had the blue been so blue, the sunshine so golden as now, shining down and making dazzling diamond flashes all over the snow. He drew in a deep, long breath and went to work, feeling big with happiness and sureness. Like Mommie always said, it was a beautiful world God had made, and you might know he'd never be very far away from it. And you ought to know, Johnnie told himself, that fine folks like Daddy and Mommie would be right about . . . things; you just had to find out how to understand. He guessed maybe he still had lots and lots to learn, but one thing he'd never doubt again, that was sure: prayer—faith and

prayer were certainly—okay!

High School Concertmasters . . .

1956



Going through numbers on the program for the A, B and C high school orchestras' concert planned for Friday evening, 8 p.m., at the high school, are concert masters left to right, Helen Hoffman, B orchestra; Dorothy Hall, C orchestra, and Merrill Johnson, A orchestra. Each orchestra will play three numbers in the concert which will last one hour. Director Harmon Hatch states that parents with students entering seventh grade next year interested in taking orchestra should hear the concert. He has about 35 strings in the seventh grade group alone this year. Further he states that there are some instruments available free to interested students who desire to take orchestra.

*Congratulations on such fine violin stops
Success Dorothy
Harmon R Hatch*

B ORCHESTRA — Harmon Hatch, Director





Dorothy Hall
President

Orchestra

"Due to the limited number of students in the string class this year, a new course of study was adopted. More individual study was possible; also the group performed as a string choir, instead of a full symphony orchestra with wind instruments included.

The combined senior high and junior high string choirs played prelude music at the Sage Creek Elementary School dedication and gave a spring concert with the high school band in the latter part of April. The high school string choir, alone, played prelude music for the annual Art Show opening on the evening of April 1.

Two members of the orchestra received their six-year pins at the spring concert. These pins are awarded to those seniors who have completed six years of study in the orchestra program. Those who received the awards this year were Gaynol Peay and Larry Weight. Richard Carlson also received a pin for five years of study."

Dorothy Hall, Kay Lynn White, Carrol Neil, Arnold Loveridge, DeeAnn Nielson, Ronald Webb, Larry Weight, Gaynol Peay, Mr. Hatch, director; Richard Carlson, Margaret Schreiner, Gerald Hatch.





Dorothy Hall

Senior 'Student of the Week'

Quiet, unassuming and a real scholar describes Dorothy Hall, a senior student, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theron S. Hall. Having achieved the highest standings in her studies, she also devotes time to extra curricular activities.

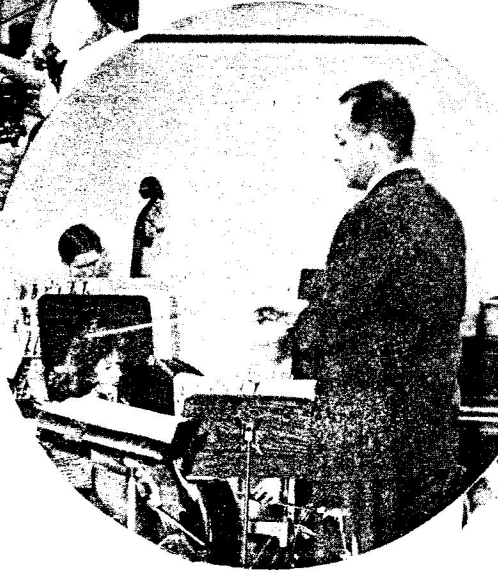
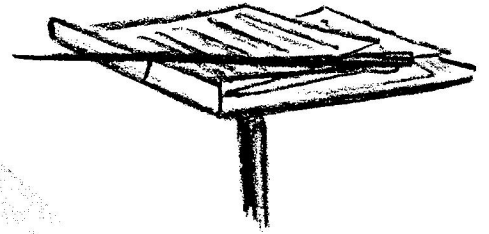
Her major interest is in music. She has been concert mistress of the high school orchestra three years and is presently playing in the Utah Valley Youth Symphony orchestra. She has also attended college music clinics and engaged in other music activity throughout her junior and senior high school years.

She is a member also of the high school Science Club.

In addition to her school work, she has received recognition for church activity receiving several awards and has also worked in Primary.

Dorothy plans to attend the BYU majoring in history and archeology. She also intends to continue her study of music and to minor in English and Russian in the hope of eventually becoming a teacher in college.

ORCHESTRA



First row: Nancy Miner, Ronnie Roberts, secretary; Gaynol Peay, president; Pat Bishop. Second row: Dorthy Hall, Ann Livsev, Myrtle Shipp, vice president; Larry Weight, Richard Carlson, Dee Ann Nielson. (not pictured: Thayne Murray, director.)

1961



Springville seniors await

commencement

exercises Friday evening

1961

Kerr, Vicki Killpack, Kent Kindred, Leon Larsen, Lynne Lauritzen, Charleen Lewis, Larry Litster, Blaine Livingston, Anne Livsey, Sherry Luster, Patricia Lynn, Sonia Lynn, Ronald Mason, Ellen Louise Massey, Nancy Miner, Roger Miner, Russell Miner, Dee

Senior graduation exercises will be held Friday at 8 p.m. in the high school gymnasium, featuring the theme, "No Man is an Island unto Himself."

Prelude music will be by a string ensemble, followed by the professional of graduates. Dorothy Hall will give the invocation and the welcome will be by the class president, Paul Cherrington.

Addresses on phases of the theme will be by John Reese, Ruth Bramall, Don Holdaway, Steven Sumsion, Gena Palfreyman, Richard Taylor.

The a cappella choir will give two selections; a flute duet will be given by Lorna Sanford and Vicki Killpack, accompanied by Sonia Lynn, and there will be a vocal number by a male ensemble, accompanied by Mary Parker.

The graduates will be presented by Principal Paul K. Walker and Leo A. Crandall, school board member will present the diplomas.

The benediction will be by Lynn Diamond.

The graduate list included: David Aldred, Cindy Allan, Kathleen Allman, Michael Bartholomew, Reed Bartlett, Raymond Bennett, Joan Best, Blake Bird, Janeal Bird, Janet

Bird, Leland Bird, Eloise Blanchard, Leon Bleggi, Alan Booth, Carolyn Bowles, Guyla Jean Bowthorpe, Bonnie Lee Bradshaw, Gary Brailsford, Ruth Bramall, Allan Bringhurst, Mary Brown, Susan Calister, Sandra Carter, Clyde Cazier, Gary Chadwick, Patricia Cherrington, Paul Cherrington, John Child, Dale Childs, Dale Clark, Kara Lee Clements, Marietta Clyde, Gerald Coleman, Ann Crandall, John Crowley, Michael Davies, Lynn Diamond, James Ekker, Sharon Ellis, Linda Erickson, Beth Felix, Jan Felix, Mary Frandsen, Carol Ann Frazier, Robert Fullmer, Dennis Gabbittas, Michael Gardner, Stephen Garrett, Terry Gavin, Ronald Gay, Robert Gear, Bob Gottfredson, John Groesbeck, Dorothy Hall, Dick Halverson, Karen Hansen, Robert Hansen, Rosalie Hanson, David Harmer, Richard Harrington, Claudie Harris, Gerald Hatch, Connie Hatfield, Howard Henline, Theo Hicks, Connie Holdaway, Don Holdaway, Glenn Holmes, Thomas Hooper, Barbara Huntington, Bonna Lynn Jackman, Della Jacobson, Harry James, Kenneth Jensen, Don Johnson, Douglas Johnson, Neil Johnson, Calvin Jones, Karen

Moore, Clive Morgan, Marva Morgan, Carla Rae Mortensen, James Muhlestein, Max Murray, Kathleen McKenzie, Terry Naylor, Dee Ann Nielson, Karen Nielson, Richard Oakley, Linda Ogilvie, Karen Ostler, Pat Ostler, Dennis Packard, Gena Palfreyman, Grant Pal-

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 6)

freyman, Sandra Palfreyman, Sally Peay, Kirk Peery, Ted Perkins, Karen Perry, Gary Peterson, Larry Rawle, John Reese, Janet Rigby, Lynne Robertson, Gordon L. Robbins, Riley Rogers, Larry Roundy, William Rostron, Ann Roylance, Don Roylance, Grant Roylance, Orville Roylance, David Russell, Larry Sanford, Lorna Sanford, Karen Savage, LaRue Savage, James Sheffield, James Simkins, Milo Smart, Bette Snelson, Nancy Strong, Earl Sumsion, Keith Sumsion, Steven Sumsion, Mary Sue Taylor, Richard Taylor, Judy Tipton, Charles Thorn, Linda Thorn, David Underwood, Dale Van Patten, Gay Vincent, Robert Watts, David Whiting, Jana Lee Whiting, Blaine Williams.

1961 Fourteen seniors win BYU scholarships

Fourteen students from the Springville high school graduating class, have qualified for scholarships to the Brigham Young University next year,

the scholarships being for a full year's tuition, it was announced this week.

The selection was based on scholastic record and other attributes including participation in school activity. The list includes: Janet Bird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Bird; Ruth Bramall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Bramall; Jan Felix, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Felix; Dorothy Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theron Hall; Glen Holmes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes; Don Holdaway, son of Dr. and Mrs. Reed Holdaway; Blaine Livingston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernell Livingston; Gena Palfreyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Palfreyman; John Reese, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Reese; Lynne Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. LaMont Robertson; Bette Snelson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Galen Johnson; Nancy Strong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Strong; Steven Sumsion, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sumsion and Richard Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Taylor.



Dorothy Hall

Art Exhibit

1961 Paintings Presented To Springville High

SPRINGVILLE — Two fine paintings have been added to the Springville High School permanent art collection following unveiling exercises Friday morning at the school.

"The Kite," an oil by Tibert L. Bross, Summit, New Jersey, was presented to the school by Carol Nell, art queen representing the junior class.

This same picture had received an award of merit earlier in the month as one of the most outstanding oil paintings on exhibition this year.

Also Unveiled

A watercolor by Henry M. Gasser, South Orange, N.J. entitled "Backyard Springtime," was also unveiled as a purchase prize painting. Vicki Killpack, a senior, made the presentation.

Also formally presented to the student body was a painting by Karl Yens entitled "The Sword of Peace" by Cheryl D. Smith, sophomore class art queen.

The widow of the late Mr. Yens had sent the large re-

ligiously inspired painting as a gift to the gallery a few months ago and it was officially accepted during the art program.

Winning Essays

Winning essays written on the theme "My Favorite Painting in the Exhibit" were announced and read at the program.

Alan Mecham, junior, was presented a watercolor by Stanley Burningham, curator of the Springville galleries, for his first place winning theme. He wrote about "Nature's Hand" by Conrad Swiering.

Martha Craig, sophomore, also received a painting for her essay on "The Beauty of Nature" painted by Marjorie E. S. Swinson.

Cash Award

Dorothy Hall was the recipient of the Artreole Club Cash Award given to the outstanding art student at the school. Miss Hall also was given honorable mention for her art essay written on "The Hills of Sowwor" by Maurice Kish.

Paul K. Walker, school principal and president of the art board was in charge of the assembly.

Music was furnished by the A Cappella Choir under the direction of Glenn Montague.

The exhibit will remain open to the public through Sunday after which the nearly 200 paintings of the 37th annual April Art Exhibit will be taken down and returned to their owners.

DESERET NEWS AND TELEGRAM

Salt Lake City, Friday, April 28, 1961

Springville

SPRINGVILLE — The spotlight will be on honor students

Friday as some 154 white and blue-robed seniors are graduated in commencement ceremonies in Springville High School's boys gymnasium.

The program is to begin at 8 p.m.

DOROTHY HALL, 18, will give the invocation and senior class president **Paul Cherrington**, 18, will give the welcoming address.

Speakers will take various phases of the theme: "No Man Is an Island Unto Himself."

1961

THEY WILL include John Reese, 18, talking on "Life in a World of Great Decision"; Ruth Bramall, 17, "Life in a World Demanding Education"; Don Holdaway, 18, "Life in a World of Scientific Breakthrough"; Steven Sumsion, 17, "Life in a World of Increasing Leisure Time"; Gena Palfreyman, 18, "Life in a World Filled With Beauty," and Richard Taylor, 18, "Life in a Widening World."

THE CLASS will be presented for graduation by Paul K. Walker, principal, with Leo Crandall, member, Nebo District Board of Education, conferring diplomas.

Musical numbers will be from the senior class. The benediction will be by Lynn Diamond, 18.

A DANCE in the gymnasium will follow the commencement.

At 8 a.m. Friday, the annual senior breakfast will be held in the boys gymnasium.



Springville High School graduation speakers are, from left, front: Dorothy Hall, Ruth Bramall, Gena Palfreyman and Paul Cherrington. Back, Richard Taylor, Lynn Diamond, John Reese, Don Holdaway, and Steven Sumsion.



First row: Bonnie Bradshaw, Linda Erickson, Sandra Carter, Jana Lee Whiting, Karen Kerr, Gena Palfreyman, Linda Thorn, Gay Vincent, Mary Brown, LaRue Savage, Sally Peay, social chairman; Barbara Early, Ann Crandall, Charlene Lewis. **Second row:** Bette Snelson, Joan Best, Karen Nelson, Vicki Killback, alto representative; Karen Savage, Toni Carter, librarian; Grant Roylance, Stephen Furr, Mevin Rostron, manager; Larry Rawls, Stephen Garrett, Danny Morgan, Marietta Clyde, Sharon Ellis, Carol Frazier, Rosalie Hansen, Dorothy Hall, librarian; Pat Astler. **Third row:** Mary Frandsen, Carla Wilcox, Kathy McKenzie, publicity chairman; Jana Best, Eva Moore, David Whiting, bass representative; Blaine Livingston, Kirk Perry, Steve Tipton, John

Moon, manager; Ted Perkins, Gary Braitford, Neil Johnson, Connie Hatfield, Patsy Denny, Nadine Boyack, Kay Turpin, Janeal Bird. **Fourth row:** Dee Moore, soprano representative; Mary Sue Taylor, Judy Tipton, secretary; Carol Eves, Carolyn Bowles, Eileen Bickie, Earl Sumsion, Kenneth Jensen, Keith Brown, Richard Harrington, Richard Williams, John Child, Larry Sanford, Charles Thorn, Ted Murray, tenor representative; Carolyn Miller, Bonna Lynn Jackman, Renae Bills, Judy Peterson, Marva Lynn Morgan, Lorna Sanford, president, (not pictured); Beth Felix, librarian; Kee Rupp, Gordon Robbins, Ammon Early, Jan Felix; Glenn Montague, director.

A CAPPELLA 2






Row one, left to right: Pamela Kirby, Judy Newbury, Venice Christensen, Dorothy Hall, concert-
mistress. Row two: Carol Exes, Mr. Miller, Mr. Hatch, Gerald Hatch, home room representative;
Kay Lynn White, president. Not present, Dee Ann Nielson.

1961

Brigham Young University

Provo, Utah

righam Young University upon recommendation of the University Faculty and by authority of the Board of Trustees has conferred upon

Dorothy Hall
the degree of

Bachelor of Arts
Cum laude

with all the Rights, Privileges and Honors thereunto appertaining.

Dated the twenty-seventh day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred sixty-six
and of the University the Ninety-first.

David O. McKay
President of the Board of Trustees



Ernest L. Wilkinson
President of the University

C

Brigham Young University

Provo, Utah



Brigham Young University upon recommendation of the University Faculty and by authority of the Board of Trustees has conferred upon

Dorothy Hall

the degree of

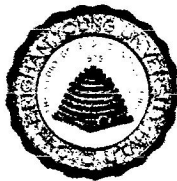
Master of Library Science

in acknowledgement of achievements in Library Science and

with all the Rights, Privileges and Honors thereunto appertaining.

Dated the twenty-first day of August, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred sixty-nine and of the University the Ninety-fourth.

David O. McKay
President of the Board of Trustees



Ernest L. Wilkinson
President of the University

(L)



The Deseret Sampler,

Friday, October 13, 1972

Miss Dorothy Hall

New librarian lists projects

A former Springville, Utah native has taken the position of post librarian vacated months ago by Gloria Gordon.

The new librarian, Miss Dorothy Hall, has been a Utah resident all of her life except for the last two years, when she lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She was employed as a cataloger at the library of the University of New Mexico School of Law.

"I wanted a civil service job and a chance to get into a less specialized area of library service," stated Dorothy when asked why she chose to apply for the position at Dugway. A liking of western living also played a part in her decision.

The job was open to anybody who had a degree in Library Science. Miss Hall more than qualifies with her Bachelor of Arts degree in English and a Masters degree in Library Science.

The librarian sees her first project as the processing of the large number of new books which arrived while the position was vacant.

Future projects include the enlargement of the junior and juvenile section of the library and the addition of more records to the library's current small collection. Older books will have to be removed from the shelves and stored in the basement to make room for the newer ones, since the library is currently overstocked.

Special Services is planning on moving the library to obtain more space before the end of the year. A location in Ware barracks is under consideration.

Since the arrival of the new librarian, the library has returned to its normal operating hours, which are: 2:00 to 9:00 p.m. Monday through Friday and 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Saturday.

Workshops



ABOVE: The class in the 16-hour Management Practices and Work Simplification course which completed its classroom instruction Wednesday. Included among the course's topics were studies in work distribution, work environment, employee motivation and job enrichment. Each student must complete a manager's handbook and submit a proposal using work simplification techniques that produces cost savings within the student's work center to complete the course. Instructor for the course was Gerald Sagers (back row, extreme right in photo). Also pictured (back row, extreme left) is Peg McGrain, DPG training officer.

11 May 75

Dear Kay,

It's hard to realize, but this Friday I will have been gone from home for a year. It seems longer.

It will probably be about six more months before I can get home, but I will be moving back west then.

After a lot of thought and prayer on the matter, I've decided to go ahead and marry Rembert this summer. Because of Rembert's unorthodox introduction to the Church, and his being on his own for so long, I believe he will make better, faster progress if I am with him and can help him. I believe he is sincere in his desire to really learn the gospel this time and to become active in the Church, otherwise I wouldn't have accepted his ring.

Of course I've upset my parents badly. They just can't see anyway that it could ever be alright to get married with the idea of going to the Temple later (as soon as possible). They think we should wait to get married. (The Fitts think I'm doing the right thing. She's Relief Society pres. and he's a former bishop.)

(over)

Besides feeling Rembert needs me to help him get going in the Church, there are other reasons why I decided not to wait. One is that I'm really dragging physically, and psychologically. A 40hr. work week is just too much for me, and I'm also tired of my "career" anyway. I'm getting tired of spending my 40 best hours each week on something that doesn't seem all that significant; I feel like I'm on a treadmill. (If I were working with children or teenagers instead of an army library, it would be a lot better.) The other reason is that I've already been "waiting" for Rembert at least a year; I'm just not strong enough to face up to another long separation.

We are planning to get married here in Columbus in August. (I hope my bishop will marry us; I haven't asked him yet.) We will have a few days together and then Rembert will fly out to Oakland to start another navy school — one in physical therapy. I'll stay here until I've finished my career-conditional period with civil service and until Rembert is well settled into school, then I'll join him. The Navy will move all our household goods. I'll be able to use all the facilities here at Ft. Benning after we are married. There is an allergy clinic at the hospital, and that will save a lot of money. The PX is almost as big as University Mall; that will be quite a change from Sugway!

Love,
Dorothy

Society

Dorothy Hall, Rembert Floyd wed July 18 in South Carolina

Mr. and Mrs. Theron S. Hall wish to announce the marriage of their daughter Dorothy July 18, to C. Rembert Floyd son of Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Floyd of Lake City, South Carolina. The marriage took place at Camp Lyiune, North Carolina where Rembert is stationed at the Naval Regional Medical Center.

The bride's brothers and their wives Mr. and Mrs. Hilton D. Hall of Belmont, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifton Hall of Bethesda, Maryland attended the ceremony.

Rembert is being transferred to a hospital in the Oakland Calif area for more training the last of August and he and his bride will spend several days then with her

family in Springville, on their way to his new assignment.

Mr. and Mrs. Theron S. Hall

are pleased to announce

the marriage of their daughter

Dorothy

to

Clemmis Rembert Floyd

son of

Mr. and Mrs. Clemus H. Floyd

on Friday, the eighteenth day of July

Nineteen hundred and seventy-five

at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Introducing...

Dorothy Floyd new business librarian

EPHRAIM—Dorothy H. Floyd is Snow College's Librarian for Business and Technical Services. A native of Springville, in the past 15 years has lived in five states, 10 towns and cities, and in 13 different LDS wards.

She is living in Fairview at the present time. Her brother is Allan P. Hall, of Fairview who is well known to many Sanpete residents.

Ms. Floyd graduated from Springville High School, where she was actively involved in music, serving as concertmistress of the

school's orchestra. She was chosen Springville High's outstanding art student during her senior year.

She received her B.A. degree in English and later her Master of Library Science degree from Brigham Young University. While at B.Y.U., she was a member of the yearbook staff and newsletter editor in graduate library school association.

She was a member of B.Y.U.'s Honors Program and graduated Cum Laude. A member of Alpha Lamda Delta and Phi Kappa Phi Honor Societies, she received both undergraduate and graduate scholarships from B.Y.U.

Ms. Floyd is a member of the Utah Library Association, the Utah College Library Council, the Association of American University Women and the American Association for State and Local History.

Before her employment at Snow College, she was employed at the University of New Mexico School of Library, the Library at Dugway Proving Ground, the Library at the U.S. Army Infantry School in Fort Benning, Ga., and at the Citadel, a military college of South Carolina in Charleston.

In an interview, Ms. Floyd (who is not a relative of the Ephraim-Manti Floyds) said, "I truly enjoy my work at Snow College and find my work assignment to be very interesting. The most exciting and rewarding part of working at Snow College and in a rural area is that it makes me feel that what I am doing is really important. Because of the somewhat limited resources there are available to people in this part of the state, I feel that the Lucy Phillips Library, particularly, and Snow College, generally, play an important role in the lives of the people in this part of Utah."



Dorothy H. Floyd



December 22, 1986

Dorothy Froyd
Snow College
Pocatello, Utah

Dear Dorothy,

This is a short note to express appreciation to you for the fine work you do at Snow College. I appreciate your commitment to serving our students and in providing the best service we possibly can. The library is a hub for many activities and certainly an important one for the student learning atmosphere.

Marge joins with me in expressing our very best wishes to you at this special time of year. May this Christmas Season be a special time for you and may 1987 be your best year yet!

Very best wishes,

Steve Seimion

SS:np

PLEASE JOIN US AT AN OPEN HOUSE
IN HONOR OF
DOROTHY H. FLOYD

Tuesday, June 6

10:00 to 1:00

Library Technical Service Room
(second floor northeast corner)

Dorothy has been granted long-term medical leave; please join the Library staff in thanking her for her 14 years of service at Snow College.

For further information on Dorothy H. Floyd

From: Bonnie Edwards
To: Ann Barton
Date: 3/7/00 2:44 PM
Subject: Information on Dorothy H. Floyd

Assistant Librarian July 81 - June 83

Business and Technical Services July 83 - June 84

Head Librarian July 84 - June 88

Director of Library Services, Head Librarian July 88 - June 89

Assistant College Librarian, Technical Services July 89 - June 93

Associate Director Library Services July 93 - January 95

Just for today.....hold on to what's important.

Bonnie Edwards
Assistant Director Human Resources
150 East College Avenue

5-19-96 Sunday

I will finally begin this journal with an ending—Mamma's.

She died in my arms on Saturday, January 13, 1996, at the age of 91 years, five months, and nine days. It happened about 3:40 P.M., after four days of inability to swallow even liquids.

I was sitting beside her bed, holding her hand and singing hymns to her. (The previous afternoon I had spent about an hour singing primary songs.) I had just begun singing "Come, Come, Ye Saints" when her fingers moved against mine and she made a weak coughing sound. I stood up and put my arms around her. She made the sound two more times and then stopped breathing.

The Lord had answered my heartfelt prayer to be with Mamma when she died. I couldn't bear the thought of her being alone. I wanted her to know how much I loved her. During her last hours of awareness, about five days earlier, she spoke her last words to me, "I love you, too."

Beginnings

Today:
You came running
With a small specked egg
Warm in your hand.
You could barely understand,
I know,
As I told you
Of beginnings—
Of egg and bird;
Told, too,
That years ago
You began.
Smaller than sight.
And then,
As egg yearns for sky,
And seed
Stretches to tree,
You became—
Like me.

Oh,
But there's
So much more,
You and I,
Child,
Have just begun.

Think:
Worlds from now
What might we be?—
We,
Who are seed
Of Deity.

Continued

I couldn't cry. It was a relief to see her body at rest and to know that she had gone on to be with Dad and her mother. I know that she hung on so long because of me, not wanting me to be alone. I felt her presence again the following day until we left the cemetery on the 18th. It was as if she had her arms around me, along with the Lord's.

The tears flow today; I miss her so much! I am 53 years old and lived with her all but 10 years of my life. And of those ten years, I lived four of them near enough to her to see her at least once a week.

After Dad died and Rembert and I were in South Carolina, Mamma had to live alone for the first time in her life. She was 72 years old. I used to pray that she wouldn't have to be alone for the rest of her life. The Lord had me be the answer to my own prayer from December, 1978, until the end.



Dorothy's Church Callings

Springville:

Late 1950's -- 7th Ward-unofficial substitute organist.
Filled in for Audrey
1960's --- Assistant Primary teacher and Primary pianist.
Jr. Sunday School teacher and Sunday School
organist.

Albuquerque: 1969-1970

1st Ward -- Sunday School Secretary and
assistant branch librarian.
5th Ward - MIA chorister.

Springville: 1972 -- Sunday School organist.

Dugway: 1973-1974 - Relief Society Cultural Refinement
Teacher

Georgia: 1974-1975 - Columbus 1st and 2nd Wards - Librarian,
assistant organist, Relief Society
Visiting Teacher.

California: 1974-1976 - Visiting Teacher (Castro Valley)

South Carolina: 1976-1978 - (Hanahan) Ward Organist and Jr.
Sunday School teacher.
(Charleston) Relief Society
pianist.

Springville North Stake: 1979-1980 - 17th Ward
Meetinghouse Librarian, Primary
teacher, Typist and newsletter
editor, choir organist.

Fairview: Visiting teacher, single adult Representative.

Clovis, NM: 1998-1999 - Visiting Teacher, Staff member Clovis
Family History Library.

Over the years she also played the organ and piano for
weddings, funerals and missionary farewells.