

Judy Larsen

"What are you doing tonight?" I asked Judy on the telephone that last day of December in 1961. We had never seen each other, I had told her that I didn't think we ought to meet until after my problem was solved, but New Year's Eve is not much fun when you're alone. "I'm going to be a fifth wheel at a party," she said, "do you want to come?" I changed my mind about waiting.

I felt awkward listening to the chime as I pushed the door button. Judy

answered the door and we exchanged first glances revealing different pictures than the images built in our few months of correspondence. Judy was tall and slender, measuring 5' 7 1/2" tall and weighing 115 pounds. She was just an inch shorter and only twenty pounds lighter than I. She got her coat and we drove the half block to Doug and Midge Carpenter's home. By the end of the evening the awkward feeling disappeared.

We met through the mail. In September of 1961 Peggy Ward gave me Judy's address and let Judy know that I would be writing to her. Peggy and Judy had worked together at New England Mutual Life



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Insurance Company in Salt Lake where Judy was cashier. Now Peggy was in Poughkeepsie, New York with her husband, Dick, while he attended an IBM school. I was also at Poughkeepsie attending an IBM school and had met Peggy and Dick there. Dick was scheduled to work at the same Hercules Powder Company site with me on some new equipment that they had ordered from IBM. Judy and I corresponded from that September until after Thanksgiving when I returned home to Salt Lake.

The problem was that I was still married. Carol had been living in California with Brad Alexander and unfortunately was expecting a child. Apparently she was not interested in living with me. I filed for divorce on December eighth when I returned from Poughkeepsie.

After we met we were together nearly every day. We attended church together, saw plays at the University of Utah, went to the movies and attended athletic events. The Limelighters, the Utah Symphony, the Harlem Globetrotters, and even Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were events we attended while dating. We had a full four months until we became engaged on Judy's birthday in April of 1962. And we did all that while I was very busy at work.

I traveled for the company frequently during the first four months of 1962. I made several trips to the Los Angeles area helping out on problems with IBM equipment. I welcomed the chance to work since the wages for the overtime work was needed. The money I received for all of the overtime I worked paid for the set of rings that I purchased for Judy.

By this time Carol had made arrangements to marry Brad Alexander. Our divorce was granted on March 8, 1961 and she married him one day before it was final

on June 7, 1961.

Judy and I dated for six weeks before I kissed her goodnight. I had been through a bad experience and needed this time for recovery. However, after this it wasn't long until we decided that it would be better if we could get married as early as possible. We set the date for sometime in September. We looked at rings for ideas, then Judy designed and sketched what she would like and I had them made to order.

In May I had to attend another IBM school, this time in San Jose. The driving allowance was for two days and I decided to spend the first night about half way there which was approximately Reno, Nevada.

For something to do that evening, after the long drive from Salt Lake, I went to Harold's Club with the intention of seeing a floor show since they were free. I didn't have much money. Judy and I had made our marriage plans for September because that's when my school would be finished, and, more importantly, because that's when I would be able to afford it. Besides, I wasn't a gambler. I wasn't going to waste my money. I only wanted to pass some time by seeing the floor show. However, it was Monday evening – no floor shows on Monday. So, while I was at Harold's Club, I decided to play one game of Keno, a game of chance. Much to my surprise I guessed correctly seven out of eight numbers on the eight number special. I won \$1,100. That was a return of a twenty dollar bill for every penny I had invested. Now I could afford to get married. I called Judy on the phone long-distance not realizing what time it was and woke up her family. When she came to the phone I told her I just won a lot of money and asked her to guess how much. She guessed \$100 and was amazed when I told her that it was much more than that.

For the next few hours I thought that I was being followed so I slipped from one place to another and stayed in the bright lights. I got something to eat and then went back to the motel and tried to go to sleep. I was so excited that I couldn't sleep. I got up and took a hot bath. I still couldn't sleep. I got up and left Reno about four in the morning and drove to Sacramento. After a brief visit with my relatives I continued on to San Jose.

Because of my good fortune, Judy and I moved up the date of our marriage to June twenty-eighth, her parent's wedding anniversary, and began making plans to get married. Since I was away Judy had to make all of the arrangements. I arranged to get off from school for three days, got my blood test which was required by law, and planned to drive all night following class to get to Salt Lake. The instructor saw that I did not have much interest in class that day and let the class out a half day early so that I could get an early start. I drove all night and arrived home the next day in the early afternoon. Two evenings later, James Faust, Judy's Stake President and later apostle of the church, married us in the stake center.

Because I was divorced I was not qualified at that time to get married in the temple. Judy compromised because she felt that the situation was temporary and that we would get sealed in the temple at a later date, which proved to be true.

On Saturday, the twenty-ninth, we left for San Jose so I could finish my training and we could start our life together. I had rented a nice apartment on Story Road in San Jose. It was relatively new, modern and had a swimming pool. We stayed there nearly three months and had a good time visiting places and doing things in California on the weekends when I was not attending

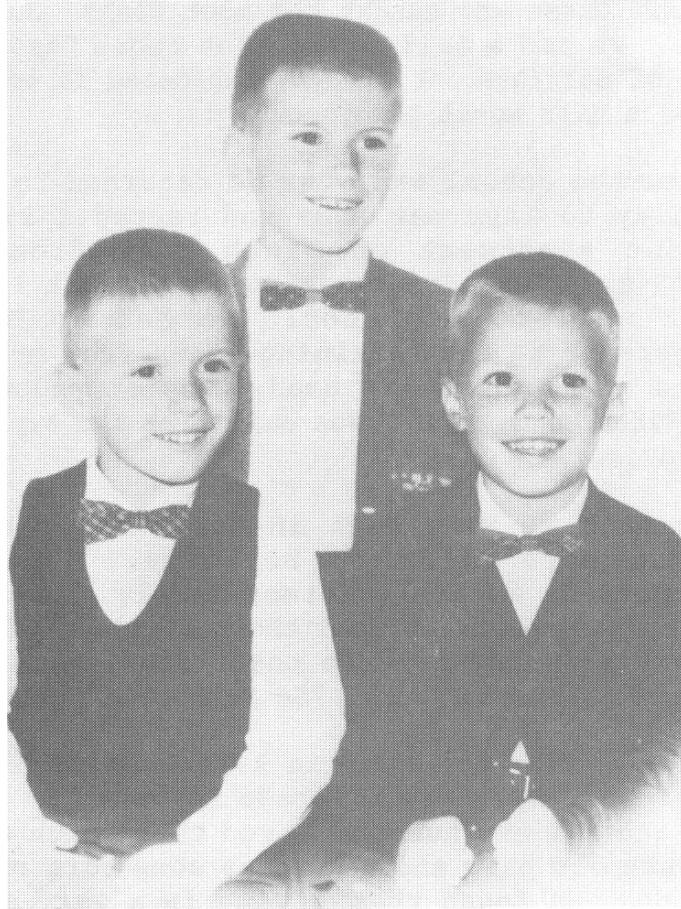
classes. We went to San Francisco and saw the sights. We visited Monterey and Carmel. We even went deep-sea fishing. Guess who caught the most fish? Judy of course. We had a delightful time those first few months of marriage. I always considered it to be a two and a half month honeymoon.

After the school was over we returned to Salt Lake City to make our home and rented a little basement apartment on Ninth East from the Randall's. The bedroom was so small that it was almost wall-to-wall bed. We had to buy a refrigerator so the remaining money from my good fortune at Reno came in handy. We attended the Grant Fifth Ward where I was called as the explorer post advisor.

Now that we were back in Salt Lake I began learning more of Judy's heritage. She also descends from an early Mormon family. In 1982, when her parents celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, they told me their stories which I published in another work, "So Swift The Years."

The day after Christmas in 1962 Judy and I left for Colorado Springs, Colorado to visit my boys. Carol and her new husband lived there with their six month old baby and the three sons born of our marriage. We found them living in a very small two-bedroom apartment. Before taking the boys to a movie I suggested to Carol that I was better able to take care of the boys than she was and that she should consider allowing us to take them to Salt Lake. After returning from the movie, Carol agreed to let us take the boys and we started back to Salt Lake. Judy had just become the mother of a six year old and two four year old boys with another baby on the way.

Our basement apartment below the Randall's home with its bedroom barely able to hold one bed was not



Rick, Ken and Que

sufficient anymore. We found a two bedroom duplex at 1920 East Forty-fifth South Street and moved into it. Kelly was born while we lived here, but about a month after he arrived we were able to purchase a four bedroom home of our own on Gunderson Lane.

Judy had a difficult time delivering Kelly. The doctor wanted to make sure that his holiday was not interrupted so we checked Judy into the hospital on July second and her labor was induced. Kelly resisted being born. He was not quite ready to leave his secure surroundings. Finally, more than a day later, past noon

on the third, Kelly's cry ended Judy's long ordeal.

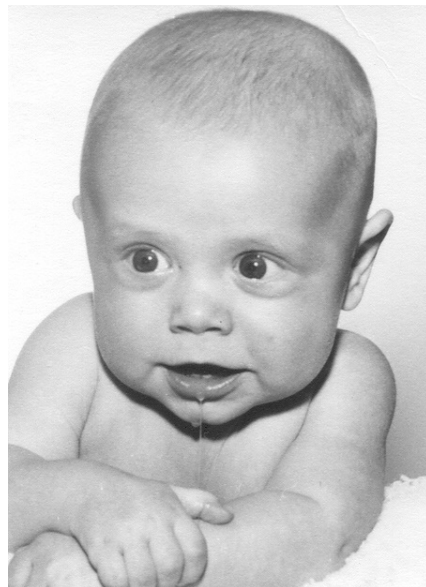
When Kelly was just three months old he returned to the hospital for a minor surgical procedure to correct an inguinal hernia and hydrocele. While there Judy tried to visit at feeding time and nurse him, but he refused and weaned himself. From that point on he would only drink from a cup. He invented his own language calling baby powder "shoop" and answering "me" when questions were asked. He soon asserted himself as the virtual ruler of the Hales home, a position he held until he was intimidated by the arrival of a new brother.

Terry arrived one day short of twenty-six months after Kelly, and in the same hospital. He had an easier time coming into the world than Kelly did.

Terry was a happy baby. He always seemed to have a bump, scab or a bruise which we had a difficult time trying to determine how he got them. He really strained to get off the floor when we tried to get him to jump.

Before we moved into the house on Gunderson Lane we told the boys about it. Kenny was especially curious. He asked about the bedrooms. After asking where each family member would sleep, and discovering that there would be an extra bedroom, he said, "Then can we get a dog?"

We built a playground in back. We had a movie-



Terry Hales



Kenny, Rick, Que, Kelly and Coco

type arrangement with the front of a bank, jail and store cut from sheets of plywood along one wall of the fence. The play-town was twenty-four feet long and each door opened into a five by eight foot room.

A tether-ball pole and a painted hopscotch on the asphalt completed the playground. I put in a water fountain for drinking water and built a dog house of cinder blocks for the dog.

We enjoyed our home and the association of family and friends while we lived in Salt Lake City. We tried to visit with them as often as we could. Elva and Glen lived only a mile and a half to the east at 2710 East 4135 South. Monte and Hanne lived in their new home about three miles to the southwest at 1453 Colony Drive. Nikki lived in a small house on Texas Street.

Judy's family also lived in Salt Lake City. Her brother Kent and his family lived only a mile to the west, but they were soon to move to the Washington

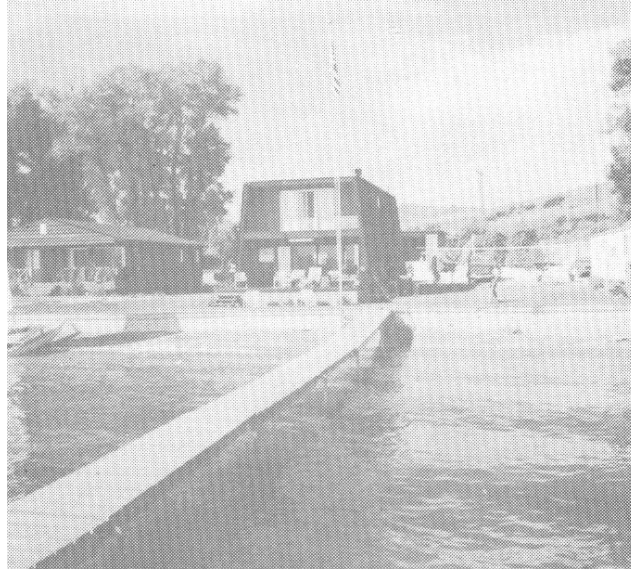


Hales playground on Gunderson Lane

D.C. area. Randy and Ermon lived three miles to the southeast at 4717 Wallace Lane. Phyllis and Hal lived a few miles to the east, but Phyllis now lives near Kent and Carolyn in the east.

We were also planning a move to California. In late 1967 we moved to the Walnut Creek, Concord California area. While our new home was being built in Concord, it was only a block to the Walnut Creek city limit.

One of the highlights our family had during these years was the summer fun at Randy's cabin at Bear Lake. For a few days each year we had the privilege of enjoying water-skiing, beach front life, and a few rounds of golf. Our family really enjoyed their Uncle Randy and Aunt Ermon. We can still remember Randy's rendition of "There Was An Old Man." We also remember his generous and good nature.



Larsen's Lodge at Bear Lake

Judy's sister Phyllis is very artistically talented and has done the lettering for the chapter headings in this book as well as the family tree on page v.

The Larsen family story would fill many pages and is the subject for another book.