

Life
Histories
of

Marian Price
and

Thomas Ray
Phillips





*Thomas Ray
Phillips*

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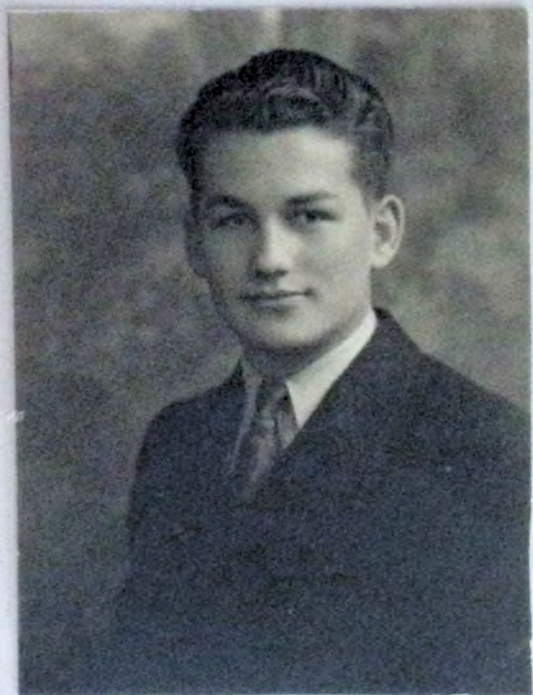
Transcription of "Auto-Biography of Ray Phillips" hand-written.

"Like father like son" as the saying goes. This statement is true only in a few instances, because it isn't often that you inherit just the characteristics of one of your parents. To prove this statement in my case I can present proof. My Grandfather has blue eyes, my Dad has blue eyes, and so as a result I have blue eyes. My Dad is about 5 foot 6 inches tall. I am 5 foot 6 and I have the same facial features as my Father. The other similar characteristics are: stubbornness, being firm in my convictions and liking the out-of-doors. When either of us are thinking or wondering, we place our upper teeth over our lower lip.

I like most any kind of sport and I can perform in most of them with pretty good ability. My Dad, when young, was pretty good in most of the sports. It isn't very often that a son has these same characteristics as his Father. Usually he has some of his Mother's characteristics as well. This is not true with me as it has proven itself in my father's four brothers also. They are all about the same height as my Father and they have somewhat similar facial features. This characteristic makes itself an outstanding part of my makeup.



Right: Ray as he was when he wrote the above ideas. Below: A younger photo - compare with the Phillips brothers on the facing page. Was he right?





RAY PHILLIPS



THE PHILLIPS BROTHERS: BEN BILL
GEORGE DALE JACK

Above: Family picture taken before Ray was born. Left-Ben, Rose holding LaVon, Lula, Zella. standing in front.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF THOMAS RAY PHILLIPS

I was born on March 24, 1915, at 2325 Jackson Avenue , in Ogden, beber County, Utah, the son of Ernest Benjamin Phillips and Rosebell Elmer. I was given my first name after my paternal grandfather, Thomas Gwillum Phillips. My mother gave me my middle name, Ray, in order that I would not be given a nick-name.

I lived in the same house at the above add-~~re~~ss until I was married, with the exception of the time I was away to college. I was the last of four children born to my parents. E. Ben Phillips, born 12 March, 1884, and Rose Elmer, born 1 January, 1880. I had three older sisters, Zella Rose, born 23 Feb 1908, Lula May, born 29 May, 1910, and LaVon, born 17 Sep 1912.



I was blessed on 6 June 1915 by George C. Phillips family home, 2325 Jackson, Ogden. Burnham, in the 6th Ward, Ogden Stake.

I was baptized on 6 May, 1923 by Chester H. Nelson, in the 13th Ward, Ogden Stake, and confirmed on the same day by Howard Jenkins. When I was twelve I was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood and to the office of a Deacon on 10 April, 1927 by Laurence S. Burton; to the office of Teacher on 21 January, 1930, by Paul C. Govern; and the the office of Priest on 12 February, 1933, by Samuel G. Dye. I was ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood and to the office of Elder by Lorenzo DeHaan on January 6, 1935; made a Seventy on 9 August 1936, by Levi Edgar Young, and given the office of High Priest on 20 September, 1964 by Albert L. Bott. On 14 February 1954 I was called to serve a Stake Mission in the Mount Ogden Stake. After serving only a short time I was released because I was building my home, and, that coupled with my work in the fire department (24 hours on shift-24 hours off) made me away from my family too much.

My father and mother had their home built at 2325 Jackson, and lived there the rest of their lives. My father always had chickens in a coop and run, at the rear of our property, and when he was at work at the fire dept. it was my job to feed and water the chickens and gather the eggs. We sold the surplus eggs and this money paid for the feed and new chickens every year, so that we received our eggs free. There was a large vacant field at the rear of our property that covered the interior of a city block. Also, a canal ran through this field directly behind our lot. This large field was owned by one family the bye name of Wheelwright. They were related to the Wheelwrights who owned Wheelwright Lumber Company. Part of this lot still remains empty to this day. (1960)

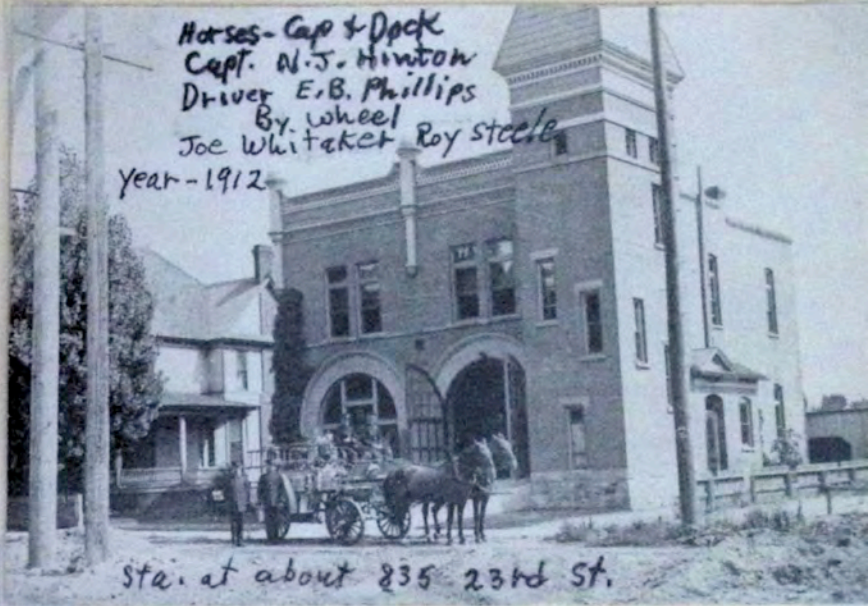
My father's oldest sister, Aunt Ada, and her family, the Umbergers, loved in the house just south of us for a number of years during my early years, until they moved

to Pocatello, Idaho. The Chester Nelson family lived on the north until I was in my teens. The Hinton family, whose father was in the fire department with my Dad, lived around the corner from us on 23rd St. Their property adjoined ours at the back, and we used the short-cut often.

Before I was born, Dad worked for the Southern Pacific R.R. as a fireman. This was when they were building the Lucien cutoff. He fired the steam engines when the railroad was still going around the north end of Great Salt Lake, through Corinne, and on to Promotory Point, where they drove the golden spike at the completion of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific (Southern Pacific) railroads.



Work Train at Lucien Cut Off.



Horses-Capt & Dock
Capt. N.J. Hinton
Driver E.B. Phillips
By wheel
Joe Whitaker Roy Steele
Year-1912

Sta. at about 835 23rd St.

Our old pendulum clock came from this fire station. Dad later worked for and Uncle, moving houses and buildings. While doing this he started to work for the fire department as a call man because he lived just across the street from old #2 station, just above Monroe, on 23rd St. He became a full-time fireman for Ogden City starting in 1912, and was there for 34 years. He was there for two years after I joined the department before he retired in 1946 after being injured at the Salvation Army building fire.

My mother was born in Marriott seelement, west of Ogden, on a farm. She learned the dressmaking profession while in her teens and worked in a dressmaking shop while she was boarding with the John Farr family. She worked at the shop until she was married. She then did dressmaking in her home to help with the income, and I can well remember the many hours she spent sewing.

I related to my mother much better than to my father, as he was quite stern, and she was good-natured and kind. I am quite sure my father loved us, but he did not know how to express it. After my sisters were dating and getting married I spent many evenings with mother while Dad was at the fire station. Also, Dad was not very religious, and I always accompanied mother to Sacrament Meeting. Afterward we would come home and

have a snack--I looked forward to this time. Dad did not attend church meetings, but he went to the ward dinners, and when there was repair work to do at the ward he was always helping out. My mother handled the finances of the family, and was a very good manager. They always paid cash for the things they bought. Mother paid tithing and ward budget on Dad's wages, and up until mother's death they were full tithe payers in the 13th Ward. I can remember when my father was making out the income-tax each year, he would say, "Well, Mom, how much did we donate to the Church this year?" I never heard him object to Mother giving to the church.

The earliest recollection of my childhood was at the age of four years when I got a coaster wagon for Christmas. I can still remember the Christmas trees when they had candles instead of electric lights. The only time we would light them was when my father was home to do it, because it was dangerous for burning candles to be on a pine tree. So we would all gather round when they were lighted, and just look at the tree all lit up. Then after a short time the candles would be extinguished.

I can remember well the good times I had playing with my boy friends in the canal I mentioned. We built tree-houses in the trees by the canal in the vacant lot a few houses south of our place. (There is now a duplex there).



My closest friend, that I grew up alongside from kindergarden to the first year of college, was Ralph Holton, who lived two houses north of us on the corner of 23rd and Jackson. His two sisters, Jenny and Joyce, are still living there. Ralph was a good influence on me, and I never had a serious disagreement with him. We both got memberships to the newly-opened Weber(now the Deseret) Gym in 1927, and enjoyed going down on our bikes to swim and use the other facilities. He served a mission to Australia, where his mother was born, then returned home and enrolled at the University of Utah. He rode to school with a group of students one winter. They had an accident on an icy road down by Lagoon. He received injuries that resulted in his death. This was the first death of someone I was close to, except for relatives, and it made me very sad. Six of the boys who had served with him in the priesthood, including me, were his pallbearers. I gave my third son, Thair, his name as his middle name, as he was born about six months after Ralph's death.



Some of my other good friends who lived in the neighborhood were Verl Harris and Paul Haremes, both of whom lived a few houses south on the block. I attended Weber College and Utah State with Paul, and still see him once in a while. He was a Greek boy, but



VIRGINIA UMBERGER & RAY



GLEN UMB., ZELLA & RAY



LaVon, Lula, Rose, Zella, Ray
About 1917



ADA UMBERGER, VIRGINIA U., OLIVE ROSE PHIL.
ANNE & THOMAS G. RAY & DAN (front)



RAY & LAVON, CALIFORNIA



Ray with his dog,----- that he
loved. He played with & the dog
slept on his bed.



High school picture of Ray
probably taken for the year
book.

played with us Mormon boys and attended Mutual and played basketball with us. He married an L.D.S. girl, joined the Church, and is very active today. Verl, who was a few years younger than me, did not attend college with us, and I lost track of him for some years. I do know that he went into the service and retired from there with a sommission.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Elmer lived west of Ogden in what was known as Marriott Settlement until Grandfather Elmer died, which was before I was born. Grandmother Elmer lived with us during my first 10 years. She died Apr 4, 1925.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Phillips lived in the 800 block of 23rd Street, on the north side. The house is no longer there. When my Grandfather Phillips retired from the railroad, he built a little store in front of his house and he and Grandmother ran it for a number of years until they became too old. They then rented it for a shoe repair shop, to a Mr. Croxford. I used to walk down from our home on Jackson to see them, and they always had a treat for me which they let me select from the candy counter, while they had the store. My Grandmother and Grandfather were always kind and good hearted, and treated people good who came to their home. Grandmother died in 1926 when I was 11 years old, and Grandfather died in 1936.

My first Deacon's Quorum advisor was S. Dilworth Young of the First Quorum of the 70's (at present he holds that position). At that time he lived at his home in the 13th Ward and was the Field Scout Executive for the Ogden Area. I can remember well Brother Young taking us to Temple Square on an outing while it was quite cold, as I can recall wearing my sheepskin-lined coat and aviator's helmet. He did not allow any fooling around, and when he spoke, we listened.

Some of the Church positions I have held: Counselor in Deacon's Quorum and in Teacher's Quorum, Secretary of the Aaronic Priesthood, coach of the Logan 3rd Ward basketball team in 1938, Advisor of the Victor Ward (Idaho) Deacon's Quorum and teaching Course 16 Sunday School class during the school year 1938-39, Assistant scoutmaster and Advisor to the Teacher's Quorum of the Malta, Idaho ward during the school year 1939-40, Stake secretary of the YMMIA of the Raft River Stake, 1940-41. Attended wars in the Thatcher, Idaho area 1941-42, Explorer leader in the Ogden 13th Ward, 1942, Ogden 23rd Ward Adult Aaronic Priesthood teacher, was one of the seven presidents of the ward (23rd) 70's Quorum, Ward Teacher, Secretary of the ward YMMIA, Geneological committee member, Ogden 44th Ward Geneological chairman, Ogden 53rd Ward Geneological chairman, Assistant Group leader of High Priest Group, 2nd Counselor in Bishopric for three years, serving under twi Bishops, Don Murphy and Tom Kay. I am presently Assistant Ward Clerk and special projects leader in the welfare committee for the High Priest Group.

During my life, this far, I have had the opportunity to shake hands with two of our Prophets. In 1938-39, while teaching school at Victor, Idaho, President Heber J. Grant came to Stake Conference at Driggs, Idaho in February, and greeted people after

the meeting. Then, one day at noon I was waiting for Marian in the foyer of the old Church office building. I was the only one there when President Joseph Fielding Smith came from his office on his way home for lunch. He walked right over and asked me if I was being helped as he was shaking my hand.

Marian and I have tried to do our geneological and temple work these last years, taking classes, going to the library and to the temple. Our research has been somewhat by-passed because of our other Church duties, but we have tried to make it to the temple at least once a week. We have attended sessions in the Logan, Salt Lake, Idaho Falls, Manti, Los Angeles, Mesa and Ogden temples, so far.

I started school at the age of five, attending kindergarden at Lorin Farr school at 22nd and Harrison. One of the things I remember about attending Lorin Farr was walking to school in the winter-time with the wind coming out of Ogden Canyon, and the temperature near zero. I was wrapped up in my sheepskin coat and fleece-lined helmet with ear-flaps. Riding to school in cars was unheard of in those days.



As I started the fifth grade I was transfered to the Madison school at 2450 Madison Avenue, because the Lorin Farr school was becoming over-crowded. This meant leaving a lot of friends with whom I had started school years. However, it also meant that I would meet a lot of new friends, and I knew we'd all be together again when we went to Junior High school.

I attended Central Funiior High school at 25th & Adams Avenue. I started in September of 1928. There I was united with my friends from Lorin Farr, as well as those from Madison. Central consisted of the 8th, 9th & 10th grades. I was too small to play basketball or football on the school teams, but I was good at athletics and always had sandlot teams going. When I was a junior in High School, a group of my friends and myself got a football team together with some makeshift equip-

ment, and had a scrimmage game with Central. I played quarterback, and we almost beat them. The coach was Don Barney. When the weather was good I used to ride my bicycle to school, which was 7 blocks from home. I did this morning, noon, and after school. During the winter we took our lunches to school and enjoyed eating together in our home rooms. This was before the days of cafeterias. All in all, I enjoyed my time spent at Junior high.

I attended Ogden High School, 25th &





LAVON LULA RAY(in carriage) ZELLA



Golden Gate Park SAN FRANCISCO 1925



Yellowstone Pzrk with the Umberger family
about 1927. LULA, ZELLA, RAY, LAVON, ROSE.



RAY, LOOKING OVER SALT AIR BEACH

Monroe, beginning there in September of 1931, when I was 16 years of age. It was called "Senior High" as it comprised just the 11th & 12th grades. It has since included the 10th grade. They built the new high school on Harrison Blvd. in 1936 -- just three years after I graduated. All of my children have attended Ogden High School, also.



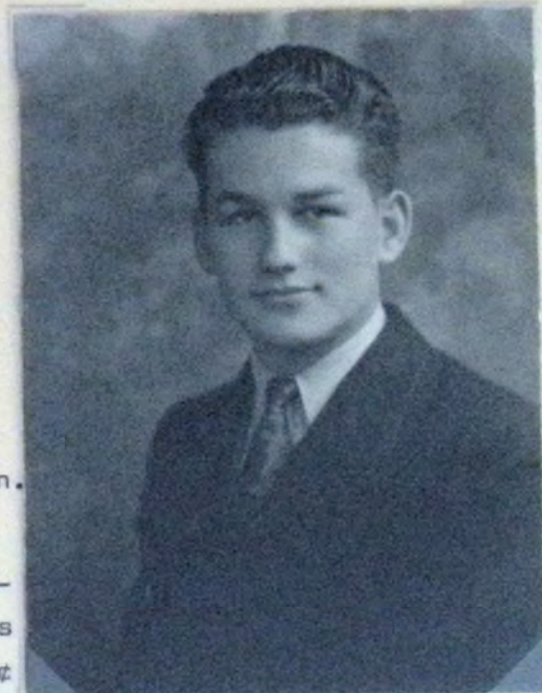
Ray in ROTC garb.

Every boy was required to take R.O.T.C. unless excused because of some physical ailment. We had to wear our uniforms every morning. They were World War I issue, with woolen shirts, coats, and pants with wrap-around leggins. Boy! did they itch! It was worse with me because I was allergic to wool, I could hardly wait to get home at noon to get those pants and leggins off my legs. The coats had stiff collars that fastened tight around the neck. I wonder what the kids nowadays would do if they had to conform to such regulations and dress.

I took a general course in school, rather than any specific major, and so I learned to type and had a course in bookkeeping. I was afterward glad I had had this instruction as I was to teach both these subjects while teaching school in Idaho. I enjoyed my two years in High School and met there a lot of new friends.. Ogden High was the only high school in the city at that time so all of the students from the four junior high schools in Ogden came to the same school. Many of these friends still live in Ogden, and I recognize and speak to them, even though it has been many years since we were together in school. It was rather sad when graduation came, because you knew that everyone would go their various ways and many of them you would never see again. But, of course, life goes on, and you meet new friends at college to take the place of those you lost. I graduated in May of 1933.

Oh, happy day! Today I am a college man! This is the thought that ran through my mind as I registered in the Weber Gym to enter Weber College in September of 1933. The college was located on Jefferson between 24th & 25th Streets. The main building is now torn down.

I worked at Brown's Ice Cream Co. during the summer, making popsicles, carrying blocks of ice out to cars-- for people still had ice refrigerators then. This was seven days a week, and I started out at the sum of 15¢ per hour. When the summer was half over, my wages were raised to 25¢ per hour, as the National Recovery Act was placed in force by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been elected in November of 1932. I saved enough from



this job to pay for my college for that year while living at home. It was an enjoyable time, even though the times were still hard and there wasn't very much money to help out. Everyone was in the same condition, and if someone had a car to ride in, they were one of a very few. Parking at the college was no problem whatsoever. An enterprising fellow from Brigham City bought an old bus and brought a bus load from there every day, which helped to pay his way through college and gave about 25 other students a chance to attend college while living at home.

We attended classes in the main building called the Moench Building, and also in former homes on 24th Street, and a large white house where the Ogden City School offices are now located. I met many of my former high school friends, as well as many more from the surrounding towns. Our student body numbered 600 some odd, so you got to know almost everyone by sight, if not by name.

I went out for football, and played 2nd string quarterback. Our football equipment was not the best. We had sweat shirts for jerseys, and our pants were held together with tape. My shoes allowed the cleats to stick through, and I used to cut cardboard to make inner-soles so my feet wouldn't get so sore.

All in all I enjoyed my two years at Weber, and graduated with an Associate Degree of Science, as Weber was a Junior College. This was June of 1935. During the summer of 1935 I worked again at Brown's Ice Cream -- for 30¢ an hour, 7 days a week. I worked at nights, icing the trucks and stocking them with cans of ice cream for their trips south and north of Ogden.



Weber College football team - 1935

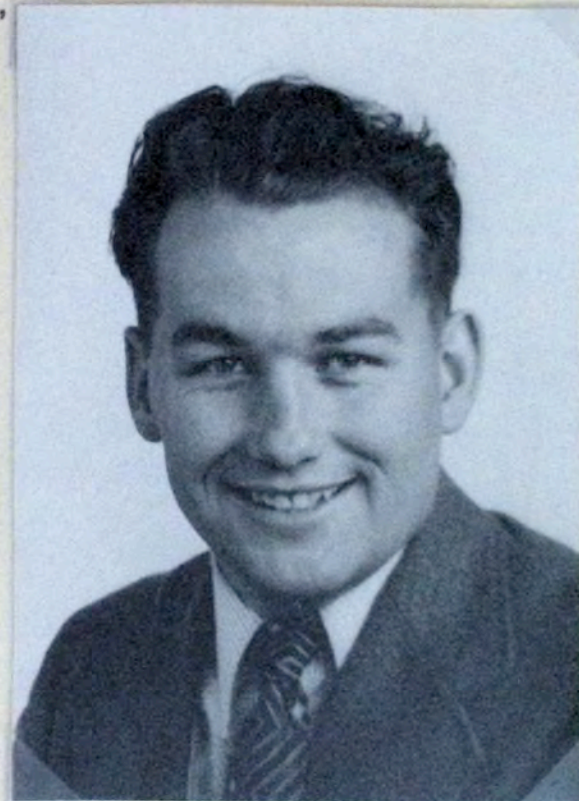
I enrolled at Utah State Agricultural College in September, 1935, with five other fellows from Ogden who had been my friends for quite a few years. We found a house on 7th East, just below the LDS Institute where we set-up batching quarters. The house is still there today. I was still majoring in Forestry, but there were not very many openings in the government forestry service, so I started to think about other possibilities. I finished out the winter quarter and then changed my major to physical education, and included the obtaining of a secondary school teaching certificate. This meant going an extra year, so I did not graduate until June of 1938 with a B.S. degree, with a minor in Botany.

I was taking a class in physiology the spring quarter of 1937, just after changing my major, and Marian was attending the same class. She always sat in the front row of the class, and I sat at the back. After a week or so, I told my friends that before the quarter was over I was going to date that girl. So I asked her a few questions about the class when I saw her in the library, and studied with her. When I asked her for a

date, she thought I was going to ask her to go to the Junior Prom, but it was just to go to the Saturday night dance at the local dance hall. We walked home to her place, as I did not own a car. She fed me hot chocolate and real whipped cream from milk of the cow they had. That did it! - also the fact that I enjoyed her company very much, and still do.

We were married on May 19, 1938 in the Logan Temple, just a few weeks before I was to graduate. We rented an apartment on 2nd North, just above Main Street. We had it all ready so we could go there after our wedding in the Temple. After the marriage, we walked down to Marian's parent's home on 4th North below Main Street, where my parents would meet us to have dinner. We did not have a reception as they were not in style, and money was too hard to come by. We lived in the apartment on 2nd North for just a few weeks until I graduated. I knew I had to go to summer school at the University of Idaho to qualify for an Idaho teaching certificate, which would make me eligible to teach in either state--and Idaho paid more. Marian moved into an apartment which was nicer, when school was over. She found a girl who was going to summer school to live with her and help with the rent. This worked out well, as the girl was through with summer school when I was ready to come back from the U. of Idaho. I boarded with a fellow from Utah State by the name of Lyle Porter. We were both just recently married, and neither of us had much money. We had to use our wits quite a bit to find entertainment that did not cost money. We unexpectedly came upon a baseball, which gave us many hours of exercise and enjoyment. We managed to stay happy.

I arrived back in Logan the last of July, and we lived in the small apartment. I did odd jobs for our landlord while waiting to be offered a contract to teach school in the fall of 1938. I was offered a contract from Circleville, Utah for the sum of \$100 per month for nine months, but turned it down. Superintendent Larson, from Victor, Idaho, called at our apartment and interviewed me to be a coach and teacher in the high school at Victor, for \$120 per month for 9 months. I accepted this, and in about a week I received a contract to sign. This was one of the highest paid contracts that any of the Physical Education majors graduates received that fall, so we were blessed. We made friends that school year in Victor and had quite a lot of happy experiences, along with a few adjustments we had to make to one another.



This is how I looked when I went to Logan and met Marian

After a year at Victor, I coached and taught various classes at Raft River High School in Malta, Idaho. We met Alfred and Alaire Hart there. Alfred was also teaching at the high school. We have maintained the friendship, and Alaire named one of her daughters, "Marian", because of her love for Mother. Michael, our first child, was born the first year while I was teaching in Malta. Marian went to Logan to her parent's home near the time the baby was due, so the baby could be born at the LDS hospital in Logan. I boarded at Saunder's, who ran a mercantile store, during the last few weeks of the school year, while waiting for word to come to Logan for the birth of the baby. He was born May 17, 1940, and I arrived in Logan after the call, in plenty of time to be there for the event. I taught in Malta the following year, also.

The school year of 1941-42, we moved to Thatcher, Idaho, where I coached and taught classes, as before. In December the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, and World War II started. I enjoyed my year at Thatcher, where my basketball team won 3rd place in the district tournament. Also, there was good duck and pheasant hunting. I developed a sinus infection from cold rides that winter on the school bus to play basketball games. I went to a Doctor in Grace, and he prescribed sulfa pills to combat the infection--this was when sulfa was very new--our first anti-biotic. I became better, but have had a re-current sinus infection many times since then. We decided that because of the war we would try to get a teaching job in Ogden the next year so we could settle down and would not have to move around so much.

I was successful in obtaining a contract to coach and teach at Mound Fort Junior high school in Ogden for \$1400 for 12 months. In January of 1943 I resigned my teaching position and went to work for the fire department at the Utah General Depot. Prices had gone up sharply, and we could no longer live on teaching wages. I was sad at leaving because I enjoyed teaching and had no trouble in handling the school kids.

After moving to Ogden in 1942, we lived at 1030 - 25th Street, and our second son, Wynn, was born May 29, 1943. When I had been in the Depot fire department for about 17 months, I was hired by Ogden City as a firefighter. I retired from this position after 28½ years, with the rank of Captain.

We bought our first home at 2866 Jackson Avenue for \$5200. We lived there for four years during which time our daughter, Diane, and son, Thair, were born. We sold this home when Thair was about 6-7 months old, for \$7000. Prices were rising. We bought an older home for less than that, and had enough to re-model the kitchen and bath. This place was at 2926 Quincy Avenue--across the street from Monroe Park, and two houses from the Quincy school, where our older children were going. My father helped me with the re-modeling, we changed a window in the kitchen and some of the plumbing. We did a lot of this while we were living in it. We sold this home for \$9000, in order to start building a new home at 1085 Patterson Street, where we still reside at the present time. I built this home from the ground up, even digging the basement myself by running a bull

sozer owned by Earl Wade. With the help of some of my friends in the fire department, we formed and poured the footings and foundations. I hired Eli Howard, who I worked for off and on when I was off-shift at the fire department (he was a building contractor), to help me with the brick-work. Eli, his son, and another fellow laid the blocks and bricks while I mixed the mortar and hauled the bricks for them. I did my own plumbing, wiring, and finish carpentry, with the aid of my father and some of my fire department friends--Arlo Mueller and Kenneth Farr--when I could not do it by myself. I paid them back by helping them when they were building. Marian's brother, Charles, helped me when I was wiring. The house was completed from plans that Marian drew on graph paper to scale, and she also did a lot of the painting by herself. We lived at my parent's home for about six months while I was working on the house. As soon as possible, I finished the bathroom and put in the kitchen sink--a unit with metal cupboards below on each side--and got the washing machine in, and we moved into the house and camped with sheets for drapes, and all of us sleeping in the livingroom, while we finished it, room by room. After the main floor was done, and enough of the upstairs so that the kids had bedrooms, Marian went to work at the Public Library to help out with the finances while I finished the apartment downstairs so we could rent it and have a little extra money coming in. We finished the remainder of the upstairs for the children as we could pay for it. Marian stopped working as soon as possible, in order to be home with the children.

Kim was born on March 25, 1952 the year we moved in with Grandma & Grandpa Phillips in August. Leesa was born seven-and-a-half years later, a year after Marian stopped working at the library, Nov 18, 1969.

It was a great struggle to build our home and the apartment, but it is now all ours, and paid for.

We have been blessed with 4 sons and 2 daughters. They are:

Michael Ray - born 17 May, 1940 at Logan, Cache County, Utah.

Wynn Craig - born 29 May, 1943 at Ogden, Weber County, Utah.

Diane Rose - born 18 Oct 1945 at Ogden, Weber County, Utah.

Thair Ralph - born 31 Aug 1948 at Ogden, Weber County, Utah.

Kimball Franklin - born 25 March, 1952 at Ogden, Weber County, Utah.

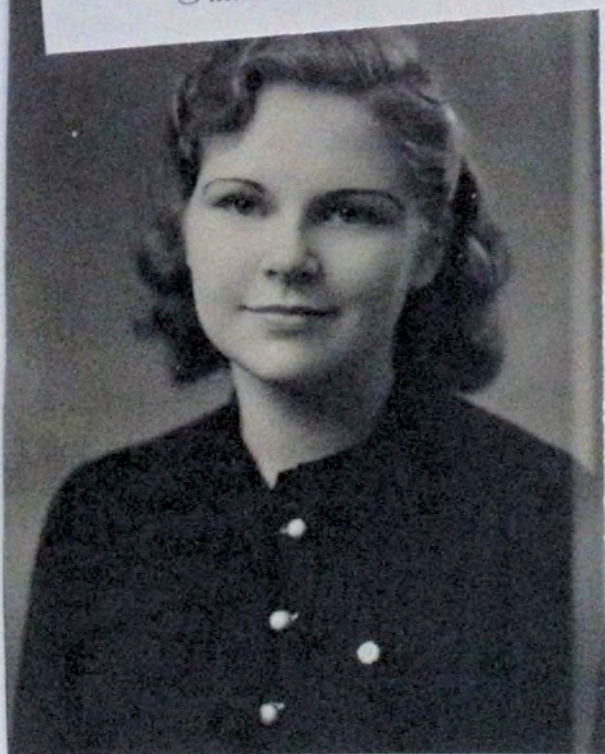
Leesa - born 18 Nov 1959 at Ogden, Weber County, Utah.



*Ralph G. Holton
who leaves for the Australian Mission
Farewell Party August 26th, 1938
Thirteenth Ward - - - Program 8 p. m.*



h Holton, Ray's best boy friend growing-
killed in accident-travelling to U. of U.



Ruth Mae Graham-Ray' girl friend before me.
Right: Program for Ray's WSC commencement

1935
22

Weber College
requests your presence at the
Baccalaureate Service, Sunday, May 26, 1935
and
Commencement Exercises, Friday, May 31, 1935
College Auditorium

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PLEASE BRING PROGRAMME

Forty-seventh Annual Commencement

Weber College

Friday Evening, May 31, 1935

Eight o'clock

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- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. "Love Song" - - - - - | Nevin |
| JAMES CLAIR ANDERSON | |
| 2. Invocation - - - - - | Reverend William Henry Fowle |
| 3. "Liebestraum" - - - - - | Liszt |
| WEBER COLLEGE MIXED CHORUS | |
| 4. Address to Graduates - - - - - | Earl Jay Glade |
| 5. Presentation of Diplomas - - - - - | Charles Henry Skidmore |
| 6. "Hymn to Weber" - - - - - | Roland Parry |
| GRADUATES | |
| 7. Benediction - - - - - | Francis Childs |

GRADUATES



Associate of Arts

Adams, Bonnie Catherine	Foulger, Kathleen	Larson, John Farr	McCracken, Cleo
Benson, Arch M.	Hoggan, Ruth Selma	Lindquist, Barbara	Murphy, Helen Jane
Cardon, Fay	Jensen, Jean	Lindquist, Bernice	Robbins, Dale Facer
Carver, Mel Rae	Jones, Barbara Taylor	Marchel, Walter	Yeaman, Wilfred
Cross, Ruth			

Associate of Science

Abbott, Maurice	Crowther, Chester	Hill, Marian Julia	London, Jay W.
Austin, Frank Stilwell	DeHaan, Lorenzo Carl	Hill, Ramona	Mathieu, John
Babcock, Louis Warren	De St. Jeor, Dahlia	Hill, Ruth	McEntire, Helen Mar
Barker, Austin	Doxey, Willard Bingham	Hobbs, James Malan	Merrell, Thomas
Barker, Florence	Eckersley, Hyrum Wilkinson	Holmes, Maude Alice	Miller, Merlin Wilford
Behling, Le Roy	Eife, Janet	Holmes, Raymond Harold	Mortensen, Velma Dee
Benzley, James Clair	Foley, Emery Lynn	Holton, Ralph Gibson	Mower, Orson Willard
Berghout, Leonard Nephi	Frederick, DeWayne	Iverson, Valoy	Ogden, William
Brady, Lynn	Garrett, Joseph Willis	Jacobs, Elsie	Owens, John Clair
Brown, Eloise	Geddes, Selma	Jensen, Eileen Duke	Owens, Owen Walte
Brown, Herbert Edward	Gordon, Sidney	Jensen, Jay Omer	Parmlay, Helen Roberta
Bush, Edith Martha	Grow, Abbott Rich	Jeppsen, Harvey Ira	Parry, Gerald
Bushell, Eleanor	Hall, Mary	Jones, Morris John	Pearson, Bernice
Campbell, Harriett Louise	Hansink, Walter	Josephson, Vernal	Perry, Anthony John
Chadwick, Carl Louis	Harames, Paul	Kerr, Kleon Harding	Perry, Ida
Chandler, Ruth Elizabeth	Harris, Fredrick Blaine	Klomp, Gerard Jackson	Peters, Afton
Christensen, Norman Antone	Harris, Leonard Wilbur	Laker, Daniel Reed	Peters, Beth
Cliff, John Oliver	Harris, Rex	Larsen, Fern	Phillips, Thomas Ray
Corey, Miriam Alberta	Heslop, Lamont William	Lee, Lettie Rose	Phillips, Winifred

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Right: Victor teachers living in the hotel. Bangerter & -----

Below right: 1937 CA trip on way home at Uncle John Elmer's in Burley, ID

Below: Ray & Zella with the 3 cousins all born spring of 1940., Michael, Barbara & Kenneth.

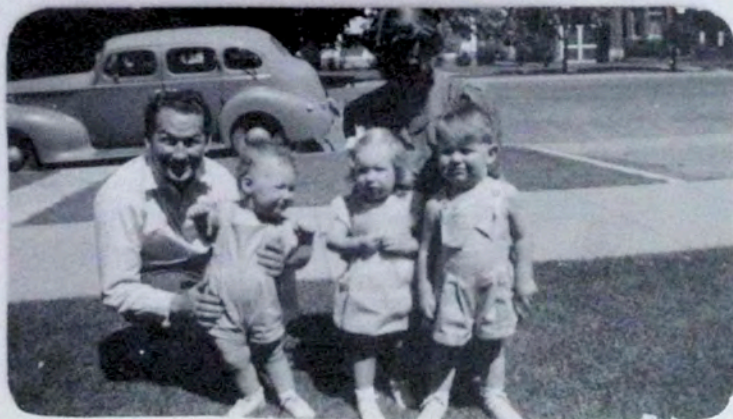
Two small pictures: Ray & Marian on steps of house on 4th North in Logan. Charles on bottom step. Maybe 1939.

Bottom left: First 4 grandchildren.: Ray, holding Mark, Marian holding Kristin, Sherie & Jana in front. Taken in Michael's

Bottom middle: Ray at Jackson Lake probably Sept, 1938



ROSE, MARIAN, RAY. CALIFORNIA TRIP 1937



Right: Ray on his motorcycle on a cold winter's day. If he had been going or coming from work he would have had the milk bucket on back. He rode his 'bike' all year to work except when roads were icy

Below: Ray's 13-year Fire Dept service award.
Below right: Department photo given Ray by his 3rd ? cousin, Glen Perrins (Sol) Ray, sitting third from left.



CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

This is to Certify that

T. RAY PHILLIPS

has diligently and faithfully served
the Citizens of Ogden City
as a member of the

FIRE

Department
for a period of

13
years

and is Awarded the
CITY OF OGDEN SERVICE EMBLEM
for that splendid service



Date

October 15th
1957

OGDEN CITY CORPORATION

J. H. Allison
City Manager

Julian L. Stephens
Director of Personnel



Right: Victor teachers living in the hotel. Bangerter & -----
Below right: 1937 CA trip on way home at Uncle John Elmer's in Burley, ID
Below: Ray & Zella with the 3 cousins all born spring of 1940., Michael, Barbara & Kenneth.

Two small pictures: Ray & Marian on steps of house on 4th North in Logan. Charles on bottom step. Maybe 1939.

Bottom left: First 4 grandchildren.: Ray, holding Mark, Marian holding Kristin, Sherie & Jana in front. Taken in Michael's

Bottom middle: Ray at Jackson Lake probably Sept, 1938



ROSE, MARIAN, RAY. CALIFORNIA TRIP 1937



This certificate is entered in Ward Record of Members, line 578

By

Ellsworth J. Weaver

Ogden 6th WARD Ogden

STAKE NO. 176

CERTIFICATE OF BLESSING

THIS CERTIFIES THAT Thomas Ray Phillips

Son OF Ernest Benj Phillips AND Rose Elmer

BORN March 24th 1915 AT Ogden Weber Co Utah

WAS BLESSED June 6 1915 BY Geo S. Burnham

OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Owen M. Lundberg BISHOP

Ellsworth J. Weaver CLERK

Recorded in the THIRTIETH Ward Record of Members

Book 18, Line 1000, by Laurence S. Gibson Ward Clerk

No. 47

Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

This Certifies that Thomas Ray Phillips
Son of Ernest Benj Phillips and Rose Elmer

Born March 24-1915, at Ogden Weber Utah

was baptized MAY 6 - 1923, by Chester A. Nelson Elder or Priest

and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, MAY 6 - 1923

by Elder John Howard Jenkins

Signed Laurence S. Gibson Clerk Signed John Howard Jenkins Bishop

Certificate of



Ordination

TO THE
HOLY PRIESTHOOD

Number
3

THIS CERTIFIES

that Thomas Ray Phillips
was ordained a Teacher

in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
on January 21 1930 By Paul G. Govern
who holds the office of Priest

Edw. H. Chambers, Bishop
H. Russell Pulsipher, Clerk
Thirteenth Ward Ogden Stake

NUMBER 361

CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION TO THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

Thomas Ray Phillips
WAS ORDAINED A Deacon

IN THE Parovine PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF

LATTER-DAY SAINTS ON April 10 19 27, BY Elder Laurence

S. Burton WHO HOLDS THE OFFICE OF High Priest.

Edw. H. Chambers, Bishop

H. Russell Pulsipher, Clerk

THIRTEENTH

WARD,

OGDEN

STAKE

Certificate of Ordination



TO THE
HOLY PRIESTHOOD

Number
87

THIS CERTIFIES

that Thomas Ray Phillips
was ordained a Priest

in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
on February 12 1933 By Samuel G. Dye

who holds the office of High Priest

Elder H. Chambers Bishop

H. Russell Tulsipher Clerk

Thirteenth Ward Ogden Stake

Certificate of Ordination



TO THE
HOLY PRIESTHOOD

Number
87

THIS CERTIFIES

that Thomas Ray Phillips
was ordained a Elder

in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
on January 6 1935 By Lorenzo C. Nathan

who holds the office of Elder

Elder H. Chambers Bishop

Wm. N. Eames Clerk

Thirteenth Ward Ogden Stake

Certificate of Ordination

This Certifies That

THOMAS RAY PHILLIPS

of the 53rd Ward Mount Ogden Stake
was ordained an

High Priest

in

The Melchizedek Priesthood

in

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By Albert L. Bott an High Priest in said Church
(Priesthood office held)

on the 20th day of September 19 64

Attest:

John K. Johnson
Stake Clerk

Allen R. T. B.
Stake President



HOENESS TO THE LORD

10217

SEVENTY'S CERTIFICATE of ORDINATION

This Certifies that THOMAS RAY PHILLIPS was ordained a
Seventy in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints
by Levi Edgar Young on the 9th day of August AD 19 36
and is therefore authorized to officiate in all the duties pertaining to said office
and calling.

By order of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies
this 19th day of October AD 19 36
Attest Amos Wells Secretary
Amos Wells President

Thomas Ray Phillips ordained to the Office of
Seventy by Levi Edgar Young on the 9th Day of Aug.
Line of Ordination of Levi Edgar Young to the Office of Seventy in
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 1936

The Prophet Joseph ordained Joseph Young a seventy on February 28, 1835.
Joseph Young ordained Edmund Ellsworth a seventy on March 8, 1843.
Edmund Ellsworth ordained Seymour B. Young a seventy on February 18, 1857.
Seymour B. Young ordained Levi Edgar Young a seventy on June 18, 1897.
Levi Edgar Young was ordained one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy
on January 23, 1910, by Apostle John Henry Smith.
John Henry Smith was ordained an Apostle on October 27, 1880, by Apostle
Wilford Woodruff.
Wilford Woodruff was ordained an Apostle on April 26, 1839, at Far West,
Missouri, by Brigham Young.
Brigham Young was ordained an Apostle on February 14, 1835, by David
Whitmer, one of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon, and the
ordination was confirmed at the same time by the First Presidency of the
Church, then Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams.
Joseph Smith, Jr., was ordained an Apostle under the hands of Peter, James
and John, sometime in June, 1829.
Peter, James and John were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ.
(St. John XV.)

CERTIFICATE of PROMOTION



This is to certify that

Ray Phillips

having completed the prescribed course of study is hereby promoted to the

6

Grade of the

13 ward

Religion Class of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Date

May 15 1946

Wm J. Nelson

Eliza L. Barrett

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM

Local Board No. 1 82
Cassia County 031

MAR 19 1945 001

205 Court House
Burley, Idaho

(Local Board date stamp with code)



Local Board No. 4 86
Weber County 057

App. not req.
ORIGINAL

CERTIFICATE OF FITNESS

Municipal Building
Ogden, Utah

Mailed April 17, 1945

Thomas

(First name)

Ray

(Middle name)

Phillips

(Last name)

706

(Order number)

I hereby certify that the above-named registrant has been given a preinduction physical examination and found:

1. ☐ Physically fit, acceptable for general military service.
2. ☐ Physically fit, acceptable for limited military service.
3. ☒ Rejected, physically unfit.
4. ☒ Rejected, physically fit but unacceptable for other reasons.

5 April 1945

(Date of examination)

Name

B. M. Harrington
Induction Station Commander.

Rank B. M. HARRINGTON Captain, AGD

Station AFIS FT DOUGLAS, UTAH



Top left At the S L Temple to do work for Ben & Rose & be sealed as a family. Zella, Elbert, Ray, Marian, LaVon & Ed
Above: Aunt Annie & her neighbor who was so good to her-John Van Scheck, at her home near Loren Farr park. Oct 1975

Left: Phillips family reunion 1976 ? Taken at 53rd Ward where we went to see movies taken by Uncle Wint.
Bottom left: After Myr & Louise Woodland went through the Logan Temple. Marian, Ray, Loreen Cawley Helen & Ernie Cook ? or Woodland friends, & Louise & Myr with their family.

Bottom right: Rose & Ben Phillips

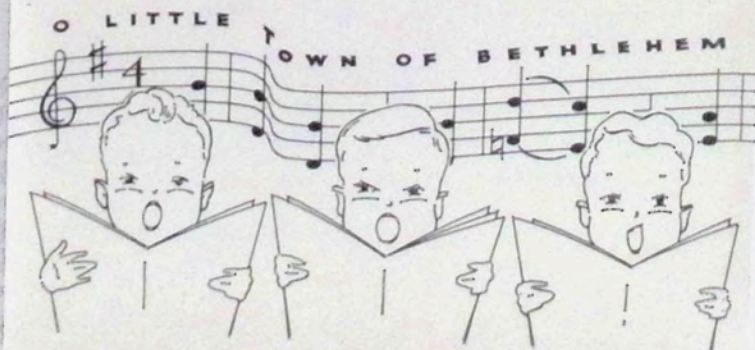


Right: Summer 1963 before Wynn left for his mission on front yard of 1085 Patterson, boy's joint car in rear.

Below left: Ray & Marian at Education Week at BYU in the 70's. It was a summer activity each year for the family.

Bottom left: Family photo taken by Julian Stevens at our home at 2966 Quincy, in Nov 1952 for our Christmas card..

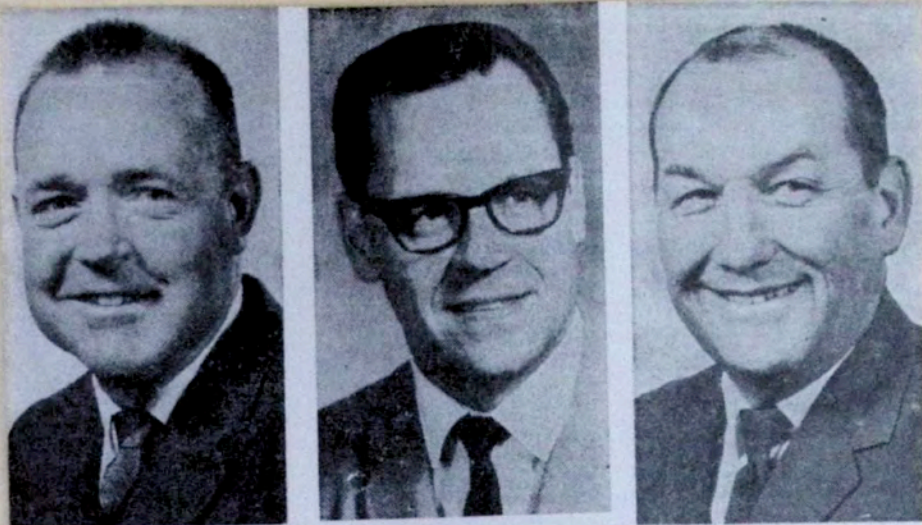
Below right: 2 photos taken June 57 on California trip. The bottom one at Fisherman's Wharf, of Wynn, Ray & Michael, and the other on the steps of an assay office in a ghost town, Diane, Ray & Wynn-seated are Kim & Thair.,





Left:Phillips family at Zella's about 1964.
front: Leesa, in fribt of Marian, Kim & Paul
Marcus to the left, Ed Fronk, Thair & Michael behind
them. Down front again to Ben Phillips, Zella to the
right then Steven. Deanne behind Ben to the left then
David Jacobsen, LaVon, Kathleen & Elbert.,
Below left: Ben on Sunday dinner visit-to
1085 Patterson, about 1965 ?
Below: Zella, Ben, Ray, LaVon in living
room at 3235 Jackson .
Bottom left: k-r:Uncle George, Annie Lynch,
Uncle Jack, Uncle Dale, Grandpa Ben
Phillips , reunion at J C Park Aug 1962.
Bottom right: Ben, John & George Phillips





53RD WARD LEADERS

Sustained as bishop of the Ogden LDS 53rd Ward was Don R. Murphy. His counselors are Thomas Kay and Raymond Phillips (left to right). Released as bishop was Woodrow W. Call and his counselors Elwin Dransfield and Douglas Williams. Ward clerks are Richard Farr, Thomas Johnson and Merlin Woodland.



53rd WARD BISHOPRIC

Thomas A. Kay (left) has been sustained as bishop of the Ogden LDS 53rd Ward. His counselors are Dr. Phillip N. Hale (center) and T. Ray Phillips. Also sustained were ward clerks Richard Farr, Thomas Johnson, Merlin Woodland and George King. Released was Bishop Don R. Murphy who is leaving soon for a sabbatical study in Durban, South Africa.

Dear Brother Phillips,

Just a short note
thank you for your de-
votion to our primary.
Makes things run so smooth
when you have a leader
like you. We could all
count on you when the
chips were down for
some good ideas or thought.
Thanks again, you truly are
a man of God and we love
and respect you very much.

Carol Smith 53rd Ward
Primary

Dear Brother Phillips,

Thank you oh so
much for giving
of yourself. Our
roof needed many
hands and we
thank you for
such expertise and
love.

The Berglund

Top left: Note from
Primary president to
thank him for being
so prompt in getting
help so promptly for
that organization..

Top right: Thank you
note for Ray's help to
repair a wind-damag-
ed roof for a neighbor

Right: Letter of gratitude
& commendation to Ray
from President of Stake-
Harvey Rich & his
counselors, for Ray's
service in the Bishopric.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

MOUNT OGDEN STAKE
OGDEN, UTAH 84403

September 19, 1972

Brother T. Ray Phillips
1085 Patterson
Ogden, Utah 84403

Dear Brother Phillips,

Please accept our deepest gratitude for the dedication and warm spirit that have characterized your service in the position of 2nd Counselor in the Fifty-Third Ward Bishopric.

We have witnessed the tremendous growth and development that the Lord has blessed you with during your tenure of office. We know that you have experienced choice relationships with those who have worked closely with you in this calling. These friendships you have developed will continue through the Eternities.

We would like to remind you at this time that this calling and the completion of it has been an instrument of the Lord to prepare you for greater calls that are yet to come. We admonish you to continue to serve the Lord to the best of your ability in whatever calling the future may hold for you.

We pray that the choicest blessings of the Lord will accompany you in your future assignments. We expect that you will continue to apply your special talents to His work with the same fervor and dedication that you have in the past.

May God bless you always.

Sincerely,

Your Stake Presidency

Harvey H. Rich
Robert J. Jones
Harold D. Jensen

Left: Marian & Ray at Arizona Temple April 1978.
 Below left: Camping with Ray in Spanish Fork Canyon, Diane & family came up for supper. About 1979.
 Below: Ray at the Museum of Natural History in Colorado on 1969 trip with Kim & Leesa.
 Below right: Ray at service station out of Albuquerque on way home from Louisiana visiting Wynn & family March 1970 with Kim, Vickie & Leesa.
 Bottom left: Wynn, an early girl friend, ---Price, Marian, Ray, Diane, Thair & Kim in front.. Probably summer 1965.
 Bottom right: Ray at Washington Temple in 1979 on way to visit Wynn's family in Hampton, VA





Left: Aaron, Becky Amanda & aren Karen- holding Ashley at motor home in Georgia camp ground -Wynn TDY- summer of 1979 Ray & I went there with them.

Below: on floor-Shan, Deidra, Jill, Amy, Kent, Teresa , Jeff & Aaron. on couch: Mark, Marian holding Ashley, Ray & Sherie. Behind Ray: Andrea, thenJana.kneeling. Standing: Becky, Jered, Amanda & Kristin

Below left: Leesa in Hanover, Germany, 1981.

Bottom left: Ray & I at Leesa's BYU graduatioin, Apr 1980

Bottom right: Ray & I aboout a month before he died.



Right: Card signed by all of the grandchildren who could write their names-came with small basket of blue flowers I still keep in my living room.
Below: Grandchildren gathering before Ray's funeral to practice their song.
Bottom: Program for Ray's funeral



"Time cannot steal
the treasures
that we carry
in our hearts..."

Amanda Jeff
Ashley DeDe J.
Becky Shan
Aaron Mark
Matt Sheril
Nate Jerred
Benjamin
Amy TERESE
Jill ANNE
Jana Kristen
Kent

IN MEMORY OF

Thomas Ray Phillips

24 March 1915 - 14 September 1981

Funeral Services

Chapel of Flowers Mortuary

1:00 p.m. Thursday 17 September 1981

Officiating

Bishop Richard L. Farr

Floral Arrangements

Phillips Family

Pall Bearers

Michael R. Phillips	Wynn C. Phillips
Jarred Phillips	Dale Stephenson
Thair R. Phillips	Mark Stephenson
Matthew Phillips	Jeffrey Stephenson
Kimball Phillips	

Interment

Aultorest Memorial Park

SERVICES

Family Prayer	Charles Price
Prelude Music	Janice Johansen
Invocation	Bishop Tom Kay
Musical Selection	Grandchildren "Families Can Be Together Forever"
Remarks	Bishop Richard L. Farr
Speaker ..	Joe Hilton, Chief, Ogden City Fire Department
Speaker	Pres. David Geddes
Musical Selection	Mark & Janette Bischoff
Benediction	Bishop Don Murphy
Postlude Music	Janice Johansen
Dedicatory Prayer	Allen Price



from the desk of



L. ELMER PETERSON

Dear Marian:
 It was hard for me to
 think that my precious friend
 Ray was not in mortality any
 more. He was such a wonderful
 man. We will all look forward
 with open arms to renew our
 relationships with him when the
 time comes.

Thank you so much for your
 letter, hard as it must have been



Top Left: As we arrive at the cemetery. . .

Above Pall bearers: Michael, Jered, Thair,
 Matthew, Kim, Wynn, Dale, Mark & Jeff.

Top right: Don Murphy, Myself & Tom Kay-the
 two Bishops Ray served with-at the cemetery.

Right center: Note from L Elmer Peterson, old friend that
 used to live in the Harline home, and then built the
 Thredgold house and lived there a few years. He taught
 Seminary at Ogeden High many years.

Bottom: Thair, Diane, Wynn, Ray, myself, Leesa &
 Michael behind-This was 78-79-Kim was probably in
 Vietnam..





First 7-53rd Ward Bishops

Allen took these photos at the cemetery. All the Bishops that had served in our ward were there with their wives.

Above: Milt & Opal Hadfield, Eva & Gene Lynch, Woodrow & Beth Call, Don & Carolyn Murphy, Tom & Joyce Kay, David & Anavon Geddes, Dick & Carol Farr.

Below: M Hadfield served Dec 22, 19 57 to April 14, 1963.

Eugene Lynch served April 14, 1963 to Dec 5, 1965

Woodrow Call served Dec 5, 1965 to March 8, 1970

Don Murphy served March 8, 1970 to June 6, 1971

Tom Kay served June 6, 1971 to Sept 3, 1972

David Geddes served Sept 3, 1972 to Aug 4, 1979

Dick Farr served Aug 4, 1979 to Sept 9, 1984



Below: The weather was so beautiful-blue sky & sunshine. Karen talks with Loretta our apartment tenant who was like a member of our family. Dale & Diane in back. with some of their kids.

Bottom right: Marian talking w/friends &---- Kenneth, Bonnie, LaVon.



17 Sept 1951,

Dear Marian,

The High Priest of
The Ward are going to
Miss Ray very much. He
was a faithful servant of
the Lord. We know Ray
wanted to live in good
health but expressed
a wish that the Lord would
take him if this could not
be. We are aware that all of
your family will sincerely miss
their father's presence. God
Bless all of you & especially
Lisa who will need the warm
help from the Lord.

Love
Shirley

Dear Marian,

My thoughts are with you
this wk. for I found that
the 1st week was hardest
of all, after its all over
and all the family goes,
the big loss is felt,
with a shock, knowing
that you are on your own
and all decisions yours,
really its just facing a
different life, I remember
how I felt, so bewildered
for that 1st month.

If there is any way
we can help please don't
hesitate asking. Ray was

There is so little
one can say
To bring you
peace of heart today
But hope you know
and understand
That warmest thoughts
are close at hand. \$5

Always so accomodating
in many ways, especially
if any of us got stalled in
the snow. Thinking
of you.
Pauline Tapp

P.S.

Written on Nov 3, 1981:

I went to the office of Dr. V. Hansen today with a form for him to fill out regarding Ray's insurance. (Dr. Hansen had been Ray's Doctor for cancer, and had given him kemo-therapy.) First, I talked with the office nurse, Ellen. I thanked her for the kindness he had shown Ray and I during the past year as he had received treatment. As we were talking the doctor finished with a patient and stepped into the hall. He saw me and came over and said he wanted to talke to me and directed me to an unoccupied room.

As we talked he repeated to me what he had said to me the morning after Ray had entered the hospital - (Saturday, Sep 12, 1981) -- that Ray's condition had not declined to the point that he would go before at least, several weeks. He told me how surprised he was on the 14th when he learned Ray had died.

Dr. Hansen said he had visited Ray on Sunday in the hospital, and still thought he would live for some time. He expressed to me his sadness that Ray had had to go, saying that he had much respect and admiration for Ray--that he was one of the finest men he had ever treated. He said he felt that Ray was allowed to go without more pain and suffering because of his good life. He felt that Ray chose to die when he did, and that the Lord gave his his wish. That Ray felt that the quality of his life was such that he didn't want to go on and burden us further, and that he gave up his life, partly, for us.

He said he had been pleased by his association with us, and had the highest regard for each of us.

A TRIBUTE
published in the pages of
OGDEN STANDARD-EXAMINER
OGDEN, UTAH
SEP 15 1981

Memorial Obituary

Entered Into Eternal Rest
Monday, Sept. 14, 1981

Thomas Ray Phillips

Thomas Ray Phillips, 66, of 1085 Patterson, died Monday, Sept. 14, 1981, in St. Benedict's Hospital following an extended illness.

He was born March 24, 1915, in Ogden, a son of Ernest Benjamin and Rose Simer Phillips.

He married Marian Price on May 19, 1938, in the Logan LDS Temple.

He was reared and educated in Ogden and graduated from Ogden High School. He graduated from Utah State Agricultural College in 1938.

He was a school teacher and coach in Victor, Malta and Thatcher, Idaho.

He joined the Ogden City Fire Department in 1944 and retired in 1973 as a captain.

He was a high priest in the Ogden 53rd LDS Ward and had served as a counselor in two bishoprics. He had been a ward clerk, stake missionary and served in the Ogden Genealogical Library. He served in many other ward and stake positions.

Surviving are his widow of Ogden; four sons and two daughters, Michael Ray Phillips, Fruit Heights; Wynn Craig Phillips, Layton; Thair-Edwin Phillips, Aurora, Colo.; Kimball Eugene Phillips, Ogden; Mrs. Dale Elaine Roper Stephenson, Provo; Miss Leona Phillips, serving in the LDS German Hamburg Mission; 20 grandchildren.

Also surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Charles M. (Zella) Ballard, Ogden, and Mrs. Ed (Laven) Frank, Burley, Idaho.

Funeral services will be conducted Thursday at 1 p.m. in the Chapel of Flowers Mortuary with Bishop Richard L. Farr of the 53rd Ward officiating.

Friends may call at the mortuary Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. and Thursday one hour prior to services. Interment in the Aultorest Memorial Park. The family suggests donations to the American Cancer Society, Weber County Unit 707 24th.



THE STATE OF UTAH
BY ITS
BOARD OF EDUCATION

Hereby Certifies that Thomas Ray Phillips having
given evidence of possessing the required qualifications is granted this

High School Certificate

which by provision of law gives the holder thereof a license to teach in the secondary
schools of the State of Utah until June 30, 1943, unless such license shall be revoked
for cause.

July 1938.
TE BOARD OF EDUCATION
Amore Chairman

SCHOOL TEACHER'S CONTRACT

Victor, Idaho 38-39
SCHOOL DISTRICT NO.

COUNTY, ID

School Teacher's Contra

Malta, Idaho 39-40
School District No.
County, Id

Signed by

AND Trustees.

T. Ray Phillips
Teacher.

Term begins, 19

Term ends, 19

Filed in the office of the County Super
intendent of Schools at

thi

School Teacher's Contract

Malta, Idaho 40-41
School District No.
County, Idaho

Signed by

AND

Trustees.

Teacher.

Term begins, 19

Term ends, 19

Filed in the office of the County Super
intendent of Schools at

, this

day of, 19

No 5628

State of Idaho

State High School Certificate

Department



of Education

This Certificate

Has been awarded by the State Board of Education

To

Thomas Ray Phillips

who, having fulfilled the requirements of the law, is authorized to teach in the High Schools of Idaho for a period of five years from date, unless this certificate is revoked for cause.

Given at Boise, Idaho, this first day of September, 1938

George H. Sloan
President, State Board of Education

Michael J. Jones
Secretary, State Board of Education

Will Bondage
State Superintendent of Public Instruction

TEACHER'S CONTRACT

OGDEN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Duplicate)

THIS AGREEMENT, made this 16th day of May A. D. 1942,
by and between the BOARD OF EDUCATION, Ogden City, Utah, hereinafter designated as
Party of the First Part, and Thomas R. Phillips hereinafter
designated as Party of the Second Part, WITNESSETH:

1. That the Party of the First Part hereby employs the Party of the Second Part to teach in
the public schools of Ogden City, Utah, during the period of nine (9) consecutive months, begin-
ning the first day of September, 1942, as a salary of

Fourteen Hundred and No/100s - - - - - Dollars, (\$ 1400.00)
payable as follows:

One-twelfth of the annual salary is to be payable on the 1st day of each calendar month begin-
ning with October, 1942, provided, that if the undersigned teacher is released all balance of money
due at date of release shall be payable upon release, or if said teacher is not re-elected for the
succeeding school year all balance of annual salary due said teacher shall be payable at the close
of school.

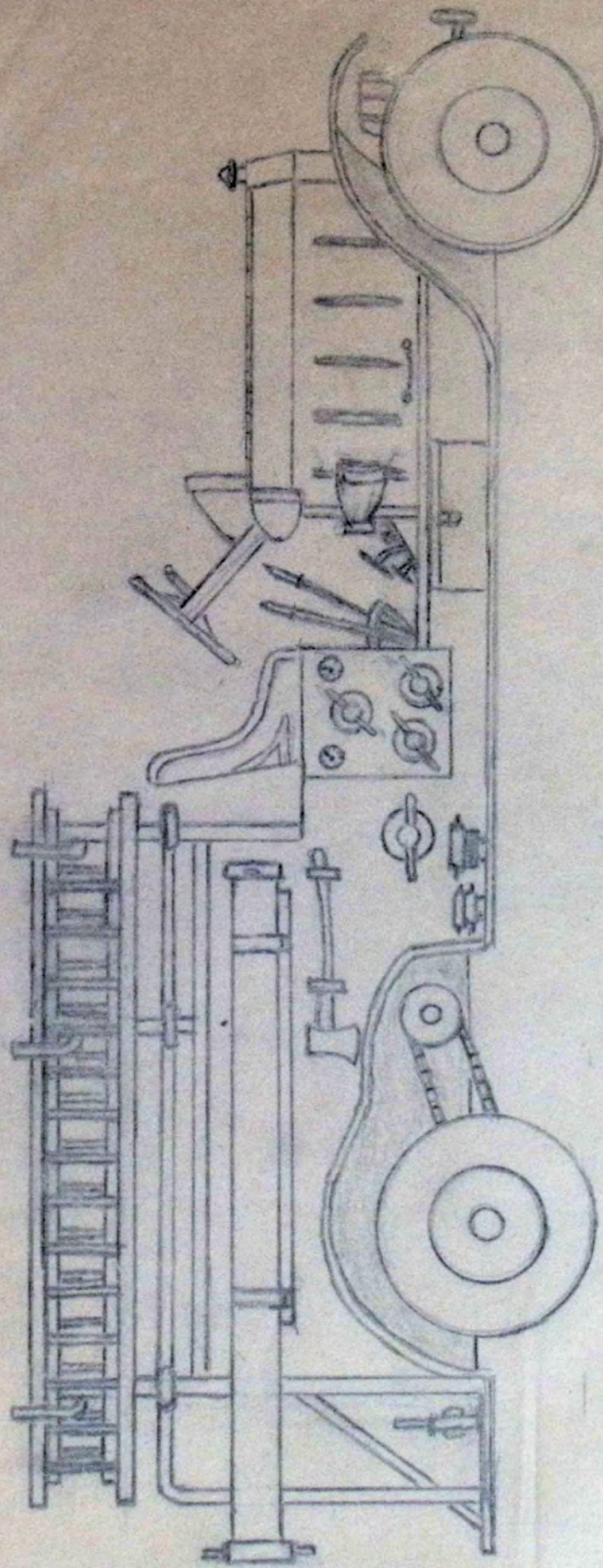
2. That the party of the Second Part hereby agrees to serve as teacher during the time herein
designated and in the place or places appointed by the Party of the First Part and faithfully to
perform the duties assigned to him or her to the best of his or her ability, under the control, di-
rection, and guidance of the Superintendent of Ogden Public Schools, and to be subject to all
rules and regulations of the Party of the First Part as they now exist or as they may be modified
from time to time, and to meet all appointments and attend such meetings as may be arranged by
the Superintendent of Schools.

3. That in case the Party of the First Part is compelled to close school during any part of
the contract period of nine months, due to shortage of funds or for any other unforeseen cause, then
the Party of the Second Part shall receive no salary for the time the schools are closed, but shall
lose one 1/180 of his annual salary for each day school shall be closed.

4. If the Party of the Second Part, upon returning to school after being absent on account of
personal illness shall file with the Clerk of the Board of Education (unless excused from so doing
by the Superintendent) a certificate from a reputable Ogden physician, certifying to his attendance
upon said Party of the Second Part during said illness, the Second Party shall receive full pay not
to exceed five (5) teaching days of such absence and half pay not to exceed twenty (20) additional
teaching days of such absence during the term of this contract.

In case the aforesaid five day sick leave benefit is not used during the term of this contract,
then said sick leave benefit shall become accumulative during the period of employment of the
Party of the Second Part, and not to exceed four

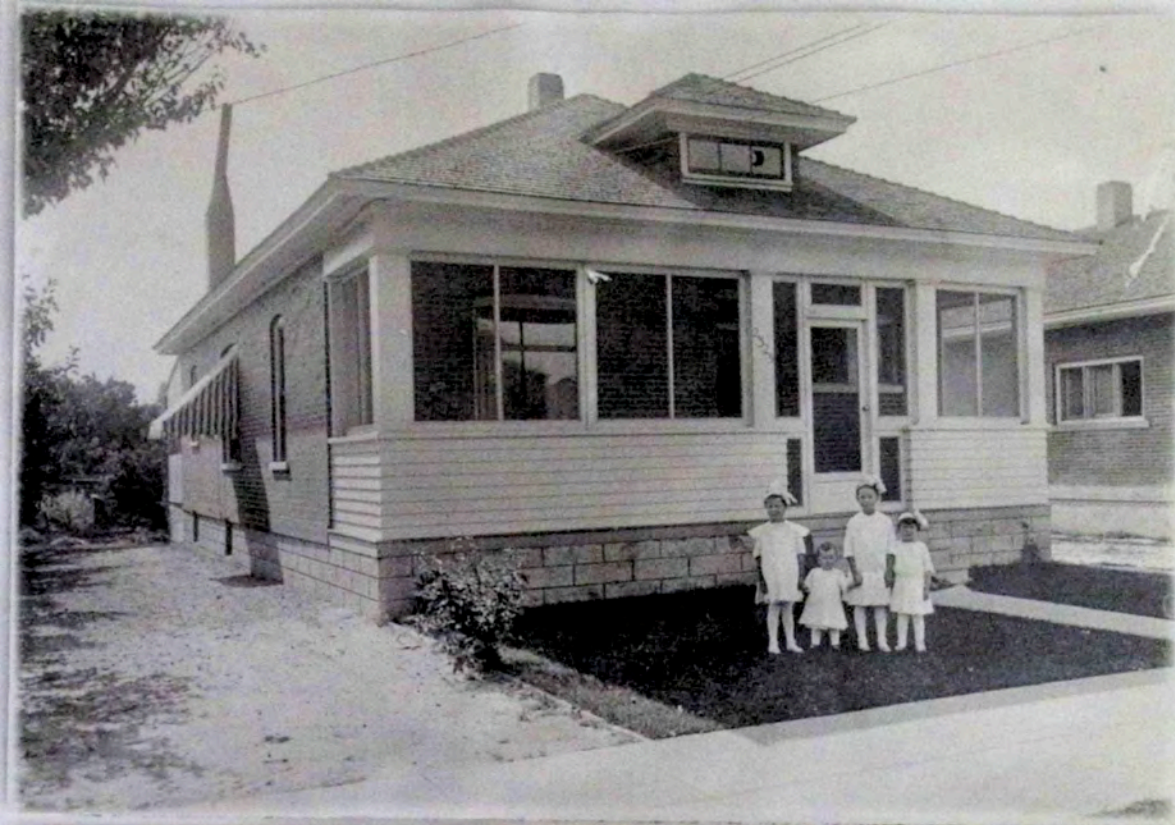




Ray was good with his hands-he drew this fire truck.



THOMAS RAY PHILLIPS



Family home-2325 Jackson
left to right: Lula, Ray
Zella, LaVon



ERNEST BENJAMIN & ROSEBELL H PHILLIPS



Above: Ben Phillips with fireman friends: Ray Steele, Bob Purdie, Ben, Noble Hinton.

Below: Rose Phillips with 13th Ward Relief Society sisters -
(She is seated at a table at the right, 2nd from left.)





ROSEBELL & ERNEST BENJAMIN PHILLIPS FAMILY

Summer 1955 or 56 - Lorin Farr Park

Back left: Edwin Fronk, LaVon Phillips Fronk & their 3 children: Kenneth in back, Kathleen & Stevemin front. Next:: Barbara & Bruce Ballard, Winford Taylor & Lula May Phillips Taylor next to Rose & Ben Phillips, then Zella Rose Phillips Ballard & Charles Elbert Ballard. Next, Thomas Ray & Marian Phillips & their 5 children: Michael in back, Thair, Kim & Wynn in front & Diane-almost hidden to the right of Marian.

Michael & Deanne Phillips Family - 1990

Front row, from left: Tyler Bass, Ashley LeVitre, Deanne-holding Gentry Bass, Michael. Back from left: Sherie & Brett Bass, Kristin & David LeVitre, Andrea & Teresa,





DIANE & DALE STEPHENSON FAMILY - 1995

Left: Jeff holding Adrian, Austin, Marianne holding Jayden. At Jeff's right: Heather behind Mark who is holding Mitthell Spencer standing in front. Standing at back: Jill, Kent, Shan & Amy. To right of Mark: Diane & Dale w/Lindsey in front of them. At right of Dale: Ed Plummer holding Rian, Deidra, behind Jana who is holding Spencer, Rob Larson behind Ryan-Nicole is in center in dress w/lace collar.



Marian Price
Phillips

THE LIFE HISTORY OF MARIAN PRICE PHILLIPS

My ancestors came to America from many lands -- Wales, England, Ireland, Italy, Holland and Denmark. Some of the Peirces were in America shortly after the Mayflower came, so they were among the first settlers of this land. My great grandfather, Robert Daybell, a young married man, was coming across the plains with the pioneers - his young wife and small daughter with him. He left camp one day to hunt with the other men of the company near the north fork of the Platte River in Nebraska, and never returned or was heard of again. Search was made, but the company could not delay, and went on without him. Brigham Young sent my Grandfather Price to settle the Heber Valley; my Grandfather ^{Winn} to settle Smithfield. in Cache Valley; and my Grandfather Peirce on a mission to WOT Winn-Peirce s" area, where he became interested in the possibilities of, t is now, Moab. He was one of Moab's first settlers, and named the town and was its first postmaster.

As nearly as I am able to tell, my ancestors were just ordinary folks. They were hard-working, industrious, ingenious, and studious, but so were many of their generation. Many of them gave much for the Gospel cause, and had firm testimonies of it. Consequently, much of their time and many of their efforts went to spreading the Gospel in the earth.

I would like to tell a little of my memories of the personalities of my Grandparents::



GEORGE PRICE

George Price was good natured and had pleasant, easy ways. All his grandchildren liked him because he was always making fun things happen. He liked to put a bit of sugar on his finger and put it into our mouths when we were babies - just to hear us smack our lips. I have learned, since his death, that he was also a student. According to my cousin, Dix Price, "... I went to the home of my very sick Grandfather. I found him reading the "History of the Church". I believe he was in about volume three. I was a little bit surprised. He was not at all well. His relatives had been called from Utah. He could have died at any moment. And he said to me, 'You know, Joseph Smith said that every fact I gain from this history will rise with me in the resurrection. I want to be one of the best informed persons on the history of the Church.' It is my understanding that before he died he finished volume seven." (Taken from an address given by Dix Price to the BYU studentbody, April 5, 1955, "Joseph Smith PH.D")

Mary Hannah Daybell was dignified and reserved. She had a lot of white hair, which she drew up into a bun on top of her head - not pulled back, but puffed around her face softly. Many times on Mother's Day she would represent all the mothers, and would sit in a special place in the meeting place. She always looked lovely, and was very erect and poised. She had a big sea shell we could put to our ear and hear the ocean roaring, and a book with pictures that appeared 3-dimensional when viewed through special glasses. I loved to go look at it.



MARY H DAYBELL



JULIA NOAKES

Julia Winn Peirce Noakes was quite straight-laced, stern, and kept a very clean, neat and orderly house. This may seem forbidding, but I loved to go there. She always made us feel welcome, and would sit down and talk with us when we came visiting. She always had something good for us to eat, sometimes it was fresh peas or carrots from the garden, --but we had better watch as we picked so as not to step on any plants while we were in the garden! I remember once, one of us took our high school graduation dress for her to see. She looked at it, and then said. "No sleeves?" We said, "But Grandma - that's the style." "Well," she said, "I've been married twice, and no man has seen under my arm!"

William Andrew Peirce died before I was born, but he filled a mission to the Indians, was a college graduate, and named Moab, so he must have been quite a fellow. He and Grandma Noakes were divorced, which was unusual in those early days. He had a withered hand, and married her late in life.

WILLIAM ANDREW PEIRCE





DAVID NOAKES

David P. Noakes was my Grandma Julia's second husband, and the only Grandpa I knew on my mother's side of the family. He loved little children and babies. I can see him, now, in my memory, leaned over a bit - he was very tall - a little one holding onto his finger. He would go wherever the toddler wanted to walk, almost, and just love them, and smile on them. He was kind and gentle, and didn't talk much, but had a very sweet spirit. He wrote a very beautiful hand and was secretary of the High Priest Quorum for many years. He was just the right opposite for Grandma's fiery temperament.

My parents met while Daddy was in Provo attending school. There was no high school in the Heber Valley where Daddy lived. (His folks owned a farm in Charleston at that time.) He had come down to live with his Grandmother (who was the daughter of Robert Daybell who was lost on the plains). His Grandmother (Agnes Ann Bancroft) had married George Moore and was then living in Provo. Daddy was attending the old BYU Academy. Mother was living in nearby Springville with her parents. Daddy first dated my "Aunt Hilda" - one of Grandpa Noakes's girls. He left for his mission to South Africa, and, while he was away, he and Mother began to correspond. When he returned to Utah after his mission, he took Mother out, and began urging her to marry him. His brothers, J.R. and George F. were writing to him almost daily from Arizona, where they wanted him to come work for them. They owned an insurance company in Phoenix, and felt that was the place for Daddy. They had helped finance Daddy's mission and intended that he repay them somewhat, I suppose. I have heard Mom say many times that she had to marry Daddy to get him off her front porch. After the wedding Daddy left for Phoenix, and Mother prepared her trousseau and arranged to move to Arizona.



FRANKLIN DAYBELL PRICE

Daddy had toured the world after filling his mission in South Africa, and brought back many beautiful things. I can remember asking Daddy to let us look at his mementos, when I was growing up. Sometimes he would let me take some of them to school when we would study different countries. He kept these lovely things in two trunks, and once, water got into one of them accidentally, and some of the things were ruined. In 1966 when the folks sold their home in Orem and moved to Ogden, Daddy didn't know what to do with the trunk full of the curios he had brought home from his mission. He said he'd like to give them out to all of the kids and grandkids, so we had a family gathering at our place, and everyone came except Allen and his family. We all had a number written on pieces of paper. We would hold an item up and everyone who wanted a chance on the thing would put his number in the hat. The littlest ones would draw a number out, and that person got the thing. We had such a fun time! Even the trunk was given away. The kids had things for "show & tell" for months.

Well, after Mom had joined Daddy in Phoenix and they had spent some months together, Daddy was drafted into the army. This was 1917, and World War I was raging. Daddy had to report to his unit, which was in Wasatch County, so they returned to Utah. Mom was pregnant with me, and went to stay with her folks in Springville, while Daddy was gone. After basic training in California Daddy was sent to France, near the front lines. Daddy was being moved nearer to the battle lines, and saw many of



MYRTLE PEIRCE PRICE

the wounded men being returned to hospitals from the front. Just before he was to go into the fore front, the Armistice was signed and the war was over.

Early in the morning on August 21, 1918, in the midst of the flu epidemic, I was born in Springville, Utah. The doctor, busy with so many ill, barely made it to my birth. Due to mail delays, my father, (who was near the front lines in France), did not receive word of my arrival until I was three months old. At that time the war was over, and the soldiers were returning home. Aunt Fern, one of my Daddy's sisters was married to Daddy's good friend, Bill Carlyle. Bill had been drafted just ahead of Daddy, and was fighting in a battle on the day the Armistice was signed. He was killed on that day. Word of his death arrived to Aunt Fern some time after the war was over. She was pregnant with Bill Jr., and became very despondent, and had no interest in preparing for her baby. Grandma Price wrote to Mother to ask her to come to Charleston and bring me to try to help Fern to renew her interest in life. Mother was in Charleston on this assignment, when Daddy returned from the war. Mother and Aunt Fern have always been a little special to one another, and I guess, these experiences were the reasons for these feelings. The reunion of my parents after their long separation must have been bitter-sweet because of the sorrow of Aunt Fern.

Some time was spent with family and friends in Utah, and then Mom and Daddy and I returned to Phoenix to take up our war-interrupted lives. We rented an apartment which was one end of a duplex.

The tenants in the other end were also LDS - they were the Smiths. From this time a friendship grew up between our two families which has endured thru all the years since that time. As children, and still today, we call Mrs. Smith, "Auntie Smith", and Erleen, her daughter, became my baby-sitter, whenever my folks had to be away. I also remember their other daughter, Eadda, who was older than Erleen, and they also had a son. I don't remember Mr. Smith very well. He passed away while the girls were in their teens. But Auntie Smith and the two girls became like part of our family.

Mother made a trip to Utah in the spring of 1920 to visit her folks. She was expecting her second child in July, which is sizzling hot in the Arizona sun. Phyllis was born in due time, but was a delicate child with frail health. Mother was always concerned that she not be exposed to any illness that would further weaken her. As her second summer approached, Mother wondered how Phyllis would stand the hot weather, and, as Daddy was going into the northern part of Arizona to sell insurance, she and Daddy decided that Mom should go with him and get us all out of the heat. The Smiths accompanied them. The first few weeks they camped in the mountains. Auntie Smith was an accomplished Dutch-oven



MOTHER WITH ME

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

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CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
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SPRINGVILLE UTAH AUGUST 21 1918

F D PERCE

PVT BATTERY B 145 TH FIELD ARTILLERY CR A E F CR PM NYC

BABY GIRL BORN TODAY NAME MARION BOTH DOING WELL

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THE TELEGRAM DADDY RECEIVED IN FRANCE

cook, and even made bread over the open fire. I can remember the folks talking about her good meals. The Smiths were a great help to Mom in caring for two babies in such a wilderness setting. As the summer wore on they moved to an apartment in Snowflake. Refrigeration was not common at that time, and when a farmer killed an animal he would sell the meat immediately so it could be used before it spoiled. Daddy would often come home with farm produce or meat as part payment on an insurance policy. While they were living in Snowflake he brought several cuts home with him. They used the meat, leaving the bones to be boiled and combined with some of Auntie Smith's home-made noodles. But, it was too long for the meat to stand in the summer's heat. By the time they boiled the bones, they were tainted. Not knowing it was bad, they all ate the soup and became ill. The baby, who had been fed some of the broth was very ill, and was unable to throw off the effects of the poison. After several agonizing days, she was gone.

Grandpa Price was in Holbrook, Arizona, selling insurance, also. Grandma was with him. The day that Phyllis died Grandma had a feeling that something was terribly wrong with Frank and Myrtle. She persuaded Grandpa to take her to Snowflake to find out what was happening. They met on the road between Holbrook and Snowflake. Daddy was taking me, Mother and Phyllis to the train to return to Phoenix, while he would return to the apartment, get their things together, and bring their belongings and the Smiths back to



PHYLLIS: Phoenix in the car. Grandma and Grandpa came to Phoenix with Daddy. As we drove toward the train station that day I well remember Phillis, for they had stretched her small body out on the back seat of the car and had put nickles on her eyelids to keep her eyes closed. I asked my folks why there was money on the baby's eyes, and stood in the front seat looking back at her curiously for much of the trip to Holbrook. Mother was pregnant with her third child, Beth, at this time, which added another difficult factor to this sorrowful experience. They were also all weak, and still feeling the effects of the food poisoning. It was a great comfort to have the Smiths with them during this period. It is 1977 as I am writing this, and Aunt Smith is still alive. She is 92, alert in her mind, and still active. She lives with Eadda in Sacramento. She and Mother still correspond.



MOVING TO PHOENIX IN THE EARLY 1920'S

My mother's only sister and her husband, Otto Mehr had moved to Arizona after the war and with several of their children and also the sunny Arizona climate beckoning to them, both sets of my Grandparents moved to Phoenix. The above photo was taken in front of Grandma and Grandpa Noakes's home in Springville, as they were preparing to leave, at either the time of the move, or for a visit. We are not sure of everyone in the photo, but Grandpa Noakes is standing to the left of the first car on the other side, and on this side of the same car are probably Oakley and Hilda. Grandpa Price is at the wheel of the middle car, and those in, and by the side of it are probably Wendell, Rodney or Rintha, Willard and Ruby. We don't recognize who is in the third car or whose it is.

We had moved from the duplex into a garage-house on Granada Street. It was set far back on the lot, and Grandpa and Grandma Noakes had bought the house next to us on the west. I think they had bought the lot, and Grandpa Noakes had built the house on it.

Some of my earliest memories are of Grandpa Noakes and his sweet ways with me. I'm sure he was a step or two away when these two pictures were taken in their back yard. Some time later, when the depression hit and Grandpa couldn't get work in Phoenix, they went back to Utah, and we bought the comfortable brick bungalow from them. This is the first home I remember living in. Aunt Mattie and Uncle Otto had gone back to Utah before this, and Uncle Otto was working for a knitting company based in Logan. There was a night-watchman job at the factory which he offered to Grandpa, so they had to move. As I have said, the house was on Granada, across from the Alexanders and also from



the Petersons, who were the parents of Burke Peterson who is now a general authority of the Church. I baby-sat both Burke and Kevin, the next child. Our home was just half-a-block from Uncle Rob's lovely home. (J.R. Price, and Aunt Mable) They had a family just older than ours--two of their children were older than me. Their third child, Robert was just a year older than me. He is now a doctor in Phoenix and is called "Dr. Bob" by all the family. Marilyn, their youngest daughter went to the University and married Beech Adams, who is a nephew of our long-time Ogden friends, the Milt Hadfields.

Several of Daddy's brothers and sisters had come to live in Arizona, and we were a close-knit family. Hardly a day passed that we were not visiting among our many relatives. On holidays we would gather at Grandma and Grandpa Price's for dinner. The big long table was set up in the living-dining room which stretched across the front of the house. It had to be set three times to feed us all. The kids always ate last. We would play outside until the adults had eaten before we had our turn. There were lots of cousins my age or near it, and there were lots of kids to play with. Uncle Ray had Norma and Katie, Uncle Finn had Margaret, Uncle Rob, Robert, Aunt Fern had Bill, Aunt Rintha had Bill, Uncle Rodney had younger ones--they all had younger ones than me.

The picture to the left was taken in front of Uncle Finn's house after a birthday party for one of his girls. The house seen is the one across the street from his on West Willetta in Phoenix. This would have been pretty close to 1925, I believe. It must have been Margaret's birthday, because us younger ones wouldn't have been invited if it had been one of the older girls'.

Some of my early memories are about going to Grandma Price's with Daddy. While they visited, I'd look at the picture album, of use the stereoptican, which made the special pictures appear 3-dimensional. Or I'd hold her big seashell to my ear and hear the roaring of the ocean. Our parents had great fun with their brothers and

sisters, especially in Daddy's family. Sometimes they would chase one another around the yard or the house, and there was always jokes and happy teasing.

When my folks went to Phoenix there were only 18 members of the Church in town who were active. Uncle Rob (J.R.) was the Branch President, and later was the Bishop when the branch became a ward. When a stake was formed he became the Stake President, and Uncle Finn (George F.) became the Bishop of our ward. Our lives revolved around the Church. Mom and Daddy were the Mutual leaders (MIA) for many years. Mother had all of her children while she was working in the mutual, and was never released for any of the births. Mom and Daddy were very sociable and had many friends who came visiting with their families, as was more the custom at that time than it is today. Many of the teen group would also congregate at our house. We were always entertaining and feeding folks who dropped in. Mom was a good cook and always seemed to have something good to serve, or made it on the spot. Hospitality was extended to the many missionaries who were serving their missions in our area, especially those from Springville or Charleston. Mom welcomed my cousins and friends anytime they came, and Daddy joked and teased and kidded them all. I don't believe a Sunday passed without someone at our house for dinner besides the family. Mom was always busy! We had houseguests, too, from Utah, usually. At the time the Arizona Temple was dedicated we had lots of visitors stay at our house. Aunt Mattie came from Logan and brought singers who took part in the dedicatory meetings. They stayed with us. I can remember the adults going off to several of the meetings, and leaving us older kids to tend the younger ones.



Back row: Carol, Zona and Norma. Front row: Me, Maryann, Beth, Marjorie, Margaret and Katie



MARIAN 7-8 yrs.

I started school in 1924 and had a wonderful first grade teacher, Miss English. I went to the Kenilworth School in Phoenix. We used my own little red table for our library table at school. Maybe that has to do with my great love for books and reading, for I was very happy to have my table there. I've heard that these kind of experiences have a bearing on our future likes and dislikes.

The cottonwood trees and other plants which grew in that area bothered Mother, and she had hayfever and asthma. Each summer as soon as school was out (sometimes on the last day--as soon as we got home with our report cards) we would travel to Utah and get an apartment near to Grandma and Grandpa Noakes. (When they returned to Utah they went first to Springville, and then to Logan). I can't remember the Springville summers, I was too young, but in Logan my grandparents lived across the street from Aunt Mattie, who had kids my age. They were kiddie-corner of one another at 2nd South and 3rd East on what is called "The Island" in Logan. We spent several summers in various areas of the old Seventh Ward.

We made yearly trips to and from Utah in our succession of Ford cars. I can remember hearing Daddy say we had had seven Fords and a Nash touring car. When we got the car with side-curtains made of izing-glass, which snapped on and off, I thought we'd about reached the ultimate. To be able to have curtains to snap on when it rained, so that you didn't get wet was the

epitome of comfort! We had a tall, narrow box with shelves in it which fit onto the running-board of the car. It held boxes of cereal, sugar, and cans of milk and soup. The front of it was hinged so that it would let down to make a table to eat on. We had a few camp chairs, and would stop while travelling, drive off the side of the road, and have our meal right there. There were no fast food stands in those days, and we had to plan some way besides expensive restaurants to feed the family.

One year we made the trip to Utah by train. We had to wait most of the night, at Needles, Cal., in the train station. Mother had several of us at that time, and I remember she had each of us kids stretch out on the benches in the waiting room to sleep. The arm-rests spanned over our prone bodies. Mom held the baby all night. It must have been a grim episode for her. It was a new experience for me to ride the train, and I tried everything. I must have had 200 drinks from the water fountain at the rear of the car, using those little cone-shaped cups. It was before air-conditioning, and it got so hot you just had to open the windows in order to breathe, but when one was opened, the soot from the engine smoke would blow onto you and soil your clothes, and streak your face with black. We must have been pretty dirty when we got to Utah.

The summer I was eight was a special one for me. I was baptized in the Provo River on my birthday, in the same spot my father had been baptized when he was eiggt. We traveled from Logan to Charleston for this event, and stayed with my Aunt Thresa's family. There were cousins my age there--Nedra, Kenneth and Lionel, and a farm with animals and tractors and many interesting things to do. We



BETH, MOTHER, ALLEN AND MARIAN



Wm. Carlile

all went to Sunday School the morning after my baptism, in the Charleston Ward, where I was confirmed during the meeting, it being the custom at that time not to wait until Fast Meeting to conduct this business. I also had given me, I believe during this trip to Charleston, a Patriarchal Blessing. Uncle Will Carlile, my Daddy's Uncle, who was Patriarch of the Stake at that time, gave both Beth and me blessings on the same day. I was recorder for Beth's blessing, and he would wait after each sentence until I had written it correctly before proceeding on. I well remember that experience.

At that same birthday, probably on the Friday before we went to Charleston for my baptism, Mom and Aunt Mattie gave me a special birthday celebration. They invited all of the girls in the ward I chommed with. The birthday cake was round with a hole in the middle. Standing in the center hole was a gumdrop clock with the hands pointing to 8 o'clock. I remember feeling quite grown-up at the time, and mature. Imagine, at 8!

All of the above happened while our family was living temporarily in Logan during the summer months, our permanent home being in Phoenix. A memory I have from about this time was watching my Mom dress up in a Japanese kimono Daddy had brought from the Orient. (He had finished circling the globe at the end of his mission, and had two trunks filled with curios from many lands. We used to love it when he would get them out and show the things to us--little wire rick-shaws, animal horns, and strange pipes, to name just a few.) Mom had long, black hair, which she had arranged into a bun like was worn in Japan, with ornaments (Japanese) which were part of the costume. She even had the platform wooden shoes and white stockings, with the big-toe separate from the rest (like a mitten) so the shoe could be worn like a thong. I had been allowed to stay up beyond my regular bedtime to see Mom dress for the party, and I thought she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in the apricot silk kimono with great flowers embroidered on the back and on the sash. (On second thought, I believe it was more of a salmon-pink.) The picture at the bottom of this page show Mom in the kimono, and some of the other things from Daddy's two curio trunks.

I was in many pageants, programs and plays that were put on by the ward and stake, and gave my share of 2½ minute talks. I took "elocation" lessons from a Mrs. Riggs, and was a part of many entertainments. She had me memorize and give as recitations the words to some of the hymns we sang in church meetings. All my life I have been glad I've known those verses--it has been a blessing to me. Once, while I was performing, I forgot my lines completely--just drew a blank, and had to leave the stage unable to go on. For a long time after that I had a hard time talking myself into performing, and didn't do as many things of that sort. I have remembered that experience all of my life, but have, never-the-less, continued to perform in many capacities before groups of people. It has not been easy.

During the year I was in the fourth grade we moved from our home in town, on Granada, out onto Camelback Road to a new place where there was room

for us to keep a cow and a horse, and where Daddy could grow a bit of hay for feed. We were two-&-a-half miles from town, and drove in to the ward activities, and to shop. I was transferred to go to Osborn School and went to the school each day in the school bus. It was a large school, with six or seven buildings. All four of the rooms upstairs in our building were fourth grades.

(I found this photo of Erleen Smith, my old baby-sitter and friend, and have put it here.)



Mom in her Japanese kimono



Erleen Smith



Sonny Alexander

There were only a few kids whose parents were active in the church attending Osborn School when I went there. I liked school, as always, but it was good for the week-ends to come so we could be with other LDS kids. Faye Owens was one of the LDS kids in this school, and she became one of my best friends.

Sunday School was early, and Sacrament Meeting in the evening, and especially after we moved out on Camelback Road and I entered the "gang" stage, someone always came home with us from Suncay School to eat dinner and spend Sunday afternoon with us. Sometimes it was one or several girl friends, or it would be Sonny Alexander, who liked my folks, and with whom I had lots of good times. He sent this picture of himself to me after we moved to Logan. He would have probably been my first "date" if we hadn't moved away from Phoenix before my dating years began.

The picture below was taken in our back yard on a typical Sunday afternoon. They are; (L to R) Katie & Margaret Price, my cousins, Fay Owens, Berdeen Stapely and myself. (Berdeen is a daughter of the Brother Stapely who is now a General Authority of the Church.) Allen, my teasing little brother, got into our picture by climbing the tamarac tree behind us.

I remember the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the organization of the Church. I was sitting near Mr. Biggs, who was my Sunday School teacher, and several of my friends were seated nearby. We had been told to bring white handkerchiefs, which we waved in the air as we said "Hozanna, Hozannah, Hozannah, to God and the Lamb!", three times over. I was at the silly stage, then, and remember giggling.

The summer between fifth and sixth grades we went to Long Beach, California for our summer vacation, instead of to Utah. Mother's hayfever was very bad that year, and had begun to bother her earlier than was usual, so we left Phoenix five weeks before school was out, and Beth and I were enrolled in the Atlantic School in Long Beach. In the fall we stayed past school's opening, and I went to Atlantic for a month of my sixth grade. School was more difficult in California than in Arizona, and much more strict, but I liked it nonetheless. We lived only one block from Ocean Boulevard--on First, near Esparanza, so we were close to the beach. Beth and I spent so much time in and near the water that summer that our hair was bleached almost white on the top. Mother went with us many times, but Charles was a baby that summer, and when she couldn't go with us she would hire Mrs. Hirt, an older woman, to take us down and watch us play.

The families of Uncle Rob, Uncle Finn, the Alexanders, McDonalds and Biggs were in Long Beach part of the time we were there that summer. Several times while everyone was there we went to the "pike" in Venice, which was the largest amusement park in the area at that time. Everyone went on the rides. After going on the roller coaster once Mom was so afraid of it she hid so Daddy couldn't take her on again--he was such a tease, he might have dragged her on. All of us would go into the "Fun House" after we had gone on the rides. Daddy had great fun laughing at the girls as they stepped across the air jets as they came in, and their skirts would fly up. That was before girls wore pants, or slacks. I loved going down the long, loopy slides in the Fun House. We each had a gunny sack to sit on as we went down, so we didn't get burned. I remember my folks asking me if I were ever going to stop running up and-down the steps and sliding down. I also liked the mushrooms that went around faster and faster until you were thrown off, and the barrels you had to stand up in as they went round or you fell down and just slid part-way up the sides AND BACK and couldn't stand up again. Once, Mr. Biggs, who was the fat man of our group, fell down in the barrel and couldn't get up. Daddy went in to help him, and he fell down, too. At last, after all of us had exhausted ourselves, laughing, the attend-
ants had to rescue them both by stopping the barrel. Our family



Sunday afternoon on Camelback road

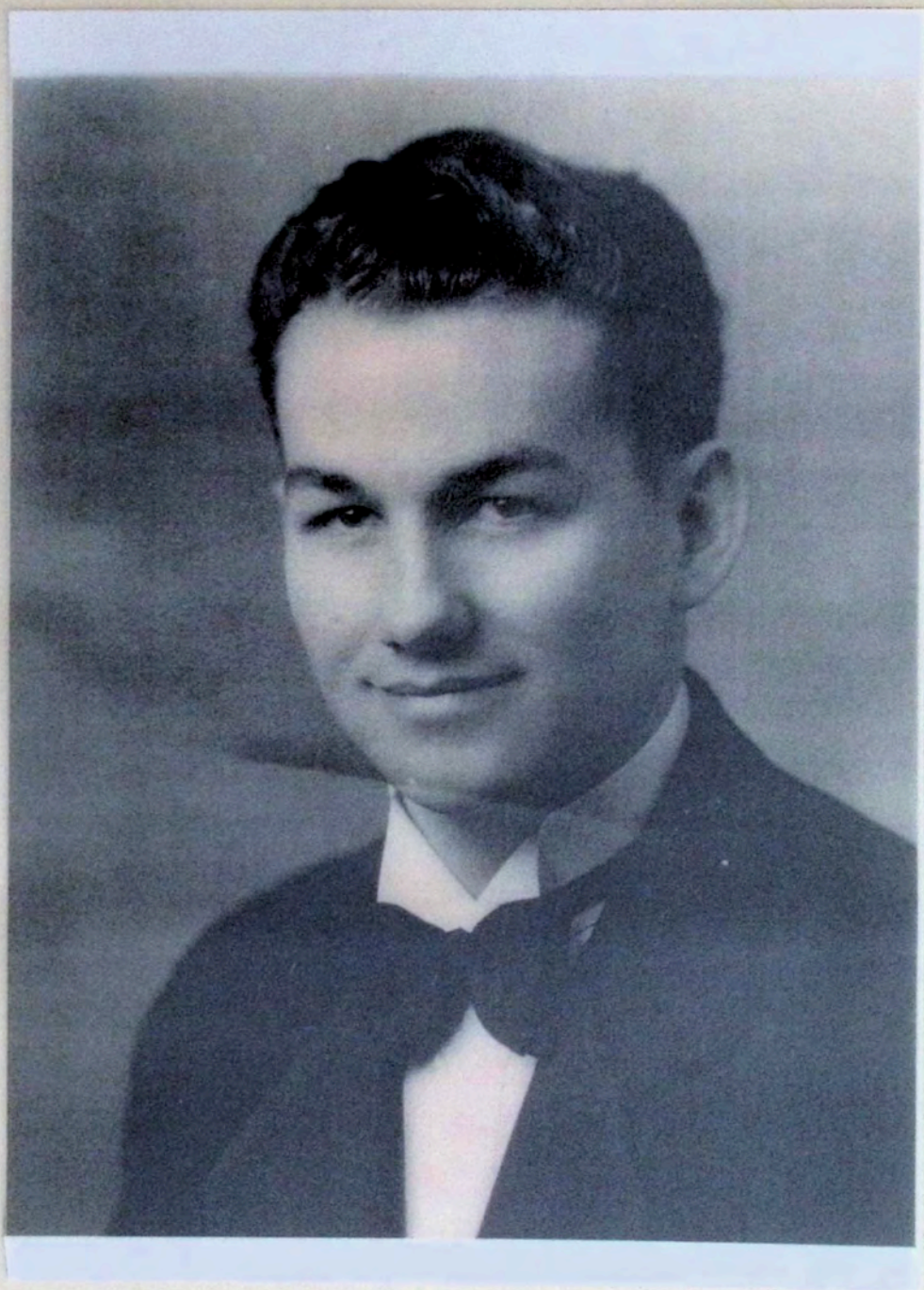
laughed about this for years afterward! We often went to the beach with other Phoenix families who were in Long Beach that year, and I remember swimming and riding home-made surf-boards and building sand-castles with lots of friends and relatives.

Beth and I attended a Bible-school that summer, sponsored by another denomination. Ercel Kelly, a neighbor girl went with us. We learned how to march, to make "hoe bags", and memorized all the words to that great hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy". Ercel and I were two of a kind: we were at the "giggly" stage, and would laugh until we would roll on the floor sometimes. I wonder how our folks stood us?! She lived just around the corner on Esperanza. The Church was far away that summer and we had no car. Daddy had our car in Arizona and noone had two cars then. We would get to Church on the bus--Mom with all four of us, and Charles on her lap, it must have been pretty hard for her, but we missed few, if any Sundays making it across town to the Chapel.

Mother's hayfever and asthma grew increasingly worse as I started into my teen years. When she choked-up and could hardly get her breath she would sit up all night in a big upholstered chair we had. Sometimes, near morning, Daddy would come to my bed, and tell me he was taking Mother out into the desert so she could rest. They would drive out past the town where there were no cottonwood trees (these affected Mom adversely) and Daddy would drive off the road to be out of sight. They would set-up a folding bed and stretch out under the stars for a few hours. They would come home before I would wake up in the morning.

In the 7th Grade at Osborn School I was in Mr. Kirby's class. I had Miss Heller in the 4th grade (5th?), and Mr. Durham in the 6th. They were all good teachers, But Mr. Kirby was the greatest! I loved him! He liked our class, too, and advanced with us and was our teacher in 8th grade, too. They were fun years. Our class excelled in grades, sports and reading. I played on the school girl's softball team as center field. In Phoenix, high school followed 8th grade, and we had graduation exercises after completing it. But I didn't go to High School the next year as we moved to Logan, Utah to live, and there I was in 9th grade in Junior High before going to High School. We left because Mother's health had worsened and the Doctor told her that fighting for her breath as she did when she had an asthma attack, was wearing on her heart. So, in the midst of the depression, when I was almost 15 years old, we moved from Phoenix to Logan. The company Daddy sold insurance for did not have a franchise in Utah, so Daddy was out of a job. This began a very hard period for our family. In Phoenix we had been buying a piano and I was taking lessons. It could not be taken out of the state until it was paid for, so we had to leave it. We never owned a piano again, and through disuse I lost most of what I had learned about playing. I did go over and play Aunt Mattie's piano occasionally. Daddy didn't find steady work in Logan. Government projects were in operation to provide work, as many were without jobs. He worked on WPA (the Works Projects Administration, which built needed public buildings) and was a butcher for a while. I can remember spending "script" which he received instead of cash for his work, these must have been the thing now called "coupons". We lived in several houses in the south-east part of Logan during this time, in the 7th and the 11th Wards. Some of them were not very nice places as we were pretty poor, but Mom always scrubbed them spotless and arranged them comfortably.

Uncle Otto, Aunt Mattie's husband, was in the knitting business and owned the Logan Knit at that time. He and Daddy had gone in together on a cotton-raising venture in Arizona following World War I. The price of cotton had dropped radically before their crop was harvested and they lost a lot of money. There were hard feelings between the two men after that, and so, rather than help by giving Daddy a job, Uncle Otto offered a job to Mother. He hired mostly women as the business was constructing women's fashions from knitted fabrics, so it may have been that there was no job available for a man. Grandpa Noakes was the night-watchman for the factory for many years. I suppose Grandma and he had moved to Logan to take the job, and he worked there until he retired. He used to make little stools out of the large wooden spools the yarn came on. Wages were low, but Uncle Otto paid Mom 16¢ an hour from the beginning--only his best girls were making that much then. This came to about \$25 a month, and was all the cash we had some of the time. We raised a garden wherever we lived--looking back, I think some of the homes we lived in were decided upon not because of the comfort of the home, but because of the size and quality of the garden spot. Grandma and Grandpa Noakes always had a garden, and Mother canned and bottled and preserved furing each summer, besides working each day.







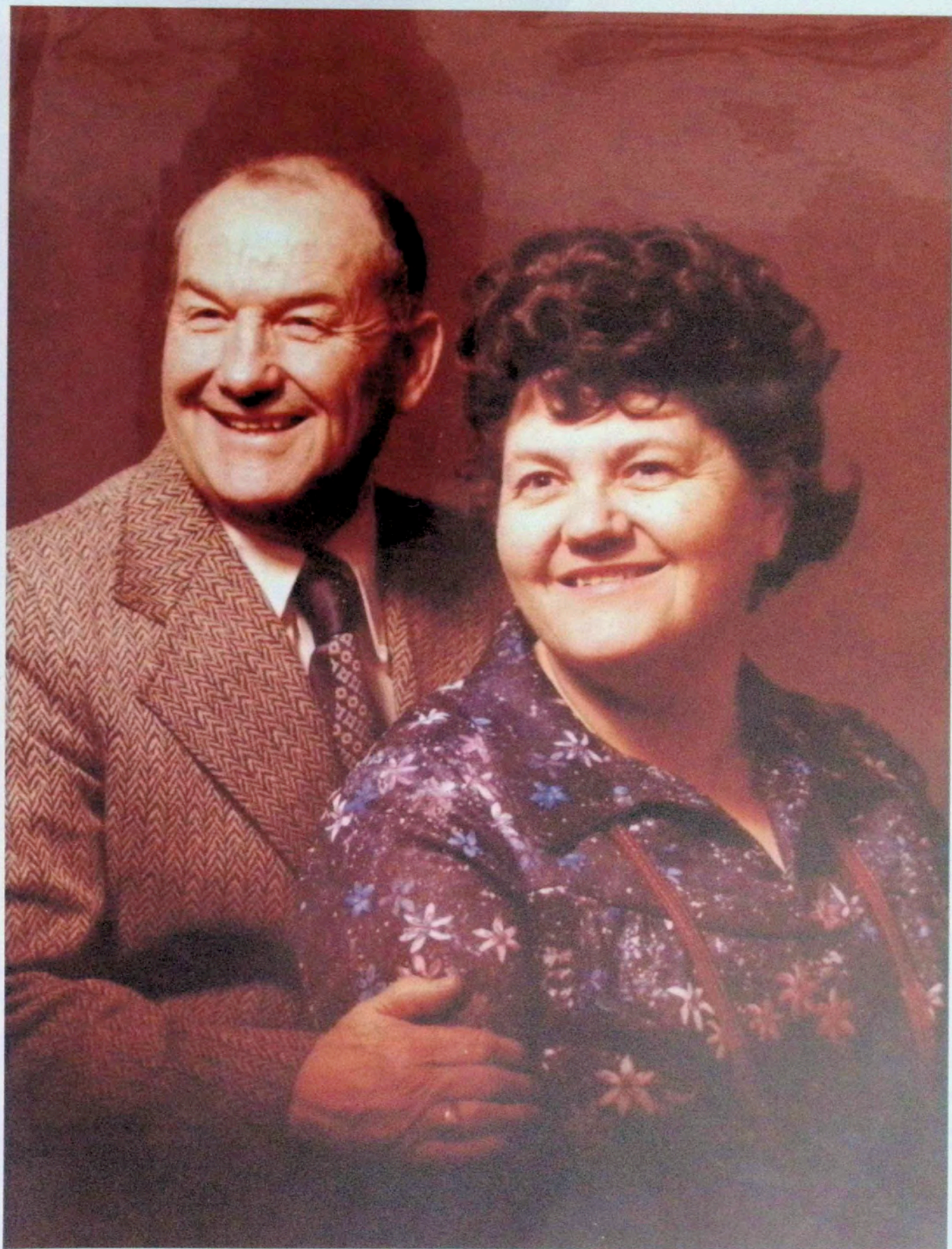
THOMAS RAY & MARIAN PHILLIPS FAMILY - 1989
Michael, Ray, holding Thair, Marian, holding Kim, Diane, Wynn











A Poem for My Friends
by Marian (Price) Phillips – Christmas 1988

I have a list of folks I know all written in a book.
Every year when Christmas comes, I go and take a look.

And that is when I realize that their names make up a part,
Not of the book they're written in, but of my very heart.

For each name stands for someone who has crossed my
path sometime,
And in that meeting they've become the rhythm in each
rhyme.

And while it sounds fantastic for me to say, "it's really so",
Just meeting you has changed my life a lot more than you
would know.

For once I've met someone like you, the years cannot erase,
The memory of your pleasant word, or of your friendly face.

So never think my Christmas cards are just a mere routine
Of names upon a Christmas list, forgotten in between.

For when I send a Christmas card that is addressed to you,
It's 'cause you are one of the folks whom I'm indebted to.

For I am but the total of the many folks I've met,
And you happen to be one of those I never will forget.

And whether I have known you for many years, or few,
In some way you have had a part in shaping things I do.

And every year when Christmas comes, I realize anew,
The best gift life can offer me is finding friends like you!

And may the Christmas Spirit that ever more endures
Leave its richest blessings in the hearts of you and yours.

Marian Price Phillips

8/21/1918 ~ 7/8/2010



OGden - Marian Price Phillips passed away quietly, incident to age, on July 8th, 2010, at her home in Country Pines Asst. Living, Clinton, UT.

Marian was born on August 21st, 1918 in Springville, Utah to Franklin Daybell Price and Myrtle Peirce. She graduated from Logan High School and attended Utah State Agricultural College. She married Thomas Ray Phillips, whom she met at USAC, on May 19, 1938 in the LDS Logan Temple. "T. Ray" retired as a Captain in the Ogden City Fire Dept. He passed away from cancer on Sept. 14, 1981.

Marian was active in the LDS Church. She held many positions, which included Relief Society President. She also served in the PTA and in her community.

She worked several years in the Weber County Library and for Flameco fabrication. She enjoyed designing homes for a hobby including the family home on Patterson Street in Ogden. She wrote several family histories, her own personal history, and compiled numerous genealogical stories. She enjoyed connecting her family to their ancestors by telling stories of her family, cousins, extended cousins, and relatives. She enjoyed receiving emails from her grandsons while on their missions. Marian read extensively. When she became legally blind, she continued to "read" books on tape to include the scriptures, Ensign, and other church books. On her computer, she did her finances, kept track of birthdays, and compiled a list of titles and authors of over 4,000 books that she had read. She loved to tell jokes, poems, and limericks and occasionally wrote her own.

She is survived by: her children, Michael (Deanne) Phillips, Fruit Heights; Wynn (Karen) Phillips, Pleasant View; Diane (Dale) Stephenson, Provo; Thair (Janna) Phillips, VA; Kim (Valerie) Phillips, Kaysville; Leesa (Phillips) Kapetanov and one foster daughter, Vickie (Reggie) Curry, AZ. She has 29 grandchildren; 49 great-grandchildren; four great-great-grandchildren, two foster grandchildren; and one foster great-grandchild.

Friends may call on Sunday, July 11, 2010 from 6:00-8:00 p.m. and one hour prior to services Monday at Leavitt's Mortuary and Aultorest Memorial Park, 836 36th Street, Ogden Utah. A Funeral Service will be held Monday, July 12, at 2:00 p.m. Interment will be held at Leavitt's Aultorest Memorial Park, on Monday, July 12, 2010.

Online condolences may be sent to the family at www.leavittsmortuary.com

MARIAN PRICE PHILLIPS

My Very Special Second Mom

*Even though you were not my mom
you were always there for me*

*With the little things you did
you let me know you cared*

*You were always there to help me
whatever my need may have been*

*You gave of yourself and your
time to me so unselfishly*

*You helped make me the Man, Missionary,
& Father that I never knew I could be*

*A second mom as great as you
is something very rare*

*I just want to thank you Marian
and let you know I Love You*



*With all my
Love.
Greg Thedford
AKA "The Phantom"*

When I Go
DON'T MOPE AROUND AND FEEL ALL BLUE
I MAY BE BETTER OFF THAN YOU.

DON'T TELL THE FOLKS I AM A SAINT,
OR ANY OTHER THING I AIN'T.
IF YOU HAVE JAM LIKE THAT TO SPREAD
PLEASE PASS IT OUT BEFORE I'M DEAD.

IF YOU HAVE ROSES, BLESS YOUR SOUL,
JUST PIN ONE IN MY BUTTONHOLE
WHILE I'M ALIVE AND WELL TODAY--
DON'T WAIT UNTIL I'VE GONE AWAY.

*Celebrating The Life of
Marian Price Phillips*



August 21, 1918 ~ July 8, 2010

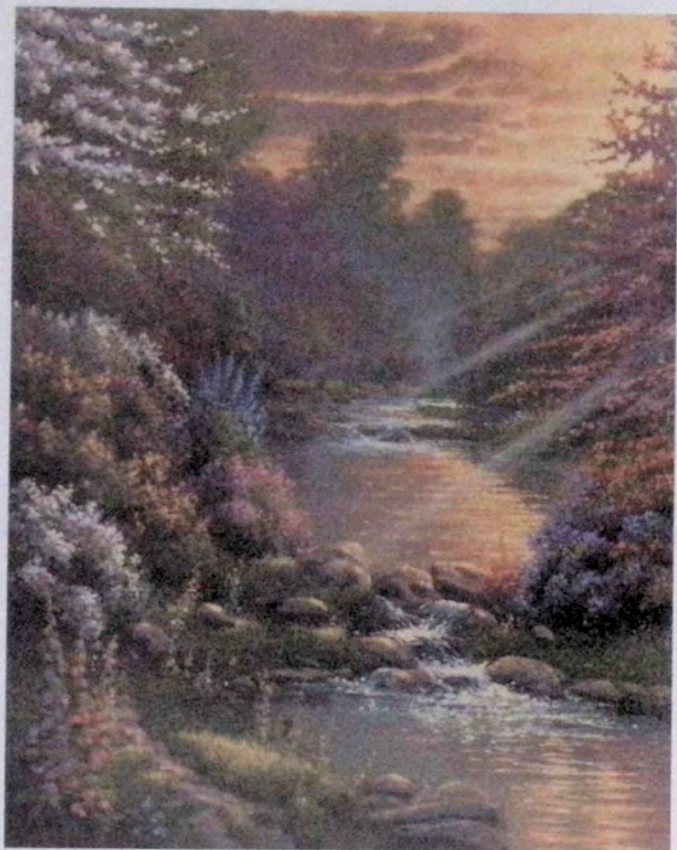
Services Held at
Leavitt's Mortuary
2:00 p.m. July 12, 2010

Pallbearers (Grandsons)
Jered Phillips, Aaron Phillips, Ashley Phillips,
Mark Stephenson, Jeff Stephenson, Shan Stephenson,
Kent Stephenson, Nathan Phillips, Ben Phillips,
Jess Phillips, Eric Phillips, Lon Phillips, Cory Kapetanov,
Casey Kapetanov, Cameron Kapetanov, Quinn Kapetanov,
Connor Kapetanov

Services

Officiating.....President Ross Hansen
Country Pines Branch President
Family Prayer.....Michael Phillips (Son)
Chorister.....Megan Phillips (Granddaughter)
Welcome.....President Ross Hansen
Opening Song.....Congregation
"Each Life That Touches Ours For Good"
Accompanist: Becky (Phillips) Jorgensen (Granddaughter)
Opening Prayer.....Diane Stephenson (Daughter)
Obituary Reading.....Kim Phillips (Son)
Comments.....Amanda (Phillips) Ethington (Granddaughter)
Musical Number.....Cameron & Quinn Kapetanov (Grandsons)
"Abide With Me"
Accompanist: Diane Stephenson (Daughter)
Comments.....Jess Phillips (Grandson)
Speaker.....Thair Phillips (Son)
Remarks.....President Ross Hansen
Closing Song.....President Mark & Janette Bischoff
"O Divine Redeemer"
Accompanist: Colleen Reid
Closing Prayer.....Leesa Kapetanov (Daughter)

Dedicatory Prayer
Wynn Phillips (Son)
Interment
Leavitt's Aultorest Memorial Park



When I go
DON'T MOP AROUND AND FEEL AL
I MAY BE BETTER OFF THAN YOU
DON'T TELL THE FOLKS I AM A SA
OR ANY OTHER THING I AIN'T
IF YOU HAVE JAM LIKE THAT TO
PLEASE PASS IT OUT BEFORE I'M
IF YOU HAVE ROSES, BLESS YOUR
JUST PIN ONE IN MY BUTTONEHOLE
WHILE I'M ALIVE AND WELL TODA
DON'T WAIT UNTIL I'VE GONE AWAY

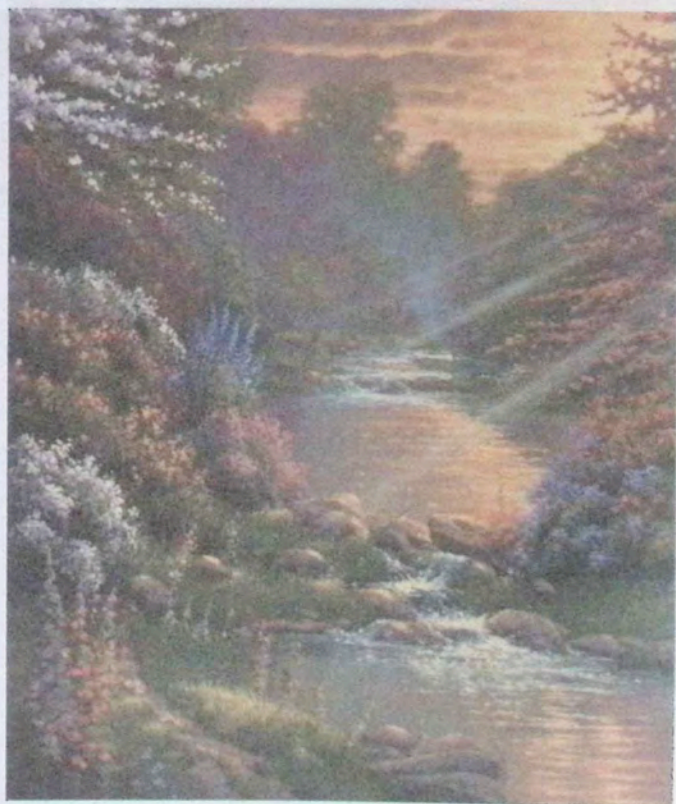


Leavitt's Mortuary

Aultorest Memorial Park
Convey condolences to
www.leavittsmortuary.com

MNTS

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SmartZone Communications Center

michaelrp1@comcast.net

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Marian Price Phillips Testimony & Last Will & Testament**From :** michaelrp1@comcast.net

Wed Jul 14 2010 5:07:46 PM MDT

Subject : Marian Price Phillips Testimony & Last Will & Testament 1 attachment

To : Jess Phillips <phillipsjess@live.com>, Ben Phillips <bpwestside26@hotmail.com>, Jess Phillips <JSPRSX25PSI@msn.com>, Diane & Dale Stephenson <danddstephenson@juno.com>, Jill Smith <Jillandcort@gmail.com>, astoddard@nuvontmail.com, leesakap@comcast.net, coisafixe@msn.com, marianp@earthlink.net, utahwynn@yahoo.com, bekntab4@yahoo.com, kimphillips67@msn.com, fisharner@msn.com, aphilips1@weber.edu, tmabey8@yahoo.com, nsphillips@yahoo.com, jeredphill@aol.com, Jana Larsen <Jana.Larsen@comcast.net>, notblondyet007@aol.com, thairphillips@hotmail.com, sub5ty@aol.com, SFSnuts@msn.com, vphillips@desnews.com, dplummer ny <dplummer_ny@yahoo.com>, wdbassfamily@aol.com, jannadphillips@hotmail.com, pmabey7@yahoo.com, BassBV@ldschurch.org, JSPRSX25PSI@msn.com, danddstephenson@iprovo.net, krissy3d@hotmail.com, jstephenson@digis.net

Marian Price Phillips' funeral was held Monday, July 12, 2010. The funeral program is on the last page of the attached pdf document. Her son, Thair Ralph Phillips, gave the keynote address at her funeral and used her testimony (first three pages of the attached document), and her last will & testament (fourth page attached) as the outline for his talk titled "Things My Mother Taught Me".

I have copied her testimony and last will exactly as she prepared them on her computer. Note that there are some spelling errors and space problems which are a result of her failing eyesight, even in September 2000 when she prepared this testimony. She struggled with sight and mobility problems during her 80's although she maintained a positive outlook despite these problems. The poem on the last page above her funeral program, was with these documents so I have included it, especially since Thair quoted it in his masterful speech.

I think I can speak for all 6 of her children in saying we echo her testimony, and commend it to you, our descendants, as a guideline you should follow as you experience life and continue your quests for happiness.

Her funeral was recorded so I can provide a CD copy of it on request

Love from Michael & Deanne Phillips

 **Marian's Testimony.pdf**
264 KB

My Testimony

I firmly believe that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true. I have gained this knowledge through a lifetime study of the Book of Mormon and the Bible and the other scriptures. I have also had experiences with the Spirit which attest to this truth. I have had many experiences, small and great, which make me know that I am actually a child of God—that He knows me and loves me. Hardly a day passes that I do not feel his comfort and am aware of His interest in what I am doing. I wish I had written all of these happenings as soon as they occurred, but only a few have been written.

I know there is a special love given to those whose spouses have died, and to those who are disabled or handicapped.

There are a few verses at the end of D & C 76:113 which have struck me with force, and make me thankful for the witness I have of eternal truths.

As I have grown older my conviction has deepened, for I see much more sorrow in the lives of my friends who have not had this belief than is in the lives of those of us who have tried to live Gospel. The Lord has given us the plan of happiness, and those who do not follow the plan do not have the happiness that seems to come to those

who follow it.

I have been so blessed! The Lord has given me children and grand-children and great grandchildren of whom I am so proud. So many of my family are trying to follow the plan of happiness, and I know many great blessings await them for so doing. Also, my life will forever be blessed by their choosing to live the Lord's commandments. I have faith that all will someday come to know and live by the way of happiness. I love all of you.

Marion P. Phillips