A Life History of
Darrel William Stubbs

1925 to 2017

Dictated by Darrel William Stubbs (2012-13)
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Early Years

I was born in Provo, Utah, December 7, 1925, at 124 South 600 West, to John William Stubbs and Ella Louisa Ritchie Stubbs. Mother claimed that two catastrophes fell on December 7th: my birth and Pearl Harbor in 1941. Why was my birth a catastrophe? My big head.

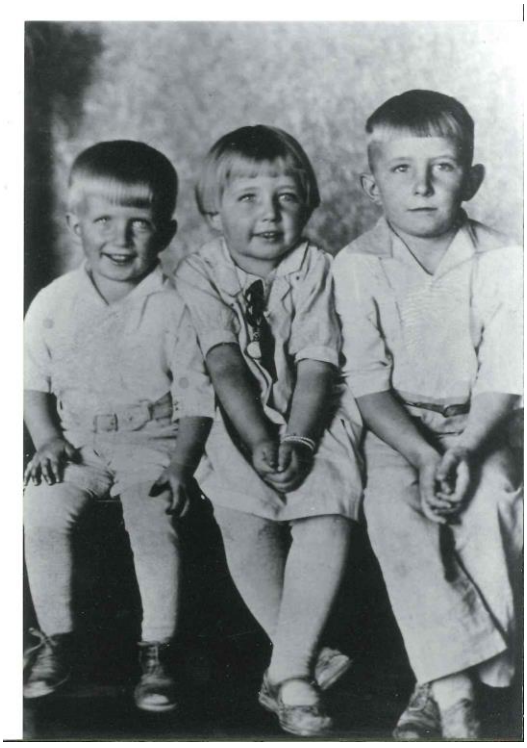
I was the third of my mother's five children: Merlin, Nila, Darrel (me), Verda, and Naoma. My father John W. Stubbs had five other children by his first wife Margaret Ritchie Stubbs. The older five children were Lawrence, Elva, Lloyd, Orlin, and Ritchie. Their mother, Margaret or Aunt Maggie, as we younger five called her, died in the flu epidemic of 1918, after which John William married Margaret's youngest sister Ella, the mother of us younger five. The two sisters—Margaret and Ella, John Stubbs' wives—were daughters of John and Sarah Ann McPhie (or McAffee) Ritchie, originally from Charleston in Wasatch County, Utah.

Of the younger five siblings, Merlin was 3 ½ years older than me, born in April of 1922. Nila was 1 ½ years older, born in March of 1924. Verda, born in April 1930, was 4 ½ years younger, and Naoma, born in October 1932, was 7 years younger.

Merlin, Naoma, Darrel, Nila, and Verda in front of home 124 S. 600 W., about 1934

John Stubbs' entire family was reared in three locations: (1) The first family or older five were born and reared on a farm now located on about 800 E. 3950 N. in Edgemont of Provo, Utah. The old home still stands next to the sand hill. By the time Lloyd was born, Dad had purchased (2) a dairy farm in Charleston, Wasatch County, the southeast corner of which was located about a block north of Charleston city limit on hwy 113, extending north to the Provo River. The river formed the north boundary of his farm, running west to the hill thence south along the hill, comprising about 80-plus acres. All of the lush green pasture in the river bottoms, with the large cottonwood trees that lined the river, are now covered by Deer Creek Reservoir. The reservoir obliterated a spectacularly beautiful meadow scene with a river running through it. I yet can close my eyes and see it in my mind's eye, as I now drive by it often.

Mother was born on a farm south of Charleston about two miles, in 1893. She was the baby in Grandpa and Grandma Ritchie's family of 10 children, one of whom died as a child in an accident. This family became one of Charleston's largest early families, hence the Ritchie surname is still common in Heber Valley. John and Sarah Ann Ritchie moved to Provo with their younger daughters just before the turn of the century. They constructed (3) a home at 124 S. 600 W. in the old Provo Second Ward. The house was catty-corner to Pioneer Park, which was our playground. Mother lived in and inherited her father's home after she took care of him until he died in 1932. So the second family were reared in this home, matriculating from oldest to youngest through the Franklin Elementary School, Dixon Jr. High, and Provo High Schools.



Darrel, Nila, and Merlin, maybe 1929

Ella Ritchie Stubbs, Darrel's mother

During the summer months, Merlin and I spent most of our time on the two farms described above. Those were the days! We had the best of two lives—urban in winter during the school year, then rural on the farms during the summers. The farm in Edgemont was situated between and at the foot of sand hills formed from the old Lake Bonneville. The foothills then ascended to a sub-mountain named Hogs Back, which then descended down into Pole Canyon, which was tucked in right at the base of high, sheer rock walls forming the base of Cascade Mountain. What a setting in which to grow up! Pole Canyon ascended southward into Rock Canyon, which ran westward into Utah Valley and separated Provo Peak from Cascade Mountain, and beneath Provo Peak was the small Y Mountain above the foothills east of Provo.

Tom Sawyer had the Mississippi River, but I had the mountains, every bit as much a fascinating wonderland! As I grew up, I graduated from the sand hills (not-so-small mountains of sand) to Hogs Back and Y Mountain, then to Pole Canyon and Rock Canyon, then to Cascade Mountain and Provo Peak. These graduations were more exciting than those between Elementary, Jr. High, Sr. High, and University.

Back to early years—I was four or five years old when I heard a strange sound outside in front of our house. I ran out on the large circular porch and saw a huge bulldozer. Wanting to

get closer, I went out on the sidewalk just as the huge machine turned toward me. I screamed and ran back into the house where Mom reassured me that the machine was not really after me. The street in front of our house did not get asphalted until the 1930's.

The first time Mom took me to the Nursery during Relief Society, I hung onto her and wasn't about to let go. Finally, she just grabbed me, sat me down, then turned and went out the door. That was a very different action and hurt me, but she apologized on the way home. I don't remember either of my parents ever striking me, but there were a few times when I pushed my mother's patience too far and had to pay for it.

A family tradition was going to the fairs where Dad showed his purebred Holstein cattle. One fall this was to be at the State Fair in Salt Lake. Our older brother Orlin would come down from the farm and drive us to the fair. This one time Mom was not well, had not slept well, so would not go. She had arisen early and wanted to go back to bed, so she got me ready to go, then warned me that if I got dirty, I would not be allowed to go. I reasoned that if I played in the park (Pioneer Park across the street) I would not get dirty, so I went to the park. When I saw Orlin driving down the street, I ran back home. I ran in the house just as Mom came out of her bedroom, at which point she threw her arms into the air and sort of screamed, "Oh my stars, look at you! You cannot go like that! You'll stay home." This was as harsh a sentence as was ever passed on me, because I didn't think I was ***that*** dirty. Of course, as to what is dirty, moms and little boys have seldom seen similarly for generations.

In our neighborhood were several friends also born in 1925, but they were born earlier in 1925, and because I was born near the end of 1925, my friends all started school a year earlier than I did. As they all started school, I felt left out. Mom encouraged me to befriend another boy my age, Ned Simpkins, not yet in school, who raised pigeons. He was slightly handicapped. We became friends and I enjoyed learning about the pigeons.

I entered Franklin Elementary School in the Fall of 1932. My mother had previously taught at the same school, and my first grade teacher had been Mom's supervisor. Consequently, whatever I did in class was regularly relayed to Mom. So I had considerable encouragement to be a good boy just as often as I wanted to be.

Whenever it was time for dancing, the teachers would line us up according to height, and pair off the boys and girls, tallest with tallest and so on down the line. I was down the line and did not know that I was short until they did that. Whether a taller girl did not know her place in line or some other reason, I ended up dancing with a girl taller than me. I hated that and have not liked dancing since.

While the other four of us children took up music, my older brother Merlin had an interest in art throughout his short life. I experienced anxiety and later sorrow for Merlin, throughout his life. He and I shared a bedroom, so I saw firsthand his life-long desperate struggle with asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, then emphysema, which took his life at age 53. I remember as a kid, in the middle of the night, Merlin would have to get out of bed and stand holding the bedpost in order to breathe during an asthma attack. The poor guy suffered all his life.

Trixie

Probably the Christmas of 1934, when I had turned 9 and Merlin was 12 ½, during the Great Depression when money was scarce, Dad had done some trading and had arranged no small surprise for us. He knew he could not sneak the gift into the barn without our knowing about it unless we were very sound asleep. So he was up half the night finishing the trade, transporting the gift, and getting it settled into the barn.

That Christmas morning as others opened their presents, Dad could see that Merlin and I were a bit downhearted at the scanty tally by all appearances to that point. He played with it a little bit, but toward the end of opening presents, Dad said something like, "Have you boys been outside?" After our answers in the negative, he said, "Why don't you go check the barn?" That hint immediately sent Merlin and me running outside to the barn. There stood a beautiful Welch horse. Instantly our most dismal Christmas turned into our best Christmas ever.

We called her Trixie. She was a very intelligent horse. One time I was trying to get her to cross a stream. I should have stepped in the stream to show her how deep it was, then she would not have been afraid, but I jumped over the stream, not wanting to get my feet wet, and Trixie could not see how deep the stream was and so would not cross. From the other side of the stream I pulled and tugged on her reins for some time until suddenly she jumped across the stream, to land where I was standing. She knocked me flat on my back, yet she had the presence of mind to spread her hooves far enough apart that the one front hoof landed to the left of my head and the other to the right.

It may have been the winter before Merlin's accident that Ritchie came by the house one day in early December and asked Mom if Merlin and I could go with him up Spanish Fork Canyon to Thistle, where he had scouted out a nice stand of trees to be cut for Christmas trees to sell. Ritchie had a car pulling a trailer with a small hay rack. We arrived at the place, and Ritchie showed us how to do it by cutting the first one himself. We would climb part way up the tree then cut it off at the right height for a good Christmas tree. We worked hard all day. I had cut maybe 15 or 20. Merlin had weakened after cutting a few, but continued helping by going for tools or serving as he could where he could otherwise. Our goal was 100 trees, but it was getting dark, we were tired, and we had perhaps 90, so we called it a day. We stacked them a certain way that Ritchie showed us and began our drive home about dark. It was winter time and the Spanish Fork Canyon road was steeper and narrower than it is now. As we were going downhill on one curve, we began to slide, perhaps on a black-ice spot that saw little sunlight in certain places of Spanish Fork Canyon. Luckily, Ritchie was going slow and was sensitive to the touch-and-release pattern needed for optimum probabilities for stopping on ice; nevertheless, we were sliding downhill and suddenly a large semi-truck came around the corner hoping to use the same road that we were filling quite well in our efforts to slow our skid. As the two drivers saw the other's headlights appear, both knew the seriousness of the situation, and I was scared to death. I thought it was curtains for us. However, the truck made a quick slight move further right, and Ritchie regained enough control to avoid a head-on, but the sides of both vehicles scraped each other in passing. The scream of metal scraping metal was a horrible and frightening sound. Ritchie and the other driver both stopped and got out to share a mutual sigh of relief. Ritchie said, "We almost didn't make it." The other driver responded with something like, "But we ***did*** make it. We'll both need a paint job on one side, but we made it." He was a nice man, and we all continued on our way, just happy to be alive.

Herding Cows up Provo Canyon and Merlin's Accident

The custom was that in the spring, we would drive the cows up to the Charleston dairy farm, which provided excellent summer grazing, then in the fall drive them back to be fed hay during the winter. Probably in the summer of 1936, when Merlin was 14 and I was 10 ½ (though possibly a year later), our Dad sat us down to give us careful instructions about our responsibilities in herding the cows up Provo Canyon, from the Edgemont farm to the Charleston farm, about 23 miles. We had our horse Trixie, which we took turns riding, a trusty dog, and food and drink.

In those days the turns were sharper and the road was narrower. One of us would stay back to wave down or warn cars that cattle were ahead and the other would do similarly in front. On a turn a half mile west of Vivian Park, Merlin was on Trixie and advised a driver, who was in a hurry, to follow him. Merlin then galloped ahead on the narrow road between cliffs and a guard rail to clear a path through the cattle. The car had to stay close to Trixie or the cattle would again close the path. But the driver stayed too close. As he moved ahead to close the gap, his front bumper barely touched Trixie's hind leg. Trixie jumped violently, which threw Merlin off. Merlin went through the air and his face landed on the metal guard rail, which fractured his jaw and nose, and cut him badly. Upon seeing Merlin's broken and badly bleeding face, the man felt terrible, apologized repeatedly, and decided he needed to take Merlin to the hospital. He got Dad's name and location. He was a good man, and without the ever-ready ambulance services and communications systems as we have available today, he loaded Merlin into his car and told me, "Young man, I'm taking your brother to the hospital. You'll have to finish herding these cows up the canyon by yourself. Can you do that?"

I did not answer, not knowing what to say, because I was not sure that I could. As he drove away, I started to cry. Just then another man drove by, not knowing what had just happened, and in a perturbed voice, yelled at me, "You'd better get these cows off the road before they get killed!" Then I really cried. As a 10-year-old boy, alone and without my older brother's help, I felt helpless. In tears, I knelt down and prayed, as I had been taught in primary. After the prayer, I opened my eyes and saw the dog and felt impressed that that dog was the answer to my prayer. By then the cows had scattered in all four directions, further ahead, further behind, up the hills to the left and to the right. To make matters worse, as I counted them, I could only see half of our cows. But I motioned the dog to go left and round them in, and it did exactly as directed. Now on Trixie, I also pulled the herd together as best I could, then sent the dog other directions to pull them in from those places also. The dog obeyed exactly as directed and, one or two at a time, found all the cows. Finally, after a long time, we had all the cows again and had them better bunched together to go down one side of the road. I pointed at a spot for the dog to stay at the back of the herd a certain distance, which instruction it understood and obeyed, while I stayed in front on Trixie. I was worried about being late and out on the dangerous road after dark, which made everything even more dangerous. So I tried hurrying the cows, but cows aren't keen on hurry, so we did arrive late after dark.

Orlin was expecting us at the Charleston farm, and opened the gate as the cows approached, and called out into the dark, "Merlin! Darrel!" But I was the only one who answered. "Where's Merlin?" he asked. I explained the whole matter to him, after which he rather incredulously asked, "So you herded these cows up the canyon all by yourself?"

Feeling more confident after the journey was done, I said something like, "Sure did."

Merlin was never the same again. He always had asthma very bad, and the injury only made it worse. He would gasp for breath at small exertions, and sometimes when doing nothing. The fact that he died at 53 is consistent with his life-long poor health.

The Race

I was about 12 years old when Trixie and I were challenged to race another boy and his horse. A rather boisterous boy in the school had a considerable following and was touted to have a fast horse. He and his buddies challenged me and Trixie to a race. I stalled a little to practice with Trixie in order to see what she could do. I became convinced that I had a pretty fast horse, so the next time that the boy and his friends challenged me, I said something like, "Sure! When and where?" He suggested later that same day and we agreed on a place.

So that afternoon, he came on his horse, and his sizable following of friends came to watch. I had no such following, so Trixie and I came alone. Typical of a bunch of boys, a little joking accompanied the preparations for this race. His horse was bigger than Trixie, which encouraged some less than flattering predictions for the smaller Trixie. I took the saddle off to lighten her load and I rode bareback, as I also knew that jockeys don't use saddles like that. Like I said before, Trixie was an intelligent horse, and she sensed the import of this moment. She knew it was a time to perform. I think it was a 10-block race, along 6th South, a dirt road in those days. As soon as the starting signal was given, Trixie took off so fast that I was almost left sitting on the ground, but I hung on and Trixie flew. She knew this was a race and ran so fast that she beat the other boy's horse by nearly a block. Word got out that whoever might want to race Stubbs' horse in the future had better have a pretty fast horse.

While speaking of fast, Leroy Pratt and I were the two fastest runners at Dixon Junior High School. He could beat me by a foot or two every time. The only time I beat him was one day when he wasn't feeling well. He was a great guy, one of my favorite friends ever. We got along so well, yet he moved away after a couple of years. I heard later that he was a sprinter of some renown in college.

While herding cattle in the hills, I used to run a lot. For some types of terrain, running was more effective than being on a horse. So I often ran up and down hills, sometimes having to run uphill quite fast. That was good preparation for the 440. In the spring of my 9th grade year, Chad Beckstead, a BYU football player, organized a junior high track meet. I ran the quarter mile in 56 seconds.

On my 16th birthday, December 7, 1941, my sophomore year, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. After WWII started, extracurricular activities like track were either lesser priorities or were non-existent, so I never found out how I might have done in my high school years.

Through my teen years, it was difficult for me to get a good haircut. I may have been 12 or so when I let my Dad cut my hair—ONCE!!! When he finished, he said, "That looks good." I went and looked in the mirror and almost cried. Having money for a barber's haircut was not easy for a teen during the Depression, but that is what I did from then on. Our bishop, Bishop J. Earl Lewis, was a barber. He was kind enough to let me pay later if I was short of funds. He would say, "If you need a haircut, come and get it, and I'll give you a week or more, if need be, to pay for it." There was another barber whose haircuts I liked better, but he was younger and had a little family to support, so I had to pay him on the spot. So if I had the money, I went to him, and if I did not have the money, I went to Bishop Lewis' barbershop. Bishop J. Earl Lewis was a good man and was the ward bishop, and afterwards, he was our home teacher during my teen years, when I was less active, so he felt some concern for me.

Saving Grant Thatcher from Drowning

During the winters, a group of friends and I often played ice hockey on Utah Lake, to the west of our houses. The weather was colder then, so nice thick ice was the norm. However, one season, toward spring, perhaps late February or March, the ice was not as thick. Nevertheless, we inspected and outlined an area that was safe enough and began to play. During the course of the game, a loose puck went further out on the ice, out of the bounds we had set for ourselves. Grant Thatcher, who was something of a daredevil, hurried after it. When ice gets thin, it starts to wave like the water on which it rests. We could see the ice starting to wave, and so could Grant. He put on his brakes and came to a stop, but before he could get started back, he fell through the ice. He tried climbing out, but as usual, each succeeding piece of ice also broke off. He had broken off a path of ice, was getting hypothermia, and the situation was getting critical. He was

cold and weak, and was losing strength and will. We had gone for some branches, and though we were scared at the risk to ourselves, we made a line of us boys lying on our bellies and the last person extended the branch. We told him to float horizontal on the water as if swimming. He then grabbed the branch and we gently pulled him onto the ice and away from the water until the ice was thick enough for us to stand on again.

Mark Singleton was a boy in the neighborhood, who was older than me and was a star football player. I looked up to him and for that reason, I also entertained hopes of being a good football player. However, he was bigger than I was, which made a difference in our respective successes in football.

Growing up on the Farm

Growing up in a farming family, I learned to work on the farm and milk cows from a young age. I mainly worked on the farms during the summer. During the school year, we lived at the 124 S. 600 W. home in Provo. We sold our milk to the Cherry Hill Dairy, where skim milk cost 5¢ a gallon then. The Dairy was west across the street from the old Provo High School, on 4th West on the south side of Center Street.

As a seven-year-old boy, my assignments on the farm were to feed cats, dogs, chickens, and be errand boy: telling workers out in the field to come to dinner, bringing them drinks, going over to Uncle Wilford's house to borrow a dozen eggs or whatever. Threshing, hay time, and harvesting peas were more exciting because I got to get in the grain bins barefoot to push grain into the corners of the bins, ride the hayfork horse, and eat peas. We would also take a break in the heat of some days to go swimming in the canal or in the Provo River up in Charleston to cool off. All were delightful memories. We had a secluded spot on the river where we swam naked. We'd just pile our clothes on the riverbank grass. One time, as we were swimming, three girls came toward us singing loudly to warn us. As they saw our clothes lying on the ground, they pretended to be surprised, then loudly said, "If we take these piles over by the road, at least one of them would have to come out to get them, wouldn't they?" At that instant, Duke Johnson, the oldest, biggest, and hairiest-bodied among us, shouted back, "You'd better run fast because here I come." The instant he began to spring from the water, they took off screaming and sprinting and never looked back. Duke took only a couple of steps, then dove right back into the river. I was the youngest, whitest, and most hairless swimmer. The girls were Duke's classmates. I surely thought Duke was brave.

One day as I sat in the car, I remember the conversation when Orlin approached to tell Dad of his plans to marry Norma Pierce. Dad asked Orlin if he and his bride would manage the Charleston farm, to which Orlin agreed. So after they married, Orlin and Norma managed the Charleston dairy farm a few years. After Ritchie and Pearl Massey married, they managed the Edgemont farm, but later decided they would like to buy a piece of land near Vernal, where Pearl is from. When they left for Vernal, Orlin and Norma came to run the Edgemont farm, and I managed the Charleston farm one summer and into the fall. I milked all the cows by myself, by hand every morning and every night, all summer long. Dad was often trading, so the number of cows was never fixed for long, but varied between 20 to 25 cows. So that summer, when I was probably 15, I did 40 to 50 milkings a day, with other farm work filling the hours between. Many kids hated to see the summer end and school start, but I was happy to trade my 16- and 18-hour workdays on the farm for 6-hour school days.

However, by spring, I was tired of school and wished I could be out on the farm. What I liked best was roaming the hills with Trixie and the dog, while herding the sheep or cattle. So as boredom and spring fever worked on me, Dad would often get me out of school to help with

either herding or spring planting or cleaning ditches. He would say, "Do you think Miss Edmonds (my 5th grade teacher) would mind if I take you out of school today to help me?" But rather than asking her himself, he would park so as to be visible from the classroom window, then send me in to ask. "My Dad needs me to help him today," I would say to the teacher, as I pointed out the window to Dad so that she could see him sitting in the vehicle waiting for me to come back out. She would always say yes, and I would get out of school to help on the farm.

One time Dad had me helping in the Fall so that I entered school late. What we originally thought would be about a week late turned into three weeks. As I walked into the classroom three weeks late and a little embarrassed, Russel Taylor (later in the Quorums of Seventy) yelled from the front row, "Where have you been?" I didn't answer, but gave the teacher Dad's note. The teacher was good about it. After school, she told me that I was a good student and could catch up. She gave me the books and catch-up assignments, and everything was fine.

When my Grandpa John Rodham Stubbs divided his land among his sons, each of the boys got a piece. I remember Uncle Wilford had lots of orchards, mainly cherry orchards, and I used to pick cherries for him at so many cents a pound when I could get a day off from working my Dad's farms for nothing. I liked Uncle Wilford. He was honest, straightforward, and jovial at just the right times when needed to help his workers work better.

One summer day a cloudburst came, the likes of which Utah Valley has not seen since. We were putting up hay on the Edgemont farm and were worried about a storm coming in, when someone said, pointing to the west, "Look at that!" Over West Mountain, on the west side of Utah Lake, was the blackest cloud any of us had ever seen, and it was huge, maybe 3 or 5 miles across. The wind was blowing and we got that wagon load of hay loaded up and in the barn when it started to pour, raining harder than ever remembered. The cloud hit Cascade Mountain and its contents cascaded down Cascade. Streams streamed down the hillsides. After raining awhile, Uncle Wilford came running from the south, hollering something. Eventually he came close enough for us to hear him saying that a flood was coming out of Rock Canyon. I was young, and Lloyd put me on his shoulders and we all hurried that direction and saw a river flowing out of Rock Canyon that was pushing boulders five and six feet in diameter. It was a roaring noise and these boulders would hit against each other, making thunderous noises. Other canyons back up in the mountains feed Rock Canyon, so as all those canyons fed Rock Canyon, that day a mighty river cut a deep gash and gully which remained for years and is still apparent in some places, though real estate transactions and earth-moving equipment have smoothed other places.

In later summers, when we were older, our cousins—Leonard and Dean Stubbs—from Nevada would come and visit us. Leonard was just older than Merlin, and Dean was a year or two older than me. They were good boys and good friends, and I liked them both. Sometimes our more local cousins, Uncle Wilford's boys and maybe another one or two others would ask when Leonard and Dean were coming, and then all would come at the same time to form a group of six or seven cousins.

When they came, we would do rodeos on Uncle Jesse's flats, which was a sandy flat area. The sand made for a softer landing when we were bucked off. About the 2nd or 3rd summer of our rodeos, Dad came upon the scene and put a quick stop to any more rodeos on his cattle as rodeo stock. He said we were burning the fat off the cows. After the scolding, his demeanor changed to a friendly benevolence, as he took us to the edge of the flats overlooking Utah Valley, where we could see the limits of Provo (6th South to 12th North) and the little cities of Orem, Pleasant Grove, etc, with miles of orchards, fields and farmlands between.

He said to us boys, "Mark my words: the day will come when all these farm lands will be filled in with houses, buildings, and city, when Provo will meet Springville to the south and will meet Orem to the north, and Orem will meet Pleasant Grove until the whole valley is filled in

with houses." Dean and I looked at each other with rolling-eye disbelief, thinking such a prediction was crazy. But Dad was right. That is exactly what has happened.

One summer day in my teens, as I worked alone on the Charleston farm, I could hear a splashing noise toward the river, which was the north border of Dad's farm. I looked and saw a good-sized fish stranded and flopping about on top of a bed of moss. I grabbed a pitchfork, ran into the river about knee-deep, carefully placed the pitchfork under the fish, then in a quick swoop, I hurled it onto land. It was the biggest fish I ever caught. I knew no one would believe me if they did not see it, so I kept it in a box or something until Dad and Orlin came several days later. I showed them the fish, but by then it was good for nothing except to be thrown out.

My Start in Music

Mother herself was a well-known soprano voice in the valley. She was called on often to sing at church, funerals, and numerous community events. One newspaper article related that she had sung at some 200 funerals over the years. Orlin remarked that when he was little and not long after his mother Margaret had died, he wondered, "Why was Dad having us kids clean up and load up in the car to drive to Provo to hear Aunt Ella sing?" (The older five knew her as Aunt Ella.) "But after Dad later married Aunt Ella, I finally figured it out," Orlin said.

So music was valued in the family. Merlin was the oldest child in the second family. The other four of us all pursued music on instruments of our choice: Nila on violin, I began on trumpet, Verda on cello, and Naoma on violin. My start in music I owe to the music teacher at Franklin, Miss Helen De Graff. She was a hero in my life, a fine pianist, beautiful, had an engaging personality, and made singing fun! An example of this was her initiative to have our school go to present a program for the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corp) camp in Hobble Creek Canyon (now a park and golf course). We met at the school about 6 p.m., climbed into the bed of a large truck that hauled us there to perform with Miss De Graff accompanying us. I sang in a chorus. At the end of each song those young men clapped, whistled, stomped, and hollered their appreciation. An early experience with real, honest acclaim! I found that I liked performing, even though we about froze going home.

One day we were outside at recess, and I heard absolutely marvelous music coming through the open window of the music room. I ran into the building, up the stairs, barely opened the door, and peeked in. There was Jay De Graff playing "The Carnival of Venice" on trumpet, accompanied by his sister Miss De Graff. I was mesmerized. It was so spectacular that as of that moment I simply had to have a trumpet. I ran home and told Mom I was going to play trumpet. She pleaded no money for a trumpet. I assured her I would earn the money and began looking at "for sale" ads. I ended up with a trumpet manufactured by the Tonk Brothers Toy Co. It had no case, but I eventually found one in a pawn shop in SLC.

Kennion Anderson, a trumpet player, became a close friend. He took lessons, so he taught me. We sat together in class, and I had my lips taped by the teacher for talking about trumpet during a "silence" period. Another time, the Franklin band played in a Christmas parade. My lips froze to the mouthpiece. It hurt!

In the Fall of 1938, I entered Dixon Jr. High with my Tonk Bros trumpet in hand. There sat 13 trumpet players. Being the last one to enter the room, I was 13th chair. Farrell Madsen, the band director, announced a vacancy on Baritone Horn, and helped the sale by saying it had the same fingering as trumpet. When he asked if anyone was interested, my hand shot up immediately. Going from 13th to 3rd chair immediately was for me. Exactly a year later I challenged and became 1st chair.

In the spring of 9th grade (1941), John Hilgendorf asked me if I would play with his orchestra in an Orchestra Festival. John Hilgendorf was a highly respected music educator from Germany, who spent his life encouraging all in his spheres of influence to appreciate classical music and to perform it as excellently as possible. So for him to invite me to play in his orchestra was an honor. He came to me and said that he had no cellos, but that a baritone horn could play the bassoon part, if I could read the music. The honor of him asking motivated me, and I figured it out as best I could, and played the bassoon part in Mozart's Marriage of Figaro Overture. It was the first time I ever performed orchestra music in an orchestra, and it was very memorable. Besides receiving congratulations from the judges, I felt something very special about playing in an orchestra.

Mr. Madsen asked me in 9th grade if I would like to play a solo. Sure! I believe it was in January that he handed me "Castles in the Air," a baritone horn solo. It had a melody I liked, some triple tonging, etc. So it was a flashy piece. I fell in love with it. Mr. Madsen had given the piano part to Anagene Davies, who was to become a very special person to me, and to many others. He brought us together in the fall of 1940 and asked us if we would be interested in performing as contestants in the last National Solo and Ensemble Festival (Western Division) to be held in the New Ogden High School in May 1941. At Ogden High, preceding the performance, the crowd of participants were all put in a large room, with lots of noise and talking, so it was hardly conducive to practicing or to calming meditation, though I tried to warm up a little. When our turn came, we were marched out on to the stage. Robert Sauer, a good German musician, was the adjudicator, and said something like, "Go ahead and warm up, laddy, and I'll be with you in a minute." Anagene played a B-flat, and I tried to blow the note, but nothing happened. Then Mr. Sauer turned and said, "Okay laddy, I'm ready. Go ahead!" As she played the introduction, I could not remember the first note. The whole thing appeared headed for disaster: the warm-up note had not materialized and I could not remember the first note even if there was still hope that I could make notes happen. But toward the end of the introduction was a descending series of notes that reminded me of the first note, and it all went very well. Though frightening at first, we won the highest rating and reveled in the glory that came with it, which made it more difficult to make what were highly recommended and beneficial changes of direction given to me by Wesley Pearce, the Provo High School Band and Orchestra Director. In retrospect, he was the teacher who influenced me more than any other. I am deeply indebted to this man who spent much time, patience, and persuasion, teaching me, a pig-headed teenager, why I should make difficult changes at that point in my life. Let me relate the story briefly.

Wesley Pearce kept close track of those matriculating to Provo High School from Farrer Jr. High on the east and Dixon Jr. High on the west side of Provo. My older sister Nila was his concertmistress in the orchestra. Unknown to me the two of them had conspired to try at least to bring about a quite radical change in my future. Pearce needed double reed (oboe and bassoon) players in his band and orchestra. To aid him he loaned out his spare Baritone Horns. When I walked in to pick up one of those, he looked at me nervously and said he didn't have one, then quickly asked if he might visit with me after school, as he noted the look of incredulous consternation on my face. It was a long day of intense distress. When I went back after school, Pearce had several senior students there to take care of with first day of school procedures, such as checking out instruments, filling out forms, explaining, etc. As I walked in, he very pleasantly invited me into his office. A minute later, he entered with a most serious expression and seemed somewhat ill-at-ease. He began by bearing testimony that he had searched his soul and was confident that what he was about to recommend would prove to be a good thing for me, when I looked back in the future. (He was right about that, but he was about to be tested also.) Pearce then discussed at some length the comparative histories of orchestra and band music,

emphasizing that orchestral music is where the main line lies culturally. Orchestra music does not utilize a baritone horn. I then asked what he had in mind. He then said that players on double reed instruments have the best chance to get scholarships, that is, oboe or bassoon players. Pearce could not have known that I felt deep pity and sorrow for oboe players, having winced every time Stanley Fields tried to get a sound out of his oboe for the last three years. So my answer directly was thanks, but no thanks. I could never bring myself to play ***that*** instrument. By that time he had hornswaggled someone else onto bassoon. After about an hour I went home very upset, but not before he had my promise to return the next day.

Pearce had a large record collection. The next day he came to school with a number of them under his arm. He had spent time at home that night identifying oboe solos in Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert symphonies. When I walked in the next day, he began with a stern lecture, the gist of which was, "Now Darrel, you've heard very bad oboe playing. Now you're going to hear the best oboe playing. You're a talented student and given time and hard work, I know you could sound more like these oboists you're about to hear."

The next hour I heard Marcel Tabuteau, oboist in the Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Labate of the NY Philharmonic, Fernand Gillet of the Boston Symphony, and other oboists I later identified. All sounded great indeed! But I was doubtful and a bit dismayed having to start all over, so I said no again, which deeply upset Mr. Pearce. He later confessed that he then almost confessed the truth about Baritone Horns. But he said, "What do you plan to do?" My answer was that I was going out for football. My answer completely upset him. He blurted out, "Stubbs, you're too small to play football! You'll get hurt!" This turned out to be prophetic.

I gave a flippant teen answer, something like, "I run too fast for them to catch me." And they didn't catch me, but I caught them.

I talked with Coach Kimball, who invited me to a workout. He liked my quickness and speed, and I made the traveling squad. My rather stupid (self-destructive) methodology was based on the formula weight x speed = mass impact power. The first game was with Springville. On a play designed for the halfback (me) to run interference for the quarterback and take out the left guard, I did just that with all the speed I could muster. In fact, I took out two men. I slammed knee-high into that poor guard, who fell on top of me, and then the tackle landed on top of him, at which point my left clavicle snapped. I believe that was my third play in that first game of the season. So my football career began and ended in the same game. The assistant coach drove me to the hospital, where I was fitted with a T-splint up my spine and across my shoulders. Out of the top of this splint came a padded extended arm to which my left forearm, up to my wrist, was taped, to keep the clavicle in position. I had to wear this hideous-looking contraption for two or three weeks.

The band played a concert during this period, in which I shed tears not being a part of it. I resolved to go back to Mr. Pearce and beg him to let me come back, on oboe, if necessary.

When I walked through the band-room door and Mr. Pearce saw me, he slapped his knees, laughing, and uproariously shouted, "I told you so, didn't I?"

We went into the instrument room, he picked up his best oboe, gave it to me, then said something like, "I sincerely hope you enjoy playing this!" This, dear reader, was the very weird beginning of my career as a professional oboist. No one said much about reed-making, which is the huge challenge in oboe playing, the tediously wearisome truth. Had I known the reality with reeds, I most likely would not have taken up the oboe. No one withheld information. They simply were not aware. That will always be the case. Only an experienced oboe player knows the whole truth of the anxiety-ridden, nerve-wracking reality. Until the splint came off, I had to hold the oboe straight out like a trumpet.

Not long after I was given the best oboe, someone broke into the instrument room and stole the only other oboe. Some days later, an article appeared in the newspaper, telling about a farmer who found a saxophone in his field, near Utah Lake. I went to the farmer, found that it was the stolen oboe. It was still in the case and protected, so I retrieved it, and took it back to Mr. Pearce. Two facts relating to that story show how little is known about oboes. First, the farmer reported the oboe as a saxophone. Second, we presume that whoever stole it was thinking that it was a clarinet case he grabbed, with intentions to sell it, but when he saw something different than anything in his experience, he deemed it worthless and tossed it over a farmer's fence.

Because Mr. Pearce got me started listening to professional oboists playing the repertoire of oboe solos in classical music, I came to like listening to classical music very much. So he would let me stay after school and listen to his records on his phonograph in his office. One time I forgot or somehow his office door was locked shut before I turned the phonograph off, so I inadvertently left his phonograph on all night, which ruins the needle and records. So it was a serious thing in those days, quite different from the varieties of technology available now.

This all happened in 10th grade at Provo High. During the following two years, an amazing change evolved in my attitude toward the oboe. Mr. Pearce conducted both the band and the orchestra, and I played in both. Right away the truth of what he said about orchestral music became evident to me. The oboe was obviously a solo instrument, and I became intrigued with the manner in which composers utilized this instrument. Delius, in his *Walk to the Paradise Garden*, utilized the oboe as a contrasting quality to other instruments playing the same or similar melodic material. However, in Franz Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*'s slow movement, he alternated the oboe with a clarinet. The two instruments simply alternated long solo melodies and each then had to be similarly phrased. This symphony challenged me my entire life, but having played it in high school was an advantage. Pearce asked me as a senior in high school, to be a soloist playing the Handel *Oboe Concerto* in G Minor.

While I was still a high school student, I played oboe in the BYU symphony orchestra under LeRoy Robertson and Lawrence Sardoni. I started out taking a few lessons from Louis W. Booth, the oboist at BYU and the first oboe teacher BYU ever had. He was a fine oboist, and I learned a lot from him, even by just listening to him.

My modes of transportation in my youth were riding a bicycle or walking everywhere I went. Not even all heads of households had cars yet, let alone youngsters. It was 5 miles from the Edgemont farm (800 E 3950 N) to the Provo house (124 S 600 W). So if I had an evening rehearsal in the summertime, from 7 to 9 p.m., I could hope to get off work by 5 p.m. to pedal the 5 miles from the farm to home, then grab a bite and my oboe, and then pedal to rehearsal, which may last until 9. After rehearsal, I had to decide whether to cycle back to the farm late at night or whether to get up extra early and ride up the next morning to start the work-day with the other workers. The latter left me tired by the start of the day, since it was uphill back to the farm.

Time Away from Home (1942)

At this point I will relate an episode in my life that seems almost surreal now, near the end of my life. Summers were spent on the farm. The summer of 1942, I got hired for a job at the *Provo Brick and Tile Company*. The work involved removing brick from the huge kilns in which the bricks were baked. It was a slave-labor type of job. We wore a protective loosely-fitted covering to protect our skin from the 125° heat or higher. We perspired profusely and continuously had to replace water and salt. (That's where I learned to like salt.) We carried 40-lb pallets laden with hot bricks out of the kiln and stacked these outside. We received a weekly

check at $2.00 per hour. Depression wages made that a high-paying job. I was desperate for cash because I had to buy clothing for myself.

While emptying kilns one day, Don Peterson and his older brother Robert stopped to watch. The next rehearsal with the summer band, Don said, referring to my job, "So money means that much to you, does it?"

This took me by surprise. "Yes, I like to wear clothes and shoes!" I answered somewhat defensively. I've remembered Don's query all my life. How important is money? That question was indeed important with respect to an episode soon to become a part of my life. I must tell you dear reader that this story represents the biggest, most stupid mistake I made in my entire life by far. My father was a kind man, but when he spoke, he meant it, and there was never a rebuttal. I tried to reason with him, but to no avail. The *Brick & Tile Co* got their clay from my father's farm up in the hills. He told me he would speak to the owner and see if they could use me later. But I had already learned this was the only work available there this summer.

I had worked only a week when my father told me that the hay needed to be cut and put up next week, and he needed me to do it. I was so upset that I decided this time I would not obey my father. I would leave town. I told Mom I was going to Boulder City, Nevada, to visit cousins, but being a fan of the Green Bay Packers, I cashed my check and bought a ticket to Green Bay, Wisconsin, because no one would know where I was, and that pleased me at the moment.

This was 1942, hence the language on that bus filled with servicemen was offensive to me. The bus trip lasted a day and a night and most of the next day. The servicemen treated me well and I learned more in those two days than ever before in a similar span. I didn't pack for a long trip, nor could I have done without arousing suspicion. I remember a small handbag into which I had packed for only 4-7 days in Nevada. My trip turned out to be 7 weeks and 3,000 miles. I was woefully unprepared. I was reared to be honest and truthful, but I immediately became aware that the truth would bring immediate failure to my plans, hence I told more lies in three days than in my 86 years before and since in telling three generations of offspring about Santa Claus! I had pangs of conscience at first, but this became second nature as I "lived a lie."

For example, this trip took place just 7 months after I began playing oboe, so I would not go without my oboe to practice on. As I walked, I carried a small handbag in one hand and a small (6" x 10" x 2 ½") French oboe case with PHS boldly painted on the outside. Everyone asked what PHS meant. Until the bus got to Nebraska, my answer was Provo High School. When too many people didn't know where Provo High School was, I switched to Pueblo, CO, and later to Peoria. However, the number of lies escalated sharply as I tried to talk complete strangers into a room in an area of Green Bay with a number of board and room houses. I had walked several hours and miles telling a preposterous story. Darkness was imminent as I knocked on the last door of the address I had been given. A kindly older woman opened the door narrowly and with a concerned worrisome expression, she listened to my obviously untrue preposterous story. She would later tell me that never had she seen such a young hobo. She was about to say 'no' and close the door; however, she was also curious about the PHS case and asked about it. By now my answer was "a Peoria High School oboe which I was learning to play."

"Really," she exclaimed. The tension in her face relaxed, and the door opened slightly more. "May I see it?" She asked. I put everything on the porch floor and opened the case. "Don't leave yet. I have to make a phone call," she said. "Do you play out of a method book?"

"Yes."

"What's the name of it?"

"Gekler Book II for Oboe."

"Okay, now wait. I've got to make a phone call. I'll be right back."

When she returned, she asked me to come in. We sat around the boarding house table. "I'm going to let you stay tonight, but not unless you tell me the truth. You're a terrible liar. Let's start with your name." We talked for a long time. I was 100% truthful, but I (with her permission) withheld the name of my hometown, not wanting to make it possible for her to contact my parents. She only agreed temporarily. She explained that it was the oboe that got me through the door. She had a granddaughter who was also learning to play oboe, hence she decided I couldn't be all that bad. It was her granddaughter she called to verify the Gekler oboe method. We were both using the Gekler oboe methods.

Having ridden a smoke-filled bus for two days and a night, I was bleary eyed, dirty, bedraggled, and smelled strongly of tobacco smoke. She asked me to shower, volunteered to wash my clothes, gave me something to eat, showed me to a room, and bade me good night. I had not slept for 48 hours. She was like an angel of mercy. I shall be eternally indebted to Mrs. Cooke for her many merciful favors in my behalf this night and for weeks ahead.

She had a son about my age, whom I met the next morning. He escorted me downtown to a Sears Roebuck storage building where they had advertised in HELP WANTED. Fortunately, I had a newly acquired social security number and card, and now an address. I was hired on the spot. This job would enable me to save money every payday. I remember the wonderful feelings of relief and pride as I walked home realizing I was now independent of my real home and family and church. Only now, as I write, do I realize how potentially treacherous were those feelings. I purposely stayed away from church, knowing there was a too easy connection with home there. A lot of sight-seeing occupied my spare time the next five weeks, including the Green Bay Packer Stadium. And then the roof fell in (in a manner of speaking).

One morning at breakfast Mrs. Cooke informed me that she wanted to talk with me in the kitchen after breakfast. The way she spoke was foreboding. I had talked a lot with her son, swapping stories, one of which was when my dad almost won the drawing for a new car in a 4th of July drawing back in Provo. They drew the ticket and announced that John Stubbs was the winner. Problem was there were two different John Stubbs, so they drew a second time. So she got Dad's name from her son, and somehow already knew the name of my hometown. With John Stubbs, Provo, Utah, all she then had to do was check with information, then she placed the call. Mom answered the phone at which moment my independence ended. From the perspective of that moment, this was a tragedy of great proportion, but from an eternal perspective it was a blessing in deep disguise. I was very upset. Mrs. Cooke promised Mom that she would send me home immediately on the bus. She told me that the following Friday night would be the last night I could stay at her house. We would take her car to the bus depot tomorrow and buy a ticket home, which we did, but I did not buy one to Provo, Utah, but to Minneapolis, MN. I would hitch-hike the rest of the way home. She sent her son with me while she ran another errand. I wasn't about to spend my money to get home. Her son sat 20 feet away. He thought my ticket was all the way to Provo. Not so. After I arrived in Minneapolis, I took another city bus to the last stop on Hwy 90, where my memorable trip hitch-hiking home began. This was the worst possible time to hitch-hike. WWII was in full swing, with gasoline and many foods rationed. With a plan to enlist in the service, I made a sign which read, "Going home to enlist." I was much more successful after that. Drivers would hardly ever pass a hitch-hiking serviceman. I'm happy to report to you, dear reader, that the sign turned out to be true. I enlisted on my 18th birthday, 1943, a year and a half later. Cars were not going long distances, maybe 10 to 40 miles and only for good reasons. It took the remainder of the first day to get to Fargo, ND. I had to walk all the way through town, and it was over an hour after dark when I again began to "thumb" passing cars west of town. After trying in vain for a long time, I had good luck. A large truck-trailer came along and stopped. A dry-land wheat farmer was returning home near Bismark,

having brought a load of wheat to a mill in Fargo. He gave me the ride to help him stay awake. He asked me many questions. Why? Where? How? Weather? Family? Topography of Utah, etc? He asked me my age. I was no longer lying. "I'm 16."

He then asked many questions about my farm experience. He then said something like, "Darrel, I like you, and I hope you like me and trust me, because I'm going to make you an offer that you can't turn down, because you'll likely never get another one as good." He would deposit in an account in my name $70 monthly which I could withdraw upon graduating from high school, at which time we would write a partnership contract that would provide me 40% of the yield on a huge acreage and whenever he wanted to retire (10 Years maximum), he would issue me a clear title to that huge acreage. At that time the government was paying the highest price for all the wheat he could grow and bring to the mill. There are no guarantees in dry-land farming, but the past few years had been good. I had an hour to decide. There was deep irony in the offer. I ran away because my father would not let me keep a slave-labor job unloading kilns at *The Provo Brick & Tile,* because he needed my help farming, as did this driver of the truck who could and would pay me most handsomely. I had about one hour to decide.

Thank Goodness I realized that an hour is so little time to make such a far-reaching and life-long decision. I had not been attending church for about a year. The pressure and urgency of the decision and the necessity of soul-searching quite naturally prompted me to pray for the first time in a long time. I had no sooner closed my eyes when a very special spiritual experience took place. My mind was completely occupied with memories of home, family, the farms on which I had much enjoyed (really!) working for my father, school, Mr. Pearce, orchestra, band. How was I ever going to safely return the school oboe? Looking back over the period of my life at that hour, I now know that the Lord led me by the hand in making that decision.

We came to the turnoff. The driver turned off and stopped the motor. My prayer had been answered. I was certain that I must go home. He was truly sorry to hear my answer. If I wanted more time, he'd take me to his farm. I could see it and make a better decision. He'd bring me back to the highway tomorrow. After I declined again in so many words, the driver said he thought I was making a mistake passing up an opportunity of making a better-than-average living. I just did not want to be a farmer of any kind. I thanked him for the ride, his offer and pleasant visit, then opened the door and stepped down from his huge truck. I waved good-bye and closed the door. In the middle of the night in the lonely vastness of North Dakota, I watched his truck until the taillights disappeared, then picked up my bag and oboe and walked down the road in half moonlight. The next couple of days were slow. I remember getting very thirsty. On one of those hot days, I came to a sort of ramshackle service station with living quarters attached. I asked the middle-aged woman proprietor if I could drink the water outside. She said no, to come in and she'd get me a glass of water. I gulped it down and also a refill. I was much relieved. It felt so good to be under a roof in from under the sun. The woman asked a lot of questions, becoming more incredulous with each of my answers. Finally, she asked where would I sleep that night. I told her I would get away from the highway and find a haystack or tall grass, wrap up in my blanket, put a piece of canvas to shield me from the mildew. She answered that she couldn't let me do that. She only had one bed, but would share it with me. Well, dear reader, I truly thought she was being exceedingly nice to me. I thanked her very much, but had to get home as quickly as possible. As I later thought through our conversation, only then did I realize I had been propositioned. Innocense abroad, I guess. Anyway, truth be known, I take no credit for valiantly resisting temptation. Her face would dissuade anyone. I knew I couldn't sleep at all that close to her face.

But here I want to say that as this entire experience unfolded, I became very positively convinced that a goodness, a willingness to help attitude exists out there among common

Americans. They're great! I was experiencing a genuine adventure seeing America first hand. Theodore Roosevelt National Park in western South Dakota offered a real captivating change of scenery. Walking enables one to see a vista from many vantage points. I enjoyed passing through that park. It was an exhilarating change that compensated for very slow hitch-hiking.

The pace picked up a bit when I reached Glendive, Montana, Miles City, Billings, then Cody, Wyoming where our daughter Rita now lives. For many miles there was talk about the dam being built on the Shoshone River, creating the Buffalo Bill Reservoir. One could find work there, so I stopped for a couple of days to work and replace the money I was spending for food. The pay was good. However, board and room were deducted, of course, so after two or three days, I moved on. I had never been to Yellowstone Park, so I planned my route home to go through it. This was the slowest hitch-hiking of the entire trip. With gasoline and tires both rationed during WWII, traffic through the park was at a historic low point. I had a most memorable experience, however.

From the construction site, I got a ride west to the East Gate. Then I walked and walked and walked some more for perhaps five hours. I came to a nice shady place to rest and eat, which I did. Having resumed walking, now late afternoon, around a bend in the river, I heard a distant animal growl! I looked that direction and saw a large mother bear with two cubs ambling toward me 70-80 yards away. She saw me immediately, batted the cubs behind her, then stood up and sort of swayed back and forth with her nose sniffing the air audibly. My heart was pounding so loudly I was afraid she could hear it. I could. I thought I was doomed to be killed on the spot, hence was temporarily frozen motionless. My life flashed through my mind with a sudden deep regret that I would not see my family again, not be able to apologize to Dad and Mom for running away. After what seemed a long time, perhaps 10 seconds, the cubs scampered around her right side and disappeared in some oak brush, at which point she dropped on all fours and trotted after them. Whew! This experience was physically and emotionally shocking with sudden intense fear. As soon as the mother bear was out of sight, I collapsed on the road and wept tears of joy. This instant of relief from such intense binding fear brought tears of joy, I guess, as softly as I could manage. I sort of collapsed, sitting down on the asphalt with my head in my hands.

Luckily, a park maintenance truck picked me up and took me clear around the lake to a junction at the NW corner of the beautiful Yellowstone Lake, where there was a service station, a store, and cabins. Much walking coupled with the nerve-shattering bear episode caused me now to be tired in the extreme. The cabins really appealed to me now. I walked up to a counter to rent a cabin. The cashier was accepting payment for gas from a traveling salesman who had to be in SLC tomorrow morning. I wondered if I were dreaming when he said this. This was too great an opportunity to pass up. He was putting change in his billfold and walking out to his car, so I hurriedly caught up to him and blurted out that I just overheard him tell the clerk that he had to be in SLC in the morning. That's where I am headed also. Any chance of hitching a ride? He stopped and looked me over. I hadn't used a mirror all day long, but I knew I looked dirty and disheveled. I was sheepishly starting to say something like, "Sir, it's okay if you'd rather not."

But this wonderful man spoke first, and said something like, "Let's sit over here a minute and talk. I want to get to know you better. We sat down and he began, in a friendly way, to ask questions: Where's home? Where have you been? Why are you trying to hitch-hike in Yellowstone? What school is PHS? What's inside the case? I answered all of his questions ***truthfully***. Then he said something like, "Okay, let's clear a place for you."

While he was doing that, I went into the restroom, used it, washed my face, combed my hair, and brushed the dirt off my trousers. As I came out of the restroom, he was looking into my satchel as he put it in the back seat. He told me to hop in, as he went around to get in the driver's seat of his two-door sedan. As we started down the highway to the South Entrance, he said that

he was glad to have someone to talk with to help him stay awake, but I didn't stay awake very long. I was vaguely aware of going through Ogden, so we had traveled around 200 miles by then.

We were only 10 miles from SLC when this Good Samaritan gently awakened me and asked me where I wanted to be dropped off in SLC. My answer was as far south on State Street as he was going. State Street was the main north-south highway. I don't remember exactly where he stopped and let me out, but I thanked him profusely, saying that he had saved me at best one if not two days of hitch-hiking. I'm quite sure I called him my Good Samaritan. He laughed, bade me good-bye and good luck, and strongly suggested that I not leave the bright lights of State Street. It was then about 2 a.m., so hitch-hiking was out of the question. I decided to wait until the city buses started to run, then take a bus to the south end of Murray to begin hitch-hiking. What to do until then? I walked up to Liberty Park, wrapped up in my blanket, and again went soundly asleep. I was awakened by policemen who questioned me, then took me to 33rd South State Street, and told me the number of the bus to take that would get me furthest south on State Street. It was daybreak by then, so I stuck my thumb up and it was not long before a delivery truck came along, stopped, and picked me up. I can't remember for sure, but I believe it was a bakery truck headed for the Nephi-Manti-Gunnison area. This highway ran through Provo on 500 West. My home was on 600 West. I'd have to walk only a block to be home again.

I sort of panicked. Is this what I really want to do? What will I say? How should I act? I honestly thought of leaving the oboe on Wesley Pearce's door step and going on to Las Vegas, which was my original plan. I was becoming reluctant. I could go back to North Dakota and take the wheat farmer up on his offer. Then I remembered the deep feelings I had experienced just before leaving that farmer's truck. No, I must return home. So as the truck descended the hill from Orem down to 12th North on 500 West in Provo, good memories came flooding into my mind. I had had my very best luck hitch-hiking on the entire trip. Just 24 hours earlier I was leaving the Dam site in Wyoming. Now we were approaching Center Street and Pioneer Park, my childhood playground. As I peeked caddy-corner through the trees of the park and saw my home with its large circular front porch, I almost cried. I told the driver I'd get out on the south corner of the park, which I did. The longest round trip of my young life (3100 miles) had ended. I had walked up that same street to buy my bus ticket as I left.

I walked on the park sidewalk westward and cut caddy-corner across the street to Gould's corner, past their home, past the large hedge, up the sidewalk, up the fancy cement steps to the corner of the large circular porch, across the porch to the front door, opened the screen door, took hold of and turned the front door knob, opened it, and stepped through it and closed it behind me, which was about the biggest challenge of my entire life. The next few minutes were the most dramatic of my entire life.

Mom was standing at the sink. When she saw me, she exclaimed, "Oh my stars!" and quickly came to me, grabbed me, hugged me, and started crying.

My older brother Merlin, who was sitting at the table, ambled around it, shook my hand, and said, "We missed you. Welcome."

Dear Father came out of the bedroom, teared up a bit as he shook my hand, and said, "We're sure glad you came back." My three sisters—Nila, Verda, and Naoma—were still in bed or gone, I don't remember which.

Mom had lost a lot of weight, not knowing where I was, due to my change of destination to Wisconsin rather than Nevada. Only then did I fully realize the extent and intensity of the cruelty I had inflicted on my mother and kind father, and how inconsiderate and self-centered I had been insofar as anyone else was concerned. I had been gone almost seven weeks.

From this distance in time, I particularly remember one change in interfamily relationships was that I was thereafter treated with greater respect by my entire family. At first I

wasn't sure I liked that, having hoped that everything would be just like it always was. However, it wasn't long before I very much enjoyed it. There were only about two weeks of summer vacation left at that point. Lloyd, an older brother from the first family, stopped in the next day. He asked me if he could ***hire*** me to help harvest the 3rd crop of hay and said they would pay me the same rate as the regular hired help, $1.00 a day plus board and room. I smiled, shook his hand, and replied affirmatively. He had mowed the field that day. The next day I trip-raked, then hand piled the 10-acre field. I started just after daybreak and didn't finish until sundown, at which hour I was dead tired, yet I felt great. At the end of the day, I looked over that 10 acres of hand-piled hay with pride, feeling like a million dollars, having earned about five, which was just fine. So ended a memorable teen-age episode of my life.

Junior and Senior Years at Provo High School (1942-1944)

Orchestra and band were a primary focus my junior and senior years of high school (1942-1944). I was making progress on oboe, learning to make better reeds, which determines so very much one's sound quality, intonation, response, etc. I spent just about all my spare time making a better oboe reed in my junior and senior years of high school. At school I would sit backwards on a chair, tie the end of a nylon thread to a spar (the top points of the back of a chair), and with the spool in my right hand, I would wrap the lower ends of a piece of gouged, shaped, and folded oboe cane carefully centered and aligned around the small metal opening at the end of an oboe reed tube, quickly tie off a couple of half hitches, then cut the thread with the very sharp reed knife and start scraping the reed, leaving the brightly colored thread hanging. It was the last day of school in May, 1944, when I chanced upon Mr. Pearce, who had a sharp knife in his hand and a smirk on his face. He said jokingly something like, "If you don't want me to use this on your throat, you'll take this knife and cut every piece of thread off of every chair in every room now! I tried to beg off to do it later, in order to be photographed with my senior class. Now you know why I'm not in my senior class photo.

Toward the end of my junior year, my ego was bolstered when Wesley Pearce told someone that I was "among the better players." I was playing principal oboe in both the band and orchestra and by now fully realized that oboe was more important and authentic in orchestra than in band. Pearce performed music that I would encounter later in my career, for which I was later most grateful. We played Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, Haydn's *Military Symphony*, Delius' *Walk to the Paradise Garden*, Dvorak's *New World Symphony*, etc, all good solid literature.

In the summer of 1943 the band performed a program for the July 4th celebrations. Pearce did not have time to prepare music for the whole band, so he asked Allen Jensen, Sam Pratt, and myself to perform a flute trio. I played the 3rd flute part on oboe. That was an unforgettable experience. We would each later play our instrument as principals in the Utah Symphony: Allen and Sam played one year each, then moved on. I played 14 seasons, 13 as principal oboe, then returned to BYU full time. Don Peterson, another Pearce student, played French Horn about 50 years in the Utah Symphony, 30 as principal, then retired.

Later in the summer of 1943 Pearce finagled a contract from Provo City for the PHS Band to play 4 or 5 park concerts for a pittance of pay for each member. We thought we were professionals. Ha! I graduated from Provo High School in 1944.

I had somewhat lost track of what good musicians my sisters were becoming as well. Once I came back into town from the farm and heard Nila playing in a very good string quartet. John Hilgendorf was playing first violin, Nila was playing second violin, Wesley Pierce was playing viola, and on cello was someone more forgettable, evidently, as I cannot remember who

it was, except that it was the weakest link. When I saw Nila holding her own among these professional musicians, I was impressed.

A final thought: though I got a late start to be a classical musician, my love for classical music was well on its way. When I now hear Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and String Quartet (a favorite of mine), I realize it began when Lloyd Peterson played it in 1943 at PHS. Thank you, Lloyd. Sorry I missed your untimely funeral.

In the Army (1944-1946)

I joined the Army Reserve in December 1943. After graduating from Provo High School with honor in May 1944, I entered Fort McClellan, Alabama, for basic training where I learned to fire the M-1 rifle as an expert.

In basic training, some soldiers teased me for not smoking or drinking. I explained that my religion had a health code, for our health and good. They then claimed that, if so, then I should win the final race or the physically challenging long obstacle course, which included jumping and climbing objects for which height was an advantage. Being short, I was at a disadvantage. The night before, I prayed for Heavenly Father to be with me. He heard my prayers, and the next day, race day, the soldier from Utah won the event.

Before sailing to Europe, I had the privilege of attending a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, in which the famed Marcel Tabuteau was the oboist. I talked to him after the concert, in fact, walked with him half way to his home. On December 3, 1944, I sailed to an army base north of Naples, Italy. I've crossed an ocean four times, twice on a boat and twice in a plane, none of which was very pleasant. The one I enjoyed most was this first trip across the Atlantic, to Italy. I would go out on the deck to enjoy watching the ocean and the other vessels that accompanied ours. One night an enemy submarine must have been spotted. Several of our protecting ships went into action as if chasing something and occasionally dropping discharges or other explosives. It was a night of action. They either sank the sub or chased it away, I later heard, but no torpedoes struck us.

After arriving in Italy, we underwent some strenuous training in the snow-covered Apennine Mountain range. We did many long marches with full field gear. The Italians in various areas were in difficult circumstances, because the Germans had passed through earlier, had taken their livestock, much of their food, and generally wiped the people clean of edible resources. Many were hungry. One time children stood a distance away, watching us soldiers eat our rations. After a while it became apparent that these children were desperately hungry, and we soldiers shared our food with the children.

In March 1944 we sailed to a base north of Florence, Italy, one of the historically highest cultured cities of southern Europe. Winter time often marks an enforced weather truce, because the mud makes travel difficult for trucks and vehicles. However, it was also known that as soon as spring came and the roads thawed and dried, that action from the German Army would soon follow. During these weeks of training and waiting, an older buddy took me aside and said something like, "Darrel, you should change your sharp-shooter status. You are now an expert sharpshooter. Do you know what that means? That means that you will be assigned as a sniper, to be out ahead of your unit, alone in a tree or something to pick people off, which makes you an easy target after you fire your first shot. Snipers don't last long."

I said something like, "Well, not much I can do about that. I'll do what I'm asked to do."

Not long afterwards, I was walking the streets of Florence and chanced upon an Army Band performing a concert in a beautiful square. I noticed a soldier playing oboe. After the performance, I talked with the soldier playing oboe and told him that he and I shared the problems of that same ornery instrument. He asked me if I would be interested in replacing him in the band. I exclaimed, "Would I ever!" He went on to explain that he was leaving the next day and, if interested, I should talk to Warrant Officer Frost, the director of the band. I went to the officer and explained my conversation with the oboist and my interest in replacing him. He looked at me askance and asked me, "Have you ever heard of Marcel Tabuteau?"

"I certainly have." Then I told him my experience of listening to Tabuteau in concert, and walking and talking with him on his way home just two nights before being shipped across the Atlantic.

Then he knew I was an oboist. He said, "You've got it. This is what you do." He gave me explicit instructions as to what I should do at that point, whom to talk to, etc. To make a long story short, two days later I was transferred from the infantry battalion into the 326th ASF Band.

One of my first appearances with the band was to dedicate the Florence American (military) Cemetery 8 miles south of Florence, Italy. This was near the end of April 1945. Some time in late April or May 1st, orders were given to pack up and prepare to mobilize the next morning. Intense war had resumed and by late afternoon May 2nd one could hear the cessation of large cannons that had been firing from different directions. Then came the explanation: the German Army was surrendering on the Italian front. The next day came the official declaration: The war across the Italian front had ended. That was May 2, 1945.

In 1980 I had been playing oboe in the Utah Symphony since 1967. At the same time I was a professor of music at BYU. The symphony had toured Europe, the United States and South America for 13 years. Because an oboist has to make or adjust his reeds for every concert, Eva and I were not able to do much sight-seeing. BYU called me back full time in 1980, so I suggested to Eva that she and I vacation in Europe that summer, and see all the things that we had to miss while touring with the Utah Symphony. So we did. We flew to London, crossed the channel, rented a car and traveled Europe for a month. I wanted to see Florence, Italy, and spend a day in the De Medici Palaces. When we arrived, the palaces were closed. We had to keep going, so we went south. As we turned to the west, I suddenly remembered the topography. Then a "Military Cemetery" sign appeared. This was the same cemetery which my ASF Band had dedicated 35 years earlier! I was tired from driving, so I asked Eva if I could walk around the cemetery awhile. She agreed. It was a huge cemetery, over 4,000 dead. As I walked in, I experienced an eerie feeling, and then it suddenly dawned on me why. This section of the cemetery was dedicated to the infantry battalion of which I had been a member 35 years earlier. I recognized the names of the slain soldiers. They were my fellow soldiers in the infantry. Almost the entire battalion was wiped out just days after I had been transferred out of it, and just days before the war's end on May 2nd! I was crying and emotionally deeply stunned, as though it had happened just yesterday. The soldier who replaced me had been killed. The older buddy, who

had tried to persuade me to change my sharp-shooter status so that I would have a better chance to stay alive—he had also been killed. And now I'm alive and he is dead. Could I have traded places with him at that moment, I would have done so. But then I remembered asking the Lord to let me come home alive. He had answered my prayer. I was indeed a very lucky soldier to come home alive without injury.

With the war in Europe ended, the War Department immediately mobilized those with less than two years of service to send to the Pacific front to end the war there. Very soon I was put on a boat with thousands of others and shipped back to Newport News, Virginia, given a short furlough, then sent back to Camp Lee in Virginia, which was the Army Band Center. I was now a bandsman.

During that summer President Truman authorized dropping the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, on August 6, 1945, and a second bomb on Nagasaki on August 9th, which brought World War II to an end. Instead of being shipped to the Pacific, I was assigned to Bushnell General Hospital in Brigham City in August 1945. I had a slight problem with my left ear, hence was sent there to be checked out before being discharged.

While at Bushnell, I became acquainted with a really fine pianist, Irving Wasserman, and a terrific violinist, Misha Poznanski. We performed together three times, in Ogden, Logan, and Wellsville. These were memorable collaborations. Irving Wasserman later joined the Music Faculty at USU. Misha Poznanski later joined an orchestra somewhere.

Eva (1945) and Marriage (1946)

In the fall of 1945, Eva was attending BYU and also playing in the orchestra. I came home on furlough, wandered up to campus to listen to the BYU orchestra, in which Nila was concert mistress (first of the 1st violins). Among other things, the orchestra was playing Brahms' Second Symphony, whose 3rd movement has an oboe solo. Louis Booth, the conductor then, asked me if I would like to play it. I said "sure" and the next day brought my oboe and played the oboe solo with the symphony. A friend of mine from high school and the twins were the flute players. I asked my friend about the good-looking twins from Twin Falls, so my friend introduced us. Here I was playing this solo and Eva was right next to me or nearby on flute. So Brahm's 2nd Symphony was our song.

After a few months at Bushnell, I was transferred to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake, was now a sergeant, and was put in charge of the Recreation Center. What a set-up! On a weekend I could pick Eva up in Provo, bring her to Fort Douglas and shoot pool, play ping pong, etc, while on duty, then take her back to Provo after duty. The above picture shows Eva and me in front of the Stokes' Twin Falls house, 1946, when I went to meet the family. I married Eva Stokes July 26, 1946, in the Logan Temple. None of our relatives could make it, so the officiators invited other temple attenders to come in for the wedding and sealing ceremony.

At the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York

I had long planned on attending the Eastman School of Music, one of the best schools of music. Having the G.I. Bill, but not having applied in time, I stayed at BYU another year and then began coursework in 1947 at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. Below, Eva and I are in our one-room Rochester apartment.

After two years and a summer, I completed a B.A. in oboe performance. In the spring of 1949, I was graduating and Brian was born, so I needed a job. I was the top oboist and Robert Sprenkle, Eastman's oboe teacher, got a letter from the conductor of the Oklahoma City Symphony, saying, "I need a first oboist." I was recommended and the deal was supposedly signed, sealed, and delivered. However, I soon got a telegram, "Sorry, the anticipated oboe opening did not occur." The musicians union would not let the orchestra fire the not-so-good oboe player.

I was then told that Wilfred C. Bain, Dean of the Indiana University School of Music, was coming the next day, and that I should play for him. I had not played awhile, trying to focus on finishing the academic parts of the degree. So I stayed up most of the night, practicing, trying to get back in shape, but I wore out my embouchure and didn't have time to make a good reed. I knew it was futile and did not play well.

After the auditions, Bain called Robert Sprenkle to thank him for the use of his studio, etc. Sprenkle asked, "So whom did you choose?"

"Robert Lehrfeld."

Sprenkle said, “He is a good oboe player, but you chose the wrong man. Darrel Stubbs is the man you need to teach oboe. He’s a fine player, but could not demonstrate that today.” He explained the reasons I listed above. Bain took Sprenkle’s word for it, and I got the oboe teaching job at Indiana University in the Fall of 1949.

Teaching and Performing at Indiana University (1949-1955)

I stayed at Indiana six years and earned a master’s degree while teaching at Indiana University. Indiana is one of the finest schools of music in the country, but Bain was following a procedure that became apparent to several of us newly hired people. He would hire an applicant, keep him for seven years, then just before they were to get tenure, he would replace them. After being there five years, I discovered that and decided not to be another victim. So I wrote a letter of resignation, explaining why I was leaving. He assured me that that would not have happened, but the probabilities seemed doubtful. I sent a copy of the letter to the president of the university as well. I might have caused Bain some problems, but it was obvious that that was what he was doing. The president may or may not have known that.

While at Indiana, Eric was born in February 1951, in Bloomington, Indiana. Brian used to scoot around on the hair of his forehead. With hands behind his back and pushing with his two feet, the third point of contact was his forehead, and like a non-wheeled tricycle, he scooted about doing figure eights and such on the non-carpeted floors. It was only a small concern to us as to what we might have on our hands, but he turned out okay.

Two years later, Rita was born in June 1953, in Logan, Utah, during our two-week summer vacation from Indiana to Utah. She remains a good violinist to this day. While at Indiana, I was called to be first counselor in the South Indiana District Presidency, which covered the south half of the state and involved a lot of traveling.

Also at Indiana, I had the privilege of playing a recital with Henry Gulick, one of the best three clarinetists in the country. Also while there, I was the oboist of the American Quintet, a woodwind quintet that gained a nationwide reputation as an outstanding chamber music group.

Christmas 1954: Darrel 29, Eva 27, Eric 3, Rita 1, Brian 5

Nevertheless, having resigned, I needed a job. We traveled to our Rocky Mountain homes in search of a job. At USAC (Utah State Agricultural College), later USU, I met many

good contacts. One was Clarence Sawhill at UCLA, who informed me of a band-director opening at the University of Hawaii. I got the job, we packed our car full, put it on a boat, and flew to Hawaii for Fall Semester 1955.

Teaching and Performing at the University of Hawaii (1955-1957)

It was the first week of school, so classes had already started. When I walked in the front door, the department chairman said, "Here's the text. There's the classroom. Good luck!"

The class was huge, like a 101 class at BYU. The students were to learn the rudiments of music. I called roll and the first name was a long Japanese name. I waited and finally a voice called back the name as it was supposed to be pronounced. I also had lots of Polynesian students, and the whole of them were absolutely delightful. The instrument of choice in Hawaii was the ukulele, which I had never played in my life. I told the students that, and they said, "We'll teach you." They stayed after class and taught me how to play the ukulele. That night I practiced the ukulele and read the book, and the class went well.

My main responsibility was leading the band, but the band was in shambles. I met the band with Norman Rian, a fine man, the choir director and a vocalist. He said to me, "I think there are only three or four students enrolled for band." We were trying to decide whether to dismiss the students, cancel band, and forget the whole thing, or go on. Commitments had already been made for the band to march in football games, and Norman said, "If we can possibly salvage the band, I'd like to." So we asked the half dozen students to explain the situation to friends, that this and that instrument was badly needed, if they knew of anyone who could and would play those instruments. They helped recruit and it took about three weeks for enough numbers to materialize to make what could be called a band. Norman said, "I think I know a guy who would be a good drum major." He went and talked to the fellow.

"Sure, I'd like to do that," he said. He had done it before, so we were in business. The first football game was only a week away, and trying to schedule rehearsals for that many new people was a nightmare. The only times that worked were 6 a.m. and 10 p.m. The stadium lights were turned on for the final night rehearsal. Our uniforms were simply a dark pant and a white shirt. We marched at half-time. It was a very humble-looking band, but we made the deadline.

From there, we did many concerts in the military installations, sometimes combining with military bands. We played at the Church College of Hawaii, which was just being built and was at the beginning of its second year, as I recall.

Things always work out. The principal oboist of the Honolulu Symphony had left. When I learned that, I called the director, we met, and I was hired as the principal oboist in the Honolulu Symphony. In the church, I was stake music director.

Alan was born during our second year in Hawaii, in December 1956. He was the child who would play oboe someday … for awhile. Alan played oboe in high school. One time I was giving a talk, during which I said something like, "It took me 20 years to realize that making an oboe reed was not the most important thing in life." Alan leaned over to the family member next to him and said, "It won't take me that long."

The two years in Hawaii were an unforgettable experience. I had a lot of fun. But I could see that if I was going to teach at the college level, I'd have to have a doctorate. So we went to USC with the idea of possibly coming back to Hawaii.

Doctor of Musical Arts at the University of Southern California (1957-1962)

We had saved about $5,000 by then, but also had four kids by then, and it is hard to save money when you have kids. The $5,000 didn't last very long. That was about the cost of tuition for one year at USC in those days; it was a high-priced school.

When I met USC's oboe teacher, I realized that he played in the wrong school. Let me back up. Oboe playing has changed in the last 50 years. For example, Louis Booth played with a very Frenchy oboe tone, a very bright and buzzy sound. In about 1920, a Frenchman named Marcel Tabuteau revolutionized the oboe sound by scraping reeds entirely differently than they had been scraped before. The result was a darker, rounder sound. If you consider the partials in the overtone series in a sound, you emphasize the lower ones more than the upper ones, which was the exact opposite of what had been done previously. I knew all of this even in high school, before I went to Eastman.

To make a long story short, I was asked to be the oboe teacher at USC, though I had had only two years of instruction on oboe, those at Eastman under Robert Sprenkle. At USC I had several of the best students I've ever had. It was challenging, but a good experience.

One frustration was that USC was primarily an academic school, not a performance school. The faculty wanted to make me a musicologist—that was the big thing. The professor, Pauline Alderman, took a liking to me. "You are our oboe player," she told me, "but you'll be even a better oboe player when you better understand the music you're playing." I could hardly argue the point, but it still wasn't what I wanted. But I stuck it out and had one of the worst years of my life.

We soon ran out of money. I was making a little money by teaching oboe, but not nearly enough. What do I do? I had to get a job. I checked the newspaper ads. Milk deliverymen were wanted at a dairy in Inglewood, California, a job that started at 3 a.m. If I can get to bed by 10, I thought, but I never did. I also made a little money playing oboe, always at night, so I never got to bed before midnight.

During my milkman days, we traveled to Castro Valley in northern California one weekend, to visit Eva's parents and her sister LaDean, who all lived there at the time. While there, Brent, Herman and LaDean's 16-year-old son, was lifting weights and felt a pop in his head. LaDean took him to the doctor, but he died that evening of a brain hemorrhage. The funeral was scheduled only a day or two after I was supposed to be back to work. So rather than travel the 400 miles back to L.A. then back again for the funeral, it would be much easier to remain in Castro Valley until the funeral. So I decided to call my boss to see if I could get an extra day or two off. Now you have to understand that the Stokes family have incessant senses of humor, whenever they get together, whether for reunions, funerals, regardless the occasion. So while I'm telling my boss about the death of my nephew and asking for an extra day off for the funeral, he can hear bursts of laughter in the background. He says, "Yeah, it sounds like a funeral!" I don't think he believed me, but he let me have the days off anyway.

I did the milkman job for maybe 14 months, but it wasn't working. I almost lost my life in an accident when I fell asleep at the wheel of the delivery truck, going through a red light in a five-street intersection. I missed by six inches a car that was going very fast. I was so shook up afterwards that I just pulled over and cried. I knew it would have been my fault had there been an accident. I told Eva that I had to quit that job, which I did.

I looked for music teaching jobs in the high schools of the area. No small frustration arose when I learned California's teaching requirements. I had all the necessary classes on my transcripts except one, yet I had taught that very class that I lacked—I had taught it at both Indiana University and at the University of Hawaii. It was a woodwind workshop class that was

not on my transcript, and even though I had taught the class at two major universities, that was not good enough. I finally talked a school district into letting me teach while I took the class, and I was hired by Baldwin Park High School. I became the orchestra director of a very fine orchestra, along with teaching math and such. The orchestra's quality was largely due to eight or ten students taking private lessons from two excellent teachers—a violin teacher who lived nearby and played in all the studio orchestras, and a cello teacher who did the same kind of thing. This orchestra was the best high school orchestra anywhere outside of Los Angeles. I enjoyed the orchestra very much and we gave some good concerts. People heard of me, so when a director was chosen for the All-Southern California Junior High Orchestra, the committee came to me. I got to conduct that very fine orchestra. I was used to a string orchestra of maybe 20 players, and now I had about 200 players. That was a memorable experience.

We had moved out of L.A. (1308 W. 90th St) to Pomona, California (2879 Valley Blvd), when I began teaching at Baldwin Park. Carrie was born in October 1960, while we lived in Pomona, California. Also in Pomona, I was called to be Elders Quorum President.

My final doctoral oral exam was scheduled for May 1962. Having been so busy, I told myself that I would review for it the whole month before it. I was serving as Elders Quorum President, when one day the stake presidency came—I assumed to release me from doing a bad job as Elders Quorum President—but instead, they called me to be bishop! And right at the beginning of the period I had mentally reserved for review. Lynn Bolter and Hal Barrus were called to be my first and second counselors. Hal Barrus was the scoutmaster and a very good one, so Mom and other moms were a bit chagrined with me for taking the good scoutmaster to be a counselor in the bishopric. The first weeks of being bishop required reorganizing the ward, etcetera, etcetera, so study time was infrequent, to say the least.

I did well enough on the written exam, but not so well in the oral exam. On the basis of the written exam, I survived, but they invited me to come back for a follow-up oral exam after I had had time to study some more. A year later I passed and eventually got my degree.

Brigham Young University needed an oboist and I was invited to join the BYU music faculty. I had only been bishop less than six months, and was not sure what to do. The stake president thought I should stay and do my duties as bishop. However, Apostle Spencer Kimball came through the area and I asked him. I remember how wonderfully gracious Apostle Kimball was at our interview. After I explained the matter to him, he said that if I wanted that job, to take it, and that I could serve in the church wherever I lived. So in August 1962 we moved to Utah, renting Royce Flandro's house at 730 N 150 E in north Orem for a year.

Brigham Young University (1962-1990)

My responsibilities at BYU included both teaching and performing, and upon arrival, I was also called to be bishop of the BYU 21st ward. My old bishop from childhood, J. Earl Lewis, was on the BYU stake's high council. He had last known me as an inactive teen, so he was very happy and pleased when he saw me again later in life as a bishop. I was eventually released to finish my doctorate, then later I was called to be bishop a third time. I think the last call was preceded by "Darrel, we're going to give you one more chance to do it right this time."

After a year in Orem, we bought the house at 592 E. 2200 N. in Provo in 1963, where we finished raising our family. In Utah, we began Christmas caroling every Christmas to friends, neighbors, colleagues, and relatives' houses all over Utah Valley. Brian was 13 and learned to carry the tenor part. A year later, Eric turned 12 and soon developed into a great bass voice. So I could alternate wherever I was needed. Eva sang alto, and Rita and Carrie sang melody and developed nice soprano voices. Alan started out singing melody, but as Brian and Eric grew up

and moved away, Alan's voice changed, and he and I took over the tenor and bass parts. So for two decades we surprised 100-plus homes with a choral ensemble that many called impressive, whether they called us to come again or not. In all seriousness, we sounded pretty good for a family choir, and most people were pleased and delighted. As the children married and added grandchildren to our growing family, we tried some "enlarged" family caroling too, with varying degrees of success, but the increased size of the family, the reduced rehearsal time, the increasing number of cars needed to haul us, and our decreasing ability to herd more and more children quietly to a door, all gradually decreased the frequency of such efforts over time.

Eva, Carrie, Rita, Alan, Brian, Eric, and Darrel, Christmas caroling about 1966

In Utah the kids were able to get acquainted with snow, and we often went tubing as a family. We also bought us all ice skates and went ice-skating on Utah Lake, as I had as a boy.

Darrel, Eva, Eric, Rita, Alan, and Carrie (Brian taking picture, 1967-8)

At BYU, I once put together an excellent student woodwind serenade ensemble of very good instrumentalists. They were the highest rated student group. During that year, a professional woodwind quintet from New York came to BYU to do a concert. While relaxing and meandering campus during their down time, I was conducting a rehearsal of this student group playing Mozart's Serenade. I did not know it, but the New York woodwind quintet happened to be in vicinity, heard the rehearsal happening, and came to listen. After we finished Mozart, they applauded and raved on and on about what an excellent performance it was. They said that they could not do it any better. That was a high compliment coming from them.

Not long after moving to Provo, we bought two horses for the kids: a smaller white stallion and a large strong black gelding. The stallion was older, slower, more sedate, and not hugely energetic, while the black horse was bigger, stronger, faster, and spooked easily. We tied each to its own large 100-pound log in the big vacant field that's now the Provo Temple. They could graze the radius of the rope, and the log was heavy enough that it held them in place fairly well, but light enough that they could drag it a few feet to give them some new grass, but not easily. We soon learned that the black horse spooked easily and that sometimes when he moved his own log, he would hear something behind him, which would cause him a start, which caused the log to move again, and once or twice that cause-effect cycle got out of hand. In the summer of 1964, maybe 1965, I was driving home one day from school (northward on Stadium Ave) and was lost in thought on matters of the day when suddenly, two or three blocks ahead, I saw a big black horse go galloping through the intersection with a large log bouncing behind it as high as ten feet in the air, going west on 2320 North. Needless to say, whatever thoughts I was lost in got lost. I was horrified and hurried after the horse. Luckily neither the horse nor the log hit any cars, but the horse did not stop until he came to a dead end at fences near the Provo River Bottoms. I brought him home and secured him more securely.

A few of us music faculty were in a regular rotation to teach music appreciation, normally an easy class to teach. However, one semester the music department changed the textbook on us, which had a section on Rock and Roll. The students were patiently wading through what they considered the boring Baroque, Classical, and Romantic eras, anxiously waiting for the Rock-and-Roll section, and hoping that I had a good record collection. When I informed them that we would not be covering the Rock-and-Roll section because I didn't know much about it and that they knew more than I did and they could read that section themselves as well as I could, they were up in arms. In fact, a group of them met outside after class to vent among themselves their displeasure and what they might do about it. Word got back to Newell Daley, the Department Chair, whose specialties included pop, jazz, and the modern kinds of music. He asked me about the class. I explained my view, but he pressed me, wanting me to teach the Rock-and-Roll section. I said, "But I hate that music!" He was aghast, got a bit perturbed with me, and said that the students would be rating me on that class, so I had better teach it right. Then word spread of mine and Newell's conversation, and the whole experience ended up being quite an unpleasant one.

The Utah Symphony (1967-1980)

After a few years of teaching at BYU, I was not happy with my teaching assignments of music appreciation, music theory, and playing in the student orchestra until I could produce other oboists to do the duty. I very much wanted to play in a professional symphony. At Indiana, I had played in ensembles with the best of classical clarinetists, but at BYU the clarinetist was a jazz clarinetist with a totally different sound—a sound suitable for pop music, but not for classical music.

Back: Alan, Eric, Brian, Darrel; front: Carrie, Eva, Rita, 1968

At that time, a principal oboe opening in the Sacramento Symphony became available and they invited me to fill it. I very much wanted to take the position, though the kids did not want to return to California. I walked up Rock Canyon to pray in the early morning dark. I prayed and prayed, but got no answer. As it was getting light, I heard a small snow slide break loose above me. I hurried up the trail, thinking I could get out of its way. But it turned and came faster than expected. It was not real big, perhaps a foot-and-a-half deep, but strong enough to knock my feet out from under me and carry me down into the gully below. I climbed up out of the gully, not hurt, but shivering violently. Now that the Lord had my attention, the answer came very clearly: "Darrel, you must not move back to California. The principal oboe position in the Utah Symphony will open up to you."

I knew the situation in the Symphony and did not think that was possible. I did not see how it could possibly happen. Besides, that was not the answer I wanted. As I walked down the canyon, I continued struggling, praying, and wondering, when I clearly felt another message, "Be patient."

The very next day I had a faculty rehearsal with Eugene Foster, who played in the Utah Symphony and was in our BYU faculty woodwind quintet. After rehearsal, Eugene asked me, "Darrel, would you like to play in the Utah Symphony?" After my emphatic affirmative, he asked, "Would BYU permit you to do that?"

"I'm not sure," I answered, "but I can find out."

"Could you call me tonight and let me know?" Those not quite at the top of the decision-making chain thought such an arrangement could well be likely, but BYU's President Earnest Wilkinson was not so readily available to okay such a thing immediately. I relayed the information of a decent possibility to Eugene Foster. Something was stirring in the symphony.

Not many days after those conversations, I was involved in the state high school marching band competition. They had asked me to play an oboe solo for the few thousand high

school students for 15 minutes while the judges did their final tallying. The purpose was to encourage high school oboe students by showing them that the instrument can be mastered. Which implies that it is the most difficult instrument to master.

I asked Jo Lane Laycock to accompany me on a movement of a Mozart sonata. She is a very good pianist and I had it memorized, so we did one rehearsal, it sounded good, and no need to rehearse more. The day came and she became very ill. Ralph Laycock, her father, called and told me she was probably too sick to do it. I told him to tell her not to worry. If I had to, I'd choose between not doing it or doing it without piano. Three hours before performance time, she began to feel slightly better. She appeared, but as she sat at the piano, she still looked very ill. I told her not to hurry, but to relax and rest a minute. She leaned her head on her arm on the piano. The thousands of students were watching all this and were wondering what was happening. After a while she sat up, played the introduction and it went much better than we had any right for it to go under the circumstances. As soon as we finished the music, Maurice Abravanel, conductor of the Utah Symphony, whom I knew and whose voice I recognized, came down from the stands calling my name. He was adjudicating this band festival, but I did not know that nor that he was there. He sought me out and said, "Darrel, you play beautifully. How would you like to play in the Utah Symphony?" He asked me some of the same questions that Eugene had asked. It was apparent that arrangements were underway to have me replace Louie Booth as principal oboist. He was losing his touch and all the woodwind principals had asked Abravanel to hire me to replace him. As I heard it, they all said that they would quit in mass if Abravanel did not hire me.

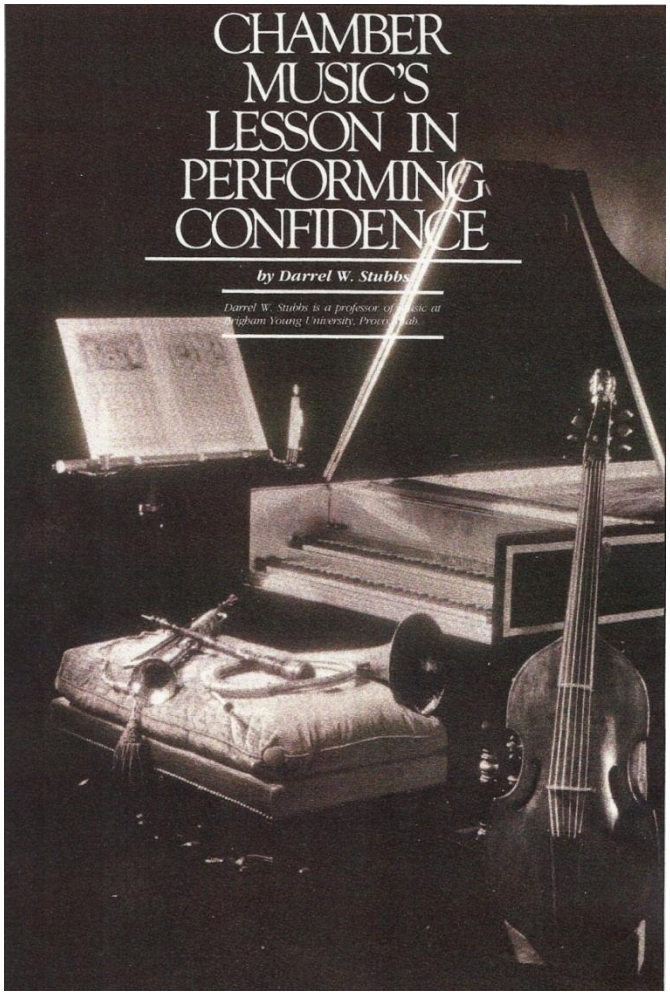
President Wilkinson eventually approved it. I would do a 3/5 load for 3/5 pay at BYU. So from 1967 to 1980, I did both jobs, playing principal oboe in the Utah Symphony for 13 years and teaching at BYU. After I was in, I found that Louie Booth's friends were not happy about their friend being forced out. I could hardly blame them, and did not enjoy being the object of the controversy and dealing with the resentments. Even Abravanel, in an apparently politically correct and perceived obligation of solidarity with Louie's friends, would never compliment me when anyone else was around. I once played a very difficult passage well, and he told someone else to tell me that I had done a good job, but he felt that he could not say it to me directly. Eventually things smoothed over, and I enjoyed playing in the symphony much of the time, though the two jobs were a grueling combination that was also quite tiring.

Being let go was hard on Louie Booth. Louie Booth and I go way back. He was my first oboe teacher, when I was in high school and he taught at BYU. I went up to BYU campus for a few lessons, but could not afford many. On leave from the Army, I also played with the BYU orchestra when Louie was still associated with the BYU music department and also played part time for the Utah Symphony. I actually played an audition for Abravanel before leaving to the Eastman School of Music. Abravanel was impressed enough, but felt a loyalty to Louie, and having conducted in France, Abravanel liked the French oboe sound, which had become outdated. Louie was happy to see me leave, knowing I was a good oboist and feeling a little threatened already. After Eastman, Indiana, Hawaii, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, I returned to Provo 15 years later and Louie was the Utah Symphony's principal oboist, but age had him making mistakes. He could see it coming, but did not want to be replaced. I felt bad to be the source of his trial, but I did not initiate it. The others had, but many assumed that I had initiated the change. Poor Louie passed away not long after he left the symphony.

After performing with the Utah Symphony for 12 years, I was notified that in order to retire from BYU, I had to teach full-time at BYU for at least 10 more years, so I retired from the symphony in 1980 after 13 years as principal oboist and resumed teaching full time at BYU from 1980 to 1990. I might explain some things I tried to accomplish while at BYU. When I was at Eastman and even in the Army, I learned that you don't learn all that much as a clarinetist, for

example, playing with 12 other clarinetists. A musician learns the most when he is playing one part by himself in ensemble with others playing individual parts as well. At BYU I saw how firmly entrenched were the large groups—band, orchestra, and large ensembles—and asked myself what I could do to change that. So when I qualified for sabbatical, I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I visited the best music schools in America and learned a lot, but mainly that the small ensembles—string quartets, woodwind quintets, brass quintets—were being emphasized more and more. True, these schools had the symphony orchestra, but it would meet fewer hours and the music majors would have to qualify in small ensemble experience more hours.

I brought back to BYU a lot of documentation, which I presented to Hal Goodman, who was the Music Department Chairman at that time. We were good friends, as I had played first oboe for him in the Utah Valley Symphony when I first came to BYU. He said, "We'll have to do more of that." But change is hard to come by. I decided to make more of an issue of it. So I wrote and published in the leading music education journal an article on the value of small ensembles, stating that practice, private instruction, and small ensemble is the best combination for progress on an instrument. Solo literature is also important, but even that isn't as good as playing in an ensemble. As a soloist you are your own boss, but in the small ensemble, you have to match others, in pitch and dynamics, flow and rhythm, and with a collective interpretation. I don't remember the publication that the article first appeared in, but the *Music Educator's Journal* got hold of it and wrote me: "Can we use the article?" It became the featured article in the publication in the Fall of 1980 (see below).



I also set up a program for our small chamber groups to play not only on campus, but also in public schools and be paid. The only way that could happen was by federal grant, so I went through the process, learned how to write an application for such a grant, and got it. The plan looked good on paper and everyone was excited, especially the schools, but scheduling with the several school districts and individual school bell-schedules and the individual class schedules of the four or five students in each ensemble became very complicated. When substitutions were needed, the new students had different schedules than the original players, and a few concerts had to be rescheduled or cancelled. The schools called BYU. The grant was a matching-money grant, which compelled BYU to pay for some missed concerts. I eventually discontinued the program due to such complications.

Two Trips to China (1982 and 1985)

Summarized from an article in *The Daily Universe* (Oct 11, 1983) and other sources: In November and December 1982, Music Professor Darrel Stubbs and his wife Eva did a music performance and lecture tour in Taiwan and China, sponsored by The Pacific Cultural Foundation. In Darrel's words: After being invited to Taiwan, I decided to try to visit mainland China in the same trip. I wrote a letter of inquiry to China, but did not get a response for some time. But only two days before we left for Taiwan, we received a phone call, a cable, and an invitation to China. We were in Taiwan November 17-24, and did concerts at Tung-hai University (Nov 21) and Soochow University (Nov 23), gave lectures, and taught master classes other days. We then spent a few days in Peking / Beijing and a few days in Shanghai. They really worked me hard. Even on days that I had evening performances, I was scheduled to teach oboe classes from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The audiences really liked and appreciated seeing a husband and wife performing together. We were treated royally. In both Peking and Shanghai we were given an interpreter and a chauffeur-driven limousine every day. I was amazed at the interest generated by the lectures. One day there were 47 oboists in my class. I had never seen so many oboists in one room before. I found out that some of them had traveled 1600 miles to be there. The students' responses to the lectures were amazing. As soon as I walked into a lecture hall and started talking, pencils hit the paper, getting down every word I spoke.

Some effects of communism on China were apparent. The Vice-Minister of Culture and others invited us in to "discuss our itinerary." They mostly told us where we would go. We expressed interest in other areas that we would like to visit. When they heard this, there was a huddle among the officials. Then they told us that there were no oboe students there. We also noticed that the National Museum was near our hotel, but we were discouraged from going there. I very much wanted to go there, but the guide refused to take us. So I said I could walk there myself. He finally agreed to arrange that someone drop us off there. When we arrived, the main gate of this huge and beautiful building was closed. Personnel ushered us through a small wooden side gate. Once inside, we headed for what looked like the main entrance, but we were stopped by a guard who directed us to a side wing, which only had a small display of African photography. We were then directed to another small wing where Chinese handicrafts were for sale. By now my curiosity was bursting. Here was this huge, gorgeous museum, and all we were seeing were photographs and crafts. When the guards were not looking, I darted down a hallway to a large exhibit hall. There was nothing there. It was absolutely empty! A guard came running after me and escorted me back to the public area. I later found out what happened.

During the cultural revolution, there had been a siege of Peking. Those who were able took as many art treasures as they could when they escaped to Taiwan. Then all that was left behind was destroyed, and there was literally nothing with which to fill the great museum. In

addition, every piece of music and every instrument that was not successfully hidden was destroyed. That is part of the reason I was invited. The Chinese now want all the cultural exchange they can get. Wherever I went, my hosts made copies for themselves of all the music I had. I was the first western musician in a planned series of artists invited to China. Their plan was to invite artists of every instrument in a western symphony orchestra.

Above: Darrel and Eva in Shanghai on their China tour 1982, with signs advertising their concerts.
Below: Darrel teaching oboe master classes in China

Our second trip to China was with BYU's Orpheus Wind Quintet, perhaps three years later in 1985. The Orpheus Wind Quintet was invited to tour and perform in China. Members included David Randall, clarinet; Glenn Williams, bassoon; Gaylen Hatton, horn; Elaine Jorgenson on flute; and myself on oboe. The four men also brought their wives and it was an enjoyable trip for all.

Eva and Darrel performing a flute-and-oboe duet in Shanghai, China

Retirement (1990) and Finishing Some Hiking Goals

I retired from BYU in 1990 and continued completing my goal of hiking the highest peak or peaks in each western state. This ambitious goal spanned from my late 40s to late 60s. I started in the 1970s, hiking one, two, or three each summer, and hiked a few more mountains in the years between retirement and our mission. I hiked three of Colorado's 14,000-foot peaks. In Utah I climbed Mt. Nebo, Mt. Timpanogos, and King's Peak in the Uintahs. I also hiked one or more of the highest mountain peaks in each of the states of California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon, but never got around to Washington or Alaska.

One time while hiking, I tripped and got a hernia. As I went in for surgery, my brother-in-law physician Morris Gardner told the surgeon to sew me up really well, because I was an oboist, and playing oboe requires considerable abdominal pressure. After the surgery, I could tell that it was sewn up very tightly. I laid around for two or three days, like a good little patient, letting it heal with plenty of bed-rest, etc. However, after three or four days, I got restless. "I'll just go for a little walk," I thought to myself. So I drove up Pole Canyon to a nice gently-sloped path that heads toward Provo Peak. I felt fine and kept going as long as I felt fine, which was all the way to the top of Provo Peak. The trip back down was not so convenient and comfortable as the walk up, mainly because it got dark on me without any moonlight. But I did make it back to the car. The sutures were bleeding a little, due to some stumbling in the dark and falling down a few times, but the bleeding stopped after a while and the whole thing healed fine eventually.

A Trip to Russia (1990)

Probably the fall of 1990, Eva and I did a performance trip to Moscow. We went to the famous national music conservatory in Moscow, which produced some famous Russian violinists. As an American oboist, I could hear from recordings that the sound of both the Chinese and Russian oboe players needed help or was deficient, probably due to a lack of contact with the outside world during communist cultural control. So this trip to Russia and the two trips to China were for the purpose of helping them or sharing with them an update in oboe playing. I performed some concerts and taught master classes, and Eva and I also performed flute and oboe duets. However, I caught a cold upon arrival, so my oboe playing did not sound as good as usual, and the Russia trip was not as successful as the two very successful China trips.

Our Mission to Russia (November 1993 – June 1995)

In 1993 Eva and I were called to serve a mission in the Russia, St. Petersburg Mission. We entered the MTC in November 1993 and spent a couple of months doing our best to learn Russian. We then arrived in St. Petersburg in the middle of January 1994. It was really cold, sometimes reaching 40 below. I was later called to be a counselor in the mission presidency.

A professional bassoonist was told about Brother Stubbs, a professional oboist, and was asked if he would like to do a concert with him. The bassoonist was eager to meet and do a concert with this Mr. Stubbs. His wife was an excellent pianist. So with Eva on flute, we selected pieces using various combinations of these instruments and did a series of concerts in various areas. The members were to invite non-member friends and missionaries were to bring their investigators. That concert series was a highlight of our mission. One time Brother Bateman was visiting the mission when one of those concerts was happening, and he, President and Sister Rogers, and others all attended. Sister Rogers said, "We need that in every mission in the church."

Another highlight was a performance of Saint Säens Christmas Oratorio. As conductor, I was not supposed to use missionaries. But as other presumably exceptional singers fell through or could not do "as advertised," missionaries stepped up to be two of the soloists and turned out to be exceptionally good singers. After the Russian soprano faded from expectations and rehearsals, a sister missionary in the choir said, "I can sing that if you want me to." We had only one rehearsal left, but she sang the parts and did very well with only one rehearsal.

We began our flight home on May 31, 1995, but the plane arrived in the U.S. on June 1st.

An Accident and Cancer

In 1998 or 99, I was teaching part-time at the universities in both Rexburg and Cedar City for a couple of years. During that time, Eva and I were once traveling to Rexburg, where Carrie lived also, and we miraculously avoided serious injury in an accident on the rural back roads near Carrie's house. We were arriving after dark, and a tractor was coming toward us from the opposite direction. I could see the tractor's headlights and one naturally assumes that the lights approximate the width of the vehicle. However, that tractor was pulling some farm equipment that stuck out several feet to the side and into my lane. Oncoming lights make seeing past the lights difficult, and the farmer was at fault for not having lights or something showing the width of his load. As a result, I did not see the trailing farm equipment until the last second. I swerved and avoided a head-on collision with the equipment, but the side of the car was mangled, thus totaling the car, and the farm equipment was damaged as well. The police, the farmer, and I all agreed it was a huge mistake on the farmer's part, though we did narrowly survive.

In 1999 or 2000 my PSA number reached 17, and the doctor told me that if I didn't do something, prostate cancer would be the end of me. He told me of the several options available, none of which sounded very appealing. So I spent two days in the BYU library and on the internet, researching all options. The first day, I found nothing, but the second day I found that a new kind of treatment had been developed that sounded good to me. Loma Linda, California, was where the treatment was perfected and used—external beam radiation treatment, I think. I called Loma Linda and the doctor there explained it to me, and that solidified my decision. However, it was new enough that the insurance company would not pay for it. It was not yet an established treatment. So I called the Loma Linda doctor who called the insurance company's doctor, after which the insurance agreed to pay. It was very expensive, something like $60,000 it seems. When I called my original Provo doctor—I can't remember the doctor's name, and I'm

glad—he was very upset. He said, "That is not a proven treatment; you're throwing your money away; my treatment costs only one-third as much." When I affirmed my decision, he became even more irate.

The doctor at Loma Linda said he wished this treatment had been available when time came for his treatment. The pain was minimal and its success rate surpassed other options on average. So I went to Loma Linda, California, for the treatment. I slept in the car for part of the time during the 3 months of treatment, which was quite successful.

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A New Home in Midway (2001)

We sold the Provo house and on September 6, 2001, we moved onto our Midway property to live in a motor home until our Midway home was built. Like many things, it took longer than expected for the permits and the house to materialize. Eva was a trooper in enduring that winter in a motor home with a portable outhouse downwind most days.

One of my memorable students was David Weiss. He became one of the best oboists in the country, played principal oboe in four major symphonies, and so on. When I was teaching at USC, I got a call from another faculty member who asked me, "Darrel, do you have room for one more student? I've got a student here that I can't handle. He's too good. He needs you."

"Sure, send him up," I said. The next week, a woman with her son came to the first lesson. She asked if she could take notes. That was fine with me, though it was the first time anyone had ever asked me that. She wrote out everything I said to that boy, who was 11 or 12 years old at the time. He was an interesting kid. My thought was that he'll never settle down. His mind was here and there. When he sat down, he would tell me what was great about beach-combing last week, and all the good things he had found. He played for me, and I realized that he wasn't breathing correctly, and breathing is fundamental to almost everything you do in oboe-playing. So we started with some breathing exercises, which he thought was kind of stupid. I just told him, "You'll understand later why." We covered some other things. I had forgotten that his mother was writing down everything I said, word for word, in shorthand. Then she would take it home and transcribe it so that her son could read it.

I taught him for three years before I came to BYU. The year I came to BYU, he played as a student soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra at about age 15. He later became their principal oboist. The last time I saw him for many years was when we made out an application for him to join the Music Academy of the West, where he's now the oboe teacher.

Many years later I received a call from him: "Darrel, I'm going to be in Provo for the International Double Reed Society, and I'd like to come to your house and play a recital in your honor." I was flabbergasted and said, "We'd love to have you play, but you've been honoring me all your life." In our Midway home, we had built a two-room, L-shaped miniature recital hall, which we used regularly for small concerts. We invited many of my other former students. It was a delightful event. The way he tells the story is that everybody has a midlife crisis. When he arrived at his, he had to do something, so he learned to play the musical saw. He is terrific—has been on national television. The first time I heard him play was years ago on the Johnny Carson Show. So at the recital in our home he played oboe, English horn, and the musical saw. It was a fantastic concert.

September 15, 2008, Mike Ohman interviewed Darrel and said, "We've heard many statements of accolade, from your sponsoring the Double-Reed Society at BYU. Your name was at the top of the list among many people, especially because you were here and were able to participate. You are held in high esteem by many people, loved and well respected."

Memories about Ancestors

Orlin, who is passed on, told a story worth passing on of Dad's (John William Stubbs') unruly bull. Being a dairy farmer, Dad was always on the lookout for good stock. Another farmer wanted to sell Dad a big mean bull. The farmer mainly wanted to get rid of it because it was so big and so mean that it was dangerous. It had long curved hooves because no one could get close enough to trim them. Dad bought or traded for the bull and managed to get it home. One day Dad was feeding animals or doing something in the corral, half forgetting about the bull, and the bull came after Dad. Dad quickly grabbed a large iron tool of some kind, whopped it over the head, and knocked it out. While the bull was unconscious, Dad hollered to the nearby help to bring him the hoof trimmers, the dehorners, and a nose ring. Everyone scurried into action and by the time the bull awoke, his hooves were trimmed, he had no horns, and had a ring in his nose (which made handling a rowdy bull easier). From then on, that bull never came near Dad and kept as far away from Dad as he could. One time the previous owner visited Dad, and as Dad entered the premises, the bull backed off, stood in the corner, and trembled. The astonished farmer had to ask Dad how he had managed such respect.

Thoughts on Music

My entire life I have been attracted to and deeply impressed by classical music. I have also tried to teach my children the beauty of this music and its spiritual impact on my life. Though I have not failed, neither have I succeeded to the extent I hoped. I'm going to end my life history with this topic: **a discussion of the spiritual power of classical music:**

Years ago I wrote and distributed this statement: "Classic Art Music brings spiritual edification and enhancement, and over a period of time will exert a powerful influence for good in one's life. The earlier the exposure begins, the greater is the enhancement."

This is partly due to the greatest music being written by the spirit. I have often said that when the great composers wrote their greatest works, they gave credit to divine help, feeling that God inspired them or that His Spirit was with them. I'm not alone in this opinion. David Hatch (2012, 55) says, "Not only does great music inspire God's children, but master composers have frequently received inspiration for creating great music… inspiration was … an integral part of their writing process." Brahms once said, "the powers from which all truly great composers like Mozart, Schubert, Bach, and Beethoven drew their inspirations is the same power that enabled Jesus to work His miracles" (Hatch, 55). Reid Nibley's opinion was that "when composers find the Spirit, composers from the other side of the veil join forces with them and inspire them with music—works that live forever, inspiring limitless others to good works" (Nibley 1980).

Christopher Gluck, an opera composer, said, "I regard music not only as an art whose object it is to please the ear, but as one of the most powerful means of opening our hearts and of moving our affections" (Hatch, 65).

Bruce R. McConkie referred to music as the "language of the gods" and that inspired music is eternal, given of God to further His purposes (Hatch, 67). Brigham Young taught "great music is a special means of communicating with God" (Hatch, 67).

When I was a teenager in the 1940s, I would estimate that the commercial sales of music and recordings between POP music and classical music were somewhat equal. Now the classical sales would be miniscule, perhaps less than 3% of the modern music. Why? Might Satan be involved?

To answer, let me bring to mind a once popular Arabian Night folk tale of Alladin's Magic Lamp. In this tale, Mustapha, an African magician who falsely claims to be Alladdin's uncle in order to gain access to the area where he knows the wonderful lamp to be hidden,

devises a cunning scheme which exploits human nature, to find the lamp. He knows the magic lamp to be now old and well used, so he has some shiny new lamps made, then goes up and down the streets peddling New Lamps for Old. It worked. One of Alladdin's household slaves, who knew where her master carelessly left his magic lamp, figures this is too good an exchange for her master to pass up. So she gets his lamp and exchanges it for a brand new one. Mustapha knew he had found the magic lamp and was thrilled.

Now dear reader, that fiction can be applied to a reality. Satan is using Mustapha's strategy. Music has power to penetrate and greatly influence the heart and soul, and I believe Satan has a great interest in utilizing the more immediate appeal of popular music to attract and completely preoccupy young people in our culture and society, with the goal being to keep them forever away from higher forms of music that have powers and influences not in keeping with his desires, purposes and goals, hence he motivates people to parade up and down the streets of the world proclaiming New Music for the Old, and the young people of the world have bought it hook, line, and sinker, simply because it does have immediate appeals.

Let me state, however, that Satan's power over us in this and most aspects of our lives, can be controlled by ourselves. We must not relinquish that control. Now there is not any danger in listening to and enjoying some popular music, yet I know that much popular music exists that will lead us, encourage us, tempt us to let go and relinquish that precious control.

Apostle Boyd K. Packer understands this and cautions: "Music, once innocent, now is often used for wicked purposes. In our day music itself, has been corrupted. Music can—by its tempo, by its beat, by its dissonance, and by its intensity—dull the spiritual sensitivity of men... young people, you cannot afford to fill your mind with the unworthy hard music of our day" (Hatch, 85).

Apostle Russell M. Nelson similarly says that some kinds of music can be as destructive as pornography. "It aims to agitate, not to pacify….Beware of that kind of music….if you overindulge in loud music, you will more likely become spiritually deaf, unable to hear the still, small voice…. Do not degrade yourself with the numbing shabbiness and irreverence of music that is not worthy of you. Delete the rubbish from your minds and your MP3 players…. Do not allow unworthy, raucous music to enter your life. It is not harmless… 'That which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness. That which is of God is light' (DC 50:23-24)" (Hatch, 118).

In their book, referring to Doctrine and Covenants 25:12, Hyrum M. Smith and Janne Sjodahl (1972, 129-130) said: "God delights in the song of the heart; not in the mere sounds of the lips. Singing from the heart is worship; wherefore Paul says, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also" (I Corinthians 14:15). In such singing God takes delight. No music is as sweet as religious compositions; none so majestic, so inspiring. Martial music stirs up the animal in man. So-called "ragtime" breeds frivolity, and appeals to the vulgar. Set to sacred text, it may produce a sensation of distressing incongruity. "Jazz" is an abomination, an evidence of recrudescence of savagery" (Smith and Sjodahl 129-130).

Walter Bruno (1961, 201-208) reflects on his life of music-making with sadness as it seems to him that high art [classical music] may be en route from a prominent aspect of life to belonging to the past. "Yes, it does indeed look as if materialism and intellectualism have taken hold of the present generation, and have allotted to the arts a lower place … than the exalted sphere in which they have hitherto reigned. On that lower plane, however, there scarcely exists any distinction in rank between art and ordinary entertainment; they live next door to one another and instead of festively raising themselves up to art from everyday life, or being lifted out of it by art … people today [can] make a neighborly call on it … without any spiritual commitment or heightening of the emotions. For me, however, and for all who worship art in the hitherto accepted manner, it is exactly the elevation of our souls which we seek and find in art." Bruno goes on to speak of "the decadent trends of our culture" and contrasts the "mature spirituality"

from constant personal striving for education and progress with "the fatal impoverishment" resulting from the devaluing of spiritual goods, and the floods of music pouring forth from radio stations and other sources day in and day out and "the inundation of the masses with entertainments, amusements, diversion, distractions—all this endangers the serious inner life today." He speaks of similar impoverishing substitutions in our culture: cordiality for politeness, desire for education for a craving for sensationalism, books for magazines, conversation for TV, music-making for radio-listening. "Culture, however, does not aim at passing the time; it uses time diligently in the quest for its high purposes" (Bruno, 204).

Rudolph Steiner considers music to be from a spiritual source, such that its harmonies have an uplifting effect, putting us in touch with our true essence, and that man's original home is Heaven and that echoes from this homeland or spiritual world resound in him in the harmonies and melodies of the physical world, and that the echoes cause within him vibrations of joy and sublime spirituality, which this lower world cannot provide (Nicholson 47).

"Exploring the inner world through vibration is an easily available and grounded way to learn of the spirit … It is simple. We need only to have the courage to see God within ourselves" (Campbell 1988, 13).

Lance Brunner in his article "Theme and Variations" comments on Norman Cousins' observation of Pablo Casals, the world renowned cellist of the mid-1900s. In a chapter from *Anatomy of an Illness* called "Creativity and Longevity," Norman Cousins relates a meeting with Pablo Casals. Cousins visited Casals within weeks of Casal's 90th birthday, and describes the miracle of music thus: "When he arose in the morning, Casals could barely drag himself around. His various infirmities made it difficult to dress himself. Judging from his difficulty in walking and the way he held his arms, I guessed he was suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. His emphysema was evident in his labored breathing. He came into the living room on Marta's [his young wife's] arm. He was badly stooped. His head was pitched forward and he walked with a shuffle. His hands were swollen and his fingers were clenched. Casals headed for the piano…. The fingers slowly unlocked and reached toward the keys … settled on the keys. Then came the opening bars of Bach's *Wohltemperierte Klavier*, played with great sensitivity and control…. Then he plunged into Brahms concerto and his fingers, now agile and powerful, raced across the keyboard with dazzling speed. His entire body seemed fused with the music; it was no longer stiff and shrunken, but supple and graceful and completely freed of its arthritic coils. Having finished the piece, he stood up by himself, far straighter and taller than when he had come into the room. He walked to the breakfast table with no trace of shuffle, ate heartily, talked animatedly, finished the meal, then went for a walk on the beach."

Brunner reports that Cousins attributed the miracle not directly to the music itself, but to the more general realms of creativity and purpose, which clearly triggered the biochemical reactions: "Creativity for Pablo Casals was the source of his own cortisone. It is doubtful any anti-inflammatory medication he would have taken would have been as powerful or as safe as the substances produced by the interaction of his mind and body" (Brunner, Theme and Variations, 77-8).

Pat Moffitt Cook in "Composing Self-Health" states: "To get in touch with music that allows access to the unconscious and inner depths, one must listen to the masterpieces of baroque, classical, romantic, and impressionistic composers who have encoded many of their works with messages of divine inspiration and unity. When we experience this unity, while in altered states of consciousness, we align ourselves to the vibratory laws of creation, its harmony and rhythm, thereby reminding our body, mind, and spirit how to function properly again. Great compositions offer those who listen passkeys to personal transformation and the understanding of wholeness … it saddens me to see the growing lack of interest in teaching of and exposure to

great music…. We live in an age of spiritual emergency. More than ever we seek purpose, reason for being, and connection with self and God. Music invites us to attune ourselves with inner motion. It gives wings to emotions, dreams, and prayers. Music is a powerful surgical tool. It can open blocked passageways of the mind and emotions, much as a koan given by a Zen Master that changes students' entire view of life in an instant. The Tibetan deity Manjusri, remover of obstacles, holding the sword in his many hands, cuts the illusion out of our lives so that realization and enlightenment can enter. Music becomes the scalpel or Manjusri's sword, penetrating our minds and bodies. What is left in the newly created space is a higher vibration of physical, mental, and spiritual well-being" (Cook 104-5).

Hollander offers this exclamation on the subject: "Music … there are simply no words! Words cannot adequately convey what music can express. Music deals with the highest reaches of the human soul. It touches the most exquisite, elegant crystalline structures of creative vision and is imbued with the glory of human emotion. Every area of human experience is touched and expressed most beautifully and wondrously by music: the yearning, the searching, the joys and sorrows, hopes, dreams and visions, the emotions, the symbolic mythology of the unconscious. Yet music is more" (Lorin Hollander "Will you Join the Dance?" 253).

Hollander (256) also notes that John Blacking in "How Musical is Man" points out that music prepares us for learning how to love. Yet the importance of music in education is regularly questioned. "Back to basics" does not include music as "basic" though it was in classical intiquity. Music programs are being removed from many schools as an unnecessary frill. The spiritual importance of music is not understood, though a growing body of research confirms the psychological importance of music for children. The crisis in education and the growing realization that we may be damaging the creativity and well-being of our children emphasizes the need for music. The relevant research shows how music can help heal the neurotic distortions of the creative and emotional processes. What has power enough to change things, to nurture and turn around a world heading towards its own destruction?

"Music. Music can be the key. Music changes us…. Music, perhaps alone, can transform us. Listen to Bach's St. Matthew Passion or the B Minor Mass; such gentle beauty, wonder, and awed acceptance changes one's experience of being!" (Hollander 257)

Emotional suffering can be healed through music. When the very survival of humankind depends on nurturing the humanity of our children, music has the power to do this. "So here we are in a world … drowning in mediocrity and destroying itself with violence, greed, and stupidity. Our system of education is removing the study and experience of the very art form that could nurture the creativity to transform the situation…. Bringing music to children and children to music is as important a task as can be found in our world today…. Often performers get frustrated and feel that educational programs are expendable or at least subordinate to the complicated work of putting on subscription concerts, but that is like a farmer neglecting to plant the seed. Nurturing a love of [good] music in children … should be our most burning concern, not only for the music business but for a society starving for meaning, greatness, and beauty…the importance of great music in our communities, our families, our hearts and souls" (Hollander, 258-9).

"What love is to man, music is to the arts and to mankind. Music is love itself—Carl Maria von Weber (Hatch, 1).

David Hatch, a concert pianist, was once touring Scandinavia, and at the end of one concert, the continued applause called for an encore. He decided to play Schumann's *Arabesque*, but the spirit prompted him to play his hymnal arrangement of *How Great Thou Art* instead. He ignored the prompting because he wanted to play the elegant classical encore, but as he approached the piano, a stronger impression came to play *How Great Thou Art*. Having learned

from experience not to fight strong promptings, he played the hymnal arrangement, then stood and faced the audience. Not a sound! They were standing in silent tribute, tears streaming down their faces. The spirit of love and unity enveloping all of us that moment was indescribable. After visiting with some of the audience, he learned that this greatest Protestant hymn of all time was especially loved by these Scandinavian people and was composed by one of their own—the Swedish pastor Carl Boberg. He then understood the purpose of God in specifying this hymn of faith and devotion to God as the means to greatly increase the feelings of love and reverence for all present. "Such music spreads love, life, and spiritual joy among God's children living in this troubled, sinful, and chaotic world of ours" (Hatch, 3-4).

"There is no music in hell, for all good music belongs to heaven. Sweet harmonious sounds give exquisite joy to human beings capable of appreciating music."—Brigham Young (Hatch 15).

"To engender and diffuse faith, and to promote our spiritual well-being, are among the noblest aims of music."—C.P.E. Bach (Hatch, 12).

"Music is a master which makes the people softer and milder, more polite and more rational. It is a beautiful and noble gift of God."—Martin Luther (Hatch, 12).

"Music is not a mere pastime. Its effects are both powerful and beneficial, not only upon the cultured few, but upon the uncultured many."—Hugh Haweis (Hatch, 39).

"Music should kindle the divine flame in the human mind."—Ludwig van Beethoven (Hatch, 52).

I, Brian Darrel Stubbs (son), typed and edited this life history, dictated by Dad at age 86, and now I posthumously write this closing paragraph. Dad passed on to bigger and better things November 1, 2017, a month short of age 92. His mind was good until nearly 90, and even thereafter, he could still walk and converse, if somewhat less coherently. He was a good man and a good father, and I hear reports from former students how much they enjoyed his classes.

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Appendix A: Orchestras and Ensembles Played in

The Brigham Young University Symphony
The United States Army Band
The American Quintet at Indiana University (see picture and program below)
The Indiana University Philharmonic Orchestra
The Honolulu Symphony
The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra
The Southern California Chamber Music Society for the Los Angeles Monday Evening Concerts
Brigham Young University's Orpheus Wind Quintet
The Utah Symphony

The American Quintet at Indiana University: Edward McGough, flute; Darrel Stubbs, oboe; William Kirkpatrick, French horn; Roy Houser, bassoon; Henry Gulick, one of the best clarinetists in the nation.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Thirty-Third Season—Eightieth Program
1950-51

The American Quintet

EDWARD MCGOUGH, *Flute* — CHARLES KEEN, *Clarinet*
DARREL STUBBS, *Oboe* — ROY HOUSER, *Bassoon*
WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK, *French Horn*

I

Concerto, opus 124 - - - - - - - - - *Joseph Jongen*
for Woodwind Quintet

II

Scherzo - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Frederick Jacobi*
for Woodwind Quintet

INTERMISSION

III

Trois Pieces Breves - - - - - - - - - *Jacques Ibert*

IV

Suite No. 2, opus 22 - - - - - - - - *Nicolai Berezowsky*

Darrel also performed as soloist in the Monday Evening Concerts in Los Angeles

23 MARCH 1959
MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS
Sponsored by
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)
Sonata in C minor for oboe and continuo
Adagio
Allegro
Adagio
Allegro
DARREL STUBBS, *oboe*
CAROL ROSENSTIEL, *harpsichord* EMMET SARGEANT, *cello*

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750)
Cantata No. 51: "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"
1. Aria: "Jauchzet Gott"
2. Recitative: "Wir beten zu dem Tempel an"
3. Aria: "Hoechster, mache deine Guete"
4. Choral: "Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren"
5. Aria: "Alleluja"

ROBERT CRAFT, *conductor*
MARNI NIXON, *soprano*
HOWARD COLF and JOY LYLE, *violins*
ALBERT FALKOVE, *viola* EMMET SARGEANT, *cello*

Darrel at Indiana University, about 25

Darrel at BYU, mid-40s

Eva's high school graduation picture, 1944

Eva's graduation from BYU, 1955,
with Brian (6), Rita (2), and Eric (4)

Darrel and Rita caught by Brian's candid camera, 1967 or 1968

The Charleston farm before being inundated by Deer Creek Reservoir

Eva and Darrel (in background) with officials in China

Darrel and Eva in China

Family of John Ritchie and Sarah McAffee (center): back: John Jr. (2nd), James (Uncle Jim) (4th), William (5th), first two in front: Ella Louisa, Margaret. Rest unknown.

Back: John William Stubbs, Maud, Zella, and Jesse Stubbs. Front: John Rodham Stubbs (father), Leora, Albert (in the middle, later lived in Nevada), Wilford, and Susanna Temperance Goodman Stubbs (mother). Uncle Jesse (back right) and Dad (John W. back left) were good friends. Uncle Wilford (middle front) and Dad were neighbors, and the youngest boy lived in Nevada and was the father of Leonard and Dean. Aunt Maude (back left next to John W.) married Charles Ashton, a very good man.

STUBBS FAMILY PORTRAIT - about 1881 at Provo, Utah

Front row (l to r): Sarah Ellander (Ellen), Joseph Abisha, Father - Richard Stubbs, Mother - Ellander Ware (or Wyer), Amanda Melvina
Back row (l to r): Hannah Drusilla, Eliza Rachel, William Heber, Eunice Lester, John Rodham, Rebecca Ann, Mary Delilah.

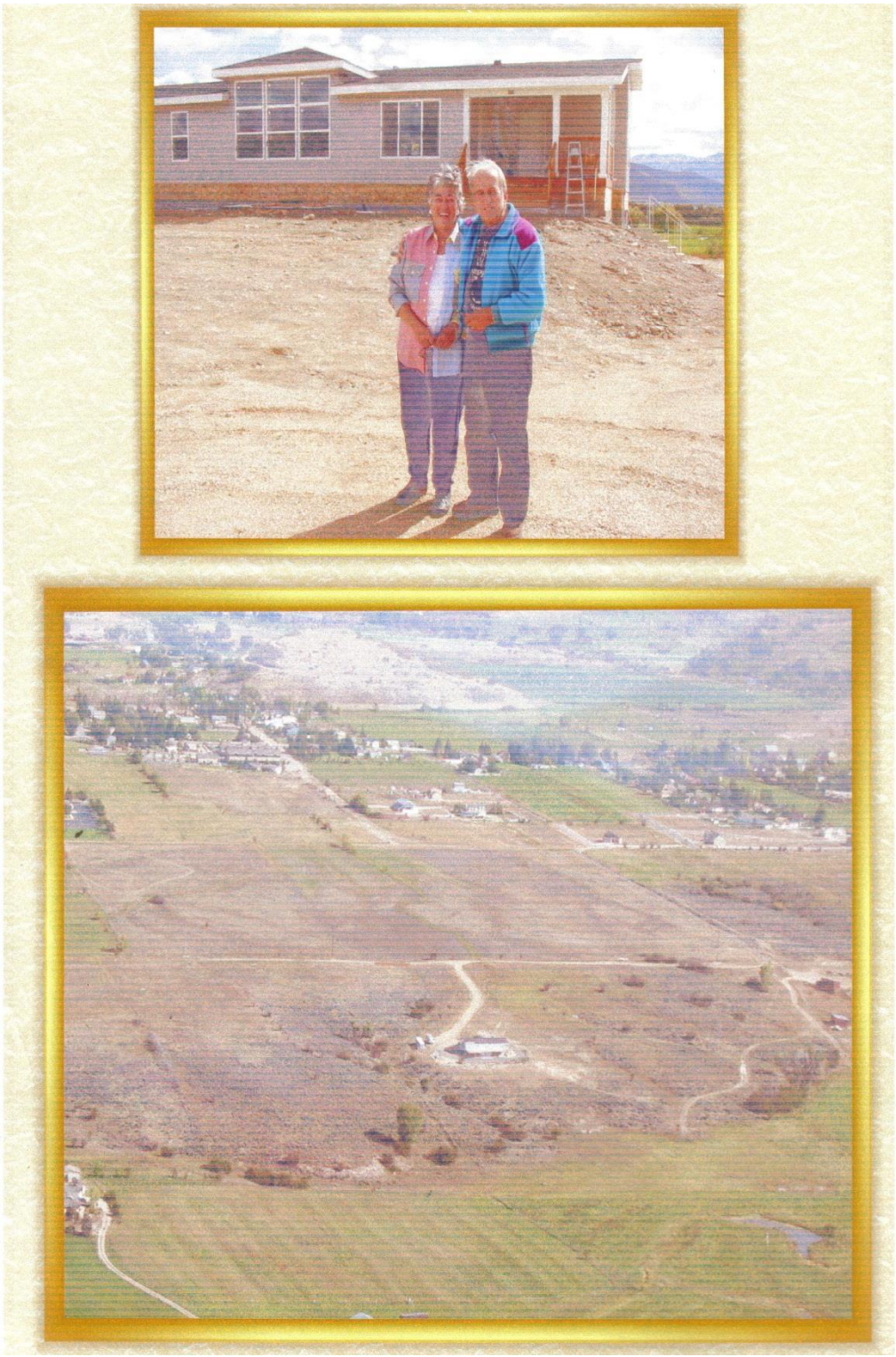
John William Stubbs (Dad), children from left: Lawrence (oldest / first), Lloyd (3rd child in front of Dad), Orlin (4th), Elva (2nd), and Ritchie (5th or youngest child). Photo taken at the burial of their mother, Margaret Ritchie Stubbs.

Naoma, Ritchie, Verda, Orlin, Elva, Darrel, and Nila (7 of John William Stubbs' 10 children)

Standing from left: Darrel, Karl, Kathy, Susan, Nila, Eva, Lisa (in front of Eva), Doug (in Verda's arms), Verda, Howard, and Merlin; behind them are Brian, Eric, and Lloyd. Middle: Jim Lee is kneeling. Sitting on chairs are Ella Ritchie Stubbs, Hazel, Stella (Lloyd's wife) holding Richard? Sitting on the ground from left: Andrea, John, Carrie, Alan (lying down), Raymond?, and Relva (the adult) flanked by Relva's children?

Dad, Marco, Mom, Nila, Bob, Shana, Silvia, Brian, Carrie, Jim, Richard, Andrea, Von, Emily, David Anderson is kneeling with Adrian and Hannah. Standing row of kids: Jessica, Tara, Candice, Brandon. Lower row of kids: Sheila, Joseph holding Sean, Lillian, and Hans kneeling in front. 1986.

Darrel, Eva, the Russian artist who painted their portraits, and the artist's husband
Photo taken in St Petersburg, Russia,



The Midway Land and Home, settled on in a motor home 2001, the home built in 2002

Darrel and Eva with their portraits

Darrel and Eva in front of their mission apartment

Eva and Carrie, about 1978

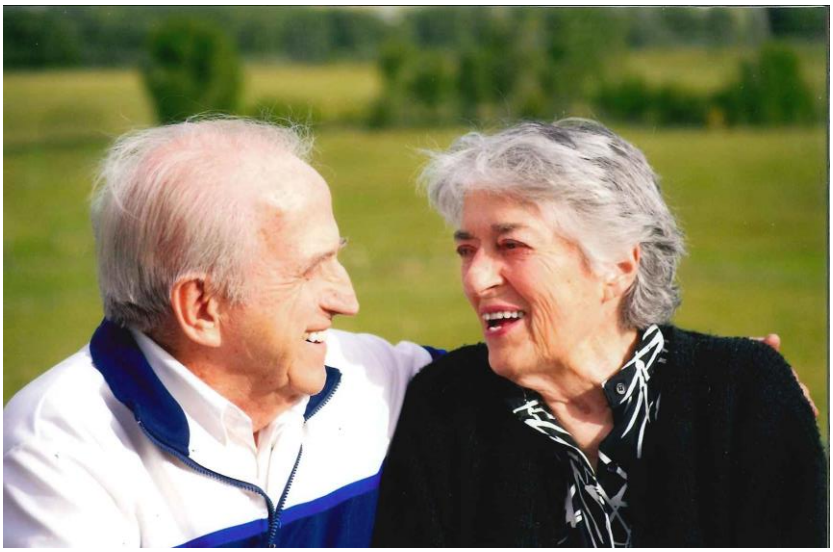
Darrel, about 45

A later class reunion of Darrel's graduating class (Provo High Class of 1944), though Darrel was not in it, as he had to leave early

Eva and Darrel 2010, photo by Sarah Stubbs Walker

Eva and Darrel 2012, photo by Sarah Stubbs Walker

Alan, Darrel, Eric, Brian in the side yard of 592 E 2200 N, 1968



Darrel and Eva 2012, photo by Sarah Stubbs Walker