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## Chapter 5.3 Return to Salmon and our big decision

### Return to Salmon

Loa had a bridal shower for LaRue on February 6<sup>th</sup>. We headed for Salmon about February 9th rather late in the day. Everything fit in the back of the 56 Ford. Even her large portable record player that took a good part of the backseat. I didn't think it was necessary, but it was her new toy and she still owed payments on it.

We were going over Donner Summit which back then was a winding two lane road. There were snow banks about eight feet high on both sides. The heater quit working and the car got colder and colder inside. We bundled up and kept going as it was Sunday and the garages were all closed. We were in Elko the next morning and got it fixed at the Ford garage. Luckily it had not been bitter cold like it can get in that part of the country.

We got to Jackpot which was a wide spot in the road. LaRue told me about the time she came through Jackpot with her folks and her and her dad had a great steak cooked rare in a place about where Barton's 93 is today. So, we stopped and had a steak.

We got to Salmon in the evening. We stopped first to see Olga and Clarence Smith where I boarded in high school. They had seen our engagement notice in the Salmon paper and were thrilled we were together again. They gave me my old bedroom for as long as I wanted to stay. I told them I would not stay long as I had to get to the job in Wyoming. We then unloaded LaRue at her place. They had no problems with us getting engaged and married. Her parents had always liked me (I think).

## Our Big Decision

I dreaded going to Wyoming and hung around a few more days than I had planned. I decided I had to get going the next day which was Valentine's day, February 14, 1959.

We went to a basketball game at the high school and then stopped at the Crescent Club to talk a while. The evening wore on and LaRue said, "why don't we elope tomorrow. It's Valentine's Day". That was a stunner. It sounded good to me, and I would not be leaving her behind again. We rationalized that my folks would not be able to come to a wedding from Guatemala, and we didn't want to burden her folks with the expense. So, eloping would be the best way to go. I dropped her at her folks and went to Smith's with a lot on my mind.

I woke up the next morning thinking about what I had agreed to the night before. I thought I would sleep longer as I was not sure if this was for real or not. Maybe LaRue changed her mind. I also knew she was not an early riser. I heard the phone ring and Olga soon yelled, "LaRue is on the line". I knew then that it was for real and got moving.

I believe Olga and Clarence knew exactly what we were up to as I was packed up and in a hurry to get out the door. They were all smiles.

It was Saturday and getting married that day seemed impossible. I picked up LaRue and she had her bag with her. Her parents had gone somewhere that morning so there was no problem there.

We had to get a marriage license, a blood test, and get moving. My friend Denny Hawley's mother worked at the court house, which was closed, and she was off. We went to see her at home. She agreed to go to the court house and issue our marriage license. Pat Skinner's stepmother was a head nurse and she agreed to come to the hospital and do our blood test. There was normally a three day wait for the results. Somehow she got it accomplished.

Pat Skinner was going to college at Idaho State in Pocatello. LaRue called her to see if she could line her bishop up to marry us that evening. Pat would work on it.

The next stop was to get money out of my savings account at Idaho First National Bank and visit Colvin's Jewelry next door to pick out and purchase wedding bands. By 1pm we were on our way to Pocatello.

We had not had time to eat anything so we stopped at the little store in Leadore to get some snacks. I was longing for shrimp and we got canned shrimp, a big package of Oreo cookies, and Cokes. The lady in the store found a can opener and opened the can of shrimp, and we were on our way again.

We arrived in Pocatello around 6pm and called Pat Skinner from a pay phone. She said we were on for our wedding around 8pm. We had time to find a motel and change clothes. I registered nervously as Mr and Mrs expecting to get challenged, but nothing was said. I figured I would have the paper to prove it later that evening

. I changed into a gray suit that was one of two tailored suits that I bought in Scotland. I chose it because it packed and travelled well with no wrinkles. LaRue changed into a white dress that she had purchased in California. It looked like a short wedding dress, but she said she didn't buy it for that purpose. (Our grand daughter, Summer Redd, tried it on in 2024. It fit her perfectly, and still in new condition, so LaRue gave it to her.)

We found the bishop's house, near the ISU campus. Pat Skinner was there and had her brother Reed with her to stand up with us.

The bishop of the college ward was young, and it was his first wedding. He was nervous and we were nervous. I was repeating the vows and said, "I LaRue take Harry to be ....", and that loosened us up a little. It didn't take long and we were a married couple. LaRue was 20 and I was 22. It was nearly five years from the time we first met in high school.

A lot of water had passed under our bridges. We had withstood the test of time and distance between us. We absolutely felt that it was meant to be.

Afterwards we took Pat with us for a nice dinner at the Bannock Hotel, which was the place in Pocatello for social functions and fine dining. We had Manhattan's before dinner and then prime rib. Later we went by the telegraph office and sent telegrams to her folks and my folks. It was quite a day and a major fork in the road.

## Our Honeymoon

We spent the next day in Pocatello deciding what to do next. We felt we should drop by her brothers in Ogden, Salt Lake, and Springville, Utah to apprise them of the fact that we were married. The first stop was Gail and Carma in Ogden.

Gail asked me what I was going to do with my life, and I said I was going to college but did not know where. He informed me Weber Junior College is in Ogden and they were on break between winter and spring quarters. Would I like to look them over. I didn't think it would hurt and away we went.

Weber at the time had just moved the campus from downtown to South Ogden. The new campus consisted of four new long one-story buildings, a student union, and was quite small. Gail knew the registrar, and we went straight to his office. We talked and toured the buildings. I ended up enrolling for the spring quarter starting in a few days.

We never considered the job in Wyoming after that. It was a good decision that brought resolution to all of the questions we had been asking ourselves. I was starting college much sooner than I thought possible. Wow, another fork in the road.

We hurried along and saw Val and Loi in Salt Lake and Gene and Wanda in Springville. While there we went to a jewelry store in Provo and purchased a diamond wedding ring to match her engagement ring. I felt she needed more than a wedding band.

We decided to make a quick run to see aunt Mary and Uncle Donald and my grandparents in Cambridge. On the way we traveled on highway 30 from Burley to Twin Falls and stopped at a little pullout at the Perrine Bridge and I took photos. From there the highway turned left

onto what we now call Golf Course Road. We passed a half mile south from where our home is now. We kept remarking how beautiful the farms were through Twin Falls and Jerome. Little did we know that 50 years later we would be living here.

After Cambridge we hurried back to Salmon via Arco and Challis to face the music and pack up and move to Ogden. I didn't have to stay with Olga and Clarence anymore.

LaRue's folks were disappointed in not getting to put on a wedding, but accepted what took place. We had a nice reception that made up for it. We were officially recognized in Salmon as married. We surprised a lot of people and old classmates. We beat out our friends Carol and Grant that had a wedding date a few weeks away.

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