

MY BROTHER, JULIAN.

The passage of time dims the memory of events of long ago but there are several episodes involving my relationship with Julian which are still clear and vivid in my mind. I am sure there are many others which I have either forgotten or which I would like to forget!

As I look back on our childhood in the early part of the century, living as we did in a semi-rural atmosphere, I am grateful to have been born at that particular time and to have grown up under those particular ~~circumstances~~ circumstances. Ours was truly a relaxed and slow-paced existence, undisturbed by the hustle and bustle of urban development. Our lives were not cluttered with radio and television diversions. The drug scene was unknown to us. The use of tobacco and alcohol was quite uncommon in our community. Crime, as we know it today, was non-existent. All in all we grew up in a happy environment.

As I try to recall events in my early life involving activities with Julian I am reminded that although there was only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years difference in our ages still we were to some extent of different generations. That is to say, he had his friends and spheres of interest and anyone 3-4 years younger was generally not welcome in that group. Still there were many situations where we were of necessity thrown together.

Sometimes he was called upon to protect me from abuse such as the many occasions when we were playing football on the hard dirt (almost gravelly) fields south of the Cannon Ward chapel against the 26th Ward team, or even the tougher Poplar Grove team. For some reason which I cannot now understand I always seemed to be the center on our team even though I was much smaller than anyone else along the line. The center rush seemed to be the most often called play and invariably I found myself at the bottom of a big pile of bodies with my face being ground into the dirt and rocks as the two backfields surged at each other above me. I recall that on many occasions of this kind how upset Julian would get at the "piling on" and would shove players right and left to extricate me before I suffocated.

Probably my earliest recollection of him as "big brother" was a day when he, Elinor and I went for a ride in the pony cart with our pony whose name I have forgotten. I remember how much trouble Julian had in getting that pony to go in the direction we wanted to go. It seems as though this animal preferred the comfort of his own stall in the barn and was reluctant to leave it. However, when we finally reached our destination and started back towards home things changed. That pony couldn't wait to get home and took us along at a terrifying pace. I recall how Julian struggled with all his strength to hold that pony to a safe speed and also how he tried to avoid showing any fear himself lest Elinor and I should panic. How grateful we all were when we arrived safely at the corral gate!

Julian was almost Victorian in his sense of modesty and propriety. As I look at the permissiveness and worldliness which surrounds our children today I realize just how different our world was. An incident which depicts his modesty occurred when I was about nine or ten years of age which would put him in his beginning teens. In addition to the barn loft which was filled with hay each year we had a haystack adjacent to the barnyard standing about 10-12 feet high around which there was a barbed wire fence to keep the cows from getting to it. It was great fun to climb to the top of this haystack and survey the countryside from that elevation. One day Julian and I, and I vaguely remember that there was another friend or two ^{were} up there on top. In the process of moving around Julian got too close to the edge of the rounded top and started to slide down the side. He grabbed my arm to keep from falling and suddenly I found myself being pulled headfirst over the rounded top of the stack. I remember letting out a yell and jerking loose just in time to avoid being pulled down headfirst.

I vividly recall seeing Julian sliding down the stack, clawing desperately at the hay for something to stop his fall. He was not hurt by the fall because there was sufficient hay on the ground to soften the landing, but he caught his trousers on the

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barbed wire and ripped his trousers as well as part of his posterior. With a yell which could have been heard in the next county he took off for the house, holding his rear end. I scrambled down from the haystack via the ladder which we had used to climb up and raced for the back door of the house. By the time I reached the back porch Julian was dancing a jig with blood leaking through his fingers covering the torn trousers while Mother tried to get him to let her lower his trousers to assess the damage. He was violently refusing to drop his drawers because Elinor and Sylvia were standing in the kitchen door all agog over the scene.

It wasn't until everyone, including myself, was ordered out of sight that he would let Mother expose the damaged cheek and apply first aid. As I recall the gash was about one inch long and deep enough to cause considerable bleeding and pain. I am sure the scar remained visible throughout his life although I doubt that anyone else has ever seen it!

Julian was a typically curious youngster and was also quite ingenious and mechanically inclined. One incident typifies these characteristics. In the upstairs of our home at 1380 South 8th West there was one room which Father generally kept locked because he kept many of his personal effects stored there. We found out also, through Julian's curiosity and ingenuity, that this was also the place where "Santa Claus" stored our Christmas gifts until Christmas Eve. Julian found a way to get through the locked door and in a moment of generosity, shortly before Christmas Eve, took me in to see all of the gifts being accumulated. It was a rather shattering experience for me to find that Santa Claus did not exist but I was nevertheless thrilled to see the sled which I had so earnestly asked Santa for in my letter to him.

There was an unhappy aftermath to this episode several weeks later when, in a fit of anger at something Julian did which I did not like, I spilled the beans about his showing me the room. It was a cowardly thing for me to do because he had sworn me to secrecy. But he probably learned a lesson from it because I do not remember him taking me into his confidence again for a long time! Father was not a believer in today's permissive approach to raising children and Julian learned that the buggy whip can be used for other things besides laying across the back of the pony!

As I mentioned earlier, the difference in our ages was frequently a source of difficulty for me and no doubt a source of irritation for him because I had a desire to be included in the things he and his pals were doing. As I reflect back on some of those episodes I can well understand and sympathize with his irritation. On one occasion I went one step too far in intruding into the activities of his friends and he took occasion to put me in my place.

One of the boys in his "gang" was Maury Rich whose folks owned a neighborhood grocery store. Frequently Maury and his buddies would congregate in the store while he tended shop. I wanted badly to be included in the bull sessions which went on there and this one particular day I found some pretext, along with another kid my age, Stevie Moore, to slip into the store.

One of the main attractions there, at least to me, was a large barrel of peanut butter. The days of individually packaged jars of peanut butter had not yet arrived and one purchased peanut butter by the pound by scooping it out of the barrel with a large wooden spoon and wrapping in a piece of waxed paper. I had a passion for peanut butter (and still do in spite of what happened on this occasion), and couldn't resist the temptation to lift the lid when I thought no one was looking, and dipping two fingers into the barrel and filling my mouth with the delicious stuff. Unfortunately, Julian saw me just as my fingers went into my mouth!

Whether he was embarrassed to have such a brother or whether he wanted to let me know I was not welcome among his friends, he proceeded with the help of the others to wrestle me to the floor where my arms were securely tied behind my back. Then they proceeded to pry my mouth wide open and forced peanut butter into my mouth until I was bulging at the cheeks and almost choking from it. They then stood me on my feet and chased me out of the store!

Fortunately, we lived only about a half block away and I made a bee line for our home, gagging and with tears streaming down my face, more from the humiliation of the situation than from pain, although my jaws were aching from the stretched condition. I could not open the rear screen door because my hands were tied so tightly and I could only bang on the door with my body until Mother came to my rescue. Needless to say she was very upset over the incident and it resulted in another visit between Julian and Father, and the buggy whip!

I am eternally grateful that Julian did not harbor grudges for any extended period because there seemed to be frequent occasions over the years of our youth when he had occasion to put me in my place only to then be punished for doing so, because an older brother should never pick on his younger brother! I am also grateful that I had an older brother who would stand up for me, even when sometimes I did not merit such loyalty.

As the years went by our age difference melted into insignificance and we became very good friends. I will always remember the happy reunion we had in Dresden, Germany, in January, 1928, on the occasion of the German-Austrian Mission Conference honoring the centennial celebration of the birth of Dr. Karl G. Maeser in the nearby town of Meissen. Julian was nearing the end of his mission and I had just shortly before Christmas of 1927 arrived in the Swiss-German Mission. With a little bit of conniving and importuning I was given permission to go to Dresden for the three day conference. Those three days with Julian were very meaningful to me. I was suffering the usual pains of homesickness through a first Christmas period away from home in a foreign land plus the anguish of having received word that the "one and only girl" had decided she didn't want to wait two and one-half years for my return. So those three days with Julian restored my equilibrium and sent me back to Hannover with the right attitude about my mission.

Upon my return from Germany in the summer of 1930 Julian talked me into going to Utah State University with him for our further college work. For the next two years we were very close as we completed our engineering studies and graduated in June of 1932 with a degree in Civil Engineering. We were fraternity brothers in Pi Kappa Alpha and double dated regularly for the social events of the fraternity. He owned a 1930 model B Ford convertible and was always very generous in letting me use it for some of my solo dating when he transferred his interests to a girl in Salt Lake by the name of Ina Garff!

After graduation our paths separated somewhat when Wanda and I moved to Los Angeles, and our contacts were infrequent and brief for many years as we both became involved in raising our respective families. In later years, after Father and Mother passed away, I always looked forward to coming to General Conference and visiting with Julian in his office in the Church Building Department. We spent many hours together (sometimes preferring to visit together rather than attending the Saturday conference sessions,) recalling old times and friends, and discussing future plans for retirement.

Wanda and I will always cherish the brief but very enjoyable outing we had with Julian and Ina on a houseboat on Lake Powell a few years ago. Also we recall with pleasure a visit together in Palm Springs more recently. We are just saddened that there could not have been more such joyous experiences.

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As I now look back over the past seveny plus years I see a boy and man who was kind and considerate, although he could very readily rise up in righteous indignation on occasions when he saw wrongs being committed. I see a man who sought no honors or glory for himself but was content to do what needed to be done, and in a very effective and efficient way. He loved and honored his parents and his family, he honored his many Priesthood callings, and I feel very blessed to have had him as my brother.


Winfield Q. Cannon March 31, 1981