

HISTORY OF



Buddies - Reed & Jerry

GERALD H. ANDERSON (JERRY)

BORN: 27 August 1928 at Bothwell, Utah

DIED: 24 May 1945 at Bothwell, Utah

PARENTS: Eli Carl Anderson

Sarah Ellen (Ella) Hunsaker

Memories of Jerry

By Reed C. Jensen

My favorite uncle, Gerald H. Anderson was killed when he crashed his small airplane about less than a mile from his home. Jerry was only a year and a half older than me. We grew up spending many weekends together. He was like an older brother and I loved him. Jerry was always more daring than I. He liked to drive fast. He would drive a team of horses on the run down the dip in the road over Salt Creek. We'd go half a mile to Roland Christensen's service station to put air in the wagon tires and more often than not, buy a bottle of root beer to share. We would count swallows so we each got half. He always got the most and I didn't care.

One day when Jerry was about twelve he was sent to chase the workhorses out of a field and into the barn. Jerry caught old Rex, the favorite family horse that could be worked, ridden, raced and used to hunt deer. He jumped on bareback. With only a rope on its neck, he rounded up the other horses. A new horse among the herd kicked Jerry on his leg and it broke the shinbone. The leg got infected and the doctor cut a whole in the cast that looked like window so that they could put ointment on the infected area. Then they would replace the cut out area of the cast after treating the wound. He was laid up for a long time. During this time he learned about airplanes and he was determined that he was going to become a pilot. He read everything he could about them and made models. He had every model plane that was being used in the war efforts.

He could only think about airplanes. He built dozens of solid model planes to perfect scale, some were balsam wood and all were painted. He talked about building his own private airfield on top of Westmoreland hill also known as Point Look Out just northeast of Grandpa's barn. I never had a desire to go up in an airplane – I am always over cautious but if Jerry hadn't crashed, I have no doubt I would have always been with him.

When Jerry broke his leg, I had my appendix rupture. I lay in Brigham Hospital for 21 days. I went home a week, then back in the hospital for 14 more days with pneumonia. Everyday Mom would buy me some "funny books" as they were called; magazines featuring Spiderman, Superman, Batman, Rubberman, Dick Tracy and many others. I had a stack two feet high. Jerry was at Tremonton Hospital with Dr. White. He had a similar stack of funny books,

so we would exchange them with each other. Today, they would be worth a small fortune if we'd saved them.

I remember when I got out of the hospital and was getting better; Jerry was just getting off crutches. That's the only time in my life I could outrun him. It felt good.

One year, Uncle Keith, Uncle Jerry and I were building a barbwire fence around Uncle Max's pasture west of where the Third Ward Church now stands. We had dug and planted railroad ties and braced them at the corners, then set cedar posts at twelve-foot intervals. Hard work! Then we rolled out barbwire one wire at a time and Keith stretched it tight with their small crawler tractor. Once when Jerry jumped over the ditch and grabbed a wire to nail to the post at the proper height, the wire broke and went spinning past Jerry, badly cutting his arm. Just his luck!

Nothing scared Jerry. The year Jerry was a freshman; I watched the annual sack rush at the high school football field, freshmen versus almighty juniors. Jerry came racing down field and made a diving head-on tackle, picked up the sack of straw and carried it to the end zone while fighting off the opposition. Everyone like Jerry. He made them feel important. He would have been student body president had he lived.

Everyone knew Jerry and he knew everyone. He could visit with small kids or adults. This impressed me and I always tried to make this one of my goals in life. Jerry would never swear nor tell jokes with four-letter words. We loved to hear and tell each other jokes but they were funny not dirty. (Another of my goals).

When I stayed at his home weekends in winter, Saturday night we'd go to play basketball at Bothwell's cultural hall. It wasn't large by today's standard but it was the scene of a lot of good times. We'd play basketball till we were all pooped out. Some good ball players lived in Bothwell: big Boyd Marble, scrappy Eldon Anderson, smooth Cleon Summers, Lyle Holdaway, Floyd Egli, Blaine Coven and Willard Anderson who was Jerry's cousin. He was with us a lot.

Next morning, Sunday we'd get up early to go do the endless chores. Then Grandma Ella would cook us Danish hotcakes, often called Swedish pancakes in my neighborhood. I remember getting two and dying for more. Grandma said, "Do you want another one?" I'd answer, "I don't care." Big mistake! I found out she thought that meant I don't care for more. Really I didn't care if I had a dozen more.

Then Jerry would say, "Let's clean up and go to church," and I'd be unhappy. But I never doubted anything Jerry asked and I always felt good about going to church at Bothwell with him.

Jerry was kind of sweet on a cute, red-haired girl from Riverside, Sharon Hales. Several times I drove Grandpa's old Plymouth to Riverside while Jerry and Sharon sat in the back seat. I had orders to drive slow so they'd have more time to "talk." I'd take the back roads, mostly gravel, and very little traffic. I only drove 20-25 miles per hour. I think I was a good driver. All fourteen-year olds think that. Anyway, gas was rationed because of World War II. People had to make every drop count.

I still think of Jerry often. When I have a problem, I ask myself, "What does Jerry want me to do?" Jerry was always my best friend. I still love him dearly. I named my second son, Jerry. I think they are alike in many ways.

Jerry was born and died on his Grandfather Andrew Anderson's homestead.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF GERALD H. ANDERSON

Conducted by Bishop Stokes

May 18, 1945

BISHOP STOKES:

“We will commence this service by the high school chorus singing ‘Some Time We’ll Understand,” after which prayer will be offered by Principal Stevens, our Principal of the high school.”

INVOCATION, FRANK STEVENS:

“Our Father who are in Heaven, it is with humble hearts we are assembled here on this solemn occasion to pay tribute to one of Thy servants whom Thou has called home and we lift our hearts with prayer to Thee on behalf of those whose life has been shattered by this accident. We pray Thou will bless and comfort them.

We pray Thee that Thou will be with those who take part on this service today. May the words and music be inspired and guided by Thee and bring solace and comfort to those who mourn and help them to bear this earthly life’s sorrow and disappointment.

We are grateful for the life of Gerald who was a leader and an influence for good among his associates. His cheerful face and happy disposition will be missed and we pray we will find gratification in the life he lead and comfort in the memory of the things he accomplished.

We dedicate our lives to Thee, for in Thee we know all things are made new again. Help us to trust our loved ones to Thy care. We humbly pray in Jesus name. Amen.”

BISHOP STOKES:

“The girls” choir will now render a song after which Brother Bunnell will speak to us. We will have to limit our speakers to five minutes on account of we have so many speakers. So please limit your talks to five minutes.”

LEROY BUNNELL:

“Practically every individual has a hobby. The nature of these hobbies differ as much as individuals themselves differ. Many people are completely satisfied with reading. Others will spend what time they can at shows or operas. Still others have hobbies, which require considerable activity.

Hobbies may have two purposes. They may be for intellectual development, or they may be for personal enjoyment. Most of us have hobbies for personal enjoyment and occasionally make a successful life’s occupation out of that activity.

Where personal enjoyment is the main purpose of the hobby, very often the element of danger enters in. The greater the danger, the more fun we get out of the activity. The fisherman may put on waders to fish a stream or hole otherwise inaccessible with boots. Or, he may venture the rapids or the rough lake with a boat and the swifter the stream or the rougher the lake, for the sake of catching a fish or having a good boat ride, the greater the chances he will take. We carry our guns into the forest to hunt big game in spite of the element of danger. Many of us ride horseback and how we enjoy a good fast ride not being at all sure about the secureness of the horses footing, or of the temperament or disposition of the horse. If we hike, we climb to the tallest and sharpest peak trying to get to the most inaccessible part of the mountain. If we swim, we go to the deepest water, or dive from the highest point. If we drive a car, we enjoy knowing how fast it will travel. We invest in motorcycles to enjoy the speed at which they

travel.

All of the above illustrations at times are hobbies and practically every one of us present today have enjoyed the thrills of these hobbies without knowing at times just how dangerously close we have come to tragedy.

Gerald Anderson, just like any of the rest of us, enjoyed the thrills of a hobby. Instead of enjoying the thrills of the water, of horseback riding, or of the motorcycle, he enjoyed the thrills of the airplane. The tragedy, which overtook him, is now an important lesson to each of us in being a little more careful in our own activities.

Gerald has always been interested in planes. A few years ago I visited him at his home when he had a broken leg. His bedroom was filled with various models of planes he had made. He would often discuss with me his desires to fly. His ambition was to know aeronautics from beginning to end. He realized that at present pilots were plentiful and that if he realized his ambitions he would have to do a better job than the other fellow. It is unfortunate that he will not be able to achieve this goal.

It was eight years ago when I came to the valley and became acquainted with the Anderson Family. Max, Verl, Keith and Jerry have always been the same as brothers to me. Also, it was always a pleasure to enter the Anderson home and relax and converse with the family. It was as though I was talking with my own family. It was a joy to observe the friendly and cooperative attitude of each member of the family toward the other. It was a great pleasure as well to note the organization of the family. Each boy had his responsibility, not only because of assignment, but because the boys were each in business for himself. Each had a project to manage and care for. When the project was completed, the profits belonged to the boy and this

profit was re-invested in aiding the boys to become established on a farm. I feel that this was a very commendable practice on the part of Brother and Sister Anderson and they are to be complimented for this excellent guidance of their family.

Max, Verl and Keith have established names for themselves among the Future Farmers of Utah and the nation, which will be recalled for years to come. Gerald was following right along in their footsteps.

The tragedy last week, which claimed the life of Gerald, was indeed a shock to all of us. The Future Farmers, the school and many of his associates will look at his empty seat at school and at church and their minds will reflect back to the happy days spent with Gerald. There will be a period of loneliness, but in due time all may once more enjoy his companionship and together enjoy a school, perhaps a little different than what we enjoy today, but it will still be a school to aid us along the road to exaltation.

Gerald sleeps the sleep of death, but his spirit lives where the records of his deeds are kept. When the judgment day comes, Gerald will present the story of his life. The fact that Gerald died young will not influence the judgment. His spirit is now in Paradise where he will continue to advance intellectually.

Phillip James Bailey expresses a thought worthy of consideration when a young member of our group departs from this mortal state, in his poem:

“THE END OF LIFE”

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feeling, not figures on a dial.
We should count time by heartthrobs. He most lives
Who thinks the most, feels the noblest and acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

Life is but a means to an end; that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things God.

I have greatly enjoyed my acquaintance and association with the Anderson Family, with all of them. I have enjoyed the time I have spent with Gerald. I have admired his ambitions. It takes men with ambition to go ahead and develop things. They may end in tragedy but it makes the world a safer place for all of us.

God bless the Anderson Family that they may go ahead and live their lives in spite of the loneliness in their home and I pray the Lord will be with the relatives and friends and I do in Jesus name. Amen.”

BISHOP STOKES:

“Gerald loved his work and loved learning to fly and he wrote a paper on ‘Learning to Fly’ which Eleda Vee Stokes will read; after which she will pay Jerry a tribute which she had written entitled, “A Tribute to Jerry Anderson.”

ELEDA VEE STOKES:

“For as long as I can remember, I have always wanted to learn to fly, so last summer I decided to try my luck at it. When I first started the ordeal, I didn’t think it would be very hard thing to do, but after about two weeks I found myself wading through red tape up to my neck. First, I had to pass a tough examination by a special doctor, to see if I was fit, physically and mentally. After four hours of these exams, the doc politely informed me that I had made it by the skin of my teeth with a 90% average on all my tests. This good news made me very happy; now I’m a pilot I said to myself, but other things changed my mind. I found I had yet to raise one hundred dollars in order to join the “Wings of Box Elder Flying Club.” I also had to get the

signatures of twenty-five active members of the Club, each stating that he approved of my joining the Club. Oh! But wait; before I could join the Club I had to find an inactive member who wanted to sell his membership. This took quite some time but I finally found a membership and purchased it.

You are finally in the Club, nothing more to worry about Jerry, a voice within me triumphantly chanted; but again the voice was wrong; I had yet to acquire two things, a written statement from my parents saying that they would pay for all the planes I wrecked (Suckers). I also had to get a solo permit from the state airmen inspector, for this I needed a birth certificate, medical certificate, and my parents' signature.

Well my dream was finally coming true, at least partially; although I had not yet received by pilots' license I could see at least a slight gleam of hope.

I took my first instruction September 9, 1944. I will never be able to fully express the joyful thrill that came to me from that first flight. To me it was celestially wonderful. Since then I have taken many flights and to me each flight possesses an exultant sensation which could come to me through nothing but flying.

The road ahead now seems clear of all major obstacles, but there are still a few minor hitches for me yet to encounter and overcome. I am scheduled to take my solo exams and flight test Sunday, April 14, at 4:00 P.M. This is one of the minor hitches; after I put this obstacle behind me I feel that I will be on my way to success in the field of private flying.”

A Tribute To Jerry

Far beyond the distance
Where mortals dare to fly,
Above the angry tumult
In those portals of the sky,
Another friend has gone to rest,

For God has called him home.
A boy whose mind has always been
So close to heaven's dome.

He lived to fly and so he died,
His dream at last fulfilled.
And with him gone our very lives
We find we must rebuild,
For he was such a part of us
In every cunning way;
We find our thoughts are with him
At the closing of each day.

For as the sun sets slowly
There are thoughts we can't erase
His simple, friendly greeting
And the smile upon his face,
The tiny model airplanes,
The books he loved to read;
And then the things his hands have made,
The cows he used to feed.

We see the dented fender
That he never could explain;
And then in all his glory
We see him in his plane.
How proud he was that he could fly
Above the trees and land,
Yet as he toured the airways
Fate took him by the hand.

Yes, fate stepped in where life was full
And made an empty space;
God knows that only Jerry
Could ever take that place,
But he had other work to do
In realms not known to man;
And so until we meet again
We'll do the best we can.

On God take care of him, whose life
Has made ours more worth while,
Who taught us in his kindly way
To face life with a smile;
And when death hovers near us,

And our time comes to die,
May all of us who loved him
Unite with him on high.

BISHOP STOKES:

Brother Beckstead will now play a Violin solo for us after which Osey Jensen will speak followed by C. E. Smith.”

OSEY JENSEN:

“Men glory in raising great and magnificent structures and find a secret pleasure in seeing sets of their own planting grow up and flourish, but it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man to see a youth of our own planting, from the small beginnings and advantages we have given him, grow up into a self sustaining man. One who will take root in the world and shoot to such a height and spread his branches so wide that we who first planted him may ourselves find comfort and shelter his shadow.

Parents are very eager to see their children make the most of life. Children differ in their likes and dislikes just as we older people do. Some like feeding stock. Some like dairying, some poultry, some business, some music, but Jerry liked planes. Parents like to see and encourage their children to do the thing they like to do best though sometime we do it reluctantly.

Eli and Ella have been just that way with their children. They have encouraged their children along the lines they have liked but they have had a fear. Eli has mentioned to me on many occasions that he was afraid Jerry was getting too enthused with his planes and he was afraid to see him fly. But flying is where Jerry got the most joy out of life.

We were placed upon the earth that we might have joy. The Lord gave us everything on the earth that we may have joy and happiness.

- How can youth be happy?

- Keep good company or none.
- Never be idle.
- If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
- Always speak the truth.
- Make few promises.
- Live up to your engagements.
- Keep your own secrets if you have any.
- When you speak to a person look him in the face.
- Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
- Good character is above all things else.
- Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
- If one speaks evil of you, let life be such that none will believe him.
- Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
- Always live within your income.
- When you retire at night think over what you have been doing during the day.
- Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
- Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
- Never play at any kind of game of chance.
- Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
- Never speak evil of anyone.
- Be just before you are generous.
- Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
- Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
- Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.
- Often think of death and your accountability to God.
- An honest industrious boy or girl is always wanted.
- Townsmen will want him at a citizen, acquaintances as a neighbor, neighbors as a friend, families as a visitor, the world as an acquaintance.

Eli and Ella have raised their children so they are wanted in the different walks of life because they, themselves, are that kind of people.

Of all the many people I have had the pleasure of working with and for, I have found none that have given me more satisfaction or pleasure than has Eli and I feel it an honor to be counted among his friends and to have been privileged to say these few words. I join in with the many friends in extending our sympathy and ask God's blessings on them and I do in Jesus name. Amen."

C. E. SMITH:

“Shocking experience continue coming to us. Just a few days ago I was in a classroom with Gerald Anderson along with a group of his associates-students discussing a subject of such interest to him. And as I have always been quick to observe an Anderson boy in a room, I was very quick to see Gerald in that class. As he always has been, he was happy. He was buoyant and interested. He was vibrant, sincere, earnest and trying to grasp the things, which were being taught there.

I say, I noticed him when I came into the room. I would have done likewise if it had been one of his brothers. They seem to stand out in a group. That was just a few days ago. Who would have thought that today you and I would be here performing the last rites for this boy of an earthly nature. Death so unexpectedly and death so shocking.

Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And start to set-but all
Thou has all seasons as they own, Oh! death!

Day is for mortal care
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth.
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

We know when moons shall wane
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea.
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Thou are where billows foam
Thou art where music melts upon the air
Thou art around us in our peaceful home
And the word calls us forth and thou art there.

Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set-but all,

Thou has all seasons as thy own, Oh! death!

When all things else with human beings have perished, when humanity has finished, three elements will prevail and continue to exist-truth, justice and virtue. Truth, justice and virtue are the realities of life and I have observed in this boy, as I have observed in his brothers, a desire to put these three elements into everything in which he came in contact.

I was happy to hear one of Gerald's favorite teachers speak of him and his parents as he did and what he said was true. I have observed the same things. Brother and Sister Anderson have always encouraged their family to follow their desires. This boy's desire was as strong as any other. To find in life, truth. To find in life ways to deal justly with one another and to protect virtue.

We should not be at all envious of those who abide in the eternal world nor deny them the happiness of this boy. Nor should we censor providence for taking him. For there is another world similar to this, an eternal world. In that sphere they went good boys. They have need for good boys.

When you people made preparation to come to this service, you went to your florist and said, "Take your choicest blossoms to pay tribute to this family. You said, "Spare not." And in that eternal world we can imagine the reaper said, "Take of the choicest and spare not" and that is what he did.

This is one of the choicest boys I know and we must not criticize the eternal world for taking him. You and I will soon be there. Now that statement is as true as can be. There is a god watching over us and loves us. Life is immortal. This sacrifice will be joys added upon in years to come. This boy has gone to the eternal sphere to share with those gone on before.

God bless this family and all of us with the ability to live and pursue those things that are eternal, truth, virtue and justice. I pray in Jesus name. Amen.”

Bishop Stokes:

“Marion Summers will now sing to us, ‘Perfect Day’ after which Clarence Anderson will speak to us. D. Milton Marble will be our concluding speaker.”

CLARENCE ANDERSON:

“My dear brothers and sisters, I consider it an honor and privilege to be asked to say a few words on this solemn occasion, yet I realize and feel my weakness in saying something that will be of comfort to this family and I ask an interest in your faith and prayers in the few moments I stand here and express the thoughts in my heart.

I have known Sister and Brother Anderson and their family quite intimately since coming to Bothwell some five years ago and I can say that they are a fine family. Max, Keith, Dean and Jerry are to my way of thinking all outstanding. That goes for the rest of the family as well. I know that they have been brought up in truth and righteousness. You can see it in their everyday life and I am sure their parents have trained them according to the teachings the Lord has given us.

Among other things the Lord said to Joseph Smith in Revelations: ‘And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord.’ They have done this thing.

I am proud and happy to have had the privilege to associate with Jerry. He was in my Priesthood class and was selected by the group to be their leader. They recognized in him the leadership we know he had and I say there wasn’t anything we asked him to do that he didn’t try to do it. He and my son were Ward Teachers and they did their work well. There wasn’t a

month went by without them doing their teaching.

I have been thinking a lot the last day or two of the talk, which he gave in Sacramento Meeting just two weeks ago last night. He was asked to speak on the Mutual them of last year and for four or five minutes he stood up and spoke eloquently and I thought any parent would be proud to call him their son. He was truly one of God's choice spirits.

He came to our home on several occasions. Sometimes to visit my son and sometimes seeking advice and I trust that the little advice I was able to give helped in a small way to make him the kind of boy he was.

My son expressed the sentiment I felt when he saw the plane crash. He was the first to get there after it crashed. He watched the plane go down. In fact, Jerry had just flown over the field where Jay was and waved to him and then tried to make a circle to come back and wave again. Jay stood and watched him go down and attempted to get him out but wasn't able until more help arrived. He said to me, "Dad, I can't understand it. I just can't understand." It was hard to understand. It is hard for the family to understand.

They have sent one boy into the army and he has gone through everything a human could go through. I have had several letters from him and know what he has gone through and the Lord has protected him, but one of the boys whom we thought was safely away from all harm has been taken. We can't understand, but sometime we will.

I pray the Lord will comfort this family and give them all the comfort and solace they need in this hour of sorrow and I do humbly pray in Jesus name. Amen."

D. MILTON MARBLE:

"My brothers and sisters and friends, it has given me a great deal of solace and uplift to

attend this service this afternoon and I am sure that the feelings that have been in my heart have greatly been related in this service and through this beautiful sight that I behold in the Tabernacle of friends and family and associates and high school boys and girls who have all come to pay their last respect to this their loving friend.

While President Smith was speaking the thought came to me of just what Jerry would think of this service when he meets you in the next few days or the coming years in the next world. And I would like to say to you high school girls and boys that I imagine the first thing Jerry will do is grasp your hand and say, 'I see you took part at my funeral.' And I can think of nothing more uplifting than to have all of one's friends and associates gathered to express what is in their hearts as has been expressed and the high tributes that have been given to Jerry.

It has been said that Jerry had a desire for aeronautics. I can testify to that fact. In my home I attempted to take a few boys through a course in Scouting Aeronautics. In that class we studied the weather, clouds and etc., and Jerry came every evening to that class. It was during the winter and he rode as far as two and a half miles to study in that class and was very enthusiastic with the work and he came with his assignment well prepared. I remember at one time I gave an assignment of drawing any model scale which they wished and Jerry came to class with his model and looked over the others and said, 'How about taking my model home again tonight and working on it some more. I'm sure I can do a better job.' And he did take it home and improved it.

I want to tell you that I have had the greatest association that anyone could ask to have with this Anderson Family. Me and the Anderson boys: Max, Verl, Dean, Keith and Jerry hardly missed a week when we didn't associate with each other. And it was a great pleasure to me to

stand in this Tabernacle and have pinned upon my chest the award of Eagle Scout and standing at my side was Max and Dean who had achieved this award also. These boys were always very thorough in their work.

There were some of the boys who were in my class who were slow in their work, so I took them in mass and taught them and as I advanced with these boys, Max said to me one day, ‘Bishop, don’t you think you’re crowding these fellows a little fast?’ That’s the kind of boys they are. I don’t think they will agree with you at all times, but if they don’t agree with you, they will come to the floor with their ideas, which I think, is a great trait.

If I could pay any tribute that was higher I haven’t thought of it and this tribute is that I think in this great America of ours, they are the typical American family. Just the other day when Eli was criticizing himself for signing papers for Jerry to become a pilot, at that time he proved to me he was a great American father whose desire it was that his son should advance along the line he desired to go.

Now my brothers and sisters, I hope and pray that through your presence here today and through the prayers in behalf of this family that they shall be comforted and come to know that the great Giver gives and takes away and they shall say, ‘Blessed be the name of the Lord.’ And may we all have that Great Spirit within us and know that these things shall be understood someday by us as a human family. May the Lord bless us with His comforting spirit, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.”

BISHOP STOKES:

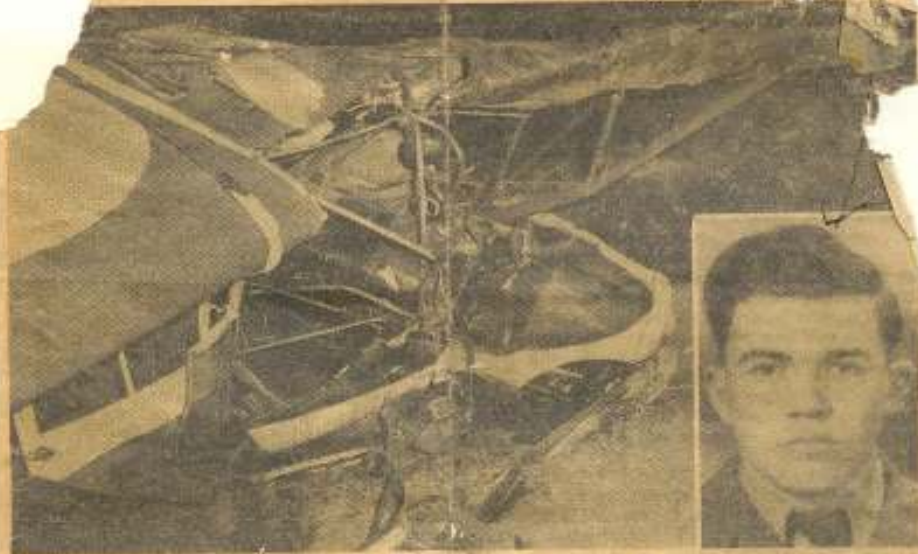
“I would like this day to endorse that which has been said. We as a Bishopric loved Gerald. He was fine boy. Any time we asked him to do a thing, we knew it would be done.

We appreciate the family too. They are great community builders. The things they have achieved in this valley and in the 4-H group, they have earned. I have seen their lights burning at 4 o'clock in the morning. So we can understand why they went places.

'Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself.' That was one of God's great commandments. The second one. They do love their neighbors. I never went for help to them but what they put themselves out to help me. Their pocketbooks have always been open for donations of all kinds. And I want to thank them.

May the Lord bless them that they may be comforted this day.

Sto Leo C. A. P. pilot



SCENE OF FATAL AIR WRECK

Wreckage of a light touring plane which crashed near Bothwell, Box Elder county, Thursday, killing Gerald H. Anderson, inset, is shown above.

Rites Set Monday For Victim Of Plane Crash

TREMONTON, Box Elder County—Funeral services for Gerald H. Anderson, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Anderson, Bothwell, who died Thursday of injuries sustained in an airplane crash about one mile from his home, will be conducted Monday at 4:30 p. m. in the Bear River L. D. S. stake tabernacle, Garland, by J. Leo Stokes, bishop of the Bothwell L. D. S. ward.

Young Anderson, a prominent student at Bear River High School, was piloting a training plane when the accident occurred. His mother was one of the witnesses to the accident. Others said he was flying low, banked for a turn and apparently did not have enough speed causing the plane to crash.

Civil aeronautics authority officials inspected the wreckage and conducted a general investigation, along with Sheriff Warren Hyde of Box Elder county, Friday morning.

The plane was one of three owned by the Wings of Box Elder flying club, Brigham City, which has about 52 members. The boy had been flying for four months and had 14 hours solo flying before the accident. He took off from the Brigham City airport about 11:30 p. m., landed at the Logan airport, and apparently was en route back to his home field when the crash occurred about 5:30 p. m. He was a member of the Box Elder civil air patrol cadets.

Friends may call at the family home in Bothwell Sunday after 5 p. m. and Monday until time of services. Burial will be in Bothwell cemetery under the direction of the Shaw and Rogers funeral home of Tremonton.

24 The Salt Lake Tribune Friday, May 25, 1945

Utah Mother Sees Son's Fatal Crash

TREMONTON, Box Elder County—Gerald H. Anderson, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Anderson, Tremonton, died Thursday at 6 p. m. in Valley hospital, where he was taken following the crash of a C. A. P. Cub plane he had piloted from Brigham City airport.

His mother, looking out of a window, saw the plane crash into the side of a low hill within a mile of his own home. Leo Stokes and Jay Anderson were the first to reach the plane, which was smashed so badly it had to be ripped open to remove young Anderson. An ambulance took him to the hospital, but he lived only a few minutes after arrival, never regaining consciousness.

Witnesses said he was flying low and when he banked for a turn, did not seem to have enough speed. He had been making solo flights two months.

He was born Aug. 27, 1929, and was a student at Bear River high school, where he was president-elect of the P. F. A.

Besides his parents, 10 brothers and sisters survive. Mrs. Maurine Toome, Croyden; Ray Anderson, Garland; Carlyle Anderson, Mantua; Mrs. Dorothy Pickett, Hemmer; Mrs. Vesta Jensen, Max and

Dean Anderson, Tremonton; Vera Anderson, Fielding; Keith Anderson, with Seventh army in Germany, and Miss Eloise Anderson, cadet nurse in Des hospital, Ogden.

Shaw and Rogers funeral home will announce funeral services.

FAST DIRECT



RCA

RADIOGRAM

R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE

TO ALL THE WORLD — BETWEEN IMPORTANT U. S. CITIES — TO SHIPS AT SEA

AX570 BRIGHAMCITYUTAH 35/34 25 1118

NLT KEITH H ANDERSON

39922451 AMOBID

MAY 26 1975 8 25 P.

KEITH BROTHER GERALD KILLED IN AIRPLANE ACCIDENT ACCEPT
MY SYMPATHIES CAN YOU MAKE IT HOME FATHER AND MOTHER
NEED YOU FONDEST REGARDS

SHERRIFF WARREN W HYDE

FAST DIRECT



RCA

RADIOGRAM

R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE

TO ALL THE WORLD — BETWEEN IMPORTANT U.S. CITIES — TO SHIPS AT SEA

AX514 BRIGHAM CITY WJAH 35 25 1119

KEITH H ANDERSON

MAY 26 1945 8 55 PM

39922451 AMOBID

DEAR KEITH MOTHER NEEDS YOU BADLY BROTHER GERALD KILLED
IN AIRPLANE MAY 25TH NEAR LONE ROCK MOTHER SAW HIM
FALL FUNERAL PENDING WORD REPLY LOVE

DEAN H ANDERSON

FAST DIRECT



RCA

RADIOGRAM

R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE



TO ALL THE WORLD — BETWEEN IMPORTANT U.S. CITIES — TO SHIPS AT SEA

AX176 TREMONTONUTAH 39/38 29 1145

NLT KEITH ANDERSON

39922451 AMOBID=

000550-12

DEAR KID SORRY YOU DIDNT GET HERE KEEP TRYING
RGRAND FUNERAL FOR JERRY HELD GARLAND TABERNACLE 430
 YESTERDAY MOTHER AND DAD MUCH BETTER ALL IS WELL WIRE
 BACK LOVE

DEAN ANDERSON

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