

*IN MEMORY
AND HONOR*





*In a place of honor his picture stands today.
Memories are all that are left, they say.
But they are wrong, for little do they understand
The love and respect we feel for this man,
This man who gave us hope for a brighter
tomorrow,
Who fought for his country, wars full of sorrow.
This man represents all of the men
Who paid for the price of freedom again;
Who left us more than the eye can see--
The right to live with moral dignity.
Unselfish and strong they met the test
And gave us all their very best.
Thru memories a reminder, clear and plain,
That the price of freedom shall not be in vain.
Homage we pay to all of these men
And pray that we never will war again.*



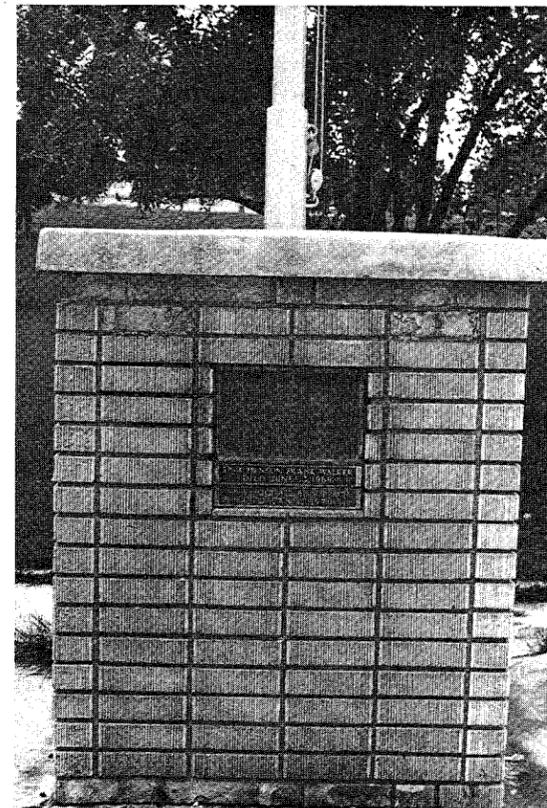
CHAPTER 9

IN MEMORY AND HONOR

No history would be complete without paying honor to the brave men who gave their lives for the quest of freedom in order that we can live in this beautiful valley in peace and prosperity.

Let us quote from the book The Key to Peace by Clarence Manion.

The men of George Washington's generation had no opportunity to view the sweeping landscapes of America from a speeding airplane or to make a half dozen routine trips from coast to coast within the span of a single calendar year. They missed the majestic perspective of peak and prairie that comprise "America the Beautiful," but in the faces of their fellow countrymen they saw something far more important, something which our contemporaries have missed entirely. The widely diversified population of Revolutionary America reflected a fleeting vision of eternal truth-in-action which our alert and farsighted forefathers caught.



So that there could be no possible mistake about its object and purpose our Founding Fathers caused the American Republic officially and with the first breath of its new life to declare: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life,

The flag pole and monument in the Lindon Park were presented to Lindon Community Park by the Pleasant Grove Junior Chamber of Commerce in memory of the men who died in Vietnam. In an article written in a New England paper it stated, according to a UPI release, that Lindon, Utah, had the highest number of men (per capita) killed in action in Vietnam of any town its size in the United States. The men who gave their lives are listed on the plaque on the monument.

liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed--"

This section of the book is included to pay our respects and gratitude to the special people from our community who have helped to preserve these rights for us. Many young men gave their time to join the armed forces. A year or two or three is a pretty precious commodity to give to help preserve our freedom. Some gave more than their time. They gave their lives. There have been ten men from Lindon who have made this sacrifice.

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WORLD WAR I

LYNNE S. ROBISON

Lynne Spencer Robison was born to Lewis and Mary Melissa Driggs Robison on December 8, 1890. He had two brothers and three sisters. Lynne was a brilliant young man. He played the organ and the trombone in the University of Utah Band while attending there.

He taught school in Stockton, Utah, and in Goshen, Utah. He was principal of Spencer School in Orem (Is it possible the school was named after him?) and in Manila.

He received an Education B.S. degree from the University of Utah in 1917, after which he joined the Army on April 19, 1918, and was a member of Company E, 363rd Infantry, 91st Division.

Lynne was killed in France on September 28, 1918, by a German shell while carrying a message behind Allied lines during a fierce engagement. He was buried in the village church yard in Echophontaine, France, and was later interred in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery.

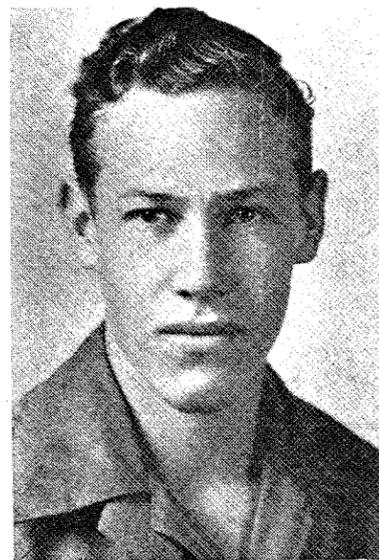
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Lynne S. Robison

WORLD WAR II

CPL. CECIL C. SHOELL



Cecil C. Shoell

Cecil was born April 11, 1924 in Lindon to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shoell. He received his education at Pleasant Grove High School, where he graduated and then returned for a one-year post-graduation course. He was employed as a construction worker at the Geneva Steel plant before entering the army.

Entering the service in June 1943, Cpl. Shoell was first trained with an infantry division of the United States Army at Camp Roberts, California, but later entered the army corps and received instruction at Yuma, Arizona, and flight training at Muroc, California.

Cpl. Shoell was killed in action March 13 in the Pacific Theater, when the plane on which he was a turret gunner crashed into the ocean, according to word received by his parents from the war department.

Survivors include his parents, three brothers, Howard, Junius, and Verl Shoell, and one sister, Beth Harris Carter.

Memorial services were conducted for Cpl. Cecil Shoell in June 1945 in the Lindon First Ward Chapel. The service was conducted by the Lindon Ward Bishopric in connection with the American Legion Post No. 70. The flag was posted by members of the American Legion. Opening song, "In the Garden," was sung by Cpl. Walter E. Purdy of Camp Kearns.

Invocation, Patriarch D. B. Thorne; vocal duet, "Unanswered Yet," by Mrs. Mae R. Walker and Elwood Allen, accompanied by Miss Carol Clark. Life sketch was given by Bishop AlRoy Gillman who also paid a personal tribute. William C. Smith spoke and he was followed by Chaplain V. M. Sink of Camp Kearns.

The Allen brothers quartet, Kirby, Taylor, Leo, and Elwood, sang "Softly, Tenderly Jesus Is Calling," accompanied by Mrs. Helen Allen. Karl Banks was the concluding speaker, after which Corporal Purdy sang "My Task." The large American flag was presented to Corporal Shoell's parents by H. C. Robertson, acting chaplain of the American Legion.

Benediction was pronounced by President Merrill N. Warnick. Taps was played by Grant Anderson.

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SGT. CLINT NEWELL WRIGHT

Sgt. Clint Newell Wright was born December 4, 1921, to Clarence C. Wright and Grace M. Newell in Lindon, Utah. On February 5, 1922, he was blessed by James T. Wright, and on January 5, 1930, he was baptized into the LDS Church.

Newell, as he was called, grew up on the family dairy farm in Lindon, attending Lindon Grade School and Pleasant Grove High School, from which he graduated in 1940.

He was ordained a deacon June 10, 1934, a teacher February 7, 1937, a priest January 29, 1939, and an elder September 9, 1940.

As a young boy Newell delivered the Salt Lake Tribune newspaper early mornings, first on horseback and then on his bicycle. Later he made a cedar chest for Cleora and built his parents' first kitchen cabinets. He made some trips to Price for coal with Grant besides helping on the farm.

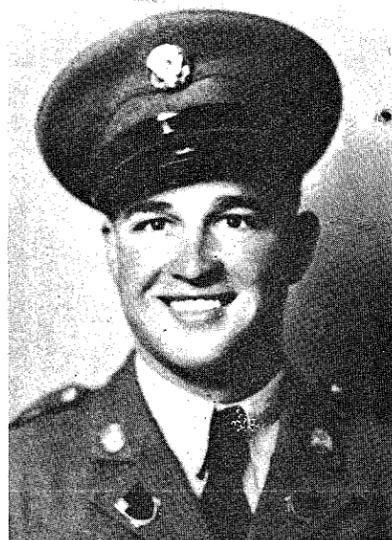
In 1940 he joined the National Guard and went to camp August 4-24 in Washington. On March 3, 1941, the National Guard Unit of Pleasant Grove, of which he was a part, was drafted into the regular army. It was the first National Guard unit to be drafted. Two weeks later, on Monday, March 17, 1941, his unit joined other units and left by train for basic training at San Luis Obispo, California. Seventy-one men left from the Pleasant Grove station that day.

The next three months were spent in Los Angeles, San Diego, and Ventura, California. His outfit, no longer a part of the 222nd Field Artillery, was now designated as a tank destroyer company. The latter part of April 1942 they were moved to Fort Lewis, Washington. While stationed at Fort Lewis, he was married to Thelda Gillies on June 14, 1942, in Tacoma, Washington. They were married by Bishop James Mulligan.

In September of that same year Newell was assigned to the Pacific Theater of War where he served for thirty-one months prior to his death on March 13, 1945. His death was caused from the explosion of a land mine while on a volunteer scouting mission at the base of Sugar Mountain on Luzon Island. It had been thirty-one months since he had seen his wife, and forty-one months since he had seen his parents.

His daughter Sharon Ann was born April 6, 1943, in American Fork, Utah. He never saw her.

Memorial services were held in Windsor Ward Chapel April 29, 1945.



Clint Newell Wright

His body was brought home and buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery after a short service February 26, 1949, with full military honors. He was survived by his parents; brothers, Clarence Grant and Ken H. Wright; two sisters, Ardath Lewis and Cleora Maxfield; wife Thelda, and daughter Sharon Ann; and a grandmother, Mrs. Annie Wright, of Lindon.

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P.F.C. ROLAND ERWIN SMITH

Roland Erwin Smith was born February 3, 1924, at the home of his grandmother in the Provo bench, now known as Orem. He was the third son of Roland Smith and Ella Levina Cook Smith. The family moved to Lindon in 1926. His father bought a small farm there and built a small house which was to be their home for the remaining years of their lives.

Erwin attended grade school at Lindon and high school at Pleasant Grove. He loved the mountains and enjoyed fishing and hunting.

Erwin joined the army and was assigned to the Medical Corps. He trained at Boise, Idaho, and Bushnell General Hospital at Brigham City and later in Maryland. He left for overseas in November 1944. He served with the Ninth Army in the European Theater of Operations during World War II.



Roland Erwin Smith

Erwin was killed in Grundburg, Germany, on October 14, 1945, as a result of a crushing blow on the head incurred when the water tank he was driving hit a soft bank and overturned. His body is still buried in the American Military Cemetery at St. Avoild, France. Memorial services were conducted Thursday evening, February 1, 1946, at 7:00 p.m. in the Lindon First Ward Chapel. Services were directed by the Lindon Ward Bishopric in connection with the Pleasant Grove Post No. 70 of the American Legion.

Erwin came from a family of six boys and one girl: Leon Cook Smith, Myron Rex Smith, Erwin, Sterling Cleve Smith, Mahlon Smith, Melvin Duane Smith, and Diane Ellaree Smith Cook.

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SECOND LIEUTENANT VERNAL JOHN BIRD



Vernal John Bird

Vernal was born October 29, 1918, in Lindon, Utah, the son of Walter and Christina Ash Bird. He was listed as missing in New Guinea, and later listed as killed in action March 12 while serving in World War II.

He attended schools in Lindon and Pleasant Grove, serving as student body president. The year he was president they had their prom in December with the theme "Roses in December." It was unusual, as proms are usually held in the springtime.

After moving to Springville with his family, he worked for a construction company until enlisting with the army for one year service on April 25, 1941. He attended Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

On May 3, 1942, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps. Following his training in the states Vernal was sent to New Guinea for active duty.

He was on his eighth mission, piloting an A-20 fighter bomber when shot down and reported missing.

He was loved and remembered for his friendliness and thoughtfulness of others. Even as a child he loved to visit and help the older people of the ward. When in the service and home on furlough he always visited them. He had a genuine love for other people.

Vernal had one full sister, Elaine (Bird) Jack, Portland Oregon; and eleven half brothers and sisters: Joseph Ash and Olive (Bird) Fage, Lindon; Ellis Bird, Dewey Bird, Nellie (Bird) Barton and Freeman Bird, Springville, Utah; Evelyn (Bird) Taylor, Salt Lake City; Helen (Ash) Fotheringham, Magna, Utah; Helen (Bird) Hilquist, Camerillo, California; Lawrence Bird, Pasadena, California; and Bell (Bird) James, Severna Park, Maryland.

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VIETNAM

P.F.C. EARNEST W. FOWLKE

Private First Class Earnest Westley Fowlke was born October 9, 1947, in American Fork, Utah, to Durmont H. and Pearl J. Fowlke. He was named for his two grandfathers. He lived next door to his grandfather and grandmother



Earnest W. Fowlke

Jolley in Pleasant Grove until he was about two, and then with his parents and older sister Alaine moved to a new home in Lindon.

Earnest was a very active boy and loved and lived life to the fullest. He had a great love for horses, his favorite one, Chief, being a one-man horse which he usually rode bareback. He also had a great love for music and was a member of the Pleasant Grove High School dance band.

Earnest married Linda Christiansen, his high school sweetheart, on October 15, 1965. They had a daughter Kimberly.

On August 16, 1967, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served at Fort Lewis, Washington, and Fort Huachuca, Arizona, before being assigned to the 64th Transportation Company in Vietnam as a light truck driver. At the time of his death, Private Fowlke was serving as a machine

gunner in the vehicle of the commander of a supply convoy between An Khe and Pleiku when the center of the convoy was ambushed. Although safely out of the danger zone, he unhesitatingly returned to provide fire support and to direct the drivers through the ambush and was instrumental in saving the lives of many of his comrades.

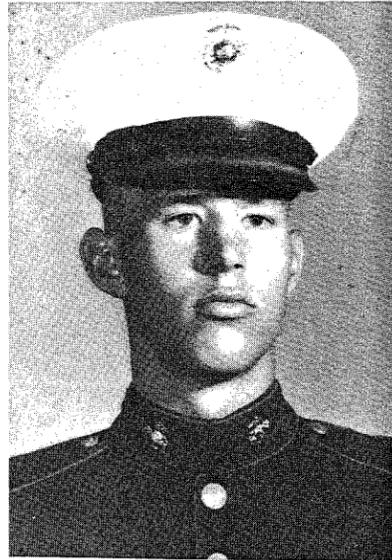
For his extraordinary heroism, Private Fowlke was awarded the Silver Star posthumously. His other decorations included the Purple Heart. Building 817, Anderson Place, U.S. Army Transportation Center at Fort Eustis, Virginia, was designated "Fowlke Barracks" in his honor. He died of wounds in Vietnam on February 19, 1968.

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JEFFERY ALAN GOSS

Jeffery Alan Goss was born October 6, 1948, in Oakland, California, the second of three sons, to Gerald Montie and Elodia Ashworth Goss. In 1951 the family moved to Provo where they lived until moving to Lindon in 1955. Jeff attended nursery school at Ramona Farrer Cotton's and kindergarten through the second grade at Maesar School. He completed the rest of the grades at Lindon Elementary and attended junior high and high school in Pleasant Grove. He graduated in 1966. He had completed his freshman year at the University of Utah before entering the Marine Corps in 1967.

Jeff was always active--but never a star--in athletics. He enjoyed participating in all sports and was an avid jogger long before it became fashionable. He loved debating and was a member of the debate team. His



Jeffery Alan Goss

senior year he became the school's first male cheerleader.

He left Salt Lake City with the Utah Battalion on July 24, 1967, following the Pioneer Day Parade in which the whole group of new Marine recruits marched as a unit before embarking for Camp Pendleton in San Diego. After training, he was sent to Vietnam.

Before his death on May 24, 1968, Jeff had already been wounded three times and hospitalized twice, so was automatically eligible to be returned to the States. However, he felt he had a job to do so refused two Purple Hearts. He was killed in ambush when he volunteered to try to rescue two buddies who had been shot.

Jeff was awarded the Silver Star posthumously for the successful rescue of several men. He carried one man under heavy fire to a waiting

helicopter and then physically assisted the over-loaded helicopter to become airborne.

The official military escort assigned to return Jeff's body was his older brother Jon who was an Army engineer. He was given this very special honor so that he could attend Jeff's funeral. Eric, the youngest brother, also served a year in Vietnam.

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HENSON FRANK WALKER

On September 11, 1945, a son was born to Henson S. Walker and Helen Robinson Walker at the American Fork Hospital. He was the second child in a family of six children. He had an older brother, Jay R. Walker; a sister, Karen Walker Wall; Jimmy Lee Walker; Leonard Dee Walker, who died at birth; and Scott Allen Walker.

Frank's growing years were happy, active years. His interests were sports, horses, sports, and horses. He felt safe and loved in the hands of his parents. They were very interested in his development and did their best to make his life a happy one.

Frank grew to be an outstanding physical



person even though he grew to be only five feet four inches tall and weighed 120 pounds. He received a trophy for the most outstanding basketball player in his senior year at Pleasant Grove High School. He attended school at Lindon Elementary School and graduated in 1963 from Pleasant Grove High School. In 1964 Frank graduated from Utah Trade Tech in Provo.

Between 1964 and 1966 he filled an honorable LDS mission to the North East British Mission. Upon his return he attended BYU and worked at Geneva Steel. He married Jeannette Wood of Pleasant Grove September 18, 1968. Less than a month later he was sent to Vietnam, October 16, 1968, having been inducted into the U.S. Army May 8, 1968.

Frank served in the 196th Light Infantry Brigade near Chu Lia, Vietnam. He was killed at the age of twenty-three in a night skirmish with the Viet Cong. He died Friday, June 13, 1969. Several medals have been posthumously awarded to Specialist Four Henson Frank Walker of the U.S. Army American Division by the direction of the President of the United States of America for meritorious service in connection with military operations against a hostile force.

The Bronze Star for distinguishing himself by outstanding meritorious service in connection with ground operations against a hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam during the period of October 1968 to June 1969. Through his untiring efforts and professional ability, he consistently obtained outstanding results.

The Good Conduct Medal for over six months service in a hostile country. His actions rated efficiency, honor, and fidelity.

National Defense Medal for being in combat.

Republic of Vietnam Service Medal awarded by the Republic of Vietnam for helping to defend their country.

The Light Infantry Medal for Outstanding markmanship. This is representative of the fact that his only defense was a rifle.

Frank was an active, energetic, knowledgeable person. He loved life and everyone who knew Frank loved him. His initiative, zeal, sound judgment, and devotion to duty were in the highest tradition of the U.S. Army and reflect great credit to himself, his unit, and the military service.

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DAVID RASMUSSEN

David was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on May 28, 1949. He was a happy child and a delight to his family. While spending a summer in Alaska in 1960, his father was injured in an explosion and died soon after. He was sixteen when his mother decided to remarry and move to Lindon.

The summer of 1966 was full of excitement for him--having a horse to ride and going swimming each day. The students at Pleasant Grove High welcomed him and he was pleased to have so many new friends. His decision upon graduating from high school to enter the service was a surprise to everyone; since he had already enrolled at Dixie College.

On August 16, 1967, he left for Fort Lewis, Washington, with Earnest Fowlke. Upon graduation from Boot Camp he was sent to Georgia where he trained and graduated as a paratrooper and became a sergeant in March 1968. He left for Vietnam July 29, after spending three glorious weeks at home. Upon arriving there, he found there was no need for paratroopers, so he went into gunnery school and became gunner on an armored transport truck.

On David's second trip from camp, the vehicle took several direct rocket hits and all twelve boys were killed. They were all between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one.

It is not the length but the quality of life that is important. The memory of the love and happiness he brought wherever he went will always be with us.

On Tuesday, September 10, 1968, David made the Harry Jones column in the Salt Lake Deseret News. Mr. Jones' column that day was entitled "A Bit of Boyish Sunshine." He tells of the happiness and sunshine that David brought to P St. in Salt Lake while he lived there. The following is a quote from the column as Mr. Jones told it.

David's full name was David Nilsson Rasmussen, and no lad was more proud. At least he lost no time in saying it, as he introduced himself to new families moving into the block where he lived.

David wasn't a tall boy, the neighbors recall, but he was big inside where it counted. He was always doing something for someone else.

On his way to school in the mornings, David would cross the street to greet a housewife. It got so the housewives looked forward to David passing by with his mile-wide smile. "You couldn't look into that face without falling in love with the little guy" was the way one neighborhood lady said it.

One time, David met a little black pup that wasn't exactly a ribbon winner. But it had a lot of good qualities--the best being that the owner was willing to give the pup to David. It was love at first sight for both.

Mrs. Donna Rasmussen put her arm around her son's shoulder. "We



David Rasmussen

have to think of the neighbors," she said. David went to every neighbor . . . the ones his mother was concerned about, with a petition: "Mrs. Rasmussen, we the undersigned 'petition' you to let David keep Stinky." All seventeen neighbors signed the petition. One lady put "reluctantly" after her name. But a butcher in the block pledged some bones toward Stinky's food needs.

David kept the pup.

Across the street at that time lived the Rev. Mr. William F. Bulkley. And it was a practice of the man to buy each boy and girl on the block a small gift at Christmastime. It was around Christmas when the new kid moved in just up the street and David was the first to greet him. He took the boy by the arm and led him over to Rev. Bulkley to make sure that the new boy wouldn't be forgotten. David was willing to give up his present if that is what it took. Both boys were remembered that Christmas.

David moved from P Street down to Utah County with his family. But the neighbors on P Street often wondered about David . . . if he was still a happy youngster . . . if he was still doing things for other people. Then they read it in the newspaper last week about David still doing things for other people.

David died in Vietnam.

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MICHAEL HIPPOCH

Michael Harvey Hippach was born June 23, 1949, in Provo, Utah, to Harvey and Joan Partridge-Hippach. He attended school in American Fork, including American Fork High School. He lived on 400 East, next to a family by the name of Huggard. He and Lee Huggard were good friends.

One spring day Lee and Mike were wondering what they could do to entertain themselves. A moving van pulled into the driveway of the house which was directly behind the Huggards' home. They went over to the man driving the van and he welcomed their help. They helped move the things from the van into the house, for which they were paid by the driver. They were good workers, friendly and pleasant to be around. The new family had girls, so the boys and the girls became good friends.



Michael Hippach

Mike entered the U.S. Army in April of 1966. He married Renee M.

Brown of Lindon on April 30, 1968. He served for a period of two years in Germany and spent a short time in Virginia for training before leaving for Vietnam in August 1969.

In November of that same year he returned to Lindon for a ten-day emergency leave to attend the funeral of his second child who was stillborn. He left for Vietnam and was expected to complete his tour of duty there in August.

He died in Vietnam on January 15, 1970. Surviving Michael are his wife and son Brent Eugene Hippach of Lehi, Utah. He liked to ski, fish, and hunt, and whenever the occasion arose, he liked to tease his mother-in-law, Betty Brown.

There were two boys in Michael's family. His brother's name was Brent and it was after him that he and Renee named their little boy. Brent also has a little boy and he and his wife named their boy Michael after Mike.

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Let us not let these lives be given for naught. Let us do our best to work together that we might preserve the land of freedom in which we live, the freedom for which they gave their lives. Let us all set our goals to this end as the following poem states:

The Set of the Sails

*One ship drives East, another drives West,
With the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales
Which tell us the way they go.*

*Like the waves of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul which decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife.*

*For Life is the mirror of King and Slave
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.*

--Author Unknown