

## REDD FAMILY HERITAGE - 1996

### The Boy Scout Photograph

At the birthday bash the Rose Marie threw for me for #65, Lynn and Joan brought a black and white photograph for me which was taken in 1946 --- 50 years ago---of some boy scouts at a camporee. From left to right it included Earl Redd, Dick Norberg, Lynn Kleinman, Roger Sant, Jacob Pfeiffer (our adult leader) and Sam Doxey! It's a treasure.

Dick Norberg still lives in Southern California. He was one of my friends all the way through grade school to High School. He lived in the neighborhood and was in Troop 484 for many years. He and I were the best of friends and were almost inseparable. We went everywhere together and even pricked our wrists one time and became "blood brothers". The beach in the summer as often as we could, went to the High Sierras fishing a couple of times, were in many of the same school classes. He was not a member of the church, but always respected my beliefs and the way I lived. I remember in the last grades of High School that he, along with others, made choices that were not the ones that I made and we traveled in some different circles of friends when that happened.

Lynn Kleinman still lives in Riverside, CA. At the present time Lynn works for a charitable foundation in San Diego and commutes from Riverside a couple of times a week. Lynn was also one of my buddies from yesteryear. We had great times in scouts and at church we were close. Some of the fun times of my youth were with him. He was the original "Johnny Shastocowitz"--I guess I'll explain. Whenever someone that we met---usually girls---and we would tell them our names, it was Johnny Shastocowitz and Art Baltrall. It didn't matter which was Shastocowitz and which was Baltrall. J.S. was even elected homeroom president in Manual Arts High School and the same at Inglewood High School where Lynn attended. Lynn and his family lived on Regent Street in Inglewood, CA but somehow they attended Arlington Ward all the time. Lynn had aushman motor scooter like I had for delivering the L.A. Times, and we had some fun times going all over the place on them. Once we went to Tujunga, north of L.A. to Camp Bill Lane---a scout camp up that way. We came back over Cahuenga Pass and the Hollywood Freeway. It was fun but I think about it now and it wasn't such a good idea with all the traffic, etc.

Roger Sant lives near Middleburg, VA at present. I haven't seen him for many years. He was the only child of Merlin and Edna Sant. Merlin was Bishop of Arlington Ward a few years after my Dad was Bishop. Roger went on a Mission and later went to BYU and Harvard for an MBA. From there he went on to earn the big bucks, working on energy recapturing in the oil production business. His father Merlin and his uncle George Sant were sealers in the L.A. Temple when I

was. Merlin always introduced me to our mutual sealer friends as a "young man who grew up in the ward where he once was Bishop". Roger and I were in the same scout patrol---the Panther Patrol---and we had fun planning hikes and menus for camp outs and camporees at one of our houses. I remember at one meeting when we got silly and called a local drive-in restaurant and tried to arrange for a banquet for 300 people. I wonder if they really believed us.

Jacob Pfeiffer was one of our scout leaders that we all loved and appreciated for all the great times we had with him. He loved boys, loved the out-of-doors, and was a great influence on us. Brother Pfeiffer was from Hungary, was a fitness freak, weight lifter, and we loved to see him take off his shirt and lift us up over his head or some other strong-man thing. He had a 1937 Ford V8-60 and was happiest when he was taking us to a campout, swimming, or other scout activity. Maybe someone has heard about the time when we went to an indoor swimming place called Bimini in the downtown area (north Vermont Avenue) of L.A. and one of the scouts, George Welsh, split his bathing suit. On the way home, going south on Vermont Avenue near Jefferson or Venice Blvd or somewhere like that, George let the wet bathing suit fly at a group of people waiting on the corner for a street car. As I remember, the wet article, still with the jock strap attached, hit an innocent pedestrian in the side of the head, not doing any great harm, but certainly shocking that innocent person. And yes, as usual when things like that happened, I was completely opposed to that behavior, but I just couldn't stop him---it happened so fast!! My heart was in the right place, however. Jake Pfeiffer was a great man. He just drove on, not knowing what was going on with his load of little scouts. Looking back I guess we took advantage of a kind man who loved to see us have fun.

Sam Doxey lived on our street about 10 houses south of us on 4th Avenue. We lived at 4829 4th Avenue in case someone would like to look in to that neighborhood some day. Sam lived with his mother and sister, Margaret, who we called "Marky". I can't remember when the Doxeyes moved away, but now he is one of the higher ups in the Church Missionary Committee in Salt Lake. I haven't seen him in years and years.

Anyway, the party was fun and the photo and the visitors at the birthday party reminded me of a lot of fun times with the scouts---and, of course, reading and remembering jokes in Boys Life.