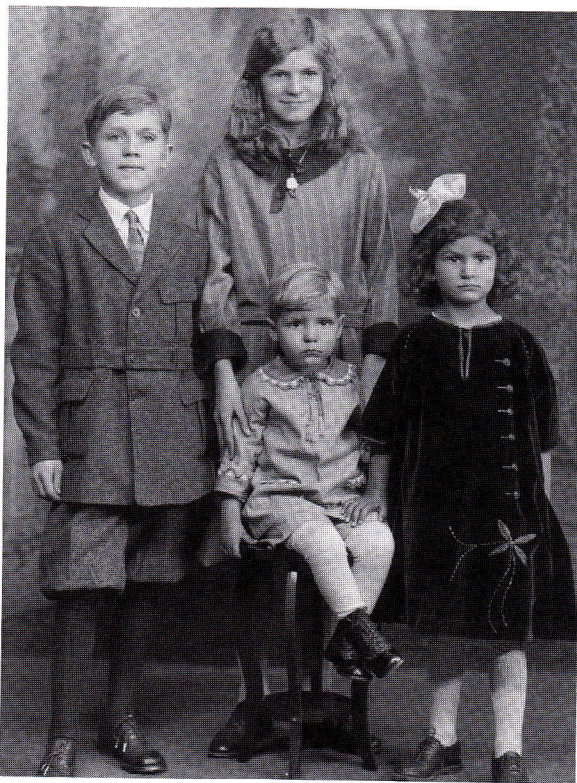


was an uncommon adventure when Route 30, the celebrated Lincoln Highway, was a primitive two-lane transcontinental road still under construction.

After a discouraging few years, which included a brief trial as a Fuller Brush salesman and a series of stints in job printing ("Salt Lake is not a printing town," he said), my father found success, first with Paragon Printers, then later with Stevens and Wallis, and finally a small partnership of his own called Mercury Printers. He was a popular figure in the Dutch community for his humorous songs and dramatic recitations, and he sang second tenor with the Swanee [*sic*] Singers, a men's chorus, for many years.

In all the years of struggle, my mother, renamed Fannie (the diary tells us when she learned that her Dutch name sounded "improper" in American ears), ever anxious about debt (she abhorred installment buying), worked at various tasks to supplement the family income, from door-to-door selling of one product or another and doing housework (even in her sixties) to conducting genealogical research for paying patrons. She answered every call of ward or stake in a range of offices in Primary, Relief Society, and the Genealogical Society and won a reputation as an angel of mercy, a peacemaker, a pillar of faith in the LDS community. The husband who seemed at one point in the diary to be a "closed book" to her was affectionate and loyal but inflicted the greatest pain of her life when he "fell away" from the church, attracted by the occult claims of the "I Am" and related



*The four Mulder children shortly before the family's departure for Salt Lake City in 1926: standing, William, Anne, and Mary; seated, Al.*