

8 Benjamin James GRIFFIN

Adapted from an article written by his grandson, Glen Charles Griffin, MD, which appeared in the January 1988 Post Graduate Medicine by McGraw-Hill, Inc.

Ben never was the chairman of the board of a large corporation. He wasn't even on anybody's board of directors. He had his own paint, wallpaper, and glass store, which he opened as a young man and operated day after day until he was 90 years old.

Ben was born 28 April 1881, in Newton, Utah, the 6th child of John GRIFFIN and Ruth KEEP. He married Maud SMITH 21 March 1906.

Ben never said much about spending almost 80 years of his life with only one leg. As a boy, Ben and his brothers had gone on a hunting adventure in the family's horse-drawn wagon. Ben was sitting on the buckboard seat when suddenly the horse became frightened and bolted over a ditch, throwing one of the loaded shotguns across the wagon. Ben heard the sound of the discharging gun and then, immediately, felt hundreds of shot pellets tearing into his left leg from a few feet away.

No doctor could be found for many hours. Ben lost lots of blood and was obviously in considerable pain. Even when the doctor finally arrived, he could do little. Infection was almost inevitable. So was gangrene.

A few days later when the doctor called at Ben's home, a tough decision was made. Ben's leg had to come off. The next day the doctor brought a young associate, fresh from graduation from a medical school in St. Louis—just the one to perform the amputation. Everyone said he would know how to perform the surgery much better than the old country doctor. If the truth had been known, it is likely that neither doctor had ever performed or seen a leg amputation.

Surgery was scheduled in Ben's home on the kitchen table. There was no scrub nurse. There wasn't even an anesthesiologist. One wasn't needed, as there was no anesthesia available. There wasn't even any morphine. The best the doctors could do was to pour alcohol down Ben, who protested so loudly they eventually proceeded with the amputation on plain grit.

Ben endured the torture that followed, including cauterization of the blood vessels and leg stub with irons heated in the fire. As the doctors left Ben's home, there was no order for narcotics. There were none. Somehow he made it through and worked on the family farm until he got his artificial leg and went away to business college.

Ben grew up before automobiles, radios, telephones, electricity, airplanes, television, central heat, automatic washers and dryers, refrigerators, modern stoves, electric irons, air conditioning, computers, antibiotics, vaccines, modern medicine and surgery, and space ships.

But as each of these and countless other things were discovered, Ben read all he could about them. He saved up and bought one of the first cars in Newton and he frequently took his family on 70-mile trips which, in those early days, always resulted in some kind of breakdown. Ben was a walking history book. While others read about history, Ben had lived through it.

Besides his leg amputation, he survived smallpox as a youngster, and he lost one of his daughters from diphtheria.

As the years passed, Ben worked long hours in his store, much of the time walking up and down a steep hill to and from work—even when he owned a car. He kept up his store and his walking until he was 90 years old.

In all those years, he never did fly in an airplane. He never did a lot of things, but in his head he must have stored more than 80 megabytes of information, good sense, and wisdom.

Everyone liked Ben. He seldom complained about anything. He was thinking more of helping others with their problems. After raising six children and helping with many grandchildren, Ben,

The John Griffin and Ruth Keep Family

as a white-haired great-grandfather, took care of his wife, who was totally disabled with Alzheimer's disease and needed attention around the clock.

Then one day, Maud was gone. They had had a long and happy life together—hard but good. One of the last times I saw Ben was at the funeral home before the service for his beloved Maud. It was a tender moment. Ben leaned over and kissed her gently on the forehead, speaking to her with absolute confidence, he softly said, "I'll be seeing you—in just a little while." There wasn't any question about that. About a year after he had so tenderly said good-bye to Maud, Ben was gone, too, and you know, I think he did.

Children born to Benjamin James GRIFFIN and Maud SMITH:

- 45 Ruth Griffin, born 4 February 1907, Ogden, Utah.
- 46 John Smith Griffin, born 25 October 1908 Ogden, Utah.
- 47 Smith Benjamin Griffin, born 22 February 1911 Ogden, Utah.
- 48 Gordon Smith Griffin, born 4 November 1914 Ogden, Utah.
- 49 Donald Smith Griffin, born 28 March 1916 Ogden, Utah (twin).
- 50 Elsie Mae Griffin, born 28 March 1916 Ogden, Utah (twin).



(Front row L-R) Lois G; Benjamin J. Griffin & Bruce Griffin, Maude S. Griffin, Linda Griffin, Marian Holly Griffin.
(2nd row L-R) Dennis Griffin, Janet Griffin, Marian Hussy, Elsie Mae, Paul J. Griffin.
(Back row L-R) Allen Griffin, Donald S. Griffin, Madge F., Smith Ben Griffin, Laurence Madsen, Glen C. Griffin,
Gordon S. Griffin, J. Robert Griffin, John S. Griffin, Dorothy I.

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49 Donald Smith GRIFFIN

I was born along with my sister, Elsie Mae, the last of six children to Benjamin James GRIFFIN and Maude SMITH, on March 28, 1916. Their first child, Ruth, died at age 6 of diphtheria in Logan, Utah, before I was born, so mother and the family were very happy that after three boys, one of the new twins was a girl. I went to elementary and junior high school in Ogden, Utah, and graduated from high school in 1934, and Weber Junior College in 1936.

I went on a mission to England in 1937 to the Sheffield and Liverpool Districts. My cousin, Wendell JENKINS, was in our group for a short time. I caught pneumonia, and had it not been for the recent invention of the sulfa drug, I probably would not have made it. The lung congestion would not clear up so they released me early. But it was only a matter of a few weeks before war was declared and most of the missionaries were sent back to stateside missions.

I was drafted into the Army in March 1941. As we were planning marriage when I was drafted, when I was stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah, I asked my captain's permission to get married, which he gave, and I married Madge Yvonne FOWLES August 28, 1941 in the Salt Lake Temple. She is the daughter of Charles FOWLES and Louisa Emeline CHILD. She was born August 29, 1919, in Hooper, Utah.

I was released from duty at the close of the war and returned to Ogden to become a partner with my father in the paint, glass, and wallpaper business.

I went to work nights as a postal clerk in the Ogden Terminal distributing circulars for the State of California. I stayed with the Postal Service, later commuting to Salt Lake City after the Ogden operation was shut down. I retired in 1979 after the paint business was closed down.

I was ward clerk of the Ogden 6th Ward and was later the first Ward Clerk of the Ogden 41st Ward. I served a short time as bishop's counselor. I was president of Sunday School and a Sunday School teacher, an In-service leader, and Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, and an ordinance worker in the Ogden Temple.

Children born to Donald Smith GRIFFIN and Madge Yvonne FOWLES:

- 184 Dennis Donald Griffin, September 6, 1943, Dee Memorial Hospital, Ogden, Utah.
- 185 Linda Anne Griffin, March 12, 1945, Geneva, Nebraska.
- 186 Bruce James Griffin, August 23, 1948, Dee Hospital, Ogden, Utah.
- 187 Alan Fowles Griffin, April 5, 1950, Dee Hospital, Ogden, Utah.
- 188 Louise Griffin, September 19, 1958, Dee Hospital, Ogden, Utah.
- 189 Brian Charles Griffin, April 6, 1960, Dee Hospital, Ogden, Utah..

46 John Smith GRIFFIN

I was born on 25 October 1908 in my parent's house in Ogden, Utah. My mother was Maud Marianna SMITH, oldest daughter of John Pearson SMITH and Eliza Ann STRATFORD. My father was Benjamin James GRIFFIN, the fourth child and third son of John GRIFFIN and Ruth KEEP. I am the first son and second child born to my parents.

My father was a merchant engaged in the paint, glass, and wallpaper business. In connection with this business, he operated two or three delivery wagons and we had a barn in our backyard which housed the horses used for this purpose as well as a cow which supplied the family with milk. The first automobile I recall was the one owned by the husband of mother's cousin, Jed SKEEN. Gradually, more cars began to appear and I remember one evening mother and dad had a long serious talk and a few days later dad bought his first car, a Buick. It was an open air touring car and I remember clearly when we were out with the salesman demonstrating it. He got it up to 15 miles per hour and mother screamed because we were going so fast.

In September of 1913, we went to Logan for a visit and while we were there my sister Ruth took sick. It was not until several days after she came down sick that the doctor discovered that she had diphtheria. She got steadily worse and finally after two weeks illness, passed away on October 6, 1913.

I attended Central Junior High School. A Mr. D. H. Adams was principal of the school and had a reputation of running the school with an iron hand. While I was in Junior High School, my Uncle Les (Dr. Leslie A. Smith) came to our house to live. Mother let him stay there without paying board, to help him get through medical school, and in appreciation he gave me a trombone he used in college. At high school I decided that I was going to earn a letter in football. My second year at high school I was a substitute guard. I went with the team everywhere but did not play very much. The evening before the final game, after a hard practice, the coach noticed my work and told me that I had done well and that he was going to start me in the game the next day. I played all of this game except the last two minutes and won my letter.

During my senior year at high school I went steady with Dorothy Lillian ISRAELSON who is now my wife. Dorothy was born January 15, 1909. Following my graduation from high school, it was decided that I would attend Weber Junior College, at that time an LDS college. I enjoyed my year at Weber more than any year I spent at college. I played football and that year our team won the Intermountain Junior College championship. I was given a little gold football as my "letter". During the spring of 1927, my father and I, after frequent and long discussions, decided that I should go on a mission for the Church. I received instructions to report to the mission home in Salt Lake on August 22, 1927, and that I was called to the French Mission. Once in Europe, I was sent down to a little town on the Mediterranean coast in southern France called Montpellier where I remained for about eight months. I was next transferred to Grenoble as senior elder and president of the branch. From Grenoble, I was transferred to Neuchatel, Switzerland, and then to Marseille as a district president. At the end of my mission I enrolled at the Sorbonne, the University of Paris. I signed up for six courses, hoping to pass four in order to receive a diploma. I worked hard at my studies from early in the morning until late at night every day, including Saturday. Sunday we went to Church and relaxed. I was very happy when I learned that I had passed all six subjects, and received a "mention Bien" for scholarship. On my return trip home, I visited Rotterdam where I bought an unmounted diamond to bring home for an engagement ring.

Back at home in July 1930, dad gave me a job in his paint business, but I had not worked there long before it became apparent that the business was having a very rough time to survive. As the depression became more intense, I realized that if I were to ever get an education, I would have to get out of Ogden and go to work. Friends encouraged me to go to Washington D.C. and get a job with the government and work my way through school. Once in Washington D.C., I found that I was just one of many young fellows looking for a job so that they could go to school. I first got a job at a drive-in owned by Williard Marriot, then at Sears, and finally with the Government. As I was preparing to go to school, Dorothy wrote, telling me that she was not coming back; that our romance was off. I tried to forget this by keeping occupied at other things, such as swimming and tennis. One morning I received a telegram reading, "Are you willing to risk \$150 on an old friend?" signed Dorothy. I wired her the money, and three days later she wired me from Chicago telling me that she would arrive in Washington the next morning. When she arrived, we drove out to Alexandria and went to an Episcopal minister's home. He performed the ceremony there in his house, so with his wife as one witness and his maid as the other, we were married. I was working for the FBI and I had not asked for leave that night as I knew that the "Bureau" frowned on giving leave for any purpose. It was hard to go to work on your wedding night, and finally I went to the supervisor and told him that I had been married and that I would like to have the rest of the evening off. He gave me the rest of the evening off and I returned to the hotel where I found Dorothy waiting.

The Benjamin James Griffin and Maud Smith Family

After completing a year in the undergraduate school, I entered law school in the fall of 1933. I graduated 12th in my class of 101. At the end of the third year, I was permitted to take the Washington D.C. bar exam which I passed. We delayed having a family right away until I got through law school. Three months after my graduation our first son, was born. I continued working for various agencies of the government, taking a position with the I.C.C. in 1939. In 1941 I was transferred to Los Angeles. While living in Alhambra, our second son was born. I applied for a transfer back to Washington D.C. and in October 1942, we moved back to work for the Department of Defense Transportation. There wasn't a lot of work to do, so I transferred to the Department of Agriculture. In Washington D.C., our third child was born.

While in Washington during the war years, we decided that we wanted to raise our family in California, so in July 1946, I transferred to a position in San Francisco. In early 1947, we moved again to Los Angeles. One of our Washington friends advised us of a contractor who had built their house in LaCanada. I liked the location and arranged with the contractor to have a house built in the same location. In order to keep down the cost of the house, I helped with the rough carpentry work and assisted in raising the side of the house and putting on the roof. I did all of the painting and put in all of the glass besides doing the cement work and laying the flagstone on the porches. By January 15, 1948, the essentials had been done and we decided to move in. (This is the end of J. S. Griffin's account).

In the late '40s and early '50s LaCanada grew rapidly in size. The LaCanada ward was established and a meetinghouse was built. John put in many hours at this task, as well as contributing legal work to get a zoning permit for the building. In 1952, John complained at a church leadership meeting about the lack of a scouting program for the boys. Shortly after, he was called to be the Scoutmaster where he served four years. He ran a superior program and the troop grew in size to about 40 boys. The scouting experience which he provided kept most all of the Church youth active, and the crowning result was a Scout Court of Honor where nine boys received their Eagle Scout awards. At his funeral John was remembered more for his Scouting contribution than for any other of his activities. In the early '50s, Dorothy took night classes at college to get a teaching certificate. She eventually obtained her masters degree and taught school in LaCanada for 20 years, distinguishing herself in kindergarten teaching and finally in testing and counseling. With the added income from teaching school, Dorothy furnished the house with many fine pieces of furniture that she enjoyed so much. She continually emphasized the value of educational excellence to the family, and was in no small part responsible for the educational progress of her children.

John continued working for the Department of Agriculture as an attorney until his retirement. He had several offers to go into private practice, but he decided against it in favor of keeping his family settled in LaCanada. His construction activities with the house continued for a decade, as he built walls and walkways and landscaped the yard. His sons remember helping with the cement blocks with which he built an eight-foot wall along a property line. Swimming pools were popular in the neighborhood, so John departed from the norm and built a badminton court where many get-togethers were held. No one else had a badminton court.

Around 1960, John contracted Parkinsons disease which debilitated him from the active life he was used to. His physical well-being gradually deteriorated and in 1968 he retired. In 1975, finally retired after an extra year beyond normal retirement age spent with the school district, and looking forward to travel and other retirement benefits, Dorothy suddenly contracted cancer. John by this time severely debilitated, was placed in a care facility and rapidly declined. He passed away on November 23, 1975, and Dorothy followed him on December 5, 1975.

Children born to John Smith GRIFFIN and Dorothy Lillian ISRAELSON:

- 178 John Robert Griffin, born 27, September 1973, Washington, D.C.
- 179 Paul Jay Griffin, born September 3, 1941, Glendale, California.
- 180 Marian Holly Griffin, born January 12, 1946, Washington, D.C.

The Benjamin James Griffin and Maud Smith Family

Smith Benjamin Griffin and Marian Hussey Family



Marian

Smith Ben



Glen Charles



Janet



Lois

The Benjamin James Griffin and Maud Smith Family

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47 Smith Benjamin GRIFFIN

I was born February 22, 1911, to Benjamin James GRIFFIN and Maud SMITH. I was the third of six children born in Ogden, Utah, where my father supported his family from proceeds of the Griffin Paint Company which he owned and operated until age 90.

Following graduation from Weber College, I served a 2-1/2 year mission in France, Switzerland, and Belgium. On Friday, October 13, 1933, in the Salt Lake Temple, I married Marian HUSSEY, an Ogden school teacher. Marian is the daughter of Charles N. HUSSEY and Mary Alice LAMBERT, born April 28, 1910, in Ogden, Utah. The day following our marriage we left for Paris, France where I had secured employment during those difficult depression days in the office of the U. S. Treasury Attache in the American Embassy.

Our two eldest children, Glen Charles, and Janet, were born during our six years in France. they were the principle reason for our transfer back to the U.S. through submarine-troubled waters during the early part of World War II. My World War II Army service included heading up an OSS (predecessor to the CIA) counter-intelligence unit near the front lines in Metz, France.

After the war, promotions and transfers in the U. S. Customs (investigative service) required years of service in New York, Detroit, El Paso, Mexico City, Tokyo, and Washington, D.C. While in Texas, I served the Church in many capacities including a stake mission. I served as Treasury Attache in the American Embassy in Mexico City where I also served the Church as Branch President. In the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo I was supervising Treasury Attache, having responsibility for Treasury investigative work with offices in Japan, Taiwan, Korea, Okinawa, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Bangkok. During our 4-1/2 years in the Far East I served the Church as District President (no stakes had yet been established in Japan).

Toward the end of 1962 I was promoted and transferred to Washington, D. C. as deputy Assistant Commissioner of Customs where, after 6 years, I was on the point of appointment to the top position in U. S. Treasury worldwide investigative responsibility when I received a Church call to serve as France Mission President with concurrent responsibility to open up missionary work in Spain. Supervising 225 missionaries, plus all member work in two countries, usually handled by stake presidents, during 3-1/2 years was a tremendous task requiring constant 18-hour days, but was very spiritually rewarding.

Upon release I served as Regional Representative for 4-1/2 years with assignments in Europe, the Philippines, Singapore, Indonesia, Thailand, and Independence, Missouri.

In 1976, I was called to serve again as Mission President in Barcelona when the Spain Mission was divided into three. This time I had more experience, fewer missionaries, but still had full member responsibilities usually handled by stake presidents since there still were no stakes established at that time in Spain.

A few days after our return from Spain, my wife and I, on the same day, underwent triple by-pass surgery. Upon recovery I was ordained a patriarch and since that time I have served both in our Mesa Arizona North Stake and also as a "patriarch at large" under the direction of the Council of the Twelve giving patriarchal blessings in three languages in areas of the world where no stakes are established.

Children born to Smith Benjamin GRIFFIN and Marian HUSSEY:

- 181 Glen Charles Griffin, born August 2, 1934, Asnieres (Paris), France.
- 182 Janet Griffin, born October 22, 1938, Neuilly (Paris), France.
- 183 Lois Griffin, born October 31, 1944, Brigham City, Utah.

50 Elsie Mae GRIFFIN

I am the youngest child of Benjamin James GRIFFIN and Maud SMITH. My twin brother and I were born on March 28, 1916, in our home on Madison Avenue, Ogden, Utah. We lived in that same house until we were adults and ready to set up homes of our own. At age 10 I learned to play the violin, so that by high school I was playing in several string groups in Ogden. Also I learned to swim at about the same time. I had a life-saving badge at an early age.

After high school, I attended Utah State University for two years. At USU I played in the symphony orchestra and was a member of Beta Delta Sorority. I lived in the sorority house most of the two years. It was there I met some of my dearest friends—life-long friends.

I did not graduate from college at this point, but began working at Continental Baking where I was a secretary to the manager. After a year or so I took a leave of absence to visit my brother, Ben, in Paris France, where he was working in the U. S. Embassy. Before long I was working for the U. S. Embassy too, but this was interrupted by World War II, and as I was only a temporary employee, I was not covered by the rules that provided passage home for my brother and his family, so it was pretty scary coming home by myself amidst thousands of women-hungry soldiers and others. It took almost three months to get clearance and the necessary papers to get me on a boat. Anyway, I arrived home safely by the end of 1939 and went back to my job at Continental Baking. While I was in France, we took several interesting trips around France, visiting old castles, monuments, Versailles, and other points of interest. This had to be a singular experience for a young girl such as I.

After my escapades in France, working for Continental Baking in Ogden, Utah, didn't seem exciting enough for me, so I took a Civil Service Exam and landed a job with the U. S. Government in Los Angeles. There I lived in a boarding house operated by an LDS couple I had known in Ogden many years before. It was fun living there because it was full of LDS girls and boys who were exempt from the military. Gas was rationed, so we had to make our fun right at home. Here again I met many wonderful friends who are life-long friends. I was President of the Mutual in Wilshire Ward where most of the LDS soldiers went to church. We had a dance every Tuesday night after Mutual, which kept our feet so busy we didn't have time to worry about our boy friends out in the war zones. I met my future husband at one of these dances, even though we did not get married for a number of years after we met.

I married Lawrence H. MADSEN in 1951. He was attending Optometry School in Los Angeles. I helped him finish his last year or so, and then we moved to American Fork, Utah, where he set up his first practice. We thought we could make more money in California, so after five years, we moved back to California. However, when our children began growing up, we decided the best place to raise them was in Utah, so we moved back to Salt Lake. We lived and raised our family in the Mt. Olympus area in Salt Lake. After our children all got in school, I went back to school too and earned a Bachelor's Degree from BYU. Shortly after that I began teaching business subjects at Kearns High School which was 15 miles straight across the valley from where we lived.

To say the least, my life was very busy at this point, trying to keep track of our five children, trying to get them to help me take care of a big house, keeping the books of my husband's practice, and teaching school, Sunday School, and often Relief Society.

In 1974, my husband and I took a quick trip to New Zealand to pick up our son, Richard, who had served a mission in New Zealand. We visited most of the islands in the area, including Hawaii and the Cultural Center. We enjoyed this trip, but hoped then and now that we could return some day when we had more time, but as Father Time drags his old staff along, such a thing looks less and less likely.

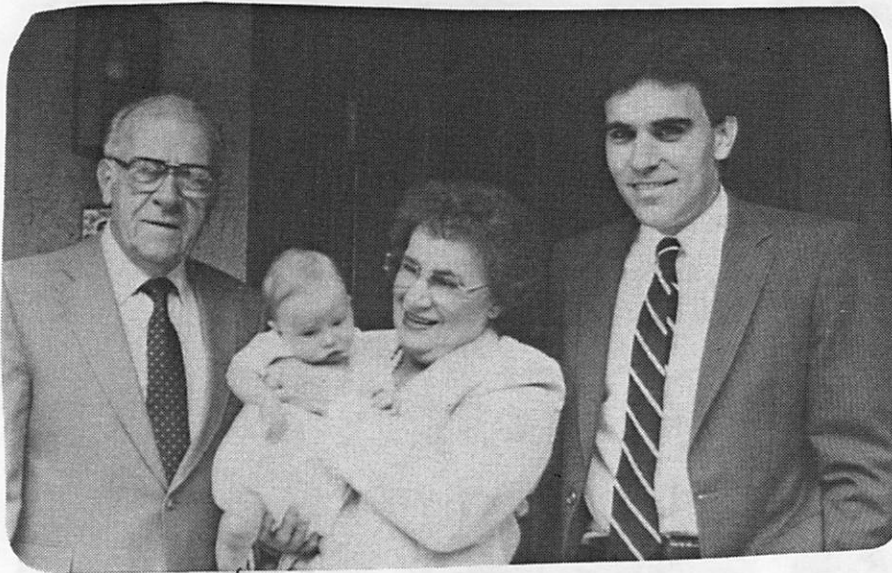
In 1981, I retired from school teaching, at which time my husband and I went on a mission to the hills of Kentucky. We enjoyed our mission, even though it was difficult and a radical change from our life in the Mt. Olympus area. We learned a lot about faith and trust and enduring to the end. When we returned from our mission, we were dismayed to find our practice in debt and at a very low ebb, and as we were trying to pick up the pieces, our son David, age 25, died unexpectedly of acute pancreatitis. These were extremely trying times for us, but somehow we recovered—as much as anyone can recover from the death of a child.

The Benjamin James Griffin and Maud Smith Family

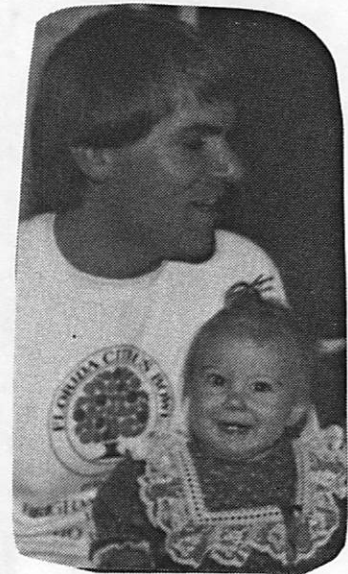
My husband and I worked long hours to build our practice back, and almost miraculously by 1984, it was going so well that we sold it and came to Arizona where we could get serious about retiring. We thought we would be doing all the things we ever wanted to do, but so far we haven't found time. My husband would like to go on another mission, but his wife is too old and not too willing. He is Ward Mission Leader, so he is still "busily engaged." My brothers, Ben and Don, live in the Mesa area, about 50 miles away, so we see them occasionally and have a good time going over the problems of the world. We all plan to stay "on the scene" until we are 100.

Children born to Elsie Mae GRIFFIN and Lawrence H. MADSEN:

- 190 Richard L. Madsen, born June 26, 1952, Glendale, California.
- 191 Marsha Madsen, born November 21, 1953, Ogden, Utah.
- 192 LuAnne Madsen, born November 10, 1955, American Fork, Utah.
- 193 David Madsen, born May 17, 1958.
- 194 Steven Madsen, born November 4, 1961, San Diego, California.



Laurence Elsie Mae Richard
Christopher (Richard's baby)



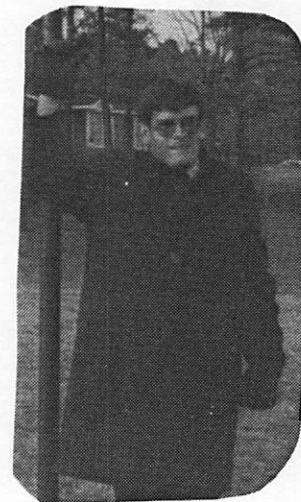
Stephen & baby



Marsha



Luann



David