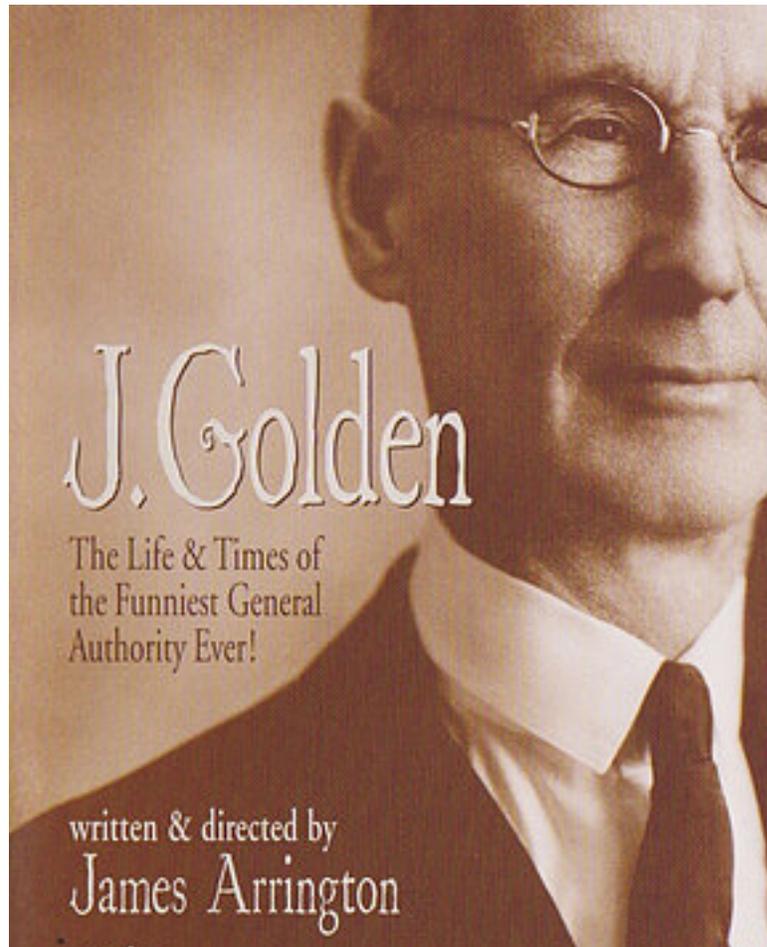


PERUSAL SCRIPT



Newport, Maine

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J GOLDEN

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The photo on the cover is J Golden Kimball, himself.

About J. Golden

J. Golden premiered at the Nelke Theatre at BYU in the fall of 1982. It toured to various venues since that time including in Logan, Salt Lake City, St. George, and, notably, the Provo Tabernacle, where J. Golden Kimball actually preached. The first actor to play the role of J. Golden was Bruce Ackerman who shaved his head to achieve the likeness. The role was later taken on by Dalin Christiansen and then by Marvin Payne.

This script is specifically designed for one actor to portray J Golden Kimball. However, the script may be adapted to a reader's theatre style script with multiple performers speaking as long as not one word is cut.

J GOLDEN The Life and Times of the Funniest General Authority Ever! a one-man play by James Arrington. 1M solo show. (Can be adapted into a reader's theatre format using additional performers) About 90 mins. We all know and love J Golden — or Uncle Golden, as he was called by many. He blamed everything on his 'cowboy' upbringing. But that didn't always wash with the men and women he served alongside of, or spoke to through his many talks. He was one-of-a-kind, hell-bent-for-leather Gospel-preaching, Savior-loving General Authority. He never minced words and usually found the humorous side of things— and spoke the truth, always — which most often got him into a lot of hot water. But then we love him. Not only because he could say things in ways that we wish we could, sometimes, but because he was always honest. You knew where you stood. Your audiences will love the slightly irreverent J GOLDEN. **ORDER #2083**

James Arrington -- Retired former Associate Professor, Former Department Chair at Utah Valley University Professor James Arrington was schooled professionally at The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and has earned a Masters Degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for 30 years and became a local sensation on the Utah theatre scene when returned to create and star in his well known groundbreaking one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*.

He followed this by displaying a quirky writing talent with *The Farley Family Reunion* and *J. Golden*. He starred in the former and wrote, directed and produced the latter. He went on to write and produce numerous works including *Farley Two: the Next Gyraton*, *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*, *Farley Family Xmas*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams*.

He has written and produced numerous smaller works and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial Utah War Committee to write a new touring work entitled *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows.

Professor Arrington was the first Chairman of the Department of Theatrical Arts for Stage and Screen for UVU. He received both the local Star award from the SCERA and a highly sought after regional award, The Kennedy Center American Theatre College Faculty Excellence Award. Along with his teaching at UVU, Professor Arrington oversaw the playwriting programs.

He also originated the annual *Short Attention Span Theatre*, an engaging ten-minute play festival devoted to new student works. He and his wife have also served a mission in Nashville, Tennessee for the LDS Church.

ACT ONE

J. GOLDEN KIMBALL, a tall, thin man, about seventy and balding, enters the stage which is sparsely furnished. A desk, a pulpit, a chair or two.

J. GOLDEN: Good evening, brothers and sisters. I'm mighty happy to be here tonight They just told me I'd better watch my "Ps" and "Qs." I don't know why everybody so worried about me. I say what everybody else says.

Apostle Ballard gets up and says "Brethren and sisters, I haven't prepared a sermon today. What I'm going to say the Lord alone knows." And he'll preach 'em fine sermon, too. I get up and say the same thing: "Brethren and sisters, God alone knows what I'm going to tell you!" See? They all laugh. Because of that Preside Grant has asked me to write out my sermons these days and, of course, I have r discourse here in my pocket. He told me I had to write it. Didn't tell me I had to read it ... so I won't.

Are there any reporters here tonight? I guess there is. I'm always afraid of the reporters. They always get things down just as I say it! See, I never know just hoLA will begin nor how I will end. I'm not highly cultured, and for me to be my natural self has proven somewhat dangerous.

I'm not going to announce any blood or thunder doctrine to you tonight. I" not been radical since I came very near to being operated on. Thought I was going to die. People said to me, "Why, Golden, you needn't be afraid, you'll get justice." "Well," I said, "that is exactly what I'm afraid of." I'm old enough to know a thing or two and I'm here to pass it on so some of you won't travel the same rocky ground I did. If you don't like what I have to say you can surely go to sleep like you do Church; we'll wake you up when it's time to go home.

(J. GOLDEN gets on his glasses.)

Looking over you I do not discover that you are very distinguished in appearance. Why, you're no better looking than I am, and I look pretty bad. I'm only a remnant of what I ought to be. We would not take a very good picture, would we? Thank goodness the Lord doesn't judge on appearance or we'd all be damned!

One more thing before I get started. Everywhere I go among this people, they look at me with sympathy and pity and ask me how my health is. Only a few days, ago, I walked down Main Street a couple of blocks and twelve people rushed up i inquire how I felt. I felt like kicking the last one. I want to say to you that when I'm walking around I'm alive and my head works, and that's just enough, thank the Lord!

I can tell my whole history in about five minutes flat, leaving out the bad par of it. My whole name is Jonathon Golden Kimball. Most people call me Golden. I am one of the polygamous sons of Heber C. Kimball. Forty-three sons and not a bastard among 'em. Seventeen daughters and forty-six sons out of sixteen wives —quite an accomplishment. I don't know how many wives my father had. He never told me, mother said he never mentioned it to her either. You know I'm a native. Guess I look it, too, don't I? I was born in these valleys, on Capitol Hill six years after the pioneers arrived. I don't remember much about their

hardships or famines ... look like I passed through a famine, don't I?

Well, I'll tell you how I was brought up and then you can make up some excuse for my general make-up. Father died when I was fifteen; and for the next twelve years, I was as free as the birds that fly in the air! There was no restraint further than the counsel of my mother. I presume the following description of me when I was young is pretty true: "He shall have strong mental powers and be stupid in his own way." That's a part of my history I'm not making much noise about; I'm trying to forget some things I did. Nothing criminal, of course, but it was a well-known fact that you did a fool with the Kimball boys. Why, I believe we were the terror of Salt Lake City.

Us boys used to meet up in the Eighteenth Ward block. We had a brother who was somewhat of a general, trained us boys—that is, when father was away. He'd get us behind the barn, put a chip on one of our shoulders and tell somebody to knock it off. Then we'd fight. When we asked why he did it, he said, "It makes you tough!"

My father had a wonderful garden with lots of fruits and vegetables in it. He told us we couldn't have any of the fruit. To prove it he fenced it in by an eight-foot wall. We got it anyhow. Boys do, y'know. This same brother, the General, would take one of the boys and dangle him over the wall on a rope, so he could load his shirt bosom and pockets with apples. Once Brother Tucker, the gardener, caught him holding the rope and took a willow to him, really lambasted him. Oh, I mean he really laid into him. After it was over, I went up to my brother who was feeling pretty bad. I said, "Cheer up. It will make you tough!" Already in trouble—at an early age, too.

So, I grew up in Salt Lake City, I've known this town all my life; it's not safe anymore. I would just as soon think of putting my daughters in a den of lions as send them to Salt Lake City. There is no longer safety for your children if you don't look after them—don't care who you are: apostle, prophets, evangelist or priest. There are no people in the world, where there is more laxity and freedom given to children than there is among the Latter-day Saints. I think we ought to feed them on a raw meat, cayenne pepper, and green cactus diet . . . that would stiffen their backbones!

I remember being in a far-off settlement not long ago for conference where they see few, if any, of the leading brethren. There was a great many young people there; and when I retired, I was kept awake all night by the boys and girls running the streets. Finally I got up towards morning, looked at my watch, and they were still roaming the streets at 4:30! I spoke to the stake president about it the next day and he said, yes, they had some problems all right, what with boys toting guns, etc. Well, I thought maybe it was time to get their attention.

(J GOLDEN approaches the podium.)

Go to hell! Go to hell! That's where you're going anyhow if you don't quit your damn foolishness! I heard last night you're all going around with six shooters in your hip pockets! Ya better watch out. The damn things will go off and blow your brains out!

(J. GOLDEN sits.)

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Oh, I gave up cussing entirely, you know. At least the way I used to. Well, I never intend to cuss. When I get up to speak, I'm not thinking about those words but they just come out. They're left over from my cowboy days used to be my native language. And I can assure you that they are leftovers from a far larger vocabulary.

Can't drive mules if you can't swear, it's the only language they understand. I'll never know how Noah got two of those consarned, ornery critters on board the ark at the same time. Why, I've never know a mule to as much wiggle his ear unless he heard a few cuss words. When I stand up there, I never intend to use those words, but my mind works in a motion picture fashion, and things come up before me one after another in rapid succession, I'm not thinking about those words ... then phhhft, there they are! Well, everybody's got some weakness. Mine's just more conspicuous.

Why, even President Grant swears . . . it's true. You say it isn't true? I heard him. It was summer. Crops were perishing for want of water. The people were starving. There were dead and dying cattle. I looked out at this terrible drought, and I said, "It's a damn shame, isn't it, Heber?" and Heber said, "Yes, it is."

When my father died, the families all divided up. We went up to Bear Lake and commenced to fight for life. God knows it was a hard fight, with poverty and terrible blizzards in the winter. Some years seemed we had nine months of winter and three months of late fall. Nothing grew. Still we survived, my brother Elias, and I, my sister Mary, and my dear mother, Christeen Golden. The strange part of it was we never got discouraged. We hadn't enough sense to know when wed failed. We had to hustle to earn a living, that's how I became a hustler-got in with some cowboys, and mule skimmers, loggers. Went very quickly down the road to hell, I did. Seems like I've seen some of you on that road, too, eh?

One winter the call came for volunteers to go to the canyons to cut togs for the Logan Temple. I guess I was about twenty-five, and what are you going to do when you're twenty-five in Bear Lake country in the winter? So we went, we all went. Worked in snow to the waist, temperatures from 10 to 40 below. When we'd return to camp, our clothes were frozen stiff as a board from the waist down. Nobody got paid. Nobody even caught cold! Think of that! Do you read something into it? Good, you should.

One day C. O. Card, who ran the camp, gave me one of the worst jobs I ever had. He said, "Golden, I want you to take charge of the camp." That didn't seem so hard, but ben he said my job was to get them to pray every morning and every evening and choose a different man every time and, we were to entirely stop swearing ... at all! Well, some of the prayers were downright funny, but I know the Lord heard every one of them.

But to cut out the swearing? Well, I thought about it and thought about it and decided if I could just get me and George to stop ... Now George was the champion cusser of all time. He swore so perfectly and made such a science of it that I never thought he needed an ax to chop down those trees-just rar back and let out a jagged bunch of words and that tree would gladly fall down! Well, I made my way around the canyon to where he was chopping. We stood there in the snow four feet deep and way below zero. I said, "George,

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you've got to stop your swearing; those are orders. I know George, I know... Now just hang on, George. We gotta do it, all of us; that's my orders. I've quit already, George, and, dammit, if I can do it, you can." And do you know that the whole camp fell in line when George did? It was astonishing!

Joe Morris was up there with us. He was the best man with oxen I ever saw. One time when we were hauling some of those temple logs to the sawmill, he turned the whip over to me. There were six yoke. I had never tackled half so many. "You can't learn any younger. Go ahead." So I took the whip and started in: "Heyah, heyah." Those oxen, dumb as they were knew a change had been made. "Heyah! Heyah!" Joe stood there and laughed. They lagged and some of them turned around to look at me. I fancied they were all laughing at my shrill voice.

(J. GOLDEN deepens his voice.)

"Heyah! Heyah! Come on, get up there, you!" I spoke quite respectable to those oxen for a time, but what good did it do? Then I started to cuss (it was after the manifesto on swearing, too, but I was mad and had to let loose). And, boy, did I cuss! Did I wax eloquent! Oh, I'm afraid I did. But did those oxen sit up and take notice? They sure did; you see, they were Church oxen, and when you talked that language to them they understood it.

You can see a training of that sort kicks hell out of you and makes a man as tough as a pine knot! But I wastA meant to be a pine knot for long, at least in that condition, for an event occurred to me that has changed me from that day to this, and it impressed me with a feeling which never can be blotted out: it was that night in Bear Lake when I went into that log meetinghouse and heard a short, stout man with a thick German accent talk about education and the gospel. I shall never forget it. Never remembered exactly what he said, but something hit me that night and I knew there was more to life than I had. That man proved to be Karl G. Maeser.

Well, my brother, my mother, and I have made as great a sacrifice as I have ever seen to go down to Provo where we could attend Brigham Young Academy. Go to college.

From Brother Maeser, we not only learned academics, we learned what it is to be a Latter-day Saint. What it is to have character. "Whatever you are, don't be a scrub," he would say. Up to that point I didn't even know I was a scrub. It was news to me. "Always be yourself, but always be your better self." I've been trying to be the best I can and I'm still not good enough for some folks.

Well, I spent two years studying under Brother Maeser. Then one day, it was 1883, I had a petition for Salt Lake City to grade the street. I went to President Taylor's office to obtain a signature. Brother William Spence was in the office. He said, "Brother Kimball, President Taylor sent you a letter calling you on a mission, and he is disturbed because you have not answered." I said, "How could I answer it, when I never got it?" "Well, you better go and see him:" "Right now? ... Like this? If you say so . . .

(J. GOLDEN enters into the "office" area, looking awkward.)

P-P-Puh President Taylor? Thank you, sir ... Yes, I'm, yes ... Oh, yes!

(Extends his hand to shake hands.)

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Kimball, yes ... Jonathan Golden. Yes, one of forty-six sons and not a b-b-bas—bad one among them. Oh yes, the first time I've been here since my father died ... yes, fifteen years ago. Yes, a great man ... I loved him, too. Well, Brother Spence mentioned you ... Well, how could I answer a letter if I never got it? Are you sure that's what the Lord wants? ... No, I guess if you didn't know, nobody else would ... I'll give you my answer in one hour ...

(He rushes out and then back.)

Uh, thank you for your kindness Brother, President Taylor, sir.”

I'd been praying for it; I had been asking the Lord why I could not go. My friends went. Still I was not called. I went out on the street and the first man I met was Bishop Jenkins who had been in Bear Lake.

“Bishop ... Bishop, I've been called on a mission. Well, don't act so surprised. Brother Jenkins, will you sign my note at the bank? You bet.” So I put a hundred dollars in my pocket and went on a mission to the Southern States!

I had a terrible time! When I think of it now, I actually shudder. In the South, the elders were hounded, hunted, whipped, shot at, sometimes killed, and yet I can look you in the face and tell you it was the happiest time in all my life. That is what you get for being in the service of the Lord.

We got on that train, twenty-seven elders—farmers, cowboys, few educated— pretty hard-looking crowd, me included; we were on our way to meet President B. H. Roberts, the President of the Tennessee Conference. The elders preached, and taught, and sang-advertised loudly their calling as preachers. I kept still for once in my life; silence is Golden. I hardly opened my mouth until I heard some men talking about us. They were asking each other their destinations. One said, “Oh, I'm going north—to ESCAPE THE MORMONS.” Another said, “I am going south to ESCAPE THE MORMONS.” And the third said, “Well, I am going east—to ESCAPE THE MORMONS.” Well, something welled up inside of me and I said, “Why don't you go to hell for I know there are no Mormons there!” That is how missionaries feel sometimes.

I saw another gentleman get on the train. I can visualize the man now. He knew we were a band of Mormon elders. The elders soon commenced an argument with the stranger; and before he got through, they were in grave doubt about their message of salvation. He gave them a training they never would forget. That man proved to be President B. H. Roberts.

Brother Roberts sent me and a son of an apostle into the Blue Mountains of Virginia. I had ten dollars in my pocket, I said, “Let's ride in a carriage, it'll be the last time we see one.” I didn't know that I was a prophet, I wish I hadn't have been, but it came true. We walked, oh my, how we walked! I am a very poor walker. I'm not built for it. Some say it's quite comical to watch me but it's the only way I can work it. We traveled without purse or scrip and learned to trust in the Lord. Well, there was no one else to turn to.

Now, my friends, I've been among this people a considerable length of time. I've traveled among the people from Canada to Mexico, but I've never in all my labors felt the thrill and the flame of the Holy Spirit like I

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did when I was on my mission. You had to be a good missionary to survive in the South. Stalwart, strong, humble ... a lot of persecution.

The Southern States, that's where I learned to pray with one eye open. I remember my companion praying. We had our eyes shut and our hands up like this. I thought he would never get through; when we said Amen, we looked back, and there were four men standing behind us with guns on their shoulders. That was the last time I prayed with two eyes shut! Those people would rather hear anything than the truth.

I suppose I should give you some idea of their "religion" for that is what they called it. It will commence with a hymn then comes the eloquent preaching. Some of the finest words you will ever hear, and then comes the grand finish, which is always money. I remember one preacher who couldn't seem to get clear what the price of a soul was. He finally commenced at \$3 and then fell to \$2, then to \$1.50. He knew who we were, asked me if I'd give him 50 cents. I told him yes, and I did. The price of their souls then came down to 25 cents, then to 10, and finally at five cents, Amen! Merchandising the souls of men! And to think that I went for 50 cents when I could've been saved for a nickel.

It reminds me of a story I heard. Three Southerners were playing cards when meteors began to fall. Supposing the world was about to come to an end, they wanted to pray, but none of them knew how. One said, "Well, what would the preacher do?" He took off his hat and took up a collection.

They call it religion. But that is a misnomer, it is simply business as usual. When we showed up, it caused their business trouble and, oh, how they howled and cried.

They called us names and choked and chortled. Why, I remember once on passing a minister, he said, "Good morning, sons of the devil," I said, "Good morning, Father."

It is quite a thing to put your religion on the line and travel as a stranger in a strange land. You must learn the lesson of humility. I learned my lesson, in this Church, as every man will learn to do it.

There is nothing I dreaded worse than lying outside on the ground. Now, I walked hundreds and thousands of miles, and I never lay outdoors but twice though I want to confess to you I hustled; the Lord doesn't help people who do not hustle and move, after they pray and do their duty.

We were never at a loss to know what to do when we had the spirit of our calling. I prayed, and my companion prayed and we heard that voice-not very often, not as often as we should have done, but we heard it say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I have heard the voice more than once. I heard that voice when I was a wild, reckless young man. I did not know what it was. I told my brother Elias, "I hear a voice; it tells me something a hundred miles away." And I knew all about it before my mother knew it, and Elias thought I was going crazy-so did I. But it was the right voice. I didn't know what it meant then, but I know what it means now.

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When I reported to President Wilford Woodruff, that great prophet, he said, “Brother Kimball,” he was so kind, “come over here and sit down by me here for just a minute.” We only had a few minutes. He said, “Now, Brother Kimball, I have had visions, I have had revelations, I have seen angels, but the greatest of all is that still, small voice.”

I have heard that voice. I am a witness, and I know that God lives! That's what I am telling these young boys going on missions. They were not called by their bishop or stake president—oh, they were recommended and their names properly endorsed, yet the Lord is their Shepherd.

One good mother told me her son had asked for more money for his mission or he'd be “licking the paste off the signboards.” I said, “You don't find the Lord with money in your pocket. Let him lick!” Missionaries must learn to depend on the Lord and each other. My companions were all dear to me. I grew to love them as all missionaries should.

I had one companion, Elder Charles Welch, something of a poet. He influenced me to write some poetry while on my mission. It's the only time I tried it. I don't know if I could repeat it publicly. I don't suppose you'd want to hear it, would you? That's what I was afraid of :

We are traveling to preach to the Christian world
And oftimes there's many a slur at us hurled
But still we intend to wander about
Sometimes indoors and sometimes out.

Umm, something something. . .

Some day we walk three miles and some days more
And if we are forced we will travel a score
As a rule we can stand a great deal of rest
It is hard to determine which one like this best.

There's more . . .

But when we have finished our missions abroad
We still wish to dwell with the people of God
In the valleys of Utah 'tis the land of the free
Of all the lands on earth 'tis choicest for me.

Well, I told you I was not highly cultured and I suppose I have just proven it to you.

Eighteen eighty-four was a hard year for the Church in the South. Brother Roberts called me to work in the mission office. I did not want to go, but I went anyway. It was a great experience. Whenever we start to get a toehold, the devil always kicks up a row. They tried to persecute and drive us out. I was the one at Shady Grove who got the first information that Elder Gibbs, Elder Berry, and the Condor boys had been killed by a mob at Cane Creek. It was terrible. I cannot describe my feelings. Why, I would have been there with them myself except that I missed my connection.

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We hardly knew what to do. Brother Roberts and I were determined to bring out their bodies for a proper burial. We went out into a cornfield disguised as laborers. I said, "Brother Roberts, let me go! They know you in that section. You have preached there. They will kill you. Let me go!" Well, he took one look at my long, greyhound figure and said, "No, Kimball, a disguise for you would be impossible. No, I am the president of the mission. The Lord will take care of me."

I never felt so helpless and alone as I did watching Brother Roberts leave that cornfield. I learned a great lesson that day. I watched a man of faith trust in God and do the right thing. I also realized that the devil won't just roll over and play possum, but some men will be required to give their lives that the gospel may be preached to all peoples. I have learned that the gospel never has, nor ever will be preached without lives being lost. It may be the privilege of some of us to go and get killed for the sake of the kingdom.

It was a bad time for the elders, and it was a bad time for me, too. I'd never thought much about my health until I lost it. I got boils—called carbuncles, if you know what a carbuncle is. I don't know what kind of boils Job had, but if he had carbuncles I'm full of sympathy for him. Right on the heels of that I became thoroughly poisoned with malaria. I was yellow as parchment, and I was always pretty much on the run after that. Along the streets in Chattanooga, a stranger, a physician, said to me, "Young man, I don't know who you are, but if you don't do something for yourself, you will die." I said, "I will not as I'm a 'Mormon.' You can't kill them."

About that time, Brother Morgan came down and relieved Brother Roberts. I was looking worse than ever. Brother Morgan looked me over carefully and said, "Brother Kimball, you better go straight home. It will only cost twenty-four dollars to send you home alive, but it will cost you three hundred to send you home dead." It was a matter of business in that office; we had no money. I said, "Brother Morgan, I don't want to go home. I believe I was called on this mission by revelation; at least they told me so in my blessing. Now, God has been good to me, and He has been faithful and true, and I want to test Him out; and if he can't take care of me, when I have been faithful and true as I have, and made the sacrifices I have, then He is not the God of my fathers." So I stayed, and God kept me alive ... just barely, but I filled my mission.

While Brother Morgan was there, I asked him if he had any idea why it took them so long to call me on a mission. He said matter-of-factly he knew just why. It seems that he and Joseph F. Smith were looking over the list of names and came across my name. Brother Smith didn't know me and asked Brother Morgan, who only knew I had been a student. There happened to be a man who had lived in Bear Lake in the office and they asked him. He told them he was passing by one day when I was trying to lead a wild horse, and I was swearing at the horse. Brother Smith crossed my name off without further inquiry. It learnt me a lesson which is one of Solomon's sayings, "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than him."

When I was released, he said, "Brother Kimball, now you'd better go right straight home." I said, "Brother Morgan, I can't. You know the one great vision my mother had? It was that her son, her eldest son, should grow to manhood and go back to her people and let them see what Mormonism had done." So I went, and

God kept me alive.

My mother's relatives told their old minister, who had preached there for thirty years, that unless he let Christeen Golden's son preach, they would leave his church. He was a clever old fellow. At any rate, while I was there, I secured the names of over one hundred and fifty of my mother's people. In the winter of 1884, my brother Elias and I accompanied her and we did the temple work for the Golden family, and I am still alive. I don't often look it, but I am.

Well, the time finally came when I received an honorable release from my labors. That's the only release I've ever gotten, and I'm proud of it.

When I got back from the Southern States I went into the cattle business and I got married. I mean, I got married to Jennie Knowlton, and then went into debt.

I ask the husbands here if you have wives that look at everything just like you do? I would not give the snap of my finger for a woman that didn't fight for her rights. I am thankful that my wife happens to be one of that kind; and we don't always see things just alike. Why there isn't one man in a thousand who knows how to be good and kind to his wife. And there is one woman in 999 who knows when she is well treated.

When a man prepares to marry, he thinks he's getting an angel; and then after he does, he wishes he had. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I love women, sure I do, but I don't love 'em like my father did. I remember a bishop who felt badly because he didn't have anyone to preside over. I said, "If you can preside over your wife, that should be the greatest contribution you can make." And with his wife, my hat would be off to him.

Wives and debts go together somehow. If I could pass along any counsel to you brothers and sisters here tonight, it would be to stay out of debt. To be in debt is hell—it is the worst hell I have ever been in. Well, I ought to know, I spent enough time there ... in debt, I mean. See, I am in sympathy with people. I know we have all been foolish. I am foolish. I don't think there is a bigger fool than an old fool. A man who has had experience ought to know better. Of all the investments I ever made in my life, all I got out of it was experience; the other fellow got my money.

Now, I can tell you how you keep out of debt; but I can't tell you how to get out after you get in. Had a man come to me the other day who wanted me to endorse his note. I'd sworn I'd never sign another note, not even for my wife. But he looked at me so pitifully, y'see, that I told him I'd sign it, although I was quite sure I couldn't pay it if he did not. I went to the bank and looked the man in the face. He said: "Mr. Kimball, haven't you got any collaterals?" I said, "Collaterals—I should say not! I haven't got a collateral of any kind." He said, "How do you expect me to take your endorsement?" I replied, "On my looks and general character. That is all I have got." And he turned me down; and I have been tickled to death ever since. Now that's the way to keep out of debt!

Just about the time things started to look good in the cattle business, they called me on another mission. There was no noise about it— "You are called on a mission for the Church." "Where to?" "Southern States."

Figured I didn't do it right the first time, I guess.

I went this time as mission president. They said, "Brother Spry will take you down and turn the mission over to you."

In fact, when Elder Spry turned the mission over to me he handed me only thirty-five dollars. I said, "Is that all we've got?" "Yes?" "How, do you get your money?" "Why, we go to the Lord and ask him." "Well," I said, "I don't think he's very liberal."

The first mission conference was in West Virginia. I rode all day and all night on the train, I was ill. The train was six or seven hours late, so by the time I got there all the elders had left and I had to find my way to the conference as best I could. I had a long way to go, too. I didn't feel like I could do it, and I finally broke down. I went into the woods to pray. When I was a boy, my father did most of the praying. I can remember how he prayed, and I have been sorry many times that I can't pray like my father did; for he seemed to be close to God ... there seemed to be a friendliness and when you heard him pray you would actually think the Lord was right there and if you opened your eyes you would see him. Well, adversity is a great teacher. I suppose when I prayed that time I was humble enough to talk to the Lord like my father used to. Oh, I told the Lord all about it. When I got through praying, I did not see anything; I failed to hear anything, but there was something came over me, a happiness, a joy that it isn't possible for mortal man to express; it started at the crown of my head and filled my whole body. I was actually so overjoyed and so happy that I whistled. The twenty miles that I walked to that conference was the happiest time I have ever had for I knew I was clothed upon with the Holy Spirit.

There is a hole in a doughnut, you know. My mother was a doughnut maker and when she showed me the doughnuts, I grieved over the hole. Some people say there is no hole in a doughnut. I always see the hole and forget about the doughnut.

Oh, but the South, the South! Sometimes I think the only way we'll ever redeem the South is to burn it up completely and baptize for the dead.

We stayed out of the cities, didn't go near them, we were always on the run, but I determined it was time to try—we had no money, so the only place we could secure was the courthouse. I told the Elders, "I will do the preaching, and if they kill me, you need not bother any further." The people were very prejudiced.

I had my Bible, and I am well acquainted with my Bible. I can't find anything in anybody else's Bible. I have owned this Bible for forty years and it is well marked and every subject traced in my own penmanship. I would not take money for this Bible ... Oh well, we went to the courthouse. The building was crowded; among them were some of the city's leading men. But all those present were men; and we all knew what that meant. It is dangerous enough when women are present. At any rate, I made up my mind to preach the gospel as fervently and as humbly as ever a president of a mission preached.

(J. GOLDEN approaches his pulpit.)

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- J GOLDEN by *James Arrington*

“Gentlemen, you have not come here to listen to the gospel of Jesus Christ. I know what you've come for. You have come to find out about the Mountain Meadows Massacre and polygamy, and God being my helper I will tell you the truth.’

And I did. I talked to them for one hour. When the meeting was out, you could hear a pin drop. There was no comment, noise, or confusion. We went to our hotel. After a short time, a brass band played. I thought it meant trouble. I sent an elder to find out what it all meant. They told him: “We are serenading that big, long fellow.” Imagine! A brass band for me! That is the only brass band I have ever had dispense music after one of my talks from that day to this. A brass band! Now the question I want to ask you, brothers and sisters, is: Was I moved upon by the correct spirit? I told those elders, “Don’t one of you dare repeat that sermon—it’ll cost you your life,” and I’ve never preached it since.

There's nothing like the mission field for the making of men. Every time a new group of missionaries come, there are a group of ignoramus elders like I was when I went. The Lord certainly watches over the Church, otherwise ignoramus missionaries would have destroyed it long ago. I liked to test out my missionaries, to see what they’re made of, just like B. H. did with us, you remember.

Once I dressed myself up as a Catholic priest and went down to the railroad station to meet them. Well, they were expecting someone. Finally after the crowd dispersed, there was only me and them left, and I didn’t pay them the least bit of attention. They got together and talked and waved their arms a bit. Finally a big, burly, rough-looking fellow was selected and sent over to me. “Pardon me, Mister Priest, would you be so kind, we're looking for the headquarters of the Mormon Church, could you kindly direct us as to where we should go?” “Hell! Go to hell, young man, if you are more of those damned Mormons come out here to pester us.” Oh, I had him on the spit then ... and I roasted him! “I’ll tell you something, you overgrown mountain goat. The last thing we want around here is a group of good-for-nothing, lowdown, wife-stealers.” Oh, he was starting to steam up, but I didn’t let him get a word in edgewise... “Your kind of sacrilege don’t fit well with our people that with your pagan worship of Ole Joe Smith and that filthy rag of the Book of Marmon.” They all looked whipped, and he was cooking just fine. So, I started quoting scripture to them and that did it! He knocked me down! Caught me right upside the face here with one and laid me flat. He weighed well over 200 pounds ... and me, well, what could I do? It was my own fault. The other missionaries came rushing over and grabbed me up, dusted me off with many apologies. I wish you could have seen their faces when I told them who I was. I wish you could have seen my face before the doctor did.

Well, I confined Elder Adams—Alexander Adams was his name—to his room. I knew he thought I'd send him home. As I passed his door one night, I heard him praying; and he promised the Lord that if he could stay he would not only learn to read, but quote scripture as well as ... J. Golden Kimball. So on the third day ... there is a parallel there, somewhere, I went in. “Young man, I have determined that you are a defender of the truth, but you've got to learn how to control your damn temper. Now get out there and work!” He did and learned to read and quote scriptures and filled an honorable mission.

Now, brothers and sisters, I realize my reputation for wisdom has been greatly injured by repeating jokes and stories of the kind I just related to you. In the estimation of some people, because of my calling I should

be as solemn as an owl. It is considered a good thing to look wise, especially when not overburdened with information. Some people seldom, if ever, get a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts. I say we need not pull long faces thinking it indicates faith and is more pleasing to the Lord. The Lord has said, "Cease from your light speeches, and excess laughter," but He surely is pleased with pleasant countenances and a happy people. I think it's best to get people good-natured and in a mood to take what you give them. You remember what my father used to say about giving the baby medicine: "Just tickle it under the chin and down goes the medicine." Besides, a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Some people are without souls, without love and bigness. They are halfway men. They never fight in the open. They are demagogues and place hunters. They are perched upon every anthill, croaking out their stump speeches for this or that man to hold office. They never give it a thought whether such a man will do good for the people or not. When the ants start to bite, they will call them Mormon ants—blame everything on the Church.

I remember a man very excited about these matters. He moved here from the East. He was a non-member. I suppose he thought he'd sit back and reel in a million dollars from our members. When it didn't work out to suit him, he became very exercised and burst into my office one day with the cords on his neck stickin' out like this, y'know. He said, "Keep your hands off from the State, and you see to it that your General Authorities do the same."

I said, "Lookee here!" I don't think I had an overload of the Spirit myself "Look here!" I wasn't very cool either. "My friend, you were not born here like I was. I love this country because my noble loved ones are buried over on that hill, sixty of them. When I was a child, I walked around the site of this great tabernacle with my father before it was built. My father's oxen and his mules and his wagons hauled rock for that temple. When I think about that building, every stone in it is a sermon to me. It tells of suffering; it tells of sacrifice; it preaches—every rock in it preaches a discourse. I can't tell you what that temple means to me, about our worship, our marriages, about the priesthood—but I want to tell you that I shall not be cowardly and stop my tongue. You must keep your hands off this Church, and you must respect the men that I honor or we will part ways. So don't blame all of your problems on the Mormons, for I will not stand for it."

There is an animal that, when it reaches out with its feelers and when it runs against anything, it pulls its feelers back and crawls into its shell and, I suppose, remains there and reflects until the scene changes. Most men when they run into an obstacle will plow around it. I have always gone right over it. It does a whole lot of good to see my team pull, to test the plow. I've broken many a plow and done considerable damage by not plowing around things.

I'm a good deal like my father. One day he was praying. I told you how he prayed. Suddenly he burst out in a laugh and he said: "Oh, Lord, forgive me. When I pray for some men, I just have to laugh."

With our most perfect organization, priesthood, and authority, we still have our troubles and skeletons in our closets. Men come to me occasionally, and shake me by the hand and say, "I am glad to shake hands with a good man." I never feel so cheap as when that happens. I have always been thankful that they did not know

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- J GOLDEN by *James Arrington*

me so well as I know myself ... What is a good man anyways? I have had business dealings with good men, at least who claimed they were good, told me how good they were, and when they got through I didn't have anything left. What can God do for a man like that? You may baptize him every fifteen minutes; but if he does not repent, he will come up out of the water just as dishonest as ever. Baptizing him won't settle the trouble ... not unless you keep him under.

I stand before you a transgressor, but I am trying to be saved, and that is all that God asks me to do. Any man who tries to do the right thing and continues to try is not a failure in the sight of God. I want you to be good to me, and help save me. If I can be saved, it is a great encouragement to every man, woman, and child in Israel. If you have weaknesses, try to overcome them. If you fail, try again; and if you then fail, keep trying, for God is merciful to His children. He is a good deal kinder to us than some who hold the priesthood are to each other. We are a good deal like Peter. I was that way. I would have cut more than one of their ears off, if there had been someone to stick them on again.

I feel aroused sometimes, and the palms of my hands just itch to take hold of the jaw-bone of an ass and beat these things into dull men's skulls. I would do it, too, if I had a jaw-bone. So we, you and I, need some older men to put their hands on us younger boys and hold us down.

Sometimes it's hard to understand. Like the first time as mission president that I was bringing home an emigration of Saints and I had gone up to comfort my wife who was sick. Brother Roberts wired me to come down to Salt Lake immediately. They never asked me, they never consulted with me, they just sent for me, and that's how I was ordained as one of the First Council of the Seventy.

Oh, by the way, did you know that there are three great "tions" in this Church by which men are called to positions of authority? Revelation, inspiration ... and relation. Oh, I never would have amounted to a damn thing in this Church, if my father hadn't been Heber C. Kimball. Were all related down there.

I am suddenly reminded of a little fellow who was sick. He went to the doctor who was an herbalist. The doctor gave him four herbs and told him to boil them in a quart of water and drink it all. The little fellow said, "I can't. I only hold a pint!" Well, I am wondering how much you people hold? Age changes one's capacity for holding, so I'll tell you all about my experiences as one of the Brethren after a few minutes.

I feel like saying, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!"
(Exit J. GOLDEN.)

END ACT ONE