

Brother Charles F. Zitting worked for me on my farm in Idaho. His father, August Zitting was a number one critic of religion. His father made fun of me because I and my family went to church, nine miles away, every Sunday.

In the year of 1926, on the 8th day of August, I was promoted to the position of car formen for the Union Pacific Railroad. I had two days off each month and a two week vacation, with pay, a year. I got this promotion just a year to the day that I went to work for the railroad as a car repair man. I received \$4.00 per day and a yearly pass which entitled me to travel by Union Pacific trains any place in the United States and even in Hawaii.

Because of the miraculous manner in which this job came to me I knew that it was not something that happened by chance; but that it was in the plan of the Lord, and a blessing from the Lord, that I should ~~I should~~ have this. Therefore, I decided to spend the two days I had off each month, working for the Lord. Most of this time off from work I spent going to the temple.

At this time, my brother in law was living in Salt Lake and so I visited with him and did odd jobs for him when my time wasn't occupied in the temple or something of that nature. Through contacts here I became acquainted with a group called the Mussers or the Woolley group.

Brother Charles F. Zitting was the sixth member of a quorum of seven within this Musser or Woolley group. He took the place of Patriarch John W. Woolley, who died at the age of 97 years in the

year of 1927. I became acquainted with all the members of this group including the aged patriarch, John W. Woolley before he died.

I visited Brother Zitting every time I came to Salt Lake. He trusted me with a Key to his office so that if I needed to, I could sleep on a couch in his office. This office was heated with steam heat and so was a comfortable place for me to go to, should I come to Salt Lake in the middle of the night. This way, I would not have to disturb anyone's sleep.

Brother Zitting taught me many things of the Gospel, even the fulness of the Gospel. He taught me the importance of the fulness of the Gospel, even to the fact that no Apostle could hold an office in the church unless he could prove to the heads of the Church that he had embraced the principles of Celestial or Plural Marriage as explained in the 132 section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

I spent two years visiting Brother Zitting every month; after which I did not go to see him any more. I met him on the street one day and he said to me, "Brother Kingston, why don't you come to see me any more?" I answered him saying, "I don't come to see you any more because I have a light of my own; therefore, I do not need to come to see you."

Through the understanding that I received of the Gospel I knew I was faced with the decision of whether or not I should join this Woolley or Musser group (that it was afterward called.)

I went to the Lord, in prayer, one night when I was in Salt Lake and desired of Him that He should make it known unto me what I should do regarding this. That night I received

three different dreams which enabled me to make the right decision.

In the first dream, I was standing on the bank of a wide river. This river, which was about one hundred feet wide and about forty feet deep, was the clearest river of water I had ever seen. This river was flowing south and near the center of it was a large ship. As this ship passed me and was about to go around a bend in the river and out of sight a voice said unto me, "That is your ship! you belong on that ship; at this, I felt panic for I thought I had lost out through my ignorance. I frantically waved my right arm, hoping to signal the ship to come back for me. To my great joy and surprise, the ship turned and came back. It stopped about Fifty feet from the bank in the middle of the river. Not knowing whether or not I would have to swim for the ship, I stepped off the bank of the river. I discovered I could walk on the water and I walked that Fifty feet to the ship without my shoes even getting wet; There was a stairway on the side of the ship which enabled me to climb up on to the deck. Upon my arrival on the ship it turned around and once more continued down the river. As I stood against the railing on the stairway side of the ship I noticed willows on the opposite side from where I had been when I first saw the ship. Among these willows were fishing poles that were stuck in the mud. There were lines coming from these poles with hooks at the end of these lines, and there were fish upon the hooks. As I looked into this clear water I saw some of the most beautiful trout I had ever beheld, but upon the hooks on these lines fastened to the fishing poles I saw a strange sight. I saw fish in every stage of decomposition; I saw some hooks where only head, bones and gills remained. Some of the fish that had just recently been caught