

History of

**Abby Johnson Kendrick  
Robinson Gooch**

*January 22, 1888 – November 4, 1974*

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Abby Johnson started writing her history in a spiral bound notebook in 1942. The last entry is dated 1971. The history filled three notebooks. Someone typed these handwritten notebooks, then made copies and distributed them to different family members. One copy came into the possession of John Larsen, a great-grandson of Abby. He and his wife Laurel scanned the typewritten copy to create this version.

We hope this history is as enlightening and uplifting to you as it has been to us.

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## Chapter 1: The Early Years in Old Mexico

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I am Abby Johnson Kendrick Robinson Gooch. No doubt your first thought will be, "What a name!" But I am not ashamed of any of them.

I have written this history for my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. So I have written it rather in detail, and I hope it will not be boring to any of you.

In the fall of 1887 (September, I think) my father, Elmer Wood Johnson, and my mother, Mary Jane Little, with their four small children, Mary Heva, Lucy Ann (called Lulu), Juniatta, and Elmer Wood, Jr., left Kanab, Kane County, Utah and started for Old Mexico. The purpose of this move was to establish themselves in a home where they could live their religion without being molested. They were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, commonly called Mormons. At this time, the principle of polygamy was being practiced and had been for years. My father had two wives. A great deal of trouble had been endured by those who tried to live it, and father was one of them. The officers of the United States had jailed a great many, and many were dealt with very unjustly. Elder John Taylor was President of the Church at the time the trouble started.

About 1885 arrangements were made by the authorities of the Church for the brethren who had plural wives to take them to Mexico. Those who didn't want to go, or their wives wouldn't go, would have to live with just one. Many of them went in 1886, and some never went at all. Father was unable to take both wives at this time and Aunt Julia, as we called her, was expecting a baby in October. Father left her and her two little girls with his mother in Kanab, Utah. Many times I have heard my mother relate the happenings of that trip. No luxuries of today were theirs. The trip was made in covered wagons. They had two teams of horses, and if I remember correctly, they took their cow. A pair of bed springs was laid across the wagon box and served as a bed for my dear mother and the two younger children, Father and the two older ones making their bed on the ground except when it rained, then the wagon box served them all. Mother at this time was also expecting a visit from the old stork in January. The trip was not always pleasant; cooking on camp fires in all kinds of weather, washing in creeks and rivers on sunny days, of course no ironing could be done, and encountering many other difficulties. Yet she told of the many happy hours she spent, caring for her little family and making it as pleasant as she could for father, whom she said was always kind and considerate of her. During this trip, which took a little over two months, she said in spite of it all she was so happy because she had father all to herself. I'm sure we couldn't blame her for that. On this trip she knitted two pairs of stockings each, for herself and the four children, and

two pair of socks for father. She fashioned and sewed by hand the little clothes for the expected newcomer.

It was the latter part of November 1887 when they arrived in Colonia Diaz Chihuahua, Old Mexico. Father's oldest brother, Willie, and his three wives had moved there with other families two years previous. The first thing father did was pitch their tent on Uncle Willie's lot and prepared for the coming winter. The winters in Old Mexico were very different from the northern winters. They seldom had snow, and very little freezing was known. If we had ice an inch thick we thought that was really cold. Rains often came in the winter and when accompanied by wind it was more than just chilly. On the 22nd of January 1888, about 2½ months after they arrived, at about 2 a.m. the kindly old stork left me at this humble tent. I begged these kind hearted people to let me stay with them. They gladly took me in, and for twenty years I lived under their roof and partook of their hospitality.

I guess I wasn't very bright, for I remember very little that happened to me the first two or three years. But I do remember my mother telling me how the cold rains fell the first week or two of my life. The tent leaked and father was compelled to get up during the night and empty the pans he kept on the bed to keep mother and me dry.

Just how many months we lived in the tent I couldn't say. But before another winter came father had made adobes and built two rooms for us, which mother said was really a treat. By the next winter he had made adobes and built two more rooms preparatory to bringing Aunt Julia to Mexico. It was built about two blocks from our home. She and her three little girls came out the next year. It would no doubt be interesting to know how these adobes were made. Most of the homes and other buildings were made from them. The clay in Mexico seemed very sticky. I remember we could hardly get it off our shoes when it stormed. This clay, when thoroughly mixed with straw and water in certain proportions, was poured in wooden molds. They could be made any size, but were usually about the same size. After they partly dried in the molds, they were taken out and stacked up until good and dry then they were ready for use. They were laid together similar to the way brick is, with some kind of mud mortar. The homes made of these were warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

A few years later father built a kitchen on the back of our house. By now there were eight or nine in mother's family, and even just one more room was appreciated even if it did have a mud roof and a mud floor. The floor was first wet down until it was real hard then we would have to mop it, of course not scrub it.

Aunt Julia's two girls, Loie and Tessa, were mine and my younger sister, Verna's, age. We surely loved to play on the mud roof. Father soon found out, as our playing on it made it leak when it rained, so he kindly told us not to play on it any more. Well, we usually minded, perhaps because we knew we'd better. Father was no hand to punish us but we knew we'd better obey.

One day when the girls were to our place, we wanted to play on it so bad. When we saw father leave to go up town we decided to take a chance on it. We moved our things on it and were all set to have some fun, when father came around unexpectedly. Well, we were caught. He didn't say a word. He just broke a little

willow off the tree and told us to come down. So one by one we came down the ladder, and he tingled our bare legs as we did. Tessie and I being tender-hearted we cried. Loie, who was my age, and Verna just laughed. So we told them he tingled us harder than he did them. That was the first time I remember father punishing us. Mother and Aunt Julia did the punishing.

Another little incident I remember when I was three years old. Father and mother went to Dewing, New Mexico and took my sister, Verna, who was one-year-old and me with them. Perhaps the thing that impressed it on my mind so vividly was that soon after we started on our trip mother discovered we had whooping cough. She was worried because she had nothing with her which was especially good for it. However, as luck they called it, we had a mare along with us who had a young colt, and Frank Curtis, a young man traveling with us, said his mother always used mare milk for the whooping cough. So they milked the old mare and we didn't care and we drank the milk every day. I never forgot that, for I thought it was a real treat.

Before I go any further I would like to give my readers a little idea about Mexico, the people, and some of their ways of living. We lived just four miles from a little town called La Ascension. None of the natives lived right in our little town, but they came over to our stores to buy lots of times. They were peculiar as well as amusing. They always bought the bright flowered materials and hardly ever wanted more than cinco centavos worth (which was a nickel). It was very aggravating to the clerks at times. They are lovers of music and flowers, they loved string music, and would gladly give their last penny for a few flowers. We used to go to this little town a lot as youngsters.

We were candy makers and father supplied their stores with candy. If I live to be a hundred years old I could never forget the sights we'd see in that little town. Their houses were also built of adobes, and all built almost alike with usually just one big room. Some of them would have a small window and some none at all, no more than one door. The roofs were flat and made of willows and dirt. A small fireplace served as a stove and they would sit on the floor to eat. Their meals consisted mostly of beans, bacon, tortillas and lots of coffee. Usually the dogs, cats, and chickens shared both shelter and meals with them. As we passed their huts, two or three dogs and a half dozen little kids would run out. The children, as a rule, were half dressed and dirty, but they all seemed as happy as the birds in spring. I guess that's all that really should matter; and why shouldn't they be, no worries.

I am now speaking of the middle and lower class of Mexicans. They all slept on the floor, on most anything. Perhaps you'd like to know how they made their tortillas. They are made of corn, just plain field corn. This they would grind on rocks, then mix it with salt and water, that was called sta-ma. They flatten it on the rocks with their hands, and then bake them on a hot rock or piece of iron heated on hot coals. They tasted pretty good when you knew they were made by clean hands; and, that, you could only guess at.

They washed their clothes down at the river or in a ditch, using rocks instead of wash-boards. In those days, washers were not known by any of us. They had large families and it cost them very little to live.

The Mexicans are Spanish and Indian mixed. The upper class (which did not live near us) lived entirely different and they are much more refined and cultured. They had good schools and the children are trained in music. No music to this day do I love more than the sacred Mexican music. They loved to play their guitars and sing and we loved to hear them. They are naturally affectionate, and for a friend they would die but if you are an enemy to them, watch out. They are tricky and would stab you in the back if they got a chance.

One beautiful custom I shall never forget is their way of courting. The young girls were not allowed to go with their sweethearts alone. They were always chaperoned. How about that girls? Each town, no matter how small, had a plaza in the park. It was sort of a grandstand where the band played and it played often. Going in and out several ways were paths in the park. Here is where the girls and boys would meet, but not like we do. The boys would walk one way and the girls the opposite, in this way they pass each other. If a boy sees a girl he thinks he'd like to meet it's up to him to find where she lives, if he doesn't already know. In this way they do their flirting. They are not allowed to see each other alone, this custom is carried out more among the upper class. If a boy played a guitar, and most of them did, he finds his sweet- heart home, then he goes to her window (usually they choose a moon-light night, and I don't blame them), and would play and sing.

Naturally she would come to the window to see him. Remember, though, their windows have iron bars over them and in that way they do their courting. Then if they become serious, he must meet with the approval of her parents before she is allowed to go with him even with a chaperon. The boys of the upper class were taught to respect and protect unmarried girls. Strange, but true, after they were married, it was a different thing.

Now, my dear readers remember these were the customs of these people when I was living in Mexico. Just how much they have changed I couldn't say.

The mid-wife of our little town was often called to deliver the native women in confinement. She told me about a very strange custom they had at this time. Immediately after the baby was born, to her surprise and horror, they had her immerse the baby in a tub of cold water. They claimed it toughened them and prevented them from taking cold, and I should think it would. No wonder they could run around all kinds of weather in their shirt tails. Although I have been out of Mexico 30 years I have always had a tender feeling for the Mexican people. Their flag always looked good to me, red, white, and green with the emblem a brown Mexican eagle with a snake in its mouth. The good old Mexican National Hymn which we were taught to love and respect; of course it means nothing to me now, but to just think of them brings many pleasant and happy memories; memories I'll never forget.

Our church house was a large white building; it had to serve as school house, recreation hall and all. It had no upstairs, no basement, everything was held in this building, except our plays (dramatic plays). We had a much smaller building about half a block from the church house. We had a lot of plays and we enjoyed them.

Some apostle or other member of the General Authorities would visit all the wards once a year, any way, and some times twice for our Stake Conferences,



looking after our needs the best they could. We always looked forward to their visits.

We had good schools but not like the schools of today. We had eight grades but only three or four teachers, each one had two or three grades in one room. Our teachers were sent from Utah and Arizona and the authorities saw that they were good ones.

I must mention the bell that was on top of this building. Oft-times in my mind I can hear that old bell ringing, calling us to school, church and other activities, but not for dances. In our dances we were not allowed to waltz. I wonder if that seems as strange to you as it did to us. But it was the General Authorities that advised against it and that was it. They gave us a good reason; the Mexicans danced no other way than waltzing and often they would want to come to our dances which of course we couldn't allow. It was necessary that good feelings existed between us and by not waltzing we need not worry about them wanting to mingle with us. It wasn't hard on us young people because we never learned to waltz, but it was hard on the older ones who had always loved to waltz.

We danced the square dance, Scottish reel, minuets, varsouvian, Virginia reel and several others. Now don't think we didn't have fun if we did have only the organ and fiddle to dance by. Your jitter-bugging and waltzing and new-fangled dances, gives you no more thrill than those good old dances in those good old days.

Our little town was situated about forty miles south of the United States border, Columbus, New Mexico being the town over the border on the north. The other colonies were from 55 to 75 miles south of us. There was one long street running through the town and it was called Main Street. It was about 75 or 100 feet wide and on each side of the street they had planted cottonwood trees. These trees had grown so large that in some places for blocks they would touch in the center. Such was the case in front of our home, making a dense shade all day and, believe it or not, it was beautiful.

Our side-walks, not paved remember, were about seven or eight feet wide then and an irrigation ditch ran between the sidewalk and street. These towns were not large. Some were a little larger than ours. We had between four and five hundred living in Colonia Diaz, mostly all L.D.S. Not any were rich and not any real poor, so all were happy. I mean really happy. Naturally we had our special friends and neighbors, and as always there were some who didn't try very hard to live their religion.

The water for irrigating purposes came from the river, but most everyone had windmills for their garden because part of the time the river would be low. Wells were dug in the back yards close to the house and hand pumps were installed and used for drinking and household purposes. We had no ice boxes and no ice. Most people had cellars to keep their butter and milk cool. Our wind mill was in the back surrounded by beautiful weeping willow trees. Father fixed some kind of a contraption with a rope and we could let our butter and milk down a ways in the well in a bucket and no ice box kept it any better. Of course, that was just the milk for our suppers, or if we scalded the milk in the morning it would keep until the next day. The wind mill would go only when the wind was blowing, but a very little

breeze would run it, and the water out of the well was cold and clear. It makes me thirsty to think how good it tasted. We loved to drink out of the pipe when the wind was blowing gently.

Under the trees was a nice lawn and many happy hours were spent there in our childhood and girlhood days. I can see and hear the windmill wheel going round and round, the mocking birds singing in the trees and cunning little humming birds humming through the flowers. Yes all kinds of flowers, rose bushes so tall we could hardly reach the roses after we were grown and the beautiful locust trees in the front yard. (So fragrant were the white blossoms in the spring, even the most expensive perfume could not compare with it.) Hours and hours were spent beneath the grape vines eating grapes and our favorite fruit from the trees. Sitting in the moonlight in our front yard, we were singing, laughing and playing guitars and harmonicas, enjoying the association of loved ones and friends. Memories, sweet memories.

Now my dear readers, it wasn't all pleasant and sweet. There were many hardships and trials endured by all. Just remember, it wasn't only our family I am writing about, but only as an example of most families. However, naturally we felt ours was the happiest.

My mother and Aunt Julia (father's 2nd wife) were both ambitious and like all the plural families, they did much to support and care for their families. I remember so many things my mother used to do, besides going out dress making. During the first few years she made and sold bluing, vinegar, cookies, and made and supplied the little town with live yeast. That's one thing she did all her life. In this way she furnished flour for her family and most of Aunt Julia's. The amount of yeast they wanted, they would bring that amount of flour. Every morning, except Sunday, we would have to grate enough raw potatoes to make a large stone crock full of yeast, and sorry to say we weren't always happy about having to do it. Of course we were just girls and you all know how girls are.

She made all our soaps and lye besides all our butter, cheese, both cottage and cream. O how I loved the curd of the cream cheese.

Mother was very musical and while she was real young before coming to Mexico, she learned how to read music and count time. So among the rest of her doing, she had a class of young people and taught music. At first she had no organ and all she had to get her pitch was a tuning fork she brought from Utah.

While I was still quite young, mother paid \$100.00 for a recipe for making pure sugar hard candy. With the help of my two older sisters, Heva and Lulu, and under the most difficult circumstances, she started in the candy business. Now I wonder how in the world she ever did it. I remember standing outside the door watching them, cooking in a hot kitchen with a mud floor. This floor was kept clean and hard by wetting it every day, yes even mopping it. I did it many times. The hot candy syrup was poured into dripping pans and cooled by holding these pans in a tub of cold water. It took months of hard work experimenting, scheming, and going without, sometimes almost the necessities of life, but they persevered and won. With this candy business, although small in its early stages, and by having our gardens and fruit and I mean fruit, we lived fairly well.

I have helped pick good old grapes by the tubs full as well as pears, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, and berries. We had our own cows, pigs, and chickens. Raised corn for the pigs and chickens, hay for the cows and horses, and wheat for our bread, raised sugar cane for our molasses, had grist mills and mills to grind our wheat and make our molasses, and was it good. These mills were not run by electricity (such a thing wasn't known there) but with horses or mules. You can imagine we were kept busy but we were happy caring and supporting our families. There was no W. P. A. in those days, no direct relief, (each family for themselves,) no widow pensions, yet I remember mother was always giving something to those less fortunate than we. She always taught us, "Waste not, want not" and "It's better to give than to receive."

Father had gone into the stock business on a small scale so with it all we faired with the average family.

When I was seven years old my oldest sister Heva married.

I'd like to write some about my childhood pleasures. Mother by now had eight children, six girls, Heva, Lulu, Juniatta, then a boy Elmer, then 3 more girls, myself, Verna and Nita, and then another boy, Lorin. Aunt Julia had six girls also, Caddie, Anna, Loie, Tessa, Elma, and Fern. One dozen girls for father. We didn't live in the same house but we were together a lot. We were makers of our own recreation. We had no Woolworths, Kress, or any other store where we could buy toys to play with. If our little towns had more than one store it was considered a very prosperous little village.

Everything brought from the States had to have duty paid on it, making everything very expensive, so naturally most of our toys were homemade: cute little cradles, cupboards, chairs and etc, made by our fathers, but we marveled how kind Santa was to bring us such wonderful gifts. How well I remember the Christmas I was five years old I got a little earthen dog and my sister Loie got a cat. Two of the others got a little earthen pot on the front of it, it said "Morning Exercise".

They were so clever to us, having never seen anything like them, and were we thrilled. That was all we got that year, except our candy, popcorn ball and perhaps an apple. Oranges cost a fortune and we didn't have them. Once in a few years we'd get an orange or banana. Mother used to fix up some very clever candies though unbeknown to us and that was a treat.

I can only remember but one doll, perhaps I had more, but this one I could never forget. It had an earthen head, black on top for hair, and it had a pretty red dress and it actually had white lace on it bought out of a store, a pretty petticoat and real panties. Was I a thrilled little girl. I know you children today are no more thrilled nor any happier with your house filled with gifts and goodies than we were. Is it any wonder that we grandmas wonder?

When I was five years old I had another thrill. Uncle Willie, father's brother (he was better fixed financially than father was) came home from the States and brought all of his and father's little girls a little genuine gold ring. We were as proud of those rings as a peacock over his bright feathers, and I'm still proud of it. Although it has been 51 years I still have my little ring. Uncle Willie had three

wives with families. He and father at this time had 19 girls. My oldest sister who was 16 years, was the oldest. I do not recall if the older ones had rings or something else.

Our homes were all within a block or two of each, some just over the fence. We were reared so closely to each other, we were more like sisters than cousins. Like all children we had our quarrels and disagreements, but they didn't last long and to me, my association with them are happy memories. We had no shows (only what we made up) no parks to play in, no bathing resorts, ditches not canals to wade in, and as little children we would play for hours in the sand which was plentiful when the water was out of the ditches. Often our parents would take us to the river, (when low enough) to go swimming. We called it that, the boys most of them could swim but if we couldn't we had fun. We had no cars, no telephones, no radios, no electric lights, no dance halls except our church, but, oh, the happy memories of that building.

There was no high school in our little town so when ready for that we'd have to go 75 miles up to Colonia Juarez. It was also the head of the Stake, every one didn't get to go. Yes we had our pleasures true, but we had to make them.

When I was ten years old mother had another baby boy. We named him William Derby and called him Willie, but he was too sweet and good to stay long with us; two days after he was one year old he passed away. Oh, how we missed him, we loved him so. Just about two months before he passed away mother went to El Paso, Texas to do some yearly shopping. I was going on 11 years old at that time and she took me along to care for baby Willie. That was my first ride on a train and also mothers. She was almost 40 years old. It was a thrill for me to go. That was mother's first trip. After that mother used to go about twice a year. Many interesting experiences could be told about those trips. Some are in mother's history.

It was about this time father began to realize if mother had more help and some equipment to work with, the candy business could really be a good one. So he built a small candy shop a short distance from the house, sent back east to get the necessary equipment, and decided he'd devote his time to helping and go into it a big way, for those days. Mother was a hard worker and a good manager and soon they were supplying not only our town and La Asension but the other colonies as well. As each one grew older we were taken into the shop and taught to do our share, however, we were never kept out of school. A little later father built a small room onto the front of this shop and opened up a little confectionery shop, the front opened onto the sidewalk. Mother made a drink to sell along with the candy, it was called soda water. She made two kinds of syrup and by adding a spoonful of each to a glass of water it made a cool, refreshing drink. It went over in a big way, with the young people especially.

Father was the owner of the first graphophone in the colonies, this was a small machine so different from the modern phonograph. The records were the cylinder type and could be heard only when a large horn was used or with earphones. This he put in the shop and sold tunes. It was a real novelty. During the dances they would come down and buy candy, drinks and tunes. Mother usually ran the shop as father was dance manager and had to be there. We girls, until we were old enough to go to

the dances, would help mother. I was always glad when it was my turn. I loved to do it. We had eight earphones and charged five cents a tune, another way to help us live.

It wasn't long before individuals began to get their own. Father was the first one to send back east and get Valentines to sell, comic and pretty ones. He would sell them a week before Valentines Day. They went over big but only lasted a couple of years then some of the Church organizations did it, so that ended that.

Next to Christmas we all looked forward to celebrating "Cinco de Mayo" or the 5th of May which was the same as our 4th of July. We always looked forward to that for two reasons; for the fun we always had, and because that was when we could discard our red flannels, so to speak. O happy day! We could don our white dresses and all that went with them, ruffles and lace, on our petticoats and pants, with ribbon bows on our hand, our fans on our arms. Oh, how we would dance. No, we didn't have fire-crackers, torpedos, sky rockets or any such fire-works, but we had the anticipation of an all day holiday at the grove three miles out of town. The whole town would turn out, young and old.

Preparations were going on weeks before the day the queen of May was chosen and her attendants, small girls for braiding the May Pole, a marshall of the day was selected, the band, and choir practicing all the songs and pieces appropriate for the occasion, and the best talent in the ward was chosen for the program. A special committee was chosen to prepare a good place at the grove. A bowery was made for the band and the program, large and small swings were put up, also teeter boards, as we called them.

It was a very exciting event, believe it or not, then the excitement of preparing and filling our large homemade lunch boxes to over-flowing. We always knew there would be something extra special that we didn't have always. We got it all ready the night before, except the last touches. Up before dawn so we could have our chickens, pigs, and cows all taken care of and prepared for the day.

We had no cars, but white tops, buggies and wagons, and many young people rode horseback. Everybody met at the church between 8 and 9 o'clock a.m., then the parade formed, headed by the marshal of the day, then the queen and attendants, band, choir, those on horse back, and then the rest. That way we all arrived at the same time. After the program was over (always ended by singing the National Anthem), we were turned loose for the day, the children to play, the adults to spread the dinner. Quite often some of the Mexican officials would join us. Then the climax of the day was the dance in the evening, something we all looked forward to when we got old enough to go. We had to be fourteen years old. I used to wonder if I would live to be fourteen. I loved to dance and I still do.

I have no happier memories than those dances, all dolled up in our white dresses, laces and frills. Bows of bright colored ribbons on our long braids, bows on our slippers, each one thinking surely she was the belle of the ball. We were all really happy and gay, even if we did just have the fiddle and the organ to dance by.

Oh my, I mustn't forget our circuses. We never knew when they were coming (no advertising as of today). Just all of a sudden we'd hear the old fiddle and

sometimes guitars and banjos playing. Then we knew it was coming, down the main street of that little town. The parade consisted of an old wagon drawn by horses or mules, usually skinny ones. In the wagon was the band and following the band would be two or 3 clowns (the whole affair was put on by Mexicans). Sometimes these clowns would have a little monkey and several times they had a little bear. Usually there would be an actor or actress, never both, dressed in real Mexican dancing costumes. To us as youngsters it looked great, as they came down the street they were followed by most of the kids in town, small and teenagers, following them to see if they could find out where the tent would be pitched. Our fare could be paid with a squash, potatoes, beans, molasses, or what we happened to have, and we always went. Al Barnes or no other circus, gives the children of today any greater thrill than we had when our circus came to town. The actors and actresses walked on a rope, the clowns with their funny faces and pranks were a treat to all, and we looked forward each summer to see it.

Another past-time that we spent many happy hours at was mesquite bean hunting. This bush grew wild and in fact it was our wood. The men and boys would cut it down and haul it home by the wagon loads. It was about all the fuel we had. We knew nothing of coal, gas, or electricity. Sometimes it would hardly burn. When it was green, they would cut it up and when dry it wasn't so bad. When the beans on these bushes were ripe, were they good, yum yum. We would gather them by the lap fulls, chew the juice out which was sweet, then throw the pulp away.

In the evening we kids would all get out (I don't mean every evening) and play games, build bonfires, roast sweet corn and potatoes, have watermelon busts, and eat mush melons (same as cantalopes).

When I was small, one great sport was to slide down haystacks and chew the juice out of sugar cane. We made our own molasses, I mean we had a mill that did it. As young people we would decide to have a candy pull. Now if you've never been to one you don't know what fun is. We'd go to the molasses mill in the afternoon and get a bucket of skimmings. It made good candy, and then we would have our party in the evening. We usually chose a moonlit night (no place on earth does the good old moon shine brighter than in Mexico), and we made use of it.

Of course it wasn't so easy in the winter to have fun, especially before we were old enough to go to mutual (the age was 14 then). Some of the young people went to the dances younger but not in our home. It seemed when I arrived at that age, life had just begun for me. Our winters weren't long ones there. That helped. We had no snow.

I can only remember it snowing two or three times during the 25 years I lived there, and then it only lasted a few hours. We used to wish it would stay longer. I remember the biggest snow storm was the winter I was 15 years old and it started to really snow. The boys rushed around and fixed a sleigh, got their teams, gathered up a crowd of us girls and went for a sleigh ride. We came back in about an hour in the mud. It ended up in a big candy pull that night and was fun anyway.

We girls at our home were never allowed to go with the boys until we were 16 and the boys all knew it. But like all other girls and boys I had my puppy love affairs (as mother called them) from the time I was 12 and 13 years old. My heart

was broken of course several times and naturally I spent sleepless nights worrying because I had to say “no” to some nice little boy friend, or because “so and so” had danced first with some other little girl. We had our regular children’s dances but I lived through it.

My parents (we thought) were very strict with us, and no doubt it was a good thing. But at the time we didn’t like it, naturally. We were hardly allowed to look at a boy except to dance with him, until we were 16. We had no public dances--just our church dances.

I never was very popular with the boys even after I could go with them. Perhaps because we were taught all our lives to let a boy kiss you or hold your hand was next to committing some sort of a crime. Of course as I grew older I understood their anxiety, and realized it was because of their love for us and for our future happiness.

I always danced a lot and I remember the winter I was 16, the Sunday School had a Valentine dance. They announced the main feature of that dance would be that the girls who received the most Valentines would be announced the belle of the evening. Imagine my surprise when I found I had received four more than any other girl. I don’t think I was the only one surprised. I received 21. Naturally I was thrilled.

After I was 16 I wasn’t allowed to go with a boy unless pa and ma felt he was alright, which was their privilege. Strange, but I didn’t seem to care as much about going with them as I did when I was younger. I’d go with them a time or two and that was enough. But I still had a good time. I had a very special cousin. Although he was just a few months older than I, he didn’t have too many girl friends and was really good to take me when I didn’t have a date (unless he had one). My brother Elmer was three years older than me. We were always in the same crowd and I loved to go with him. He didn’t mind. If he had a date he’d take me first, so I wouldn’t have to go in alone. So my life wasn’t a dull one.

By the time I was 16 my two older sisters Heva and Lulu had married and moved away, Heva to Idaho and Lulu to Colonia Juarez. Her husband, Erastus Fillerup, was a teacher at the Juarez Stake Academy which was 75 miles south of us. Seventy-five miles today is nothing but it took us a day and a half by team.

Our candy business had grown to be a real good thing for those days so father decided to build onto our home. Adobes were made and four new rooms were built, a large living room, a nice bedroom for them, and two bedrooms upstairs. Were we thrilled! There was still seven of us in the family, so many happy hours were spent in our new home. We girls had a large bedroom with a large window opening onto our front yard, which was facing west, a door with a glass pane in it on the south, so sun- shiny and nice. In the spring when the locust trees were in bloom the fragrance from them was out of this world and we kept our window open and got the benefit of it. Could the walls of that bedroom have talked many love tales and secrets it could have told. Some of the happiest hours of my girlhood were spent in that room with my sisters and our girl friends.

Our ward choir was another enjoyable activity, I joined when I was 14 years old. Oh, the fun we had practicing for the 24th of July and Christmas. Not only young people but all ages would meet at the Church before the break of day, get into a large hayrack and serenade the town. Many places we stopped at, they gave us treats. Don't think we didn't have fun of the best kind.

We also had a dramatic organization, and as far back as I can remember father had charge of it. Everyone with talent was given a chance to take part. We put on one almost every month especially during the winter. The most fun was rehearsing. I always loved that kind of recreation.

We never had dances nor any kind of activity on Saturday night. We were taught that Saturday was the day and the night to prepare for Sunday. And believe me we did it in our home. All preparations were made, even our cooking, usually a kettle of beans was cooked and dried peaches steamed. We had our own smoked ham and bacon. A large batch of both yeast and salt resin bread was made and enough yeast to last over Sunday. Churning was done, the cheese was made. We were really taught that Sunday was a day for worship.

If perchance there would be a dance on Saturday night and we persuaded our parents to let us go, we knew without being told it mustn't interfere with Sunday. We never prepared breakfast on Sunday. Our dinner was cooked and bread and milk, cheese, jelly or fruit for supper. We all loved bread and milk. I still do.

As we became old enough (about 13 or 14) we were taken into the candy shop and taught how to make it. 150 pounds was considered a regular day's work. We got pretty tired sometimes, but no matter what you do you get tired, don't you? And that was our living.

We girls were never allowed (unless we went against our parents wishes) to go with a boy that smoked, drank, or who was a non-member of the Church. I am grateful for such wise parents. Not many non-members were ever seen around there, so that wasn't too much of a worry. Just 50 miles south of us was the little colony Colonia Dublan. Twenty-five miles farther on was a beautiful little colony called Colonia Juarez. It was among the mountains and lots of pretty trees. Mostly all L.D.S people, it was the head of our Stake and where we had to go to high school (and several other colonies way up in the mountains).

We had our Stake conferences every four months or so. About once a year they were held in our little colony Colonia Diaz, then at Dublan and at Juarez. The other ones were too far away. We always looked forward to conference no matter where they were held. We couldn't always go, but a big effort was made by our parents and many others to let us young people go as often as possible. One (and sometimes more) of the Church Authorities was there, and it was a real treat to both young and old. Now perhaps the thing we young people enjoyed the most was the trips to and from the colonies and the social contact we had with the other young people.

Our traveling was done in covered wagons, white tops, and buggies, and would take a day and a half anyway. When it was at our ward, along about 2 or 3 o'clock from then on, they would begin to arrive. About noon we'd begin to watch



for covered wagons and were always thrilled when they stopped at our place. Every family was expected to have their homes ready for their friends and if no friends came, oft times the Bishop would have us take the strangers. Beds and meals were furnished (they usually brought bedding). Then when we went to their colony the same hospitality was shown us.

Our home was always open to both friends or strangers, young and old. They enjoyed it and so did we. One time especially I'd like to relate. I was in my middle teens and at this particular conference, including our family, there were 21 at our house. Good thing our bedroom upstairs was a large one. There were 15 girls and women slept in it and two or three boys in the boys bedroom adjoining ours. Now talk about slumber parties! We didn't do much slumbering. Beds were made on the floor from one side to the other. There was two double beds and the women slept in them. At breakfast time, when we lined up for prayer, we almost had to call the roll to see if all were there. Breakfast was the only meal we'd have the crowd, as people would ask them out to dinner and supper. We would ask different ones to our place for those meals.

I must tell what happened this conference, it is too good to keep. In our hurly burly to get to meeting 15 of us, you can imagine what kind of a room we left, stockings, underclothes, and etc. strung all over. When we left we happened to leave the door open. When Elmer my brother and his friend, Athello Bounan, went to leave they couldn't help but see into the room (so they said). They also said they couldn't resist. Athello had his camera. They had the nerve to take a picture of it and finished them by night. They weren't very good, and I can assure you they weren't accepted very graciously. The more we thought about it the madder we got, so we reported it to pa, also to Athello's pa. Quite a time followed. It wasn't funny to us at the time, but we had many a good laugh about it afterwards. We tried to be mad at the boys (incidentally they were favorites of all the girls), so we had to forgive them after their pas required them to apologize.

Conference was held all day Saturday and Sunday; but those who had young people usually stayed until Tuesday a.m., as on Monday night we always had a dance. Those dances will forever live in the memories of the young people of that stake.

The thing I always looked forward to, was when it came our turn to go to Dublan or Juarez for conference. Four or five would go in one wagon, camping for lunch the first day. Then came the fun camping at night at the bend of the river. It was about half the way. How happy we were if the good old southern moon was shining. Supper was always cooked over a large bonfire. After the horses were fixed for the night, then the men and boys would do the cooking, while we lady folks planned and made the beds down. Wagons were placed so as to separate the girls and boys beds, the older ones slept in the wagons. After supper was cleared up, then we all played games of some kind. At an early hour we were called together to prepare for retiring, as all would be called at dawn to get an early start. After singing a few songs and prayer was offered we would all retire, but not always sleep immediately. The stars always seemed brighter when lying down, and of course it was an ideal time for us girls to tell each other our love tales, perhaps a broken heart or a new found lover. You know girls. Maybe the lover wouldn't know he was

found but we knew it. Or perhaps trying to locate the small or large dipper in the starlit heavens, or listening to the lonely call of the coyote. We never felt afraid. Our beds were made rather close to the wagons, where some of our parents or elder men were. They would be on the alert for any danger. No, you of today cannot even imagine the good times we had at the bend of that river.

Did you ever taste eggs, bacon, and potatoes cooked on a glowing fire? If not try it. Sure, the water was warm drawn from the five and ten gallon barrels fastened on the back of the wagons, but we didn't care. We were happy and free as young people should be. Friends gathered around those fires will be friends forever, here and in eternity. But as always, time will pass--days into weeks, months into years.

One day we heard wonderful news in our little town. Four or five young men from Texas were there. Whispers were passed around ("who are they and why are they here?"). Well it didn't take us girls long to find out. This was in the spring of 1904. I had just turned 17 years old. We soon learned they were well drillers from Texas and had contracted well digging for some large American concern not too far from our little town. The young fellow who owned and operated the drill was Andrew Kendrick. He was sort of homely and we knew he wasn't too young. He was very sociable, made friends easily, and a lot of fun. Most everyone liked him, especially the girls. But somehow he didn't appeal to me. If he had a done I wouldn't have dared to say so, because he was a non-member. The other young men with him (I don't remember their names) were working for him. They came into our town each Sunday, and usually went to Sacrament meeting, no doubt just to get better acquainted with the young people.

It wasn't too long before some of the girls accepted invitations from them. A little later they came in on Friday nights to watch us dance. Being outsiders (as we called them) they were not allowed to dance, unless some one knew them well enough to vouch for their conduct.

Along in the fall of 1904 one Sunday another young man was with them, a non-member also, but lo and behold it didn't keep my heart from pounding every time I saw him. I couldn't be nice to him because my parents forbade it. So I just kept my feelings to myself; but secretly I admired him more each time I saw him. I had never been made acquainted with him. I didn't want to be. I was afraid the more I knew him the more I'd care for him. To our surprise we found out he was a younger brother of Andrew Kendrick, tall, dark, and handsome. Of course the girls fell for him right now and weren't afraid to let him know it. That didn't make me any happier, I can assure you. He was so gentlemanly and different from anyone I had ever seen. And although I was almost 18, I said nothing to anyone. I felt I must obey my parents.

Just before Christmas, Andrew went to the Bishop and asked permission for him and his brother Burrell, to be allowed to come and dance (I believe one or two others). He said he would vouch for their characters. Andrew had always been a gentleman, and as they associated more or less with the young people, it was decided to let them. Of course after the Bishop had approved, my parents felt they couldn't deny us dancing with them, and was I happy. We were told plainly it must stop at that.

Don't think for one minute, dear reader, that our parents weren't good to us. Better parents never lived. They were overly anxious about our future happiness, and we all know true happiness depends on one's marriage.

At one of the dances during that holiday, I was introduced to my secret lover. I took pains to not let him nor anyone know my feelings. But my respect grew and grew for him, and to this day I feel the thrill I had when I'd meet him on the street, and he'd tip his hat and say "Howdy, Miss Abby". This was so different from our town boys. They were more like brothers perhaps.

In January of the year 1906 I went to work for Ernest and Dora Romney. Ernest had boarded at our place for over two years before his marriage. I loved him as a brother and could always talk confidentially with him. They had just had a visit from the stork and I was helping them. On the morning of February 12th (I was still there), imagine my surprise when a young man came to the door and handed me a note. It was addressed to "Miss Abby". I hurriedly opened it. It was an invitation from my secret lover, Burrell, inviting me to accompany him to the Valentine dance Wednesday night. The messenger said he would call back that evening for the answer.

That was really the first real heartache I had ever felt in love affairs. I had imagined so many times him asking, also how bad I would feel to have to refuse. Dora, who was up and around now, could see I was hurt. After telling her what it was she said, "I'd go anyway" and she would have done. I made no answer. When Ernest came home for lunch, he could see I had been crying. Of course I poured out my soul to him. I had always secretly admired him from the first time I saw him, and how it hurt to have to refuse. They both tried to get me to accept it; but I had never deliberately disobeyed my parents, and I didn't want to.

Dora helped me answer it. I thanked Burrell and told him how I appreciated it, would like to accept, but my parents objected. I went home that evening. I handed my father the note. He read it, looked at me and said, "What did you tell him?" I was hurt and am sorry to say I curtly replied, "Just what I had to say". "That's right my girl" he said.

At the dance Wednesday night, while dancing with me, I was thrilled when he looked down at me and said, "Miss Abby, I hope to get better acquainted with you soon." I timidly replied, "I hope so." One week from the following Sunday, February 25, 1906, were we thrilled when told the two Kendrick boys were being baptized after church. Words couldn't explain how I felt. Why hadn't he told me he was joining the Church so soon? Had I known, I would have gone with him. Now it was too late. I just knew he'd never ask me again. Some other girl would be the lucky one, although he had never gone with any of them. When I heard it I clapped my hands for joy. Father looked at me and said, "Why are you so happy about it?" At once I realized what I had done and quickly replied, "Shouldn't we be happy when anyone joins the Church?" I can still see the twinkle in father's eye. The boys had been investigating for some time but had told no one. My grandfather Little, a patriarch, had been teaching them. I had said nothing about my feelings to anyone except Ernest and Dora, and I was glad I hadn't.

The following Sunday, March 4, 1906, they were confirmed members of the Church. There were also 11 babies blessed and Dora's was one of them. It was one of the grandest testimony meetings I had ever attended. Burrell bore his testimony. His face was as white as a sheet. By the time he sat down everyone there knew he really had a testimony. I was now home. Ernest and Dora, knowing how I felt, were clever enough to ask the Kendrick boys and our family to have Sunday dinner with them. When they seated us at the table they seated us just opposite of each other. I learned later they did it to give us a chance to be together again.

That was the beginning of a sweet and lasting courtship. The following Tuesday he came and asked me if he could carry me to choir practice (that was the southern way of asking). I gladly said yes if pa and ma are willing. They gave their consent.

Burrell's work took him out of town most of the time. But I was happy. Whenever possible he spent Sunday and oftentimes during the week in town. The following year and a half was filled with happy hours. My folks became quite concerned when they found out our feelings for each other. We very soon realized our feelings were congenial. We had only been going together a few weeks when he very frankly told me I was the only girl he had ever loved, and the first one he had ever gone with more than once. We were soon going steady. In those days going steady was considered being serious; of course not always. My parents respected him, but didn't approve of our being serious for several reasons. One, he was too tall, almost 6' 4". I was extra small, 5' 1". We didn't care, why should they. They felt they wanted to know about his family and past life. I didn't blame them, but it didn't worry me. He was a real gentleman and I loved him. But finally father wrote to the mayor at Marathon, Texas where they were raised and inquired about the family. He answered very promptly and said they were honest people, good Christians and were respected by the community. My parents felt better.

Many love tales (as in all sweet courtships) could be written, but one especially I'd like to mention. It was in May, after we had started to go together. My grandmother Little was very ill, so Sunday after church we went to see her. That day I wore my white dress. I had pinned on it a pink rose bud. On our way home I casually remarked, "Isn't my rose bud pretty?" He looked at me and to my surprise said "Yes it is, but no prettier than mine". I looked to see where his was. He smiled and said, "You are my rosebud. I'd rather have mine. Yours will fade and die but mine will live forever." I suppose I blushed. I know I felt like it, but I never forgot it.

Burrell, like most boys, I guess, expected a kiss now and then. He was puzzled when I told him no. I told him I had been taught a kiss was a sacred thing and was to be given only to the one I was to marry. In August, just before I was to leave to go to Colonia Juarez to high school, he begged me about two hours to just kiss him good-bye. It's needless to say I didn't want to, for I did. But I felt I shouldn't. Finally he won. I told him I'd kiss him if he'd promise not to ask for another until we were engaged. He promised. That was my first kiss, believe it or not, to any young man I'd gone with. Do you wonder at my being popular with the boys? I don't. It was understood if we both felt the same when I came home for Christmas we'd get engaged.

About the middle of October he came to Colonia Juarez to Stake conference. I found myself wishing he hadn't promised to not ask for another, but he didn't. About a week or ten days after conference, I took very ill, we didn't know what was wrong. There were no doctors, only midwives. I was living in my sister's apartment. She soon found out my fever was 102 and we were told it was typhoid fever. We had no shots in those days, only for smallpox. She sent word at once to my parents. Remember, we had no telephones nor telegrams and no cars. So we just had to wait until a letter could reach them. By the time father got there I was a pretty sick girl. I shall never forget that ride home. My bed was in the bottom of the wagon box and me burning up with fever. Mother was plenty worried by the time we got home. But through the prayers of the Elders and loved ones the loving care and wisdom of my parents I was able to go back after the Christmas holidays.

Burrell and I became engaged and planned on being married the next fall. We were both happy. I wasn't able to take my full course of studies so I took a few and continued to keep house for my brother Elmer and cousin Otho who were going to school. Burrell worked hard and saved his money. By the time I got home in May he was ready to marry and wanted to go to Salt Lake for June convention. I still didn't feel just like myself since my illness. I had so much sewing to be done. After talking it over he agreed with me. Our first plans were the best. We'd go to general conference in October, and have a real honeymoon.

Mother and I were busy sewing for the wonderful event. One night in early summer, Burrell and I were discussing our plans and he asked me what kind of dress I wanted. Unthinkingly I told him I wanted a Chinese silk, but guessed I'd forget it and choose some other soft material. Nothing more was said about it. I knew everything was expensive. Father had a large family. Even with all us helping there were many things we couldn't have. But we did know we'd have the best they could afford. My year at school had cost them something, so I wasn't feeling bad, but knew I had to be conservative. I had never had a silk dress, but secretly I longed for a white silk for my wedding gown. Something that was real pretty and yet would launder nicely. I knew it would have to be purchased in El Paso and duty paid on it, so I felt I couldn't ask Mother for it. I knew it would make her feel bad not to be able to get it. It wasn't but a week or two later as Mother was preparing to go to El Paso, she told me Burrell had come and told her my desire and insisted on giving \$10.00 to help buy me my Chinese silk. She said she tried to refuse it but he wouldn't take no for an answer. When Mother told me about it I had a good cry and told her I wouldn't accept it. She told me to say nothing about it, that he didn't want me to know it, but said she knew I'd have to know it. I felt terrible. I couldn't even thank him until after we were married. I'll never forget his million dollar twinkle in his eye when I did thank him. He said he had his pay and more, seeing me so thrilled. Although years have passed I never look at our wedding picture, in my first silk dress, standing by my dream boy, but I think of the \$10.00 that meant so much to me. With my silk dress, a temple marriage, and a young man like Burrell, nothing else mattered.

Being born and raised in Mexico, I had never been on a long trip. I had been to El Paso several times, just over the border, but never had been on a nice train nor seen anything. No wonder I was excited. For a year and a half Burrell had been

saving money so we could really have a nice long honeymoon. Burrell being a convert and very sincere in his belief, temple marriage was the only kind of marriage ever spoken of by us. Very few of the young people in Old Mexico had the privilege of going to the temple. It was a long, expensive trip. Those who did go came from homes where they were taught no sacrifice was too great. I have always been grateful for that teaching. While Burrell and I had been planning our marriage, cupid had been busy all through the Stake. Maud Saunders, my girl friend since we were kids, and her sweetheart were also going. She got Chinese silk and our dresses were to be alike. It was fun. They had 52 tiny tucks around the hips, five graduating tucks around the bottom. The sleeves were full, with a wide cuff made of fine tucks. Of course they were long and had a high collar (as was the style). It was also made of fine tucks, and the dresses were trimmed with fine Val lace. They were really pretty and were we happy.

Styles were so different from today. The girls wore braids and dresses to about the calf of the leg until they were married. Then down went the dresses and up went the hair. Needless to say we felt very strange. A few weeks before we left we heard of six other couples going from Dublan and Juarez. Four of them we knew really well. All of us except one couple had tragedy and heartache. One of the girls, a very special friend of mine, only lived seven weeks, contracted pneumonia and passed away. Another of the girls died and left two or three little ones. My cousin, Klea Johnson's first baby was born deaf and dumb. Today a beautiful and talented girl, but medical science could do nothing for her. Then my tragedy which I will relate later. Maud, my long time friend, after they had a family of six or seven children, serious things developed. A divorce was the result. She lived a life with a broken heart (which to me is worse than death). She never married again. No doubt could not regain her confidence in mankind. But she has always been an ardent worker in the Church.

Now back to our trip. On September 24, 1907 we left in a covered wagon for Guzman, about 40 miles from our home where we got on a train. From there we went to El Paso, Texas. Mother went that far with us. I had to get my hat, coat and gloves, shoes, etc. Burrell had to get his suit and all that went with it. Mother, as all fussy mothers, wanted to be sure all was OK. Uncle Willie and others were going to conference so we had good company all the way. We planned (as the other couples did) to be married Wednesday before conference started on Thursday.

My sister, Juniatta, was going to school at BYU in Provo. She met us at the train. We hadn't seen each other for five years. We laughed a little and cried a little, then she took us to Aunt Etta's (father's sister). Everyone treated us so well. We hadn't been there but a few hours until Juniatta ask me if we would mind waiting until after conference to be married. She said she wanted me to be with her a few days before we were married. It suited me fine. After talking it over with Burrell we decided to wait. We got in touch with the other couple (as we planned to be married the same day) and all but Maud and her sweetheart were married that Wednesday, but they waited and went with us. It was a wonderful experience. And what a treat the meetings were, the wonderful organ and choir and all else. We went sight-seeing and had a sweet and pleasant visit with Juniatta. Juniatta had been to the temple so she stayed over to go with us. One of her old girl friends was

married and living in Salt Lake, so she went also. Most of the other returned home as soon as conference was over, but three couples of them met us as we were going into the room to be married. After congratulations were over, we all separated and went our different ways, except Maud and her hubby.

Juniatta's friend ran a rooming house at Murray. She had reserved rooms for us all. Another girl friend of Maud's and mine, Ema Fredrickson, was going to school in Salt Lake. She was supposed to have our supper ready for us all at Rhoda's (Juniatta's friend). We had planned to slip away and go to a hotel but they insisted we stay. So we decided we'd take a chance on it. A lovely supper was waiting for us.

I should say we were married October 9th at about 6:45 p.m. by Apostle John R. Winder. When we arrived at Rhoda's she took us to our room while they were putting supper on the table. How well I remember the first thing Burrell did when we were alone. He sat in the rocking chair and invited me to sit on his lap. While going together many a time I refused to, telling him when we were married I'd have a right to. I hesitated. He said laughing, "You can't refuse now." So before removing my hat and coat I timidly gave in. I think I enjoyed it as much as he, for I was truly happy.

Now we never dreamed that girls as nice and sweet as they were would ever attempt to embarrass us. How foolish of us. And were we mistaken. After supper had been served, we spent an hour or two talking and enjoying ourselves. Suddenly I missed Rhoda and Juniatta. Immediately I surmised something, so Burrell and I excused ourselves and went to our room. There we found them and such a bed. They had placed an ironing board across it and beneath the sheet they had placed rice, shoes and everything imaginable. I was heartsick. No doubt this sounds childish to you modern maids of today. But I was almost in tears. They had taken the light globe out. There was a street light in front of our window. Of course I didn't mind that. Immediately I said, "We should have known better than to have trusted you". So they sweetly said, "It is kinda mean of us." They proceeded to remove the things. I felt relieved, but not for long, for no sooner had they finished when they said, "But we must see that you get to bed alright." and they started to undress Burrell. I was horrified. They took off his shoes and socks, then started on his clothes, his collar and tie, his coat and vest. But before they had time to start on anything else, Burrell made a motion of taking his pants off. I held my breath. At that the girls ran out. Burrell quickly closed the door, locked it, and turned the key. He readily assured me we'd have no more trouble.

Perhaps it would be well here to say at that time most girls at 20 didn't know as much about things pertaining to married life as our girls 13 and 14 years know, so it wasn't easy to take.

To make a long story short and interesting I will say then I finally got hold of myself. Of course he was ready in a few minutes being partly undressed by then. He kindly told me he'd turn his back while I got ready. But I took my gown and quietly slipped into the closet. We could still hear them in the hall trying to push the key out, as they had a skeleton key. Then we could hear a noise trying to get up to the transom which was open. I was ready for bed. I couldn't make up my mind if I

wanted to kneel and say my prayers or not. I was tempted not to, but I had always done it. I was not ashamed to pray. I had just as well start out right so I timidly knelt at the bed. Before I had finished all was quiet out in the hall. We heard no more and we wondered why. When we returned home it was my luck to find out. I picked up a letter Juniatta had written mother. So naturally I read it. She was telling mother of the wonderful day in the temple, about our supper, how they had been locked out just as their fun began. Then she said, "I had climbed on a high chair to the transom to throw some water on them. When I looked in, I could see Abby kneeling by the bed saying her prayers. That was enough. We left them alone."

When I told Burrell we had a good laugh about it. Then he said, "You know dear, that little prayer did a lot that night. It not only saved us a soaking, it made me love you more, for I knew it had taken a lot of courage to do it."

Now to my story. There wasn't much of the night left. It was after 2 o'clock when they left. Then we could hear them in Maud's and Emil's room. Next morning I awoke early and insisted on getting right up. I could hear the girls laughing and talking. I knew they were up to something. They were surprised when we walked into the kitchen. And no doubt disappointed. They were just leaving with our breakfast on a tray, with water to wash our faces and hands. But it was too late. So we joined them and watched them wash Maud's and Emil's face and hands and gave them their breakfast. They didn't seem to mind. Don't ask me why I would have minded; but I would. Juniatta told me they were prepared, if we wouldn't unlock the door, to take the lock off. Too bad. So much for that. That evening Juniatta left for Provo and we left for Lorenzo, Idaho to visit my sister Heva and family.

This morning, February 14, 1941, I feel very much in the mood for writing about my first honeymoon. Perhaps you wonder why. I am writing this on the train, going home from Salt Lake City. I spent some very happy hours in the temple yesterday. I went through twice. Then in the evening Aunt Harriet Little went with me. It was in the Salt Lake temple, 34 years ago, Burrell and I were married. So why shouldn't I think of my honeymoon?

I sometimes wonder if there are any greater thrills in a young man or woman's life than a clean sweet courtship and an exciting honeymoon. It's something every young couple should experience I think. Many times in the last 34 years, in memory I have lived over and over again, the wonderful time we had while spending ours.

Anyway, back to the beginning of ours. We arrived at Lorenzo, Idaho on October 11th, 1907. My brother-in-law, Chris Galbraith, owned a dry good store. They had quite a family, but as the old saying goes, "There's always room for one more." (Two this time).

I was thrilled and so was my sister. We hadn't seen each other for years. We planned on staying just a week or ten days. We did all we could to help make up for our trouble. I enjoyed helping in the house, also in the store. When the time neared for us to leave, Heva hated to see us go and I hated to leave. They tried to persuade us to stay longer. We had no set time to be home, just so our money lasted. Burrell told Chris if he could get him a job of some kind so we could take care of our part of the groceries, we'd stay a while. Chris wasn't long getting it, a job weighing



beets and I helped in the store. We were there just one month. We had a delightful time.

Chris was always a torment. There wasn't anything he wouldn't try to do to newly weds. I knew him, but Burrell didn't. Before we got there I warned Burrell that we would have to be on the lookout for him. I was easily embarrassed and Burrell was of the bashful type, so Chris had all the more fun. We got along pretty good the first two weeks, by trying to laugh things off. In those days bathing was quite a problem; no bathrooms. We had to heat the water in a wash boiler or tub and take our bath in the kitchen where it was warm. When we had taken our baths before, Burrell would visit in the living room with Chris and Heva while I bathed then I'd go to bed and he'd take his. It had worked out fine. The third weekend I noticed Heva and Chris went to bed rather early and were reading in bed. The rest had gone to bed, leaving us alone in the living room. Burrell went to the kitchen to get water ready for our bath and the light wouldn't go on. So I went and asked them about an extra globe. Chris said to use the one in the living room. Instantly I could see the outcome. Burrell would have to sit alone in the living room in the dark or stay in the kitchen while I took my bath. I was embarrassed to death. I didn't dare say anything to Chris, and I didn't want to say anything to Burrell for fear I'd hurt him. I went upstairs and got our clothes while Burrell was getting the tub and water ready. I didn't know what to do. I sat on a chair. He looked at me and I looked at him. Then he said sweetly, "Go ahead and take yours first, dear." I tried to keep the tears back but they came anyway. Tenderly he put his arms around me and said, "You mustn't feel bad about it. I'll sit with my back to you and read a story to you."

I never did remember the story. All I know is it took me just a minute to get upstairs after I finished. One more embarrassing moment solved through his kindness and sweetness to me. Again I was thankful for such a sweetheart. Both of us were rather indignant the next morning to find out Chris had arranged it that way. After all, we were newlyweds and had to take it. When we returned home we were telling father and mother about it. They had a good laugh for, strange as it seems, they had the same experience shortly after they were married.

About the 11th of November we told them good-bye and started on our way back. We decided we wanted to be back to Mexico for Christmas. We had his folks east of El Paso to visit before going home. We stopped over in Salt Lake, had our pictures made, and worked in the temple four days. It was such a thrill to us both. I have always been so thankful for those four days. Little did we dream we would never go to the temple together again in this life.

Before leaving Salt Lake, we planned the remainder of our trip. We were in no hurry to get home, only in time for Christmas. I had heard so much about Los Angeles and always wanted to go. So we decided to spend at least one day. We knew our time was short, so when we got to Colton, California we changed trains to get to Los Angeles. We arrived there about 9 p.m. and got a nice room at a large hotel (wish I could remember the name of it). Next morning we got up early, went and got our breakfast, took a sight seeing car and saw the city. Then we decided to go to the beach. I had read about it, and heard so much about it. I really wanted to go. Our train didn't leave until late that night so we took a street car and went out to Venice, one of the resorts. That was as thrilling to me as a trip to Europe or to

Hawaii would be to you of today. We spent a delightful day. One I have never forgotten. We took a ride out into the ocean on a gas motorboat and went through the large battleship Maryland. It was 500 feet long. Not that it wouldn't be considered large today, but it was then. It was great. On our way between, myself and several others on the boat, some men included, fed the fish liberally, we were the sufferers and they were the victims.

The rest of the day we spent by ourselves on the seashore, watching the white foamy waves come and go. We took off our shoes and stockings, gathered sea shells and left them on the shore. We walked around in the sand and wished we had some bathing suits. Sitting on the sea shore, living our courtship days over, enjoying the present, planning and hoping for a happy future. We left Los Angeles that night about 10 p.m., arriving a few days later at Marathon, Texas where his folks lived, and where he had spent most of his boyhood days. It is located about 365 miles east of El Paso, Texas. Burrell hadn't seen his folks for almost three years. Of course they were strangers to me. None of them belonged to our Church, and I had never been around non-Mormons, and they had never seen a Mormon. Naturally they were as curious to meet me as I was them. They didn't exactly approve of Burrell being one. They had heard a lot about the Mormons. Not all were favorable reports. So all in all it was a meeting one could never forget.

Just as the sun was coming up over a Texas hill, the train pulled into Marathon. We were met by a kindly looking man, dressed neatly; but one could tell plainly he was a rancher. Their ranch was 15 miles from Marathon. He invited us to go to a restaurant and have breakfast. We really weren't hungry and didn't want any breakfast but they insisted Burrell eat with his father. Then we climbed into a neat looking white top and left for the ranch. By the time we got there the nice hot breakfast that was ready was not refused: hot biscuits, eggs, bacon, good fresh ranch butter and buttermilk and all the nice things ranch people enjoy, along with their Southern hospitality. Who wouldn't enjoy it.

The family was all married except Dora, who was off to school, and the two younger sisters, Bessie, who was ten years old, and Edna, who was 7. Bessie was blonde like her Dad and Edna was the one that especially appealed to me, with her big dark eyes, her long black braids and a dark olive skin like Burrell's. She was such a cute little girl.

We stayed with them three weeks. Although everything was strange and new to me I enjoyed it. They treated me swell, yet they resented that Burrell married a Mormon girl. He couldn't make them believe he really believed it. They always felt he joined just for me, but I knew differently. I could never forget the strong testimony he bore the day he was confirmed and his devotion to it.

Naturally while there we had talks with them on religion, several nights until two or three o'clock in the morning. His folks were strong Methodists, and believe me his father knew the Bible from A to Z. It was then that I learned I knew nothing about how to defend my Church. Burrell being a convert and having studied it for himself, stood his ground pretty good. I was, indeed, proud of him, but I felt ashamed of myself. After our good-byes were said and a few tears shed by his mother and sisters, we climbed into the white top again, met our train at Marathon

and left for Mexico, where we planned to make our future home. My brother met us at Guzman, which was 40 miles from Diaz. We arrived there the day before Christmas, having been gone just three months to the day, a honeymoon never to be forgotten.

Right here I'd like to tell a little secret to you, my children, who read this. While on our way home, before we arrived at Marathon, to our surprise and joy, we discovered we were to have a visit from the old stork the following summer. As we had to go to the States to do our shopping, we decided (so to speak) to kill two birds with one stone, so while in El Paso we bought material for the little layette. Yes, of course, my folks had a good laugh, but we didn't care. We were both real thrilled about it. I didn't feel too well, but of course our friends didn't know why and naturally insisted on our going to every dance during the holiday. Several nights I almost had to be carried home, especially the first one, since everyone had to dance with the new bride. There was nothing else I could do but take the consequences. But it was fun anyway. Remember dears, we were gone three months. That was the end of a glorious honeymoon, and one any girl could be proud of.

Burrell soon had to return to his well drilling. He had taken a three month vacation and Andrew had hired a man to take his place. I knew he would be gone a lot of the time and I knew I'd miss him terribly. My folks persuaded me to stay with them, as Verna was going to high school at Colonia Juarez and I could be a big help to them in the candy shop. They had plenty of room, so I decided I'd stay until spring when school would be out. Burrell tried to come home every weekend. Sometimes it was more often and sometimes he was away longer. By the time spring came we felt we'd like to have a place of our own so we could be by ourselves when he was home. We rented a two room house just a block from my home. It had a nice porch across the front and two beautiful almond trees in front. We got the furniture necessary to keep house. In those days they didn't give bridal showers and I had no reception. True, it was no palace, but it was like heaven to me. Please remember, dear reader, we had no electric lights, no telephones, no washers, no cars – nothing modern. Such luxuries were not known there, but we were as happy as if we lived in a palace.

There was about five acres of land with the place. The larger part of it was in alfalfa, and there were plum and peach trees, some blackberries and a few grape vines. A few weeks after we moved there we were notified the place was for sale. We liked it so we decided to buy it. A down payment was made and at once we began to prepare for a garden and we worked with pride to beautify our little home.

I was busy preparing for our little expected newcomer, so the days passed rapidly. Occasionally I would go to camp with Burrell and spend a week. I always enjoyed it. It seemed the meals they cooked on the camp fires always tasted so good and I really ate well. On July 26, 1908 the old stork came and left us a beautiful baby boy. I thrill at the thought of it now. If all the gold and silver in the world had been laid at my feet it would have given me no greater joy. He was the image of his Dad and we named him Charles Burrell, Jr.

With the tender love and devotion Burrell had shown me since we were married and with my baby nestled in my arms nothing else mattered. Early the next

spring about the first of February, work began to be scarce around there and Andrew began to talk about moving their outfits to Texas where, it was reported, work was plentiful. Andrew and Burrell owned the outfits together. Naturally, Burrell didn't like the idea and neither did I. But it seemed it was all they could do. Erastus Kendrick, their cousin, had written there was a lot of work at Van Horn, Texas. He was there. He wanted them to come bring their outfits and all work together. His family was there and was sure arrangements could be made for me to come later. So it was decided I would remain in Diaz and as soon as Burrell got located and it warmed up some, the baby and I were to follow. Oh, how I hated to see him go, but I knew he felt just as bad as I did. About the middle of February he tearfully told baby Burrell and me goodbye. I didn't stay home much. It seemed I just couldn't stand it. Mother lived close and had plenty of room, and I could help them a lot in the candy shop, so I was there most of the time. When weekends came I missed him so much that it was almost unbearable. Baby Burrell was now about seven months old and so beautiful and sweet; with large brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and always smiling, he was growing to look more like his daddy every day. Surely I had a lot to be thankful for, but it seemed I just wasn't happy with Burrell so far away. Naturally our baby had endeared himself to father and mother and the rest at home, he being the only grandchild living close.

Everything seemed to be going along fine. I tried so hard to be cheerful and make the best of my loneliness. I kept myself active in church, helped my folks all I could and counted the hours, weeks, and days when we could go to Burrell. Letters expressing his love and devotion for us helped me so much.

Then out of the clear blue sky, just about nine months after Burrell left, the first tragedy of my life was thrust upon me. On the 14th of March, a beautiful spring Sunday, on returning to mother's after Sacrament Meeting in the afternoon (I had left baby with Mother) she told me my baby had become suddenly ill. He had a fever, seemingly a cold. She didn't think it was serious, but thought we had better put him to bed and doctor him at once. Fear gripped my heart at once. Oh why wasn't Burrell here? Why did he leave us? I wanted him at once, but I knew that was impossible. Trains came into Mexico from the States only two or three times a week. No telephones, no nothing. No doctors. No drug stores. It was up to us and our Heavenly Father. Father tried in his sweet way to tell me my baby would be alright; but something within me told me different. We doctored him for a cold. He didn't seem to get any worse, but we couldn't get his fever down. By Monday night he wouldn't nurse or take water. He was so sweet and patient. Yes, and too sick. Oh, how my heart ached!

Finally I insisted father wire Burrell. Connections weren't like they are today; maybe they would go through and maybe they wouldn't.

That evening we called an Elder in to assist father to administer to him. He was a dear old gentleman named Brother Keeler. He was asked to confirm the anointing. The tears rolled down his cheeks. He was so overcome he could scarcely finish it. It was then that I knew my sweet baby had only come to stay a little while. Oh, how I prayed for Burrell to come, but no word. On Tuesday afternoon about 2 p.m. he suddenly took worse. The Elders were called again. We had a midwife who had studied doctoring a little. She was called, but in spite of all

our efforts within six hours my sweet little flower had gone back to Him who in His kindness had lent him to me to love and care for eight short months.

Words cannot tell how I felt. Poor Burrell received the telegram telling of his death before the one telling of his being sick, and that one too late to make connections to come before we laid him away.

How could I ever stand it alone? It seemed nothing worse could have happened to me. Burrell telegraphed he couldn't make it and for me to come to him as soon as possible. It was a long, hard trip to where he was and I was a nervous wreck, so father wired him I'd not be able to leave for a while. I had nursed my baby and had so much milk it kept Mother busy putting hot bees wax poultices on my breasts to keep them from caking, as we called it. I was really sick for four or five days. They kept me ten days. I could stand it no longer. It seemed like months to me. I lost seven pounds and felt worse every day. I prepared to leave and wired Burrell when I'd be there. As fast as the transportation of those days would take me I went to Burrell heartbroken and sick. I found him looking like he'd been sick for months. Again I thanked God for a sweetheart and husband so tender and devoted. With tears in his eyes he held me close and told me that God knows best and we must reconcile ourselves to it.

Months after, when we were home, he could never bring himself to even visit the little grave. How thankful we were that just a few weeks before Burrell left a photographer came to Diaz (they so seldom came) and we took our baby and had his picture made, so we were very fortunate. We only had one other, when he was two months old. We were in El Paso and we had one taken then.

Erastus, Zelda, his wife, and two little children, a little girl Ruby, three years old, and a baby Harvey just two months younger than baby Burrell, lived in a large tent. We all ate in it also. Burrell put a pair of bed springs over the covered wagon box for our bed. We were very comfortable. I learned to love little Ruby and baby Harvey, and helped to cook. Helping care for them helped me to spend my time during the day while the men were drilling. Also with the boys was Erastus's brother, Ray. For a few weeks their cousin, Norman Holland, stayed. None of them were Mormons, but all good Christian people. No one smoked or drank, except of course their coffee. I learned to love and respect them all and enjoyed their association. They all were very sweet to me.

I tried hard to content myself without my baby and prayed each night that I might soon be privileged to have another. About the middle of May we knew our prayers had been answered. I was pregnant. We were both very happy about it, but in my weakened condition I became very sick and weak and Burrell became very worried for fear I would get bedfast. Hot weather was coming. It was impossible to get things from town very often and so many things I couldn't eat. He thought I should go back to Diaz. So we wrote Mother and sent her money and ask her if she would come and take me home. It was impossible for him to leave his work. So about the last of June Mother came to El Paso to do her summer shopping and came to Van Horn to get me. How well I remember the night she got there. I told Burrell if she would just have a piece of fried chicken. I wanted some of hers so bad. He laughed and told me not to plan on it. He went to Van Horn to meet her. They were

not expected back until about midnight. I wouldn't go to bed. It was a bright moonlit night. I sat outside on a big rock waiting for them. After our greeting was over, I asked if she had a piece of chicken in her lunch box. She had one leg left and believe me I ate it, right there on that rock out in the moonlight, and was it good.

It was a hard thing to say goodbye to Burrell. But I was happy with the thought of another baby. Aunt Julia's house had been damaged when the river had overflowed and father wanted to rent our place for her. They wouldn't listen to me moving to myself. So I was very happy to do it. My sister Juniatta came home on a visit. She was still in school at Provo. We enjoyed each other very much. She hadn't seen me since I was married (almost two years) and the rest for three or four years.

By the middle of September I was feeling pretty good, so I persuaded Burrell to let me come to camp again. I went to Van Horn again and was I glad to go. Mother went as far as El Paso with me. I stayed there with him until the middle of November. Mother wrote and felt it unsafe for me to stay longer. She was going to El Paso to do their Christmas shopping and thought I should meet them there and go home with them. I was sick at heart, but Burrell felt we should take their advice and within myself I knew we should. So after he promised me he would arrange his work and be home for Christmas and stay until after the stork came, which we expected about the middle of January, I reluctantly told him goodbye and went to El Paso.

Burrell wrote and said his mother had written him to see if he could come and spend Christmas day with them. She was trying to get her family all together. She realized I couldn't come and ask him to stay just a day or so. He wanted to know how I felt about it. He hadn't seen his folks since we were there on our honeymoon. His parents always felt bad because they never got to see the baby. All in all, who could blame them for wanting him to come. I was hurt to think he even wanted to go and immediately I expressed my feelings to father and mother. I told them I was going to write and tell him I wanted him home for Christmas. I shall never forget the look on their faces and father said, "Abby, you shouldn't feel that way. If you hadn't seen us for two years, you know whether Burrell wanted you to or not, he would say yes, go see your folks." I knew it was the truth. I felt so ashamed of myself. But it would be so hard to tell him to go, but I did. I wrote him of course go see his folks, and I'd be looking for him for New Years, thanks to my father. I never regretted it for I knew it would have been very selfish for me to have refused.

He arrived home December 29th. It is needless to say how happy we were to be together although we knew it was only for a few weeks. I was hoping for another little boy. Burrell wouldn't say but I knew he would like one. On the morning of January 22, 1910, the day I was 22 years old, I took sick and at 4 o'clock that afternoon another sweet little boy came to make us happy. How well I remember Burrell as he knelt by my bed, holding my hand with one hand and rubbing a wee little head with the other, he said with tears in his eyes, "Now if we had baby Burrell we'd have two little boys. Wouldn't we mama?" We named him Elmer Kenyon after his two grandfathers.

How the time flew. Burrell stayed with us until baby Kenyon was three weeks old. We felt bad to think while he was home we couldn't be by ourselves. Of course we were happy at mothers. They all loved Burrell dearly and he loved them so we got along nicely.

So about the middle of February again we told each other a sad goodbye. How earnestly I prayed God to protect us all that we might meet again. I didn't know when. We both felt it was no way to live. But it seemed fate was against them. The other boy, Erastus and Andrew, had had bad luck and it just seemed they could make no progression.

Burrell's letters were discouraging. I tried to tell him all would be well. Why shouldn't it be. We had always paid our tithing. Before he left home he even paid it on the unfinished well. We tried to keep the word of wisdom. Surely we were entitled to a little success, but it seemed not. Along the last part of April Burrell wrote me his father had written and wanted me to come to Marathon. They wanted to see the baby and that I would be much closer to him. So again I prepared to go. I arrived at Marathon about the middle of May. When I got there, there was a letter waiting for me from Burrell telling me they had lost all their tools in the well. They had worked as hard as professionals and knew how, but didn't seem able to recover them. If they didn't get them out by the last of the week, he was going to throw the whole thing up and come to the ranch.

It was Tuesday. How earnestly I prayed that if it was for our good they'd recover the tools, if not to help us to feel it was best.

By the first of the next week he was at the ranch. It had been a long three months for both of us, it was a happy meeting. How glad I was that I was there. That night he told me he could see no reason why they couldn't recover the tools. He said he just couldn't help but feel he had no business being out there and us living apart. He had made up his mind from now on he was going to do something so he could at least be home weekends, so we could go to church together and live as we should. We both felt we'd rather have less money and be together. Well there we were broke, and nothing in sight. I worried for fear of losing all after having paid his tithing on it might cause him to wonder. I prayed earnestly that it would not cause him to lose faith in the Gospel. How happy I was when he said he felt it had come to him for a purpose.

As soon as his father found out he wasn't going back to drilling for himself he commenced trying to get us to stay with them, he offered to give him a good start at ranching and a good job. After praying and talking it over together, imagine my joy when he said he felt we should go back to Mexico where we could live our religion. There were no L.D.S. people within hundreds of miles from Marathon. We just didn't know what to do. It was a big temptation for him. He loved his people, as I loved mine. They were really offering him a good layout. Had he accepted I couldn't have censored him.

After giving it a lot of prayerful and serious thought we decided to write father. He told father we needed some advice. He told him he had decided to drill for wages, instead of being on his own. He also told him of his father's offer and how we felt. In the meantime we agreed we would make it a matter of prayer, both

of us asking our Father in Heaven that father would be directed to give us the advice that would be for our good. We said nothing to his folks about what we had done. We just said we hadn't decided. We both had seen my father's prayers answered so many times and we had a lot of faith and confidence in him.

It was almost two weeks before we received a letter from him. I was almost afraid to open it. In it he said, "Mother and I both had made it a very serious matter of prayer to be able to give you the proper advice, and after careful and prayerful consideration for your future welfare, we feel you should come home and I'm sure, Burrell, the way will open up for you to get a good job. Why shouldn't it? You have always paid your tithing and you are entitled to one." Immediately I could see Burrell was as thrilled as I was and was I thankful. That evening he told his folks we had decided it was best for us to go back to Mexico. They didn't have much to say. Burrell thanked his father for his offer, but he preferred Mexico. It was then I realized Burrell really loved the Gospel, for that was his reason he wanted to go back where we could live our religion and raise our family among people of our faith.

We had been with his folks three months. Burrell had worked hard and I had done my share also. All we had had was our board. They knew we were financially broke so his Dad gave us money for our transportation and saw that we had the necessary clothes, and some extra money to help us until he could get work. We appreciated it, but we knew we had earned it.

It wasn't many days before our goodbyes were said and we started to make another start. We tried not to worry, but we knew his folks were worried about him deciding to work for wages. They had always had their own outfits. His father had been a driller also. I was happy. He had worked and worried so much, and had had too much hard luck for me to ever want him to start again.

In El Paso we stopped over long enough to do some shopping. Burrell's mother slipped me enough money to get some kind of a go-cart for baby Kenyon. Such a child he was then (just seven months old and weighed 30 pounds). It made me thin to feed and carry him, so I did appreciate her being so thoughtful. When we got on the slow train (for that's the kind they were) on our way to Guzman, within our hearts was a prayer that Burrell would soon find a job. My brother Elmer met us and as I have said before, it was 40 miles to Diaz from Guzman. We always camped overnight as that was a long drive by team. How good it seemed to be on my way home with Burrell, and to know he wouldn't be so far away. Early in the evening as we were preparing to camp we suddenly saw a horseman coming, and to our joy he brought us the glad news not to camp but to come directly home. There was a man wanting to see Burrell about a job. He was the owner of several large drilling outfits, and wanted a professional driller for wages. Someone had recommended Burrell and he was sent to father to see where Burrell was. You couldn't tell us prayers aren't answered. Burrell told him he wanted his weekends off and it was granted to him. He wanted him immediately. He just gave him two days to get ready. They would pay good wages to the right man and we all knew Burrell would qualify. And he did. He was gone all week, but what a treat to have him home on Sunday. He was just as happy about it as I was.



This was August, 1910. Our little home, which we had been paying for, had been rented ever since baby Burrell had left us. We felt how we wanted to be in it again, so when Burrell was home we could be by ourselves. Oh, how good it seemed to be in our home again, knowing Burrell was close, and so near my own folks, and among our dear L.D.S. people again. Just try living away from them awhile. That's when you learn to really appreciate your church. Each Sunday night or early Monday morning when Burrell would leave I began to look forward to the next Saturday. Sometimes his work would take him farther away and perhaps two weeks at a time, but they liked him and were very good to him. Several times I took our baby and went to camp with him for a week. No, we didn't have cars, but we did have our own covered wagon and mules. Don't tell me you are happier riding in a car, you couldn't be.

The winter passed, I was happy and content. I knew his love was all mine and mine all his. Of course we had our little ups and downs as all couples do. We were very human, but we never let them last long.

The next spring we were very happy to find that the old stork would visit us in December. Secretly we both hoped for a little girl. I wanted a little girl, one to look just like her daddy. Burrell made good wages. I was busy preparing for our expected wee one and was active in the church again, which made me happy.

On December 11, 1911 about 7 a.m. the stork arrived and so in my arms my dreams came true, a wee, sweet baby girl. I can see her now, such a cute round face, dark eyes and a mass of black hair. It was so long when Burrell first saw her, he laid the hair back out of her eyes and said, "I guess papa will have to buy a ribbon to tie back her hair". We named her Loie, after my half sister. When we were 16 years old we promised to name our first girls after each other (her Abby was three or four years old). Burrell had been with me ten days before the baby came and stayed two weeks after, then went back to his job.

I was indeed a happy little mother, but it was not to last long. For about a year and a half trouble had been brewing in Old Mexico. A revolution had started. We wouldn't allow ourselves to harbor such a thought that it would effect us. We had lived for almost 25 years in peace and contentment. President Diaz, who had been president for almost 30 years, was thrown out of office, and trouble started for the Americans. He had always been kind and considerate to the American people, and we wondered just what would happen to the Americans now.

It had been gradually getting worse and worse and in the spring of 1912 they ordered all American corporations out. The owners, being American citizens, were glad to get out alive. This resulted in Burrell losing his job or going into the States with them. We soon realized we couldn't very well do that, we had just finished paying for our little home and only owed \$75.00 on 23 acres of good river land. We felt we just couldn't get up and leave everything, things were so un-settled we couldn't sell and he wouldn't go leave us. Perhaps it would have been best, had we known what the next few months would bring. However the Authorities of the Church advised the L.D.S. people to stay. They felt things would quiet down, and that's what we all thought.

We had heard of a big outfit up at Pearson about 90 miles from Diaz, up near Colonia Juarez, who wanted pipe fitters. So Burrell immediately wrote and secured a job. He was to be there along the first of May. I was to stay with my sister, Lulu, who lived in Colonia Juarez, until Burrell got a place for us to live.

Just a few days before we were to leave we had an experience that changed our plans, for a few weeks anyway. It has been 29 years since it happened, but how well I remember it. It was spring, a beautiful time of the year in Mexico, and it happened on a moonlight night. We were awakened about 2 a.m. by someone at our bedroom window, calling Burrell in whispered tones. It was Frank Whiting. He said he got up to warm the baby's milk and happened to look toward the store which was a short distance from their house. He could see a light which looked like a flashlight and he was positive it was Mexicans robbing the store. He said he awakened most of the men close around and wanted Burrell to come and bring his gun. Fear gripped my heart, I knew as well as the others it was a dangerous job and could result in something serious. I guess I was selfish and I was afraid. I begged him not to go. He paid no attention to me of course, dressed hurriedly, kissed me, grabbed his gun and was gone. I got up, dressed, and went out on the front porch. The moon was almost as bright as day. In memory I can still hear the sighing of the spring breeze. I walked and walked the porch. I could see a few lights but I couldn't stay in the house. I can see, yes almost smell, the sweet fresh fragrance of the almond blossoms. I prayed, listened, and watched. It seemed hours to me, but in reality it couldn't have been long. All of a sudden ringing through the still clear night, I heard the firing of guns. Fifteen or twenty shots were fired, then all was still. I wrung my hands and prayed God to save them all. From out of the stillness of the night I could hear groaning. Yes I imagined everything. Why didn't Burrell come back? I thought I'd go mad, I couldn't leave my babies and I couldn't stay. I rushed into the house, flung myself on the bed and prayed to God to let someone come and tell me what had happened. In a few minutes I heard someone coming, I rushed out expecting anything. Yes, it was Burrell, coming slowly up the path. If I live to be 100, I'll never forget how his face looked in the bright moonlight. He was as white as a sheet and had a terrible worried look on his face. "What's wrong?" I asked, "Are you hurt?" "No I'm alright", he said. Then we went into the house.

It was now about 4 a.m. After we got to bed he told me why he was so worried. The men were all told not to shoot until the leader said "shoot", and not to shoot to kill, just to scare. He said in their anxiety, watching and waiting for the Mexicans to come out they hardly knew what they were doing, but just as they came out someone said "shoot", and four shots were fired, he fired one of them. Later they found out it wasn't the leader.

Soon as the Mexicans heard the shots they jumped on their horses to go and at the same time shooting as they went. Then he said, "I hope none of them were killed." As you can imagine, there was no sleep for either of us, and no one else who knew about it. It wasn't long before it began to break day, every one was restless. By daylight father came over to tell us they found one of the natives killed just outside of town. He said he was afraid it meant trouble. At once Burrell told him he was one of them that fired. No one knew for sure who did it except the ones who did it. There was no way to prove our men killed him, but we all knew just

what it meant. If they couldn't find out they would arrest all who had guns. Mother came over and we tried to get Burrell to get on his horse and get over the U.S. border. But of course, he wouldn't do it, and deep in our hearts we didn't blame him. Father said it never would help to run away from trouble. Burrell said he knew neither he nor the other three (he wasn't sure who they were) killed the native, because they shot straight up, as they were told to do. The rest of the firing was done by the natives, and all was convinced that the Mexicans did it and saw a good chance to accuse the men. Had they killed one of our men we could have done nothing about it.

In a few days Burrell, Peter Mortensen, who was Superintendent of the Sunday School, J. J. Patterson, the Bishop's counselor, and Frances Mortensen all confessed to the firing. Immediately they were arrested and ordered to be put in jail at Casas Grandes, a little Mexican town between Colonia Dublan and Juarez, about 60 miles from our place, and about 15 miles from Pearson where Burrell had a job waiting for him. It would be useless for me to try to write how we all felt. We knew the men weren't guilty, but we didn't know what the outcome would be. All we could do was to hope and pray. Everybody was blue, discouraged, and restless.

The brother of the native that was killed made his threats and we knew someone would have to give his life for it. We didn't have to wait long. Brother Harvey, one of the best men in the ward, was shot in cold blood in his field while watering while he was alone. We knew nothing would be done about it, with that and to our men in jail it was almost more than they could take. Finally brother Junius Romney who was President of our Stake, took it in his hands and got the men out on \$1,000.00 pesos apiece. They were warned to stay close where they could call them anytime for the trial. Instead of Burrell coming home he went right to Pearson (they held his job for him). He sent me the glad news and asked father to move me and the babies right up. The house he rented was furnished so we locked it up. Had someone told me then that I would never see our little home and belongings again, I wonder what I would have done.

Another happy reunion, for how long we didn't know. It was a good thing we didn't know. He got a good job. Our house was a comfortable little place. We should be at least happy for a few months we hoped. The company that controlled the Corporation had built a row of houses all alike, about 12 feet apart. All we needed to furnish was our bedding. My half sister Annie Maybin's husband also worked there. Only two or three houses were between ours and theirs, which made it nice for us both, especially when we were all so upset. Although our baby girl Loie would not be a year old until December and Kenyon just three in January, we were expecting another wee one the last of January. We were happy about it, but worried on account of conditions. Thanks to my Heavenly Father, I didn't know what was to happen before that stork arrived.

All through the colonies there was trouble. One instance I would like to relate as an example. Shortly after we left Diaz, Domer Adams, a friend of our family, took real sick and passed away. Her daughter, Edith, had married and lived in Demening, New Mexico, which wasn't too far across the border. On receiving word of her mother's death, she and her husband immediately left for Diaz. On arriving at the border they found the office guard wasn't there. No one was supposed to cross

the border without the written consent of him. It seems in times of sickness and death we mortals are prone to take a chance on anything. There was another Mexican there in charge, after telling him their hurry, he told them to go on, it would be alright. They didn't get a written consent. They arrived home during the night. The next morning about 9:30, two Mexicans rode up to her father's home and demanded to see Mr. Parks, the son-in-law. Edith's father, fearing trouble, told them to let him talk to them. He hadn't said but a few words when they shot him down in cold blood. The father and mother were laid away the same day. Of course they could do nothing about it.

Each day things got worse. It was hard not to get up and leave everything, but we had been advised to remain. They were sure things would quiet down. It wasn't long before the rebels came into Pearson by the hundreds. They would go and do anything they liked. For instance, I went to the store one morning. I didn't stay long. The clerks were kept against the wall by the point of guns and they were going through the stores taking what they wanted. That was the usual thing. The men all worked quite a distance from our houses, and we women were alone all day. It was a continual worry for us all. There were no telephones so we could call them. One day to our horror we saw them coming toward the houses. They came to the windows and stuck their ugly black faces in, or came to the door as though coming in. All we could do was sit and take it, with our little ones gathered close to us. One thing they couldn't do, they couldn't keep us from praying nor keep our Heavenly Father from protecting us, and He did. But, oh, we were frightened.

Some time later they came into our houses and searched for fire arms, but found none. What the men didn't have with them, they had secretly hidden. Thus we lived in suspense, and dread for six long weeks. Then the climax came. President Romney sent runners on horseback to all the L.D.S. colonies and camps that he had received word from some Mexican official that serious trouble was expected, and ordered all women and children out by noon the next day. I had my two little tots, also one of my sister Lulu's little four year old girl. Lulu was a widow and had a very sick child with the typhoid fever. Her other four children were with Mother at Dias. The poor soul. I wondered how she'd ever stand it. How wonderful that we have a merciful Father who gives us courage to stand things. On July 28, 1912 at 2 a.m. (Sunday morning) we were awakened and notified we had until noon to get ready. Immediately we got up to prepare to leave.

Being Sunday the men weren't working for which we were all grateful. We soon learned that our men weren't going. Only 20 of the older men went with us, the rest must stay and protect the property. That's one Sunday we worked. By noon we were ready and the train was supposed to leave by one o'clock.

Loie was just seven months old, still on the bottle, we scalded her milk as it would keep longer that way, we made cookies, sandwiches, and fixed a good lunch. Naturally I wasn't very well, I had hands as full as my heart. However Geneva Black, my brother-in-law, Shiril's sister was with me. She was 15 years old and the children loved her. I tried to be cheerful through it all for the sake of my little one nestled under my heart. It was hard each moment. I prayed God to give us strength and courage to meet it bravely and above all to protect our husbands.

The trains were not like the trains in good old U.S.A. and nothing like the trains of today. The cars were small, dingy, and hot. Seats were small and dirty. There were over 350 people crowded on that train. It would be impossible for you to imagine the crowded condition. There were two seats facing each other. Judith Thygerson and her two children, and the five of us, making 8, all our luggage, lunch, etc., was given just two seats. Of course, the rest were just as crowded. Now make a guess how crowded we were. We were supposed to leave at 1 p.m. and arrive in El Paso, Texas, just over the border, at 8 p.m. that night. But lo and behold, shortly after getting on the train at 12:30, we were told old Salazar himself, the leader of the Rebels was also on the train. Expecting to go any minute, we sat there until 5:30 p.m. They wouldn't allow our husbands on the train. They were lined up outside, unarmed and waiting. The rebels were lined up also. No wonder the children fussed and cried, we felt like it ourselves, it wasn't easy to keep the tears back, we all tried to be cheerful for the sake of our husbands. At 5:30 with a goodbye wave of the hand we left, leaving our husbands wondering if the train would ever arrive there or be wrecked by malicious rebels; and us wondering if we would ever see our husbands again. We managed to keep the tears back until our last wave was given and we were on our way. Women and children were sobbing and crying, who wouldn't.

All at once Flora McDonald stood up and started to sing, "Count Your Many Blessings". Before she had finished the first verse, most of us were singing with her, through our tears. Thanks to Flora, it helped a lot. No doubt if she had been married she couldn't have done it. To this day I never hear that song, but what that day passes through my mind.

Imagine my horror when I went to give my baby her milk about 6 o'clock it was clabbered. No wonder it was so hot and close, no air-conditioning in those days. So I had a job pacifying her with cookies and crackers. I dreaded to think what would happen when we got to our hotel. Before leaving Pearson, the men who were working for the Company were informed that reservations had been made at one of the nicest hotels in El Paso for their wives and children with expenses paid for ten days. They felt by that time we should know what the results would be. We appreciated it very much. We arrived about 2 a.m. It was thundering, lightening and raining, what a dismal night. All were tired and cross. We had been on that dirty, hot train for 13 hours with no room to lay down nor rest. Henry Bowman, a young man from Mexico, had charge of our Company of women and children. They had telegraphed him the names, and at once he read the names of those who had reservations. To my horror, my name wasn't on the list, my sister Annie's was. Henry said he couldn't understand it. He knew it was supposed to be, but no reservation was made, only for those listed. I was almost beside myself. My sister at first refused to go. I begged her not to be foolish. No use of us both being left. Henry told me to wait at the depot, he would come back as soon as he could and see what he could do. Mrs. Flo Lewis was there. She also had no place to go. However, she was not with the Company. She had seven children, making 13 of us and no idea where to find a hotel. When Henry came back, he said there had been reservations made at the Palace Hotel and thought we could get rooms there. He assured me he'd wire the Company at Pearson immediately and would let me know as soon as he received word. He then kindly arranged for a taxi to take the 13 of us

to the Palace Hotel. Just imagine 3:30 in the morning, going to a hotel, tired, dirty and discouraged. But it was all we could do.

I was not always proud of my disposition and nature. Father had often told me my talking would get me into trouble if I wasn't careful, but thanks for it at a time like that. Mrs. Lewis was a very timid woman, I could see she, like me, was worried. We walked in, rang the bell. In a few seconds a grouchy, sleepy landlady came down the stairs. I believe I'd know her if I saw her after all these years.

Not pleasantly she said, "What do you want?" I asked if she had any rooms left that were reserved for the Mexican refugees. She curtly replied, "No, they phoned they wouldn't be in till morning, so I let them out". I then told her we just had to have some place for the children. She said, "That's your worry, not mine." All the nerve I had in reserve I used. I said, "You mean to tell me you haven't any men in rooms that wouldn't be willing to go downtown and find a place to sleep the rest of the night and let these babies have a place to lie down?" She looked at me as though she thought I was crazy, flung herself around and went upstairs. I didn't only talk but I was praying also, to us it was serious.

We all sat down. In about ten or 15 minutes three sleepy-eyed men came down. O happy day! They had a smile on their faces. We couldn't blame them when they saw all of us. I very graciously thanked them and they left, buttoning their coats as they left.

Presently she came down, not pleasantly either. She told us there were two rooms. One room had two beds; the other just the one. I still had a little nerve left, so I kindly ask her if she had an extra quilt I could throw on the floor for the two children. I can never forget the look on that face when she said, "We don't furnish extra quilts with the rooms." In a few minutes the door opened part way, and she threw two light quilts in. She didn't give me a chance to thank her, but we were grateful for them.

There wasn't much night left. Poor little Kenyon and Gwinevere were soon fast asleep on the quilts. My worry now was how I'd get Loie to sleep on nothing when she had been used to her bottle every five hours. I made her as comfortable as possible and gave her thumb to her, in a few minutes she was off to dreamland, Who says God doesn't hear and answer prayers.

Geneva and I quietly got in bed with baby Loie and we were soon asleep. But not too long for me. When I awoke the sun was shining and I felt it must be 7 o'clock. All were sound asleep, so I quietly dressed and slipped out to see if I could find a grocery store to get some milk for Loie. I had no small change-just a check and a \$10.00 bill. When I got out on the street I noticed everything was still quiet. We had no watches. being summertime the sun rose so early it was hard to tell the time. I didn't dare go too far away, everything was so strange for me. I saw a man in a uniform standing in front of the bank. I went and ask him if he could direct me to a nearby grocery. He smiled and very kindly said, "Yes, there's one not far away but they aren't open yet." Then I asked him what time it was. He said, "Just 5:30 lady". Needless to say how foolish I felt. He told me they opened at 7:30 and also told me where it was. I went back to the room expecting to find my baby crying. She had had no milk since 1 o'clock the day before. Bless her heart, she was still

asleep with her thumb in her mouth. I sat down and wrote to Burrell's folks in Texas, telling them what had happened and asking them what I had better do. I also wrote Burrell, although I feared he'd never get it.

I would just like to say here now, I was also worried over Lulu and Verna. They were to go also. Verna lived at a little place between Juarez and Dublan. Then all our folks at Colonia Diaz would have to leave by team. No wonder I couldn't sleep. Their leaving Diaz is in detail in my father's and mother's histories I wrote. They are in my genealogical book.

Now, back to my room. At 7:30 all was still asleep, so I went down to see if I could get some canned milk. I found the store okay. They had the milk but no change for the bill I had. We were strangers. I'd have to wait until he got some, or I had some. There was nothing I could do unless I could find the hotel Annie was at. I had no idea where it was at. I knew she had change. I knew the name of the hotel but could see no one to ask where it was. What should I do? All at once I decided I'd stop right there and ask the Lord to direct me to the hotel or to someone who could tell me. After I had finished my humble silent prayer I made up my mind I would do just as I was prompted to do. So I started out and had taken only a few steps until something within me told me to go the other way. So I did. I walked down a block or two (I'm not sure which) and looking down a block the other way, to my joy and surprise, I saw the hotel. Immediately I found my sister's room. As she opened the door and saw me, she dropped into a chair and started to cry. She said she had been walking the floor since 5 o'clock, hoping and praying I would call. No wonder I believe in prayer. Why shouldn't I?

I went and got my milk and hurried to my room. They were all awake and my darling baby was laughing and eating a cracker. But was she glad to get her bottle!

The next afternoon Henry phoned he had received an answer from his telegram about my name and had orders to move me with the rest. I often said that was once I really was in style. My name was entered as Mrs. C. B. Kendrick, three children and a maid.

It was a few days before I found out how Lulu and Verna fared. As I stated before, Lulu had a little five-year-old girl very sick with typhoid fever. She wasn't well, either. The doctor told her it would mean death if she moved her. But she knew she would have to go. She called the Elders in. They administered and promised her her life would be spared if she would trust in the Lord. She left the day after we did. My sister, Verna, joined her to help care for her. I had no idea where they were. I'm sorry I cannot remember just how I found out. The bishop of the ward wired for her a room in El Paso. Her little girl did recover and is still living.

My sister, like most of the people in Colonia Juarez, had a nice home. But it mattered not to the Mexicans, all were treated alike. Most of them made their living by taking boarders, as Juarez Stake Academy was there. Also stock raising and some farming were done. They raised almost everything they needed to eat. But like the people in all the colonies, they didn't have much cash that time of the year with their grain in the bins, fruit on the trees and gardens still growing.

They all left the day after we did. On arriving in El Paso the U.S. Government was supposed to have a place for them. They did. Such a place. Lumber yards were cleared out and each family given a lumber stall, so we called them. They had a large army cook range. All cooked and ate together. It was really pitiful. We went down to see them. Were they a discouraged group, hundreds of them. It was hard. Such independent people had to be at the mercy of strangers. Naturally we had worried ever since we left about our dear ones in Diaz. They didn't know where we were and we didn't know where they were. There were no trains there. They'd have to go out in wagons. We wondered if they got out alive.

We had been there eight or ten days when I happened to meet one of the men from Diaz and we learned from him that they were at Hachita, New Mexico, just over the border. They were living in Army tents and had rationed food furnished by the Government, expecting to go back in a few days. We (Annie and I) immediately wrote to them and received a letter right back from father telling us to bring the children and come. Tents and food such as they had could be arranged for us also. It was good news to us, as our ten days were up at the Company expense and had to make other arrangements. We hated to leave Lulu and Verna, but Thelda was not able to go. How happy we could live in tents instead of lumber stalls. We were all curiosities anyway; we were Mormons, and that was enough. We were happy on arriving there to find them well and safe. They too felt it after owning their own homes and so independent. It was especially hard on the older ones. It seemed a crime, but they like the others were sons and daughters of noble pioneers and they were all taking it with their chins up, bless their hearts.

We were anxious to hear about their departure as well as they about ours. On that same Sunday morning we got the word at 2 a.m. and they got it at 6 a.m. Immediately a meeting was called by the bishop. All the men met, and arrangements were made for all to leave at a certain time, in their covered wagons and white tops. Transportation was arranged for widows and their families. None could be left. Pause just a moment, dear reader. Remember, conditions were the same here as all the colonies. It was July, their bins were filled with golden grain to be ground into flour, trees laden with all kinds of fruit just ready to be bottled, gardens in their glory. They all had cows, horses, pigs and chickens, the only way they could do was to turn them all loose, into their gardens.

Don't think for a minute it was easy. Women were told to take just what they needed, they were so sure they would be back in a few weeks, anyway. Mother told later how she (and no doubt others) sorted out her linen, taking the oldest ones and leaving the best in her dresser drawers. She took all her bedding as she had Lulu's four children and she knew she would need it. Shelves of homemade cheese were left in the cellar, fruit, jam, jars of cream ready to be churned. They were warned and warned, only the necessities. What a trial.

Could you, my dear children, stand it today so bravely? Yes, no doubt you could if called upon. I hope so anyway. There were 80 covered wagons and white tops that left just five hours after the word was received. How it stormed, and how they traveled day and night, just stopping long enough to feed and rest their teams. They were happy and relieved as you can imagine when they crossed over the border safe.



## Chapter 2: The Refiner's Fire

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In the first two or three weeks after they arrived there, there were 17 babies born in the camp. Caring for the older people and those who were already sick was some responsibility. Surely the Lord had not deserted them for there were no deaths.

I had never heard from Burrell. I stayed there a week or ten days then I went to Demming, New Mexico to visit Cora, one of Burrell's sisters. I wasn't there long. Upon returning to Hachita, I found a letter waiting for me from Burrell's folks. They sent me money and wanted me to come and bring the babies to their place. I hated to leave my folks but rumors were that we'd not be able to go back. I knew I'd be a burden on my folks, and Burrell's folks were able and willing to care for us. It was not easy to say goodbye to them. None of us knew what we were going to do if we couldn't go back.

I still hadn't heard from Burrell and didn't know if I ever would. As the train rolled away that day, over 30 years ago, I'll never forget how I felt. Would I ever see my folks again? Would Burrell ever get out alive? If not, what would become of me? I could never be happy living among people not of our faith, as good as they were. Andrew, Burrell's brother, was ten years older than Burrell, was at the ranch. They said he was to be married the 2nd of September. They had written for Burrell to try and get out in time for the wedding. On my arrival at Marathon I was greeted and treated kindly by his people. I was also thrilled to get two letters from Burrell. He thought I was there. He wrote he'd do his best to get there but things were uncertain.

It was only a few days before the wedding. A big time was being prepared. I felt bad and knew Burrell would hate to see Andrew marry out of the Church. A few days before the wedding, I met her. They called her S. E. She was about 17 years younger than Andrew and belonged to the Baptist Church. Burrell's folks were thrilled at his marrying out of his church. She was five years younger than I and about my size. We immediately took to one another.

The wedding day arrived, Burrell still not there, and no more word from him. It seemed ages since I left him. Weeks seemed like months. So much had happened in those long five or six weeks. Every time the telephone rang we thought it was Burrell. They were being married at the ranch. They had no cars, but knew he would call when he got to Marathon.

Guests began to arrive early in the forenoon, all strange to me. I felt so alone. How I longed for Burrell.

The wedding was over, also the elaborate dinner, and many began to prepare to leave. I could see many of them were going to stay overnight. His folks, as most

Southern people, were very hospitable. Beds were made all over the place and a good time was enjoyed far into the night.

I was blue, discouraged and weary. Not feeling well, I retired early. I felt better in bed alone with my babies and longing and praying for Burrell. The next morning about 10:30 the phone rang. I wasn't in the room, but I heard them say alright we'll be waiting for you. At once I knew it was Burrell. He had just arrived and was riding out with one of the ranchers. At once I rushed to papa Kendrick and ask him to let someone take me to meet him. They tried to laugh it off, but I was serious. They couldn't possibly realize my anxiety and happiness, he was out of Mexico safe and I would soon see him again. But papa Kendrick in his kind-hearted way told one of the hired men to take me in the white top to meet him. Shall I ever forget that day? I cannot. I left the babies at the ranch. It seemed the horses moved so slowly. The minutes seemed hours. When we were about half way there, I could see in the distance a load of lumber coming. I could see someone sitting on top of it by the driver. Instantly I felt it was Burrell. About then he recognized the outfit and started to wave.

No, my dears, no horses could move fast enough for either of us. Both outfits stopped and we were on our way to meet each other. It wasn't many minutes before he clasped me in his arms and smothered me with kisses. I shall never forget what he said, "Dolly (that was his pet name for me), I shall never leave you again". Oh, that those words could have been true. There we were again without a home nor a job, but we did have each other, our two babies, strong arms and willing hearts. So much to be thankful for. We were so unsettled as to what we should do.

About the middle of September we got a letter from father telling us that the Church Authorities could see we were not going to be able to go back. At least not very soon, if ever. So they had made arrangements with the Railroad Company to issue free transportation to all refugees to go to relatives or any place they could get work. Heva, my oldest sister, and family had taken up a homestead in Idaho. She wanted us all to come file on one. There were plenty of them. Father said they were going and asked if we wanted to. He sent us an address where we could write for our transportation. We felt we wanted to go, but hated to tell his folks as his father had again made us a good offer and a job.

When Andrew found out we were going, he and S. E. decided to go also. We were real happy to have them. So, the boys reluctantly told them our plans and prepared to leave.

We arrived in Idaho Falls October 4, 1912. Yes among strangers, except Heva and family. Father, mother, Shirl and Verna, Nita and Lorin had already arrived. Heva had a large family so there was really a house full. It was rainy, muddy, and disagreeable. They at once went to the valley to obtain work, all they could find was potato picking. They didn't pay much and half the time it was too stormy to work. Father, Burrell, Andrew, and Shirl all went to Blackfoot to the land office and filed homesteads, four corners joining them together. The boys at once knew they would have to get better work. They were professional well drillers and had been used to good wages. Someone told them they were wanting well drillers in Ely, Nevada. Immediately they wrote and inquired.

They received word right back, to come along there was lots of work and were paying good wages. In order to claim their homestead, there must be some kind of residence and so much land cultivated by spring. We knew it would take money, also Burrell and I realized we had an expense ahead of us. At once they began to prepare to leave. It wouldn't be wise for me to go before they had a house, so it was decided I'd stay and follow in a week or two. S. E. being a very sweet and thoughtful girl at once could see what a job it would be for me to travel alone with two little kiddies and in my condition, so she kindly offered to stay and help me down.

A short distance from my sisters place was a one room house belonging to a homesteader who had moved down to the valley for winter. Arrangements were made for them to move S. E. and me over there until we left. There were so many of us at my sister's. So they moved us over and saw that we had plenty of fuel material to keep warm and plenty to eat. The next morning, October 31, 1912, about noon they left. Father took them to Idaho Falls to catch the train for Ely. Another day I can never forget. After the goodbyes were said, sitting in the back of an old buckboard, Burrell waved his last goodbye, threw me a kiss and called "Goodbye Dolly. Just as soon as I can find a house I'll send for you, it won't be long." That has been 30 years ago in memory I can still hear it. Little did either of us dream that would be the last words he'd ever say to me, the last goodbye kiss. Again I say how kind, how wise our Heavenly Father is, not to let us know what is in store for us.

S. E. later joined the Church. Sorry but I have no record of the day, but it was along about 1923 or 1924. She and Andrew went to the temple in October, 1927. After they all sold their dry farms, they moved to Pocatello. I well remember that they lived just a few blocks from Nathan and I.

Just how many years they were there I don't recall. But I do know they were there until after 1930. Ellafair and Buelah went to high school together. Buelah was married in August 1930 to Ralph Lee Richardson of Inkam. They were later divorced. Later S. E. moved to California, also Buelah remarried later. Just would like to say, I loved S. E. We were just like sisters. When I was a widow I don't know what I would have done without Andrew and her, and Verna and Shirl. They were so good to us, and my older children loved them dearly, they were so good to me and the children.

We all felt sorry for S. E. She was so far away from her loved ones and among strangers and a new bride. She was very brave about it all, we all did all in our power to make her feel as one of us.

Needless to say how lonesome we were when the lonely shadows of night fell, in that little room all by ourselves. We could hear the lonely howl of the coyote, and other strange noises we weren't used to hearing. But after our evening prayer was said we felt and knew we weren't alone. Each day we planned our trip, we felt it wouldn't be long. We knew the boys were as anxious as we were and would send for us as soon as possible. During the next week we had letters from them. In fact Andrew wrote every day. They got right on to work, drilling for oil, good wages and both were looking for houses. I was anxious to get settled. I was expecting the

stork the last of January and winter was approaching. None of us was used to cold weather.

We'd all have to have warm clothes. I had no baby clothes as they were all left at our house in Diaz when we were driven out. Burrell had told me not to worry about them. With his 2nd check we'd send and get a complete layette.

On the morning of November 8th, just a week to the day after they left, I got up early as it was cold. As I was cutting the kindling for the fire S. E. awoke with a start, she sat up straight in bed with a look of horror on her face and exclaimed, "O Abby, I had such an awful dream". I stopped and asked her what she dreamed. I will write it as she told it to me.

I thought I was home (meaning her mothers home in Texas). I was walking in our flower garden, there were two beautiful American Beauty roses in bloom. I went to smell each. As I smelled the 2nd one a lizard with a snakes head jumped out of it and started to chase me. I couldn't get away from it. It followed me everywhere I went. I ran into the house. It followed me. I sat down to the piano and started to play. Instantly it jumped upon it and started to run across the keys. Mama became alarmed and told me it acted like it wanted something. She said stop and see what it wants. I arose and sat in a chair. It jumped upon my lap and vomited up a note. I hurriedly opened it. It was blotted as if it had been wet. It said, "Come quick, from Andrew." She was nervous and excited about it. I knew it was a very peculiar dream, but tried to tell her it was just a dream and that she was lonesome and worried. Try to forget it.

I was worried about it also. It was a queer dream. So just as soon as I could I dressed, made some excuse and went quickly to my sister's place and told them about it. Mother in her life had had lots of dreams that she knew had a meaning and they did. After hearing it she said, "That dream has a meaning. I'm afraid your trip won't be as you have planned it, Abby." I never told S. E. what mother had said and we both agreed to forget it. I was still worried and I could see she was. It was raining again on that dreary fall morning as it did the day before and had been all night. We were extra anxious to get our mail, as we didn't get any the day before. The mail box was about six miles away. Father always went after it. But he didn't the day before. He usually walked and sometimes rode his horse. Apparently he wasn't worried about the dream, for when we asked him about the mail he said as soon as it stopped raining, he'd get it. Well, it seemed fate was against us. It rained all that day also all day Saturday and Sunday. When we awoke Monday morning the sun was shining as though it had never rained. Why did it rain so long?

About 9 o'clock dear faithful father stuck his smiling face in our door and said, "Here's your letters from your sweethearts". But he said to me. "It looks like yours forgot you." I was so disappointed because I didn't get one and S. E. got 3. She told me to go ahead and read one of hers, so I did. We didn't notice the dates. It just happened I picked up one written the 7th and she had picked up the one written the 9th. In the one I read he said Burrell had a house spoken for and was going to buy the furniture in it for \$200.00. He said in a few days we'll send money for your ticket and I'll get our house later. I was thrilled. I laid the letter down.

S. E. was still reading the one she had opened. The first page was laying on the table. I just looked down and glanced at it and these were the words I saw, "Brother looked so sweet and natural. Only his face was bruised a little." Terror gripped my heart and I screamed "S. E., what does that mean?" She calmly said, "O, someone died. I guess he calls everybody brother." I said, "S. E., Burrell is the only brother Andrew has." She quickly ripped the other letter opened, and there we learned the horrifying truth. Yes, Burrell had been killed by a work train while returning home from the night shift on the Friday morning work train. It was strange that it happened about 5:30 a.m., the same day the same hour S. E. had her dream. At the end of letter was the note "Come quick, from Andrew," blotted with tears. I was stunned and dazed. S. E. rushed over and notified the others.

Just what happened to me then I couldn't write for words could not express it. Oh why did he have to be away from me? Why, O why? Why hadn't we got Andrew's telegrams? What did it all mean anyway? It mattered not now, for before we got the letters, dear Burrell had been buried. I could never see him again. How could I face it? There I was with two little kiddies. Kenyon, the oldest not three until January. Baby Loie only 11 months. Another baby coming in January. Our home and all our belongings left in Mexico. No clothes for us nor the little one. No insurance. No nothing. Only \$2.00 was all that I owned.

I hope my Heavenly Father will forgive me for the way I felt at that time. I felt I had been dealt with unjustly. I had awakened to a cold lonely world. I cared not what happened to me. I couldn't even pray. What was the use? I just couldn't take it. All our plans and anticipations gone. Never another wave of his hand or a goodbye kiss. How could anyone expect me to stand it?

And now as I look back after all these years, I tremble when I think what might have become of me if I hadn't been near my parents and loved ones. Dear father in his kind sweet way, stood over me for days, begging me to eat and to pray. He told me I must acknowledge God's hand in it. I couldn't see it that way. I was bitter and felt terrible. I didn't feel like myself. After four or five days, father said to me, "Abby dear, unless you get on your knees and ask God to forgive you and acknowledge His hand in this, you'll never feel good."

He also said, "Every trial and tragedy we have, and we'll all have them, will do one of two things to us. Either makes our lives sweeter or embitters us. Then he lay his hand on my head and said, "My dear girl, don't let it make you bitter." Those two bits of wisdom changed my life. All day I thought about it. It would be terrible to feel the way I felt for long. I could never be happy with my babies feeling that way.

I had refused to let anyone sleep with me. For I didn't sleep. I lay all night starry-eyed. And in the distance I could hear the lone whistle of the distant train. Yes a train took him from me. I wish one would never whistle. Thus I spent the nights, with my two babies nestled by my side, thanking God they weren't old enough to know what it was all about. As I went to bed that night, I vowed I'd make myself pray. I had always been a prayerful girl. Why shouldn't I pray now?

When all was asleep, I got up and knelt by my sleepless bed and cried out my soul to God, asking His forgiveness, and promised Him if He would humble me,

bless and comfort me, I'd devote my life to His service. It did humble me. As I finished praying a tingling feeling went through my body. As I got into bed I felt calmer. I soon fell asleep, the first sleep I had had for several nights. When I awoke, the sun was shining, the children had been taken from my bed, and all was quiet. I got up and dressed and as I opened the door into the kitchen, it wasn't necessary to tell them what I had done. I had spent five sleepless nights and the rest I had was a badly needed rest. After a few tears were shed by all, I ate a light breakfast and I had to admit I felt better.

To you, my dear readers, I want to testify, I was, of course, heartbroken, but my bitterness had left me. Thanks to my dear father and my kind Heavenly Father. O what could I do? My folks were helpless. Father and mother weren't young any more. I couldn't expect them to care for me. I thought I'd go mad.

S. E., as soon as she could, left to go to Andrew. The poor dear all alone. But there was nothing we could do about it. Father and Chris, my brother-in-law, went to Idaho Falls to see why the telegram hadn't been delivered. They said the telegrams had been left in our mail box Friday and Saturday. Finding them still there, the mailman could find no one who knew us. So they were taken back. Had we known it, we could have sued the Company for not seeing that they were delivered. But our hearts were too full to think of things like that. Andrew wrote the Company insisted on burying Burrell the 9th, not hearing from us. There was nothing else to do.

As the weeks passed I began to realize that no amount of tears I shed could remedy my sorrow. The little one beneath my heart must have a chance. She belonged to me and Burrell, although he was gone he was still mine and always would be. And I loved my babies. Surely God was displeased with me. I felt ashamed of myself and each day I prayed to be forgiven. Burrell and I had been married just five short years, I was still young, not quite 25 years old. We had been so happy when we were together. We were separated a lot. Then just as we had planned to be together, he was taken from me. I knew he had loved me and his babies. How thankful I was that the memories of him were sweet memories, and no regrets. We had tried and had sacrificed many times to live our religion the best we knew and could. Surely God would be mindful of me.

It's a strange thing, but it seems when one is in trouble they think of no one but themselves. As I grew older I realized it was no easy task for my poor father and mother and other loved ones. Father no doubt felt he'd be responsible for my welfare. I knew he was in no position to do it, he would do well to care for mother and himself. Don't forget, none of us had anything. No, I shouldn't say nothing, for now I realize we had some of the most priceless gifts we could have. No amount of money could buy them. We had health, determination, a testimony of the Gospel, and faith in God that if we did our part he would do His. I soon began to realize I had to live and I had a lot to live for. No doubt it would have been easier on me if Burrell hadn't always been so kind and thoughtful of me. I couldn't realize he would never be back. The thought that I had our babies, and I mustn't let him down, nor let him feel I shirked my responsibility, kept me going. I was more thankful every day for my babies, they kept me plenty busy which was a blessing, for me anyway.

Father didn't know what to do, so finally he decided the best thing to do was to go down and talk to the President of the Stake, President Austin, and ask his advice. So on the 20th of November he went and had a nice long talk with him. Upon returning home he felt much better. He told father not to feel bad. The things that had happened were no fault of ours and couldn't be helped. He said while down to October Conference they had been advised by the Authorities to look out for Mexico refugees; that no doubt they would be in a lot of stakes and needed to be cared for and to help secure work for them. He told father he would like a day or two to decide just what to do with us. He told him to come back in two or three days, which father did.

The outcome was we were sent to the Iona ward. There was a house for us, not much room but the best they could do then. Bishop Rockwood would look after us. It was just a day or so before Thanksgiving 1912 when we left my sister's place. We piled in our few clothes, what bedding we had, a little old cook stove and just the necessary dishes, a few groceries that Chris gave us and got into the old buggy and left for the valley. Just try to imagine how we felt. After leaving the hills we traveled in mud clear to the hubs (if you children know what hubs are). So it was late in the afternoon when we arrived there. O, how we all dreaded it, penniless, and with nothing, going among strangers, and having to depend on their mercy. We never worried about going hungry, we didn't have money but we had faith in God and His promises. We all knew we had always paid an honest tithing, and we felt what they did in reality wouldn't be charity, but it hurt just the same. But, God was good to us and the friends we made in that little town to this day seem like angels to me.

A few of the things that happened, I'd like to relate here, not to invite pity, but because I feel it would be interesting to some of you. I wish I knew words I could write in such a way so you could see and feel what I can still see and feel as I did that day. In memory I can see us driving slowly down a muddy, nasty street, in a very small town, in fact, a typical country place. We drove past a large rock store (it looked large then to us). Father pointed down the street about a block to another rock building and said, "There's the house we are supposed to have this winter." By the time we got to the wide gate, a middle-aged man had opened it and with a kindly smile (one I shall always remember) said, "Just drive in here, Brother Johnson." Little did we realize at the time what a friend we had found. We unloaded our few belongings into the back room, readily he could see we had nothing. Immediately he told father and mother he just lived across the street and had a bed for them that night and would have bedstead and springs for them the next day. My sister, Nita, and brother, Lorin, were with us, we made beds on the floor for us and the babies. No, it wasn't too comfortable for me anyway in my condition, but it was a bed to lie on anyway.

We soon learned the rock house was the tithing office. We had one real large front room and a real large lean-to kitchen on back. There was still another large room. We were told it was an office, all ward records were kept there and they held all their bishop meetings there. There was a large front porch, shade trees, but we could see there was no lawn. Those things didn't worry us. We were glad for a place to shelter us, as winter was approaching and we had yet to learn how cold it would

be. When I think of that winter it makes my heart ache. How thankful we should be that time is such a good healer. Within the next few days the good people of that little town certainly came to our aid. We soon had two bedsteads and springs, chairs, table, and dishes and many little things that one almost has to have in order to keep house at all. Yes, they were all 2nd hand, but we didn't care. It was hard to take them even at that.

I well remember how each night in family prayer, father prayed that we would all appreciate what had been done for us. One kind family, brother and sister Thornton, insisted we come each evening and get a quart of milk, but usually it was two. Also brother and sister Stinger gave us milk so we had plenty of milk. We were so glad. Loie was still on the bottle and we all loved bread and milk for supper. We had always had our own cows and we missed them.

The Sunday morning after we arrived there brother and sister Barlow (he was a counselor in the Bishopric) on their way to Sunday School brought us a heater and a rocking chair. I still have the rocker. Yes it's a relic now, but I still love it. Mother used it for years, then after they passed away, they felt no one would appreciate it as much as I would so they gave it to me.

The Bishop immediately got some hauling for father. We had two good teams he brought out of Mexico and we were glad he had them. He didn't make much, but it helped to buy coal, groceries, and etc. It was the day before Thanksgiving, but we hardly had thought about it. We knew there would be no special dinner for us. We were just as thankful for what we had. It didn't worry us.

That evening Bishop Rockwood came over as usual, and invited us over to their house for dinner the next day. We were indeed surprised but felt we would rather not. We said how thoughtful and sweet it was but we would rather not go. He informed us in his kind way they would not take no for an answer. They did everything in their power to make us feel at home and I must say the dinner was really a treat to us. We tried to be free but it was hard. Everything was so strange to us.

On returning home in the evening, what a surprise awaited us. Our kitchen was half filled with groceries, everything imaginable. A few things I well remember. There were 11 sacks of potatoes. a sack or two of sugar, three or four sacks of flour, ½ of a lamb, besides all kinds of vegetables and fruits, jellies, jams, bread, butter, lard, soap, and matches. Well, just everything. It was more than we could take. We all had a good cry, and wanted so bad to know who sent them. The Bishop informed us it was the Relief Society sisters and they wanted no names on them. I wonder if those who had plenty as we always had could realize just what those things meant to us.

The next Sunday morning about Sunday School time we answered a knock at our door, and a smiling young girl came in with her class of little tots, each carrying in their wee arms something for us, such as fruit, jelly, bread, butter and etc. Could I forget those things? No, I pray I never will.

Two or three weeks later on a cold Saturday night, we answered another gentle knock at our door. A bright eyed girl stood as if she didn't know what to say. We



ask her in. On seeing mother she said, "Sister Johnson, my name is Sadie Steel. I've been told you folks were from Old Mexico and I just wondered if you were any relation to Juniatta Johnson". When mother told her she was her mother she put her arms around mother and kissed her. She said Juniatta had been her teacher in high school at Rexburg. She told how much she loved her. She wanted to help out a little. She had with her a leg of lamb and a pound of butter. We kindly thanked her and spent a lovely evening with her. From then until the next April, she never missed but one Saturday night coming to see us a few minutes, always bringing a pound of a butter and some other little thing with it. At that time she moved out of town but never failed to call on us when she came back to visit. Her mother and family were always dear friends to us. Could you forget friends like that? No. Neither could I.

Andrew, who was with Burrell in Ely, by this time had sent me a check of \$20.00 which Burrell had coming to him. I was so glad to get it, for I was so worried about clothes for my expected wee one, any time after the 20th of January. Father was preparing to take me to Idaho Falls to get the necessary things I had to have. It was a very cold December day, so mother went to see if we could borrow sister Rockwood's foot warmer to put in the sleigh, we felt the cold so. Mother told her what we were going for. To mother's surprise, sister Rockwood asked mother to postpone the trip for a few days, that the Beehive girls of the M.I.A. were planning me a stork shower under the supervision of her daughter, Ella, their teacher. Stork showers are very popular today, but we had never heard of such a thing. When mother told me, I felt I couldn't take it. Dear sister Rockwood. What a sweet motherly woman she was, very quiet and very sincere. When she found out I objected to having it, she came over and, putting her arms around me explained that they very often had showers for people who didn't need them. She said the girls were thrilled and anxious to give, and it would mean so much to me as well as father and mother, who were worried over things. Well, finally I consented.

They had it over at her place in the afternoon on a Saturday. There were about 20 girls there. Such a lively group and full of fun, they didn't realize how I felt. They served a lovely lunch, played some games, and in spite of my heartache, we had a pleasant afternoon. The girls all gave generously-yard after yard of outing flannel, white for the wee one and prints to make warm gowns and etc. for the others. They planned it so I got one real nice outfit clear through, including a lovely white hand-crocheted shawl, that was from sister Rockwood's daughter, the teacher, and many other things. I was thrilled to tears. I marveled at their kindness to a stranger like me. Surely God was mindful of us.

I said nothing but I wondered how I would ever get the material made up. We had no sewing machine. I wasn't well and neither was mother. But it seemed there was someone somewhere taking care of every little detail. The very next day sister Frandsen, one of the good Relief Society sisters, came over and brought some patterns and said if we could get some cut out, and if father would bring her machine she'd come for the day and help make it up. What a relief! We spent a lovely day and accomplished a lot.

One thing I mustn't leave out. The morning after the shower the Bishop came over to see us. He handed me a parcel and said, "Sister Kendrick, they wouldn't let me in on your shower yesterday so I brought mine this morning. Timidly I opened

it. It seemed my tears were always ready to flow, and they came freely. I beheld a beautiful piece of light cretonne and some pale blue yarn. No doubt that doesn't sound like much to you, dear reader, but it looked a lot to me. It seemed I couldn't speak. Then he said, "Now, now, dry your tears. I know every woman likes a pretty quilt and I know you haven't any. Tomorrow I'll bring over a sheep hide. I'll show you how to get the wool off. Then you can wash and dry it, and sister Cloudard down the street will card it for you ready to put in the quilt. When you get it ready, the Relief Society sisters will come and tie it off for you.

Someone was watching us. We said nothing when it was ready. When lo, to our surprise, one morning about 9 o'clock, here they all came quilting frames and all, even a nice lunch. They stayed all day. After the quilt was finished they finished up my sewing for me. Sister Frandsen had left her machine for a few days. Could you forget friends like that? No. Neither could I.

I would like to say that first Christmas was very strange to us all. Our hearts were aching but also full of gratitude to our Father in Heaven for all the blessings we had received. By now Heva and family had moved to the valley for winter. As I have said before, they had a large family and not much to live on, but we were all happy to be able just to be together. Also my sister, Verna, and Shirl were there. They lived in Ammon, a little town about eight or nine miles from Iona.

About 10 o'clock Christmas morning, the horses were hitched to the sleigh. We piled quilts and hot brick in to keep us warm and we started for Ammon. It was a beautiful Christmas morning, mother nature had done all in her power to make it so. When I looked outside I was thrilled at the sights. Every little twig and limb of the trees and the little wires on the fences were covered with beautiful white crystals. The snow was about two feet deep, the first real snow storm I had ever seen. Although years have passed I never see a storm like that, that I don't think of that first Christmas morning in Idaho. How my heart ached, yet how thrilled I was at that sight. What a wonderful thing it is, no matter how sad and lonely one is, you can always find something beautiful in nature.

I am at a loss for words to express the kindness shown me, by new friends and loved ones during the next few months. Each day I prayed humbly for God to give me strength to be brave during the ordeal ahead of me. How could I ever go through it without dear Burrell by my side, holding my hand and praying for me. We didn't have the help women have today. Yes, no doubt it would have been easier on me if I hadn't depended on him so much. I would look at my two little ones and wondered what I would do when it was all over, with three little babies and alone. Kenyon would soon be three years, and Loie was just 13 months and still didn't walk. If I had had the faith and experience that I have today, I could have faced it braver perhaps. I was so young and everything looked so dark and blue.

My folks did all they could to help, but what could they offer. Now I realize what they must have gone through. I remember no complaints from them. Surely they must have had a faith such as I feel today, or they couldn't have been so brave. How grateful one should be for such parents.

I was worried about the doctor bill that I knew must come. I also knew mother wasn't able to care for me while in bed. In those days we had to stay in bed ten

days-quite different from today. I hated to mention it, although father had told me some way would open up.

One evening shortly after New Years, I had received a letter from Andrew, telling me Burrell had been buried without his temple clothes. I had often wondered and worried about it, but hadn't had the courage to write and ask him, but here was the answer. It made me sick. Burrell was always so proud of the fact we had been to the temple. He always felt things pertaining to it were sacred and really tried to be worthy of them. But Andrew said we did leave his garments on. He had one clean pair with him, but no one knew anything about the temple clothes. He said there were only 11 members of the Church there. But they did hold L. D. S. services. Later he sent me the program of it. I felt I had had all I could stand with my head buried on fathers shoulder I was crying. I could just not see why all those things should happen to me.

About this time we heard footsteps on the porch and brother Rockwood's familiar knock was heard. When he came in he said, "Tut, tut, I knew that was what I'd find you doing." Then putting his hand on my head he said, "Now what are those tears for?" I was too full to answer. After he was told about it, his face saddened and placing his hands over his eyes he bowed his head for a few seconds as though in prayer, then he looked at me and said, "Sister Kendrick, was your husband worthy of his temple clothes?" Mother answered. "If anyone was ever worthy of them he was." His face brightened and a smile was on his lips. Then he said, "Then, my dear girl, what are you feeling bad about; it's far better to be buried without them and be worthy of them than to be buried with them and not be worthy of them. Come now, let's talk about something else."

He then told us Doctor Miller of Idaho Falls had offered his service when I needed him, and that his daughter (Brother Rockwood's) was a trained nurse and would be glad to care for me and baby each morning the first ten days. Don't say those things weren't hard to take but we knew it was the only solution. We tried hard to tell him how we appreciated it. Naturally after he told us that and assuring me of Burrell's welfare, it helped a lot. Yet it didn't take the ache from my heart. And I worried a lot about it.

Then a month or two later I had a dream that relieved my mind. I have always felt God gave me that dream to help relieve my aching heart. I'd like to relate it here.

I dreamed I was crying, sitting on the side of my bed and was placing Burrell's temple clothes in a bundle. It seemed I had made up my mind to try and get them to him. I looked up, and as plain as though I was awake, I saw Burrell standing in the door looking at me. Then he said, "What are you crying for, Dolly?" Immediately I told him I wanted him to have his temple clothes so badly. He looked at me and smiled and said, "Dolly, surely you knew I'd have my clothes". And as he said it, he took a bundle from under his arm. O, I was so thrilled I jumped up to run to him. Then I woke up, tears streaming down my face, but he was gone. I was always thankful for that dream. I felt that God surely would not be a God of love and justice to deprive one of blessings they had tried to live for.

How the days dragged. Kenyon and my birthdays were the 22nd. It dawned and I still waited. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, here came sister Rockwood with a nice large birthday cake for us. Such a sweet thoughtful act. It meant a lot to me, not only because we didn't feel like making one but we weren't in a position to afford such luxuries. So it was really a treat. It seemed after our birthday passed, I became impatient.

In the afternoon of the 25th I realized I couldn't go many more hours. I was so in hopes I could be sick during the day. Mother was so miserable. I knew a night job would be hard on her. I had been sick most of the day and kept it to myself. By nine that evening I told them I didn't feel too well and was going to bed. They soon retired also. I hadn't been in bed long until I realized there would be no sleep for me that night. I stood it as long as I could. I wanted the folks to be sure and get to sleep. I got up quietly as I could and put more coal in the fire, but father was listening for me, so he got up. He could see I was having pains and insisted on getting the doctor and nurse. It was about midnight when he went over and phoned for the doctor. He lived in Idaho Falls. He was to pick up sister Telford at Lincoln. They got there about 1 a.m. When he came in I was sitting on the cot. My hair was in long braids. I was small and no doubt looked just like a kid. He looked at me then said, "Yes sir you'll know what having a baby is when this is over." Then said, "This is your first isn't it?" When informed it would be my 4th he smiled and said, "Well, I guess you know more about it than I do." I guess I looked worried. I didn't tell them having the baby wasn't worrying me, it was the lonely aching in my heart that hurt. After he examined me he told me there wouldn't be anything doing till morning. So sister Telford told him to go over to her mother's (sister Rockwood's) and go to bed. It wasn't long until the nurse fell asleep, so I told her to go on to bed, that I was going to lie down soon, so she did.

I wanted to be alone with my pains. O, how I missed Burrell. He had been gone just about two and a half months. It seemed years. Yet, while sitting there alone in the wee hours of the morning, with my thoughts and my pains, it seemed he was right there. With every pain it seemed I could feel his hand pressing mine, I could see his eyes wide open, anxiously looking at me, with a silent prayer on his lips, and thus the hours passed. I stood it as long as I dared. It being Sunday morning, no one had to get up and all were tired. About 9 o'clock on that cold crisp snowy morning I finally woke sister Telford and told her I could stand it no longer. The folks were awakened and father hurriedly went for the doctor.

By the time he got there it was about 10 a.m. Upon examining me, he never even waited to take my clothes off. He gave me a hypo, tore my wrapper off, picked me up and put me on the bed. In less than 30 minutes it was over. Yes, they were all so thrilled to think I had such an easy time, little dreaming that I had been up all night, and I never told them. I did tell mother later. She said she thought it was strange. When I looked at my long waited for baby, I could have screamed. She was as black as our cook stove.

The first frightening thing I thought of was that she had been marked by the Mexicans scares I had while carrying her. Hurriedly they dashed her into cold water, then spanked her, then back and forth into the water. Finally I heard my baby cry, I was almost afraid to ask him what made her so dark, then he told me the cord

was tied around her neck. I had always heard that they couldn't breathe when the cord was tied. So I ask him how she came to be alive with the cord tied. He said, "The Lord had a hand in it. It wasn't tied quite tight enough." O how grateful I was. I had another little girl, just what Burrell and I both wanted. After a few hours she had gradually acquired the natural color of a new born baby. I was grateful it was all over.

It seemed while carrying my baby I felt I had to hold up for her sake. Now it seemed the true facts of my life faced me, and they were anything but bright. I tried to keep my thoughts to myself. At night my baby cried, yes, cried all night. Heva and Verna took turns staying with us for the first two weeks. She cried every night until four or five in the morning. They were so patient and sweet about it. The song they sang most was "O hush thee my baby a story I'll tell." Believe it or not, I never hear it today that in memory I can hear them singing it to baby. It seemed nothing they gave her, helped her. She was almost a month old before she overcame it, poor little dear. Had I known then what I do today, I would have known it was my mental condition that caused my milk to disagree with her.

Even after I got up and around good, she was still cross. It worried me. I was getting thinner and it seemed I had no control over my tears. I said nothing to the folks about the dread I felt of being left alone, for I knew they would soon have to go to their dry farms and I would be left alone with three babies to care for on practically nothing. I had always been afraid to stay alone and the thoughts of those lonely nights were driving me mad. When my baby was three weeks old I was still weak. I just didn't get my strength back. My folks tried to tell me I must brace up or I would never get my strength.

Then came Bishop Rockwood to my rescue again, said he had arranged for Patriarch Bybee to come and give me a blessing, if I would like it. I was grateful for the privilege for I knew I needed it. When he came, I told him I had several Patriarchal blessings, so he said, "I will give you a blessing as a comfort for you." I had never told anyone how afraid I was to be alone at nights, but could you read that blessing, you would think he had been told just how I felt. Among other wonderful things he said, "You shall lay your body down to rest at night and the adversary shall have no power over you. You shall arise in the morning thanking God for His watchful care." No one will ever know what that meant to me. I knew those blessings were mine only if I lived for them. Again I resolved to live my religion, keep myself clean, pay my tithing and do all in my power to be worthy of those blessings. All fear left me and I testify to you I have never been afraid since. Talk about God's goodness.

In March they all moved to their farms. Andrew would soon have to come to his and I was left alone to prove upon mine. But I meant to do it.

About the last of March the Company Burrell worked for sent me \$365.00 to settle up with them. Had I known then what I do today, I wouldn't have settled so easily. But I was glad to get that. I couldn't apply for the widow's pension until I had lived in the county two years. I wasn't having an easy time to get along, as you can guess. How much different things are today for widows, thank goodness. At once I went to pay my tithing on my check. At once, one of the counselors said, "I

don't think it right to expect anyone in her condition to pay tithing." At once the Bishop said, "What do you mean? Have we a right to deprive her of all the blessings that are hers for paying it?" Then turning to me he said, "Always pay your tithing, sister Kendrick, and I promise you, you nor your children will ever want for food nor friends." I have never forgotten what he said and I firmly believe it.

Needless to try to write the lonely hours, weeks, days and months I spent alone, caring for my babies. Sometimes I would sit with both babies on my lap for hours. Loie never walked until baby Ellafair was three months old. I forgot to mention, my baby was born on the 26th of January, the day after her grandma Kendrick's birthday. I named her Ellafair for her grandmother.

It wasn't long until kind friends rustled me an old washer. There were no electric ones then. It had to be turned by hand but it was better than rubbing on a wash-board. I had to carry all my water for everything. Those of you today who think you have a hard time, think twice before you say so. I would have to wait until I got the babies to bed before I could wash. The baby was so cross. Very often I didn't get through until midnight. As the months passed, I felt worse and worse. I cried continually. It seemed to me no one cared whether I lived or died. I never dreamed of the effect it would have on me and was having on my baby as well as the older ones.

My eyes began to hurt me, my milk was gradually leaving and my sweet little baby was the victim of it. Friends were kind. They would tell me I must brace up, or my baby and I would both be sick. They didn't realize it was easier said than done. Finally father took me to an eye specialist to see what was wrong with my eyes. Poor father wasn't around me. He didn't know I cried most of my time. I should have told him.

After a good examination, he said it was my tear ducts that were affected, and to my surprise he asked if I had cried much. Father told him my condition, and then he gave me a talking to. I have never forgotten. He made me feel so ashamed of myself, but I felt I couldn't help it. Finally he said I was the only one that could help me. He told me to get ahold of myself and do something besides cry. He gave me a liquid solution to use and that was it.

It wasn't long before sister Telford called on me and said she heard my baby wasn't doing well and that I was losing my milk. She then told me I must get out every day in the fresh air and must brace up and that no one could do a thing for me. I must do it myself. She said I should take a walk every day.

I had taken all I could take. So I kindly ask her how I could go for a walk every day, with three small children and no one to leave them with. I couldn't leave them alone and I couldn't drag them with me. At once she could understand and then said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I just never thought. Of course you couldn't." Then she tried to get me to take babies and go home with her for a few weeks, but that I wouldn't do.

The next day her mother, sister Rockwood, came over and offered to care for the babies one hour every afternoon. So I took a long walk every day, and it did help me.

I hope, dear readers, you won't think I didn't try to be brave. It seemed it had taken all the life out of me. Try as I would, I couldn't seem to get a hold of myself. I soon learned that just praying wasn't enough. I had my part also to do. As the early summer days came, I tried to get out with my babies, I could at last see that I was beginning to feel better. Also, naturally my baby was. It gave me new courage and I made up my mind I was going to overcome it or else.

Then one day the Bishop came to my rescue again. He came over and ask me if they got me a baby cart if I would take a class in Primary. I just couldn't see how I could do it, but promised I would try. In a few days here came the cart. Some of the sisters would tend my baby while I taught the class, and they'd take the other two in their class. They were good little kids and I knew they'd have no trouble with them. I soon found out that was just what I needed. It gave me something else to think about besides myself. I found myself looking forward to Primary day, and my association with those thoughtful women. My folks tried to come down from the dry farm every Sunday, and I always looked forward to that. I had very little, as you can imagine, and my folks had practically nothing, but they were willing to share.

I had also made a lot of wonderful friends and they were all so mindful of me. I would like to mention one kind couple as one example of people's kindness. I had never met brother Thomas Nixon, but I had met his kind wife. So, I was surprised one day when he came and knocked at my door and introduced himself and said he had come to tell me that if there was anything he could do for me, he'd be glad to do it. He said if I needed to go to town, not to hesitate to let him know.

They were parents of a large family and were farmers and didn't have much financially But had hearts of gold, and it seemed to me they (he and his wife) went out of their way to accommodate me. I appreciated it but just couldn't understand why he took so much interest in us. I was a total stranger and they were so kind.

My brother-in-law, Shirl, had worked for him a few months, so one day when he was at my place, I mentioned to Shirl I couldn't understand why brother Nixon was so mindful of me. He sorta smiled and said "I know why." Then he told me. Brother Nixon had told him of a dream he had before he had ever met me. He said he was going through a park and a tall dark complexioned man came to him and pointed to a bench in the park where a woman and three little children were sitting. Her face was sad and she looked lonely and depressed. Then he told him anything he could do for them would be greatly appreciated, and he'd never be sorry. Then he disappeared.

He said the dream worried him. Every strange widow he met, he wondered if she could be the one. Then one day in town he was made acquainted with me and I happened to have three children with me. Immediately he recognized us as the ones he had seen in his dream. That night he told his wife about it, and she at once told him not to neglect us and he didn't. Surely God had mysterious ways of being mindful of me, and I felt Burrell was near me whether I knew it or not. They are both still living and I love them dearly, as I do all my friends I made at that time. He never did tell me about the dream and I never let him know I knew it.

I learned to love brother and sister Rockwood dearly and it grieved me terribly when about a year and a half after we moved there I was told he had cancer and could not live long. He meant so much to me, during my lonely months. He was always running over in the evening to see that all was well and in the long summer evening, they would call across the street for us to join them on the lawn. The encouragement and advice he gave me remained with me all through the years.

I never forgot what he said to me one day on our way home from town. He was sick and he knew he didn't have long to live. We were talking about the uncertainty of life, the beautiful things of the Gospel and all. When all at once, he turned and looked at me and said, "Sister Kendrick, I don't expect to be here long, what shall I tell brother Kendrick for you when I see him on the other side?" It so surprised me I couldn't answer at first. Then I said, "O tell him I still love him and please not to be ashamed of me because I complain so much."

"Alright," he said, then with a twinkle in his eye he said, "Do you care what else I tell him?" I often wonder if he had the privilege of delivering my message. I believe he did. The following summer he passed away.

After that I felt I couldn't stay there any longer. Brother Barlow had been put in as Bishop a few months before brother Rockwood's death. One evening he and his counselors called on me and said they heard I was moving and wanted to know why. Then he told me when he was put in as Bishop, Bishop Rockwood had made only one request of them, that as long as I wanted to live there the place was mine. They said they'd like me to stay. I thanked them kindly. I told them I wanted to move some place where I could get something to help myself.

That fall I moved to Idaho Falls. Father rented a house with a small apartment in it for me. They were good to help with the babies when I got a little work off and on. With my \$20.00 widow's pension I was getting I managed not to be such a burden on my folks.

During my six years of widowhood I had a lot of interesting experiences; too many to write about, but will say I proved upon the farm Burrell filed on, established the necessary improvements, cultivated the required acres (thanks for the help of father, brother, brother-in-laws and some kind neighbors). But, I did a lot myself, and I really enjoyed it. I was disappointed at not getting some financial help from Burrell's folks. They lived in Texas and my being a Mormon no doubt had something to do with it.

One of Burrell's sisters moved to Idaho Falls later. She said papa said if I could afford to pay tithing, I didn't need any help. So I told her I'd rather depend on God any time than on any man, so I did.

The first year I wrote to borrow \$50.00 to seed the required acres I had to, and when he sent it, he told me I didn't need to return it and I didn't. I never could nor will understand how he could be so unconcerned of his own son's children. They had plenty of money and he knew we didn't have a thing. They never even sent five cents for Christmas any time. But I've forgiven them long ago, and I always loved them because they were Burrell's people.



Right here I'd like to write a few of the pleasant and unpleasant things of our dry farms. They were located nine miles east of Ammon. Ammon is east of Idaho Falls. Father, Shirl, and Andrew each built them a room in the spring. It was not required of me to build, but I had to cultivate so much land each year.

The 2nd summer I didn't want to stay in the valley. It was too lonely. So I got me a large tent and pitched it near Andrew and S. E. They were all so good to me and did everything they could to make me happy. We spent many happy hours together on those old dry farms.

They all had good gardens. The first few years they were grand as also the crops were. But it was a hard pull. We had to haul our water six or seven miles in barrels. It was warm and not very clean. We had to depend on the rain for our crops. Many a time we watched and prayed for rain when it began to get dry. It was indeed a worry. As farmers do, the men all worked early and late during the summer months and way into the fall. Many a morning I got up as soon as I could see and go upon my land and dig sage brush from among my grain. I never knew when to quit. When mother and father thought I had worked long enough they would wave a white cloth, letting me know I'd better quit. I'd be surprised how long I had worked. When I'd get to my place, I'd find S. E. had given the children their breakfast and some was waiting for me.

She was so good. She had one little girl, Buelah, just a few months younger than Ellafair. Believe me, them and Loie really had good times together. My folks were all just as good to them and my children loved them all dearly.

When harvest time came, I would drive the team for the header box. I didn't mind. I really enjoyed it. It was good for me. I didn't have to worry about the children. If they got tired at S. E.'s they could go up the hill away and go to mother's or Vernas. So they had a good time also.

The second spring I decided to buy lumber and build me a room. I could live in it during the summer and store my wheat in the winter. They thought it a good idea and said they would all give some help on it. I was quite proud of myself. I nailed up most of the side boards and helped shingle it. It was built next to my tent, so I used it for a kitchen and slept in the tent. That was much nicer.

In the fall we'd all move to the valley. It may seem strange but true, we all welcomed the song of the meadow lark in the spring. They seemed to be calling us back to the dry farm and they were.

One of the most pleasant memories of the summer was a day each summer that was set apart for a big reunion. All our folks would come. Heva and their family from their farm, and our special friends from the valley, the two Nixon families and brother and sister Fields and their family from Ammon. Now don't think we didn't have fun, both old and young. What a big feed we'd have, including all picnic food and watermelons, ice cream and pop. It gave us all fun to look forward to.

Later my sister, Lulu, and family moved to Ammon. She was still a widow and had her six children. I'd get lonesome to go to Relief Society and the men were too busy to take us down. Several times I remember I'd leave in the cool of the morning

on Tuesday and walk down, then walk back so as to get to the farm before dark. I'd leave the children with S. E. They were so close to her it wasn't hard on her. Once in awhile I'd tell them I wouldn't be home till morning. I'd stay with Lulu, get up at the break of day and I was home usually before the children were up. I truly enjoyed those walks alone with my thoughts and mother nature.

As the months passed and made years, it seemed my life grew more lonely, yet I had no desire to go out with anyone. I paid my tithing, did all I could in the Church. I had many good friends and was trying so hard to content myself living and caring for my children. I often became blue and discouraged. I soon began to realize I was not qualified to make much of a living. How necessary it is for girls, as well as boys, to be trained in something, so if left alone they wouldn't have to do as I would be compelled to do; earn it the hard way.

I so wanted to be able to give to my children privileges I had never had. There just wasn't the opportunities in my day as now. None of them was old enough to remember their daddy and that's what hurt.

Kenyon was such a bright little fellow and everyone adored him. He was very mischievous, like most boys, but was hard to control. I'll admit I was not as sweet-natured as I could have been. Now I have grown older I can readily see I didn't have enough patience with him. I was anxious, yes perhaps overly anxious, for him to grow up with a love for the Gospel as his daddy had. All I did, I thought it was for his good.

I was so proud also of my little girls. Loie was a beautiful child and looked so much like her daddy. Ellafair, perhaps not so pretty, but with a smile and personality so that she was loved by all.

I was still young and well. The thought of going through life alone was a horror to me. But I had a greater horror of marrying someone who wouldn't be good to my children. This kept me from taking any advances that were offered me. I felt I could never find another to take Burrell's place.

In the summer after Kenyon was six, papa and mama Kendrick wrote they would pay my way one way and keep us while there if I would bring the children and come to Texas for the winter. I didn't want to go for two reasons: Kenyon should be in school, and I knew how they felt about the Mormons. To go now Burrell was gone; I knew I wouldn't be happy. I hesitated to accept their offer, but my parents thought I should go and said it would do me good to get away. They felt Burrell's folks had a right to see the children.

So the following November, after working, saving and scrimping, I had what I needed to get there. It was a long hard trip with three active children. But they were real good. Everyone made a fuss over them, and said how well behaved they were. And they were. I took a tourist, so as to have room to eat and beds to sleep in. Never-the-less, we were glad to get there.

His folks weren't on the ranch now but in Marathon. I spent many a homesick day. No L.D.S. people were there. Mama wasn't too well, and no doubt the children worried her. Sometimes she wasn't always very kind nor careful what she said.

Papa was always sweet and kind to us all so that helped. I missed my Church activities and Sunday School for the children.

After I had been there a few weeks, I found out the Baptist Church wasn't very far away, so I told them I was taking the children and going to their Sunday School. They were really surprised but I went each Sunday and made a lot of friends and really enjoyed it.

It was hard to content myself. I had nothing of my own and it seemed mama was always talking about hard times and it worried me. I was telling one of Burrell's sisters about it. She just laughed and said to pay no attention to mama, they had plenty.

It would soon be Christmas, and I wanted a good one for my children. I mentioned a tree but mama said no, a tree wasn't necessary.

Dora and I thought different so Dora suggested we go get one ourselves, so we did. Well, that was a new job for me. Dora had two little girls, so we took the tree to her place and said nothing to mama about it. When she found it out she was real hostile about it for a while. Papa kidded her and told her there were more ways than one to get a tree. Eventually it gave her the Christmas spirit and she began to buy for the children and seemed to enjoy it. Dora's husband dressed as Santa. I made candy and Dora made popcorn balls. We really had a good time. The children were thrilled, so it made me happy.

It was a long, lonely winter for me, the children got homesick and so was I. We stayed and toughed it out until spring, but I made up my mind that was the last winter I'd spend in Texas. Yes, we had plenty to eat and kept warm, but they hated to see the children raised Mormons. They said I wasn't strict enough with them and so on. But one thing it did, it made me appreciate the Gospel more. And I was more thankful that Burrell didn't accept papa's offer before going to Idaho.

I was really happy when the first of April came. That's when I planned to go home. I wanted to get to Salt Lake for April conference. Papa got my ticket and gave me expense money and mama fixed us a nice lunch. I imagine they were as glad to see us go as I was to leave. Our lives and interests just were not alike and we could never be happy together. Papa gave me extra money so in case I had to pay half a fare on Kenyon. But I got by without it. I got along swell on the train until I got to Spanish Fork, Utah. My sister Juniatta was married and lived there. She wrote and insisted I stop over with them a few days. I was to wire her when to meet us, which I did.

We arrived there at 2 a.m., an unearthly hour. The conductor told me the depot was two or more miles from town and the depot no doubt would be closed. But I assured him my folks would be there. But to my surprise no one was there to meet us. The depot was dark and locked up. Everything was dark and quiet. We waited around a while thinking perhaps they had overslept and would be a little late, but no one came. The children were all tired and sleepy and so was I. It looked like we'd have to sit down in the road and wait until daylight. I looked in every direction to see if I could see a light, someone or something. Off a little distance I could see

something which looked like it might be a house, so I told the children we'd walk around and see if we could find anyone.

I had had my prayers answered many times so I told the children we'd ask the Lord to help us find someone with a phone or who knew my folks. So I put the suitcases down and we all knelt around them and had prayer. Don't ever tell me God doesn't answer prayers. It seemed I then took renewed courage. I told them we'd go to that house and see what we could find out. As we neared the house, I worried for fear there would be a dog. I was always frightened of them and I still am. I put the suitcases down and they sat on them. The poor little kids, they were so good about it.

Timidly and with a prayer on my lips, I approached the house, opened the gate and went up to the door. A kind looking man opened the door and before giving me a chance to state my errand, he looked puzzled and said, "Heavens, how did you get in here?" I said, "Why?" Then he told me they always turned their big dog loose at night and couldn't understand why he hadn't tore me to pieces. I knew. Surely God was watching over us. I told him my story. Nothing would do but we come in and go to bed until morning. I protested, but they had no phone. They knew my brother-in-law well and as soon as he could he'd phone him. The first thing he did was to tie up the dog, then I went and got the children. Such kind people. They soon arranged us beds and we were all soon asleep. When I awoke to my surprise it was 8 o'clock. He had called Juniatta and told her we were still asleep and not to come after us before 9 o'clock. When we got up a nice hot breakfast was waiting for us. Juniatta never got my telegram until that afternoon. Just another experience for me and again I was grateful for my trust in God.

We had a lovely time. We were there for Easter Sunday. The children never forgot their stay there. O, it seemed so good to be back among our dear L.D.S. people and feel the security I always feel among them. While we were there, the U.S.A. declared war with Germany. What an exciting time. I soon left for Idaho for fear I wouldn't be able to get there.

When I arrived home I still had \$25.00 left so I took it and made a payment on a Holstein and Jersey cow which I needed very badly with my children. I decided not to move on the farm that summer, but rent a small house in Ammon and get ready to put Kenyon into school. With my little cow I made all our butter, cottage cheese and had all the milk and cream we needed, besides some more. The folks raised plenty of vegetables for us all.

Everybody was expecting a hard winter. Everyone was urged to can fruit and do everything they could to care for themselves. Rationing of food was the main topic. So I did my best. I picked raspberries and strawberries on shares and canned all I could. I took a little work now and then and was happy doing it. It wasn't easy to get along on my \$20.00 pension. Sometimes now I wonder how I did. I guess I should know. I never failed to pay my tithing. I always felt that some way would be provided and it was.

Our dear friends, brother and sister Fields, lived at Ammon. They were very close friends to the Nixon's. They were farmers also. As soon as he learned I had a cow, he came to me and said he had plenty of hay and would like the privilege of

furnishing hay for my cow, if my folks could haul it for me. O what a help. He never failed. He kept an eye on it to see that it didn't get out. I know God will bless them for it, as all the others who were so thoughtful.

When winter came I felt I could manage fairly well.

Late that summer Bishop Ball came and told me I had been chosen as President of the Primary. It frightened me. How could I do it? I felt I wasn't capable, and had my hands full trying to care for my family. But I didn't want to refuse. I wanted to do something to show my appreciation for all my blessings and I knew all the Lord asked in return was to be of service. So I accepted it and I enjoyed it very much. We were really kept busy. We had to sew for the Red Cross, learn to knit so we could teach the older girls to make afghans for the soldiers. Believe me, we worked. I had two good counselors and a group of wonderful teachers. We really had a lot of good times together. Many things that happened I have forgotten.

It was during the early winter I decided to mortgage part of my dry farm and buy me a little home of my own in Ammon. My sister Heva and family had a home there and most of my folks moved from their farms to Ammon for the winter. My sister Lulu and family also lived there. They had done for some time. I found a little two roomed house with an acre of land. It also had a shed I could use for my cow and had water for irrigating. But I had to carry water for all the house use. O it seemed good to have a little home to call my own. I paid \$600.00 down and \$4.00 a month, yes I know that doesn't seem very much. But remember I only had a \$20.00 check coming so I couldn't have paid more.

One very interesting thing that happened on the farm I must relate. My brother Elmer, who was three years my senior, with his little family had remained in New Mexico after we were driven out of Old Mexico. About three years later he had a stroke. It was an awful shock to us. He had his wife Annie and two small children. He was very bad for a long time, he gradually got the use of his limbs back, but not his speech nor his strength. Just as soon as he was able, father sent for them to come up and file on a farm and he and my brother Lorin would help him.

We were all so happy to have them near us. They had one large room on their homestead. I don't remember how long they had been there, but one night as Annie went to make the children's bed down, she said she had a strong feeling not to make it in the usual place. She told Elmer she didn't know why, but he told her to do as she felt. So she changed it.

About 4 o'clock that morning they heard a peculiar noise, and before they knew it, some freak of a wind just lifted their room and turned it over twice, leaving it with the floor where the roof should be. Please do not ask me nor them how they got out, but they did, without any serious results. Elmer's face was scratched badly and the scratches were filled with germe (a cereal). He surely looked funny, but it was not to be laughed at then. You can only try to imagine what kind of a mess their things were in, but the house was as good as ever, when they got it put back into place. Nothing but a kind providence could have saved their lives. Had the children's bed been made in the usual place, a large trunk would have crushed them. Who says God doesn't take care of us. Just thought that would be interesting to you.

I was happy in my little home but lonely. It helped a lot to have Lulu living there. By now Elmer and his family were also there. He lived just a block from my little home and Lulu not very far either. We all enjoyed each other very much.

### Chapter 3: All for My Children

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I was now about 30 years old, well and strong and as I said, lonely. I often felt I couldn't live alone the rest of my life, but was afraid of marrying. I resolved to try and forget it. I earnestly prayed God to never let anyone come into my life unless it was someone who would be a good father to my children and a good husband. I had seen so many remarry and have nothing but trouble. I couldn't stand that. True Burrell and I had our little disagreements, as all normal couples do, but we had always been happy. I definitely knew if I couldn't find a good clean L.D.S. man, I wanted none.

My parents didn't like me to even mention remarrying. They said it was too big a risk with children, but neither of them knew the loneliness of living alone.

Soon after I moved into my little home in the early spring Bishop Ball came and ask if I would like to take the custodian job at the Church. They paid \$15.00 a month. It wasn't really a hard job and it would be easier than trying to make that amount otherwise. So I decided to try it. I soon found I didn't like it. Caring for the furnace was a worry, so I decided as long as it would soon be summer I'd keep it until fall. Then I'd try and find something else. I put in a nice garden, worked early and late, but I enjoyed it.

I had a very dear neighbor Hazel Empy who lived real close, and also worked in the Primary with me. She had children about the age of mine. She was so good to keep an eye on mine when I had to be at the Church. Kenyon was going on nine years old and was quite dependable, so they didn't need much watching. He was also a good little guy to help me with the church. That summer I taught him how to milk. I'd let him do it once a day for me and it helped a lot.

Each day I prayed and watched for an opening of another job. I definitely wanted something else before winter.

The summer before, we had invited a young man whom we had known in Old Mexico, Phil Robinson, up to our reunion on the farm. We had never met his wife Dorothy and baby. His father and mother and my father and mother were good friends when they were young married people. At that time he told us about his brother Nate burying his wife and baby in Pocatello. My folks all knew him as he used to live in Mexico also. I could just remember the name and him coming to our house when I was just a child.

This summer of 1918 we had our reunion on the 4th of July, Phil and his family joined us again. They were then living at Iona. We learned to think a lot of them. Then one Saturday evening in the middle of July of that same summer, I was preparing for bed, having worked hard all day, I was retiring early. It was about 9

o'clock but still not dark. I had just finished braiding my hair and was standing in the front door enjoying the beauty and quietness of the summer evening. The children were abed and asleep.

All at once, to my surprise, I saw a 1/2 ton grey truck stop out in front. I noticed my sister Lulu got out, and then some man. I wondered who in the world he could be, for Lulu like myself, never went out with anyone. As they came up the path the first thing that flashed through my mind was what a pleasant and kind face he has. Lulu, instead of introducing us, asked me if I knew him. After looking at him a few seconds I said, "Yes, I believe I do, I think it's Nate Robinson." He laughed and ask me how in the world I knew him. I wondered myself how I did. I hadn't seen him since I was ten years old. I didn't tell him what I thought as he came up the path, but I couldn't get him off my mind. For the first time since dear Burrell had gone, I had seen someone I thought I might could like. I knew he and Lulu had gone together when they were young people. I also knew they were both alone and free to marry. So just naturally supposed he had come to see her.

We chatted awhile then they ask me to go with them to see Elmer and family. Nate then told us that Phil, his brother, had told him we all lived in Ammon and he at that time was working in that vicinity, so had come to say hello to us all.

Well, to make a long story short before he left us that night he ask Lulu and me if we would like to go to a show some night at Idaho Falls. We both assured him we would. He said he'd be around Monday night to see what night would be best for us. After that, I couldn't get him off my mind. It worried me for I really didn't want to feel that way. After all, Lulu was much nearer his age and he had come to see her. So I made up my mind I mustn't even think about it. Try as hard as I did, I could still see his kind face and kindly smile, I really found myself the next morning wishing he'd come back that day, it being Sunday.

No wonder I was thrilled and surprised Monday evening when I saw the little grey truck stop again. This time he was alone. I had made up my mind to watch myself not to let him nor Lulu know how I felt. He came in. After we had talked a few minutes he ask me what night we could go, at once I told him he'd have to ask Lulu, that whenever they wanted to go would be alright with me. I noticed he smiled when I said it, but said nothing. He kept staying. Truly I tried to make him go. Finally at 11 o'clock I told him I had to go to bed, so he prepared to leave.

He said he'd see Lulu the next night. I decided to say nothing to Lulu about his being there. I didn't know how she nor him felt, but I knew how I felt. After Monday night, I knew I mustn't see him very much. Kenyon heard me mention to my neighbor about Nate being there. So that afternoon while Lulu was there he proceeded to tell her Mr. Robinson was to our place last night. I felt about like five cents and really was embarrassed when she ask me why I hadn't told her. I was ashamed of myself so I told her I just didn't think anything about it. But she knew different, she at once said she had decided she didn't care about going to the show and for us to go on. I felt bad about it, for I didn't care about going without her. But I really wanted to go. Then she told he she'd be glad to come stay with my children while I went. I didn't know what to say. After she left I had a good cry.



Why did he ever come to see us. I didn't know what to do. After sleeping on it I made up my mind if she didn't want to go I'd go anyway. If he suggested it.

About 9 o'clock Wednesday night, here came the little grey truck again. Nate said he had been to Lulu's but she said she wasn't feeling well and didn't care to go. I told him we'd wait for a few days. Maybe she'd feel like going, but he said, no we'd go now, if I'd like to, and go later when she could. So we decided to go the next night (Thursday).

I'll never forget that night, how I enjoyed it, he was such a gentleman. He was so jolly and we really had a good time. It had been so long since I had been out with someone, I had really forgotten how nice it was. Burrell had been gone almost six years and I had never been out with a gentleman friend since. When he left that night he asked me if he could come again Saturday night. I couldn't say no.

The following week his work finished around there. From then on he'd be in Pocatello where his children were. So when he went to leave Saturday night he asked me if he could see me on weekends. Of course, I said yes. After he left that night I worried about it. I could readily see each time I was with him I respected him more. We were congenial in so many ways. He didn't smoke nor drink and was so manly in every way. I really didn't want to marry a man with a family. But, I also knew most men who had families usually wanted to marry. I knew the trouble most people had mixing families and I felt I wasn't one who was broadminded enough to take such a responsibility. After a lot of serious thought, by the end of the week I had made up my mind that before either of us became too serious, we'd better not see each other. That would be the best way to handle it. I'd just forget it before I couldn't forget.

The week seemed long and by Saturday I found myself dreading to tell him my decision.

When I told him that night that I had decided I didn't want him to come back, of course the first thing he asked was if he had offended me or anything. I told him no, that I just didn't care about going with anyone, he looked at me and said, "Do you really mean that?" When I told him yes he said if that was the way I felt, he'd stay away.

My tears were always waiting to flow, and that night I had a good cry. I really wanted him to come back, but I still felt, as mother said, it was too big of a risk.

Lulu had no doubt been watching me pretty close. She was eight years older than I. When Nate didn't come the following weekend she could see something was wrong, so she asked me why Nate hadn't come. Then I told her what I had told him. The talk she gave me that night changed my whole life. She told me I was foolish to feel that way. If I enjoyed going with him, I should go and have a good time. She said that was my privilege and no one else's business. If I ever intended to marry, it was best while the children were small. She said she knew Nate would make me a good husband and a kind father for my children.

When I told her it was too late now, she laughed and said, "Oh, no it isn't. If he cares anything about you he'll be back." In my prayers I humbly ask God if it

was for my good and the best for my children to bring him back, if not to help me to forget him. I found myself longing each weekend to see the little grey truck.

Two weeks passed, then on Sunday evening of the 3rd week, Lulu and I were sitting in my front yard studying our mutual lesson, when down the street came my little grey truck. How I silently hoped it would stop, and it did. Lulu quietly went in and slipped out the back door and went home. I had a lovely patch of hubbard squash growing in the front, and as he came up the path I said, “I thought I told you not to come back.”

He said, “Oh I was just passing and thought I’d come see how the squash was coming.” And he smiled when he said it. I tried to appear angry. I told him that was no excuse. Then I asked him in and he had supper with us. I believe the children were as thrilled as I was, he knew how to win them as well as me. Their little hearts were longing for a daddy. They knew when he came, he’d have some candy, fruit, or gum, and he hadn’t forgotten it that night.

He stayed at his brothers that night and came the next day and went to church with me. We never forgot the whispering that went around as we came into church. “Mrs. Kendrick’s got a boy friend.” I expected it, as it was the first time we had been out in public together and I had never had anything to do with anyone. I suppose the shock was terrible.

That night after we got home I raked up courage enough to ask him just why he came back when I had asked him not to. In his usual good natured way he said, “Your eyes didn’t say that so I came back.” There was nothing I could say, for I knew he would just laugh at me. Before he left that night I consented for him to spend his weekends with us.

He usually came early enough so he spent an hour or so with us Saturday evening. Then he’d spend the night in Iona with Phil and his family, then would have dinner with us Sunday. Most of the time he went to church with me in the evening. For the first time in six long, lonely, dreary years, I felt I had something to live for. I lived for the weekends. Each visit I enjoyed more, as did the children.

My parents weren’t very thrilled about it. They had heard that Nate had never made a good living for his family. They had the impression he wasn’t too ambitious and they opposed it. They never mentioned it to me, because I just didn’t talk about it around them. But I learned from my sisters that some very interesting pros and cons had been discussed. None of my sisters blamed me.

I had made it a very serious matter of prayer, had tried always to live my religion, and had kept myself clean, why shouldn’t I be entitled to be guided to do what was best for me. I felt bad mother felt like she did, but she had never been left alone with no one to care whether she was dead or alive. I knew she had passed through other things perhaps harder than that, but she couldn’t know how I felt. I knew Nate was taking as big a chance as I was, for he had children also. One thing I did, I admired and respected him more each time we were together, and felt he was the type of a person that one could learn to love.

I inquired of his work, told him what I had heard. He was very frank with me.

I learned some of his past life. His father had died when he was just eight years old. There were four little ones younger than him. In a short time his mother married Peter Skousen and they had nine children. He had never had a chance to go to school but was forced to stay and help his stepfather. He said he never was taught responsibility, but did just as he was told.

I worried about it. I knew I couldn't be happy with someone who wouldn't do their best. I felt that he would do his best, he was not lazy. I was willing to do my part. I had six years of real training in saving and managing, and was taught thrift all my life. I also learned he had dearly loved his wife and loved his children, and I admired him for that. She had been gone just one year. He hadn't planned on marrying so soon but was very unhappy. He had never gone out with anyone and tried to keep his family together.

His girls hadn't been taught responsibility. They had broken up housekeeping and were living around with his mother and sisters in Pocatello. We really both worried a lot about it. Still we knew we were congenial spirits. But we hesitated on account of our children.

After going together a few months, we decided we'd never be happy separated, so decided we'd try it. We planned to be married about the first of November before cold weather came. Neither of us had anything in the material things of life.

At that time he was county potato inspector. It wasn't a high paying job, but by working together we felt we could manage. I decided to sell my little home and get what I could out of it. However, I told him we could not use that for our living. I either wanted to put it on a home or buy something for it. It was decided I'd do that.

After we were married a few years we often wondered how we ever had the nerve to undertake such a job. Had we known just what was ahead of us, I'm afraid we would have backed out.

My parents, especially mother, thought me very unwise. His children, especially the two older ones, were very much opposed to it. Their mother had only been gone a little over a year, and they felt they couldn't accept a substitute. I could see their point and it worried me. I had never met his children nor his sisters. I did know his mother. They were living in Pocatello so he invited me to go down and meet them. So, one Saturday evening in October he came and took me down. It was rather late when we arrived there so he took me to his mother's for the night. (Lulu kept my children for me.)

The next morning when his children learned I was there, the two older girls, Clara who was 16, and Anna, 14, left and went to some of their friends and refused to see me. Nate, Jr. who was 12 and Lenore, nine, were there. I had met Nate, Jr. before. He came up with his dad once. Nate felt terrible, but he couldn't help it, and I was rather discouraged. So, that afternoon he took me back to Ammon.

I will say Nate and Clarissa had been sealed as had Burrell and I. So I tried to tell him he should marry someone who could belong to him, but he couldn't see it

that way. I was determined I wouldn't marry without going to the temple. We could go and be married for time.

I soon learned that he hadn't been going to church for a couple of years, and hadn't been as good a tithe payer as he should have been. He had been on a mission and believed it all, but they had become careless. When he was left alone he had made no effort to go.

Finally after a few weeks of debating he got brave enough to go to his bishop and tell him his plans and by promising to pay his tithing and do better he got a recommend. The bishop also gave him some very good advice, and wished him luck. I had prayed earnestly during this time that if it was right for us to marry that he'd be able to get a recommend. I had very definitely told him I wouldn't marry him unless he could get a recommend. I really meant it. So, I was very happy and relieved when I found out he had one. I felt that it was the thing for us to do and resolved no matter what I would have to go through, I'd feel it was to be.

The 1st world war was going, influenza was spreading fast, and things really looked bad. The war was at its worst. Immediately we went ahead preparing for our new adventure. I had the money for my little home, which wasn't much. I put it in the bank resolving not to use it for our living. Nate had nothing and I had nothing, except our hands to work with and a determination to make a success of it.

Nate at this time was living with his brother, David. He was a cripple and had never married. He was manager of a small coal yard. He had a small place in connection with that he lived in. And I mean small. He told Nate if he wanted to fix it up livable he would let us have it for the winter with coal furnished if I would answer the telephone and take coal orders for him. There were only two small rooms besides the office. It was large enough to put a sanitary couch in for the three little girls, Lenore, Loie and Ellafair.

Clara and Anna objected to it, and refused to live with us. Over the coal shed right by the house was a good sized room that we could fix for the two boys, Nate Jr. and Kenyon. I told him I'd try it for the winter.

Arrangements were made with my folks to keep my children while we went to the Logan temple and got things fixed up. Schools were all closed so Kenyon was free to go where they wanted him to. We had decided to be married on the 5th of November. Saturday, November 2nd I finished packing all I could. My folks came down from the dry farm (still hadn't moved to the valley for the winter) to get the children. They told me goodbye. Mother laughingly said (but I think she meant it) it was too bad we had to go through Blackfoot. She hoped we got through alright. I wasn't worried.

About 5 o'clock that evening Nate came with the little grey truck. The poor little truck. We loaded in all it would hold. Of course, another trip or two would be necessary, with remaining household goods, the cow, a few hens. I sort of hated to leave. I had many fine friends. I had never lived away from my folks only for a few months at one time, and I knew I was going to miss them. All church activities were closed as well as the schools. I was still President of the Primary. The officers wrote me, sending their good wishes and regretted they couldn't give me a good

shower and send off. But, nothing in a public way or crowds were allowed because of the flu. About 8 o'clock that night we left for our new adventure.

Just before we entered Blackfoot we sure thought of what mother said. We were caught in one of the worst dust storms that I had or have ever seen, we could just barely see. By going real slow, we managed to get through Blackfoot. It didn't last long and was soon over. Then just as we were a little past the town we had a blowout. It was dark and getting late.

When we were packing the truck I insisted we would keep my coal oil lantern where it would be handy, also a box of matches. Nate laughed about it at the time, but if we hadn't had them no doubt we'd still be there. It was about midnight when we reached Pocatello. Our truck was so loaded we couldn't go very fast.

To our surprise, when we got to his mother's place, some of his sisters were there waiting for us and they at once accused us of going somewhere and getting married. We had a difficult time convincing them differently.

The next morning word was issued that no one could leave their homes without a mouth covering. Something must be done to help stop spreading the dreadful flu. It was terrible, more people were dying from that than was being killed in the war. It was taking strong and weak, old and young, rich and poor. Very often they would only be sick a few days and pass away. One couldn't help but worry. Then that same evening word was received that both the Salt Lake and Logan temples were closed.

The next day (Monday) we decided to make us some mouth masks and go have a talk with the President of the Stake, brother William Hyde. He was also county probate judge at the time. We were at a loss to know what to do, I didn't want to marry out of the temple, things were all arranged for us, even some of my household goods were moved, so we talked it over and decided we'd do just what President Hyde advised us to do.

After we frankly told him our plans, he asked us if we had both been to the temple. When told we had, he said it would be nice if we could but it wasn't necessary, as long as we could only be married for time. He thought it best to go ahead and be married then go to the temple later.

I really felt bad about it. It didn't seem like a marriage to me, but I felt he knew what was best, and as long as we were married by the priesthood, there was nothing wrong in it. So Tuesday, November 5th, 1918, we were married by President William Hyde. After he married us, he gave us a lot of good advice, for which we were grateful. We took off our masks long enough to be married.

When we got to Nate's sister Eva's place, she had prepared a nice supper and had asked the family over, there were 15 of us. We had a lovely time. Nate and I had our suspicions that some of his lively sisters would try some of their pranks on us, and when night came they were quite indignant because we refused to stay at any of their places. Nate had been sleeping on the sanitary cot at the coal yard and I had told him I'd just as soon go there as any place. So we did. We told no one where we were going. So they naturally thought we had gone to a hotel.

Now my children, no doubt that doesn't sound very romantic and it wasn't, but it was alright for us. You try living alone and feeling no one cares whether you are dead or alive. Oh yes, I know we had our families and we had loved them. But we still felt alone. No one to talk to. No one to go with. No one to share your joys and sorrow, fortunes and misfortunes, Then find yourself with someone who cares if you are sick, someone to call your own, someone to love and talk to, I'm sure you wouldn't blame us. Yes I was worried but happy, even knowing I must work harder and had a family to adjust. I felt if we lived as we knew we should and worked together we could manage.

No, I had no diamond, no honeymoon, no home, no fortune, but I had my family, Nate, a will to do, my health, and a faith in God.

The first thing we had to do was to make the place livable. Yes my dears it was a job, a big job, in later years we often laughed and said, "They say love is blind." Well, we must have been either deeply in love or blind. I'm glad it was love.

It took us several days. I remember on November 11, 1918 we were piecing up some linoleum on our little kitchen floor. About 11 o'clock the whistles began to blow. The train bells rang. Such a commotion I had never heard. What could it all mean? Finally someone phoned us the war was over. Oh, what a rejoicing and well I remember it.

As I have said, Nate's job wasn't a big paying job. We felt with extra work now and then and managing just right we could get along.

Clara and Anna were still resentful, and wouldn't come and live with us. Our place was small anyway so all in all, it was the best, I guess.

Our first little problem was, his children didn't know what to call me. I knew they couldn't call me mother. I didn't blame them. I didn't expect them to. Finally I suggested they call me Aunt Abby, which they agreed to and it suited me fine. My children were all younger, never remembering their own daddy. They were thrilled to call Nate daddy, and feel they belonged to him. Little did we dream the reaction it would have on some of his children. Ellafair wasn't quite six years old, and was very affectionate. She made over and loved her new daddy as though she had always had him. And Nate being the type to make over children naturally accepted her love for him. But not for long.

Clara became very jealous at any attention he gave to Ellafair. I could see it was going to make trouble of some kind, so after talking it over with Nate we decided when Clara was around he would not hold Ellafair on his lap nor make too much over her. Ellafair was almost too young to know what it was all about, but I took her and tried to explain to her how Clara felt. She soon learned she couldn't have daddy's attention when Clara was around.

We hadn't been married long until I really found out that Clara didn't intend to get along with me. I didn't realize for some time that I was no doubt to blame as much as the girls. I learned their mother was a quiet type and didn't have much to say. Naturally, it was hard for them to get used to my quick speaking, oftentimes before I thought, along with trying to adjust two families together, strangers to each

other so different in their makeups and dispositions. It seems anyone should have known there would be trouble. Nevertheless, Nate and I made up our minds we'd make it work some way. Don't think there wasn't a lot of praying done. But as the days, weeks and months, passed in spite of all our problems, we loved each other more. He also soon learned that deep in my heart I wanted to do the right thing, and I knew he did. Had we not had that love and understanding of each other we would never have made it.

I could see wonderful traits of character in Nate's children as well as my own. I did so want to be a good mother to them, but it seemed I wasn't big enough for the job. Nate in his kind, sweet way tried to help me. He knew I was having a real battle with myself. I admired him. I knew he loved his children just as much as I loved mine. I knew he wouldn't see them mistreated intentionally any more than I'd stand for mine to be.

Nate's mother and three or four sisters lived in Pocatello. We soon found they were no help to us. They meant well, but each day I prayed earnestly for strength and courage to do as I really wanted to do. It seemed things were thrust on me until I felt I couldn't stand it. I was told that Clara was what we call today a retarded child. She has always been. Nate's mother had told me that no one could get along with her. Yet I was condemned because I didn't (not by Nate). About six weeks after we were married I found I was pregnant, which didn't help matters, sorry to say. Not that Nate and I weren't happy about it, for we were. I was at a loss whether to tell Nate's girls or not. They weren't living with us, but were with us a lot. I asked my mother what I should do. She advised me she thought it would be best to tell them. We thought it would help gain their confidence. So I told them. It was then I learned Clara's true disposition, poor girl. I wasn't the only one that suffered. I cannot write what she said and what she called me. I will just say it would have been better had I never told her.

Many were the heartaches we went through along with our happiness. The next few years we tried to make our children realize that what we wanted more than anything else was to have them know we loved them all and wanted them all treated fair and alike. Of these things, so many cannot be put on paper. I knew daddy wanted to be just, and was, as much as a human could be. He also knew that I did too. It was a greater task and trial for me, for I was not blessed with the quiet disposition that he was. I was sick. We had little to live on. It wore on me in spite of my efforts.

We lived in this little place at the coal yard for six months. Many problems were solved there. I think it would be interesting to you to mention a few things that happened there during that time. It wasn't long after we were married until Christmas rolled around. We found it no easy job to make the kind of Christmas we would like to have given them. Nate had a few hens, as I did. Our cow was also a big help. Everything was high. I well remember how hard I worked to have some fresh eggs to take to the grocery store at Christmas. I managed to spare two dozen. They gave us 90 cents a dozen. With that \$1.80 we bought an orange and a banana apiece and some nuts. Just please remember there were nine of us, including the two older girls.

I made some of my hard pure sugar candy. We were really thrilled when Clara and Anna really ask to come down and help with it. It made Nate so happy. Our first Christmas wasn't so bad after all.

About the middle of January, Dad took the flu, which was still raging. Lenore had it quite bad the last of November. I also had a light attack about that time. Poor Dad really had it. I'd like to relate how a dream I had helped him. No doubt you will smile about it. Nevertheless, it is true. We had no money to have a doctor. I was doing all I could that was told me to do. He took with a severe pain in his chest and around his heart. I was so worried I prayed earnestly to be able to find out what to do for it. That night I dreamed a little old lady came to me. I didn't recognize her but she said, "give him some asafetida."

She repeated it two times, then I woke up. I told Nate about it and asked if he would take some and he consented. Mother had used it many times for various things. I knew it wouldn't hurt him. I didn't have to give him but a dose or two until the pain left and never returned. How happy we were.

As I said before, I was pregnant and really sick. No wonder I was so worried. He was sick and unable to do a thing for almost two months. By that time they were forced to find another man for his job. That sickness left him with asthma again. He hadn't had it for years.

I still had the money from my home; still determined not to use it for our living. But pray tell me how could any true parent keep money and their children without the necessities.

It was along about the middle of March, perhaps a little sooner. He realized he must get something to do. One night he came home and said he had a chance to buy a load of dressed hogs ready to sell. By selling them by the pound he could more than double his money. They were just killed but he must have cash to pay for them. I was worried. I felt it was a chance, yet I could see no reason why he couldn't make good at it. Meat like everything else was high. So I very reluctantly consented if he thought it best. I gave him a check for \$350.00.

No need for details, he had sold only a small part of it when he took with a severe attack of asthma. It was still cold weather. He told me not to worry. All would be okay, but alas!! When he got able to dispose of it (it was easily done), it was all spoiled completely. Needless to say how we felt. He had sold \$100.00 worth, but we had nothing to live on so I said goodbye to my \$350.00. I couldn't blame him. It was no fault of his, just another experience to be written in my life's book, and better forgotten.

We needed a washer and needed it badly so I made a \$50.00 payment on an Easy Spinner. They were rather a new kind. We had to make \$12.50 a month payments on it. Of course it was a struggle but we did make it.

About the first of April of that year, one of our acquaintances was compelled to move to California for her health. They had \$500.00 equity in a home. She said if someone would give them \$275.00 for their furniture they would turn the house contract over to them. I had just \$250 left. We rustled the other \$25 and decided to



take a chance on the payments. We knew we must soon move to a larger place. The girls had expressed a desire to come home, and his mother and sisters felt it was where they should be. I didn't blame them. We also knew with a family our size we couldn't rent a place for less than \$25 a month. The house was a two bedroom and modern. The furniture wasn't fancy but neither were we. With what we had we were very comfortable and I was proud of it.

I do not care to write down the struggles we had. We soon found out it was no help to us to have the girls home. They were both working, but neither felt they should contribute to help out. Just use your imagination as to how we got along. Clara was unable to hold a job long. She was really a problem. Phil and Dorothy were expecting a baby. He said to send her to Iona, they could use her.

They couldn't take it long. About the last of May she came home. I really dreaded to see her come back. She still had no use for me nor my children. The poor girl. Our hearts ached for her. We just didn't know what course to take to make her feel different. I didn't blame her for all of it. I felt I was part to blame. I was only human and I was weak. I had my heart and my hands full, also.

Anna was a very likeable, nice looking, and attractive girl. Poor Clara knew it, and she was jealous of Anna. But she also loved her. Neither one of them would do anything to help out. No wonder I had my heart and hands full. There were nine of us and expecting the stork in September. Finally dad told them they must take over the Sunday dinner dishes. They had all been used to a big meal for dinner and I tried my best to see that they had it. Lenore was such a sweet child and we got along fine, when dad's folks would leave her alone.

In June dad and I decided we'd like to go to the temple together. He had never been only once. I was really anxious to go again. I took my children up to my folks on the dry farm and his were old enough to care for themselves. Oh, how I enjoyed it.

On September 1, 1919 the old stork left us a sweet little boy. We named him Burrell Oscar. My sister, Nita, was with me when he came and stayed ten days to help out. The three little girls and Kenyon were thrilled but not so with the two girls or with Nate, Jr. Anna said nothing but not so with Clara. The things that happened that morning are better forgotten.

Dad had no regular job, he got work when and wherever he could. It was hard to find. It was no easy job to feed a family of 10, let alone the rest.

I still hadn't been able to make dad feel things would be different if we'd pay our tithing as he promised. Now don't get me wrong. He believed in it and had paid it. But he didn't have the faith in it I did. When things got bad, he just didn't see how we could, and I didn't see how we could afford not to. True we didn't have much to pay, but I knew if we made just \$10.00, that \$1.00 was just as much a full tithing as if we had enough to pay \$100.00. Now, as I look back, it makes my heart sick for I know a lot of our poverty and heartaches could have been avoided had we paid it as we should. But, that is in the past so why think about it. I tell you these things so you my dears might profit by our sad experiences. Never feel you can't afford to pay your tithing.

When baby Burrell came it was some time before Nate, Jr. or Clara could accept him. They paid no attention to him whatever. It hurt, but there was nothing we could do about it.

Somehow we managed to get through the winter. Don't ask me how. Burrell was a wonderful baby, good natured, sweet, robust and healthy and oh, we loved him so. About Christmas time Nate Jr.'s heart softened. I have to smile when I think about it. It was the day before Christmas. Dad and I had been up town to do some last minute shopping. We were about a block from home (we were walking) when here came the three little girls on the run, each one trying to say it first, "Nate talked to baby Burrell!" You would have thought the queen of England had been to see us.

We told them to say nothing about it. That evening I was very busy and so were the girls. The baby was crying. Nate Jr. was sitting there. Finally he said, "I'll take him up if you'll give me a quarter." I laughed and said, "Oh no, you should pay me a quarter to get to hold him." He grinned and went and picked him up. That broke the ice. From then on he couldn't do enough for him. In fact he was always partial to him. It made us all very happy. No doubt it was the Christmas spirit that changed his heart.

Dad surely loved baby Burrell. He was only a few months old when he began to sing to him. "Blessings on my little man, barefoot boy with cheeks of tan." How baby Burrell's face would beam as well as his daddy's. He was just a sunbeam to cheer me when my heart was sad. No doubt things would have gone pretty smooth as far as the children were concerned, had it not been in the following March. I found I was pregnant again. I didn't feel hard about it. I loved babies. Dad was sweet and kind about it, but I knew his youngsters couldn't take it. Yes, I really felt sorry for them. They couldn't understand. Some of the outside influence didn't help any.

About this time I was contacted by the stake M.I.A. presidency asking me to take the stake Beehive work. I surely hated to turn them down, but I knew in my present condition I wouldn't be able to do justice to my family or the M.I.A. and I knew my family was my first responsibility.

Dad still had no regular job. It was mighty hard on us all. I became desperate. I finally told him he would just have to find something that was steady. We had a home to pay for, ten mouths to feed, another on its way, and still no help from the girls.

After talking it over and believe me I prayed about it, he decided he'd try to get on the railroad as a brakeman. I hated to see him do it for I realized it would take him away from home a lot and some on Sundays, but it seemed our only chance. It took a lot of red tape as well as time but finally he was accepted. On July 17, 1920 he started on his student trips. He wasn't paid the first month while he was learning. As always we managed to eat, but that was about all. Just a few days before or after he started (I can't remember for sure) he came home to find his clothes all outside as well as Anna's and Clara's when they came from work and a smallpox sign on the house. Such luck.

We discovered Loie had it, then in ten days Kenyon, Ellafair, and baby Burrell came down with it. Lenore and I never took it, although we were doctor, nurse, housemaid and all. I can never forget what a good little helper she was. Nate Jr. was not at home at the time. He was with some of his folks for the summer. This was in the summer before Lorin was born in December. Needless to say we were all happy when that month was gone.

In those days the work on the railroad wasn't very good, especially for new men, as they worked according to seniority. Dad only had about three months work until he was laid off. He made fairly good money while he worked, so it helped a lot. As I look back now I wonder how we ever managed to live.

On December 11, 1920 baby Lorin came. Another beautiful baby boy. O, why couldn't things be so I could enjoy him? We had so much conflict among the older children. It seemed it almost took the joy out of it all. They seemed to feel it was a disgrace to have another one so soon. Nate Jr. would have nothing to do with him. It seemed it made him love Burrell more. He just ignored Lorin. It didn't matter until Lorin got old enough to notice it, then it became my job to try to correct it. Oh such problems. Nate Jr. never did entirely overcome it.

It wasn't always easy but I tried to keep up my church work as much as I could. Dad didn't go as much as I wished him to, but he was always good to do anything he could and would stay with the children when I had to go. He was always kind and good to me, and willing for me to go. Of course I didn't go much. I loved my home and children and I was no hand to neglect them.

We had our difficulties as married couples do; but I know I was usually to blame for most of our disagreements. It was hard to make a home like I wanted to, with so little to do with and so many to do for. I know I often got cross and sometimes no doubt disagreeable. When I became blue and discouraged, it was Nate who took me in his arms and many a time dried my tears and begged me not to give up. Likewise, when he became discouraged, I tried not to be. In later years we decided it was just little things like that that kept us going.

In February, 1921, when Lorin was about two months old, the third ward where we had been going was divided and the fifth ward was organized. To my surprise they came and told me I had been chosen to act as president of the 5th ward Relief Society. What a request. I couldn't answer them. I told them I must talk it over with dad. I just couldn't see how I could ever do it. To my surprise dad almost insisted on it. He said it would do me good.

At first I was very reluctant, who wouldn't have been. There were 11 in the family, two babies to care for, no means to hire, and scarcely means to live on. I had always been taught never to refuse to do anything I was called to do by the priesthood. So with that in mind, and dad's encouragement, I accepted. We had a lot to do being a new ward, but I did enjoy it. I had two good counselors, sisters Maud Tubbs and Annie Johnson, and Mary Hawkley as secretary. All the women were interested and we had many a good time along with our problems. We had our meetings in the evening, that way I could leave the babies with dad or the little girls, and it really gave me something to look forward to.

In April of that same year Anna got married. We hated to see her marry so young. She would be just 17 in May. Walt, the boy she married, was quite a bit older than she. She was always quite old for her age. Perhaps she wasn't just as happy at home as she could be, so I really didn't blame her.

Things just got to going good in our Relief Society when about the last of May I found I was pregnant again. I hardly knew what to do. Please, dear reader, don't think I was bitter about it. I just couldn't see how I could go on with it all. I'll admit my greatest concern was Nate Jr. I did so want him to love me. Dad thought so much of him, and naturally wanted him home. But I was afraid of what it might do to him. Dad was worried over it, also.

So, after talking it over, we decided to write dad's brother-in-law, Honri Breinholt, Clarissa's brother. They lived at Richfield, Utah. We told him about our problem. We wondered if he could use Nate on the farm that summer and for school that winter. They lived on a farm and had chores to do the year round. Now Nate was a good little worker and just the age to be a big help. He loved uncle Honri and we knew he'd be alright. So Honri wrote to Nate Jr. and ask him if he thought his dad would let him come and stay with them for the summer and winter with them. He said he needed someone to help enough for his board and clothes. Now wasn't that clever? We were so grateful to him. Nate never knew we had a thing to do with it. He was really thrilled. As soon as school was out, dad got him a pass and he left for Utah. Well, that worry was over for a while anyway.

After Anna got married Clara resented the fact that Anna was the younger and was married. We tried to tell her that was nothing to feel bad about, but she couldn't see it our way. We tried to tell her she shouldn't marry. But, it made no difference. So the first fellow she could get to ask her, she married. She didn't realize she wasn't physically fit to marry but there was nothing we could do about it. So in September, 1921, just five months after Anna left, she married Elvin Lish, a typical bum. We found it out too well later.

Three of them leaving within six months made it a little easier financially. But there were still eight of us. I felt sorry for dad. He loved his children and I knew he missed them. Of course we knew Nate Jr. would be back. It made us both feel better to find from his letters he was happy. He wasn't a boy to chase around as most boys of 15 were. So we knew he'd be no worry for them and we knew Honri had a large farm and plenty for him to do. We didn't feel we were imposing on them.

When the little girls found out I was to have another baby, they were happy. The first fear I had was they would write and tell Nate. So I told them we'd let it surprise him. Bless their hearts, they never knew why he left.

As usual I was sick. I felt I couldn't do justice to the Relief Society. So I went to Bishop Quinn and told him I felt I should be released. But neither he nor my counselors would listen to it. They said they'd relieve me all they could until it was over. By the time I cooked, washed, ironed, and all that goes with it for five of us, and sewed for the girls and babies (and I mean sew) we couldn't afford to buy anything ready made. So I made everything from coats to pantie waist, also my dresses, slips, aprons and all, well you who have electric machines, drip and dry

materials and all your modern conveniences, just think about it all and you then perhaps won't blame me for at least thinking about being released. I was really a very busy mother. Perhaps if we had income to at least partly relieve the worry it would have been much easier. Don't blame me when I say I got pretty testy at times.

Dad's work on the railroad was only a few months in the fall. When he was through with that he was worried also. He about drove me mad trying to convince me he could get out in the middle of the winter and take nursery stock orders if he had a car. I couldn't feel a car would solve the problem, and it wouldn't have done.

I was expecting my little girl (we hoped) the last of January and it was a job getting the real necessary things for that. We always had our officers meeting the first of every month. By now I was an inactive president. The work was carried on by my capable officers. I always knew what was going on and when they met.

On the morning of the 8th of December one of the officers called on me and said they wondered if they came after me, if I could meet with them that night. They had some special problems to take up and needed me, so I consented to go. I watched for the special problems but things were conducted as usual. As the closing prayer ended, they began showering me with bundles. Talk about being surprised and overcome. After a few tears were shed, I managed to thank them, for I was truly grateful. With what I already had and what they gave me it was enough for my expected wee one. After refreshments were served, a few games played, I went home with renewed courage and thankful indeed for such friends.

As always, time passes no matter what. On the 29th of January, 1922 about 2 a.m. our long looked for little girl lay in my arms. Yes, that's right, I did have my hands and heart full. But, in spite of it I was happy. I had three babies, Burrell, the oldest just 28 months old, Lorin, 13 months old and now my little girl. We were so thrilled. We called her Ilene. With her little round face, cute little mouth, dark hair and eyes, she just won our hearts.

The first thing Lenore and the girls wanted to do was to write and tell Nate Jr. We soon persuaded them it would be a bigger surprise to wait until he came home. She was soon called my Relief Society baby, so good and sweet. I felt it was too much to leave her with the girls as the other youngsters were about all they could handle. On Relief Society night I got her ready for bed, put her in her buggy snug as a bug in a rug, and took her with me. She would sleep right through it all with no trouble.

Surely the Lord blesses us when we are in his service. Every year early in the spring (work was slow on the railroad) Nate got out and took orders on nursery stock. He had it shipped in from the Kimberly nursery at Kimberly, Idaho. He did fairly well with it. He was a likeable sort of a person. People liked to deal with him. After that was over he would take painting to do or anything he could get. He really was willing to try anything. I did my best to keep expenses down so we managed to live.

He had expressed several times he'd like to get on a farm where he could have work for the boys and also for our little fellows when they grew up. I didn't blame

him. But I knew he was no farmer and knew he'd never be satisfied to stay on one. I wasn't lazy. In fact I always felt I'd like to be on a farm, but not without anything. So I discouraged it as much as possible. Well in the spring of 1922 he began to tell me about 50 acres of alfalfa up at Gibson. It was between Fort Hall and Blackfoot. He could get it and finish caring for it and harvest it. He could get half for pay. I made up my mind I had just as well consent to it, if I ever wanted any peace of mind. I knew he'd have to give it a try and find out for himself. The sooner he did the better off we'd be, mentally anyway.

Yes, it had a house on it and for \$25.00 cash we could live in it for the summer. I didn't want to go, but I was sure that would be long enough for him to find out he wasn't the farmer type. I knew he was thinking of the boys. Kenyon was now 12 years old and Nate Jr. soon to be 16 years. He naturally wanted to be with them and I was glad he did. I knew his intentions were good so we decided to take it.

We would borrow \$25.00 to pay for the house. We could take our cow and what household things we needed. Dad was sure he would be through in the late summer in time to be called back to his railroad job and for the children to start to school. So he signed up for it. We couldn't move until school was out. So he had to go up and irrigate once or twice. In the meantime he wrote and told Nate what he had done and said if he would like to come it was okay. If not, it was alright with us.

It wasn't many days until Nate Jr. wrote back and said he was homesick, and if dad could use him, if he would send him a railroad pass, he'd come and help him. Dad was thrilled. I didn't blame him. I found myself worrying just what his reaction would be when he found we had another baby. I prayed each day to be given wisdom to know just what to do, for the best. Ilene was now almost five ½ months old, and was she cute and sweet. I just couldn't see how anyone could help but love her. Of course, I was her mother.

Dad sent his pass. He never even wrote us when he was coming. It wasn't but a few days when he slipped in on us one morning about 10:30. We were all glad to see him, but I waited with fear. I did so want for him to be contented as well as the rest of us. Baby Ilene had her morning bath and was asleep. Lenore, Loie and Ellafair could hardly wait for him to see her. I'll never forget how cute and clever Lenore told him, she said, "We have a big surprise for you." I held my breath, "haven't we?" She said to me.

"I say we have", I said. Naturally he wanted to know what it was. I said nothing, I knew Lenore wanted to tell him. Immediately she said, her eyes all aglow, "A little baby sister." What a look came on his face and he said, "The hell you have." (Pardon me for such language.) Then he wanted to know where she was. He rather doubted it. When she awoke I went and got her fresh from her nap, and she was a picture. When she saw Nate she gave him a big smile and to our surprise she wanted to go to him. He didn't refuse to take her. To you my dear readers, this may seem silly, but not to me. I was happy and so was dad. Did Nate love her and she took to him as though she had always known him. Don't tell me God doesn't answer prayers.

To make a long story short I will say we all moved to Gibson. The youngsters were all thrilled but not me, to me it meant giving up my Relief Society work and all church activities, which was my life and joy. Well, I'll just mention a few things I can never forget. Will say when I think of Gibson, I think of heat, flies (should I say it or not — well it's the truth) and bedbugs. Heaven forbid I should spend another summer like that. How would you like to wash on a washboard for 10, three of them babies? Burrell still wasn't three years old and he was the oldest. No electricity. No screens. No nothing but worry and work.

As I expected, dad wasn't happy about it. The crop wasn't what he thought it was. He was free to run to town now and then as most men are. But I was put. Oh well, we'll forget that. The boys worked like little troopers, both of them. When harvest time came we had to hire someone to help. They had to be paid. Dad planned our share would be enough to feed our cows for the winter and a few tons to sell. Well we didn't need any to feed the cow. She got bloated and died. It just seemed everything went against us.

We had our laughs as well as our tears, Burrell and Lorin were such cute little fellows. They kept the girls busy watching them to keep them out of the canal that ran in front of the house. I will say we had one redeeming feature. That was the large shade trees by the canal and did we enjoy them! Several times when we found the boys, they would be off by themselves and both would be stark naked. Burrell would take off his clothes then undress Lorin. Why he did it we could never figure out. But we did have some good laughs about it. After all they were just babies.

One very unpleasant incident that happened I'd like to relate. Dad and the boys were out harvesting the hay. I hardly recall the details. But as I remember, Ken picked up a rock and threw it at one of the horses to make him go. Just as he threw it dad stepped in front of it, the rock hit him down and out for a few minutes. Poor Ken. It about got the best of him. He loved daddy dearly. Was he ever a happy kid when he found the only damage done was a lump on dad's head. We all knew it could have been serious.

Sometime during August, Anna came up to the farm to see us. At once I felt something was up, but couldn't imagine what. I only knew outside she and dad were discussing something very earnestly. When they came in nothing was said. She stayed and had supper with us. I knew I'd have to wait until night before I'd find out what she wanted. After we got to bed that night Dad said that Anna felt like Lenore's chances for High School in a few years wouldn't be very good. No doubt she was right. She wanted Lenore to come live with them and they would see that she got that much schooling anyway. Anna felt a girl her age should have more chances than she was having. He told her he would have to talk it over with me.

I knew the kindest feelings at that time didn't exist between Anna and I (reason I don't care to write) and dad knew it. He at once said he would leave it up to me. Immediately I could see my position, so at once I told him I'd have nothing to say about it. It surprised him and he wanted to know why. So I told him. If I willingly consented for her to go, they would say I wanted to get rid of her, and if I didn't want her to go, they would say it was because I needed her to help with the work and babies.

Dad knew I was right. I had a good cry. I loved Lenore and I so wanted her to love me. I also wanted her to have a chance at high school. With our family and condition, we didn't know. I knew I could get along without her help, and wouldn't think of objecting for that. I told him she belong to him and it was entirely up to him. I felt sorry for dad. I knew he loved her dearly. He also realized if Anna did what she said she would, she would be well cared for. I said nothing, he must make his own decision. Lenore naturally wanted to go. It almost broke dad's heart, but he did it because he thought it was best for her. About two weeks before school started they came and got her. We all missed her terribly, but like everything else we had to take it and feel it was for the best.

To our surprise dad was called back to his work on the railroad a month earlier. He had to get a release until the hay was all up. It made us both sick. He lost more in that one month's work than we could have made on that place in two years.

Well, when we drove back to Pocatello the 1st of September we had hay for one cow alright but that was all. We had lost one cow and one month's work. The children were a week late for school. We were a very discouraged dad and mom. What a lesson. He never mentioned farming again. This all happened in the summer of 1922.

Just how long Anna stayed in Pocatello I don't recall, but it couldn't have been more than a year. Then they moved to Los Angeles and left Lenore in Pocatello to work in some home for her board and room and go to school. Dad was very upset about it, but Lenore didn't seem to mind and seemed content. So he let it go at that. She came home now and then to see us.

Nate Jr. was now ready for high school. We tried to get him to get a part time job and go. We told him we'd do all we could to help, but he wouldn't go. He did stay with us and we enjoyed having him. He got a job now and then, but by spring he began to get restless, and had also found out I was pregnant again. We felt we didn't want him to know it. His uncle Willard Skousen was down in Old Mexico. He had a big construction outfit. Nate Jr. had often said he'd like to go work for him, as Willard had written there was plenty of work. So, he decided to go try it. We decided to say nothing of my condition now he was leaving. Dad got him a pass and he left in April.

We all missed him. He had been so different to me, and dad was so happy and content when he was with us, and of course it made it worse Lenore being gone also. I really hated to see him go.

I was working in the church again by now. The winter had passed, dad's work had been a little better, but we had got so far behind with our house payments, all we could do was to live it seemed. By spring we could see we'd have to give our home up. With back taxes, payments and all, we knew we could never make it. Again that spring dad took orders for nursery stock. By June that was all through with and there just didn't seem to be a thing for him to do. We had our good washer so we talked it over so we decided to get some washing and ironing to do. It would keep us eating until dad's work commenced anyway. Dad was willing and was real handy at helping. I could oversee it, sorting clothes and etc. and he did the heavy



work. I didn't mind the ironing. This kind of work wasn't hard to get. We only got 50 cents a dozen for washing and 75 cents for washing and ironing. We'd do real good some days, for those days. You of today wouldn't think it was good, but as I said, it kept us eating, until dad could get back on the railroad in the fall.

About September we gave our house up. We were too far behind with payments and taxes to try to redeem it. We felt bad about it but it couldn't be helped. We rented a place just a block from where we lived. It was a four roomed house, not modern. We did have electricity and that was all. Don't think it wasn't a trial. There were still eight of us and I was expecting the stork before Christmas.

As I look back now I wonder how in the world we ever managed. My three were in school and his all gone, three babies and soon another, the oldest just turned 14 years old in September. As strange as it seems, I was happy having my family. I know now that the Lord was indeed good to us, better than we deserved. I still prayed earnestly for dad to be converted that it was necessary for us to pay our tithing if we wanted the blessings in full. He would make up his mind and pay it for a while then get careless again, not intentionally. It was hard at times, but I know if he had felt as I did, he would have felt we couldn't afford not to.

Kenyon was now 14 years old. He would finish his 8th grade that next spring. He had a good paper route which helped with his own school expenses and his spending money. That helped us a lot.

Now I realize I didn't have the time I should have had to spend with my children, it wasn't because I didn't love them, nor do the best I could for them, for I did.

Shortly after we moved an incident happened that changed Kenyon's whole life and caused me many a tear and years of heartaches. I had always done all in my power to see that my children attended Primary and Sunday School. Dad's children wouldn't always to, except Lenore. She liked to go. There wasn't anything in this world I wanted more than for my children to have a testimony of the gospel. Yes, I guess I was too anxious. It didn't seem to worry dad, so I naturally felt the responsibility more.

Kenyon was a bright little fellow and had always shown it. He attended his Sunday School. After he was ordained a deacon he seemed to enjoy doing his tasks of duty. He had always willingly given two ½ minute talks when asked, or anything. People would say what a wonderful missionary he would be some day. It thrilled me, for that's what I wanted him to be. He was also at that age when perseverance and patience was necessary, not only at home but in classes. He and several of his pals were becoming quite a problem in their Sunday School class. We tried to tell him how unmanly it was to disturb a class but you know boys. They do such tricks as throwing spit balls, pulling the girls hair, etc. Yes, I know it was aggravating and I didn't uphold him in it. Their teacher was a man who must have had a short memory and had a quick temper. One Sunday morning when they were up to their capers, he deliberately told the boys they had no business in Sunday School and that they had no training at home or they'd know how to act.

Loie, who was in the same class, lost her little temper, jumped up and tried to slap the teacher's face. She told him her brother had better training than he had. How as you can imagine that didn't help matters much. I really felt bad about the whole affair. But more than one person said it was what the teacher needed. Well, the outcome was it was reported to the Bishopric. The next Sunday one of the counselors had charge of the class. As soon as the boys started their nonsense, he proceeded to tell him to get out and go home and never come back. He said Sunday School was no place for boys like them. Oh, how my heart ached, Kenyon came home and told me what had happened and vowed he'd never go to church again and he wouldn't. Anything I said or did, did no good.

A few weeks later this counselor came to our house. I can't recall what his visit was for, but in our conversation he mentioned something about Kenyon not coming to Sacrament meeting. Kenyon was president of the deacons quorum at the time. I had promised myself that the first good chance I got privately I'd tell him what I thought about a member of the bishopric handling boys that way. My chance had come. I told him if those boys never went back to church he would be held responsible for it (and I still say it). I asked him if he could show me a man with any getup whatever that hadn't thrown a spit ball, or done something just as bad, I'd excuse him, and that wasn't all I told him but that's enough said here. Naturally he resented it but I didn't care. I write this to show you the damage teachers can do if they are not careful. I wouldn't have blamed them for chastising him, but I don't think any teacher has a right to tell a boy or girl to get out and not come back.

I did get him to go to his priesthood meetings on Monday night. Brother Dan Hawkley, the ward clerk, was their teacher. I went to him and ask about the boys. He said they were a fine set of boys as long as the teacher had something to give. Who of us likes to go to any class with no lesson prepared? He also at times told me he didn't like the method that had been used in Sunday School. He said he was sure with a little patience things could have been different. But my boy never took an interest in church after that. Someday, sometime, I hope to see and understand.

That fall just before Don was born I remember I made five coats, besides the rest of my sewing and work. I marvel now at the work I did while having my family. Surely I should be grateful for the good health and strength I enjoyed during all those years.

About the first of November we received a letter from Nate Jr. asking if dad would send him a pass. He said he didn't like it down there and was homesick. We were happy he wanted to come home, but what should we do? There wasn't even a place for him to sleep. We had never told him what kind of a house we had or of my condition, and how crowded we were. Finally we decided to send the pass and tell him nothing, but that we'd be glad to have him if he wanted to come.

Immediately we began to plan a place for him to sleep. Kenyon had a sanitary couch (they were called then) in the living room and the room wasn't very large. The two girls slept in the back bedroom. All we could do was to curtain the bedroom off. We moved the couch in there, gave the girls the couch and let the boys have the bedstead. It was the best we could do. Sending us no word when he was coming and before we hardly had time to expect him he was home. When he

came in and saw my condition his eyes fell and he said, “Oh I didn’t know. I’m afraid you won’t have room for me.” I told him if he could stand it, he was welcome. Dad wasn’t home at the time.

I would like to say that one by one dad’s mother and sisters had moved away some time before, and it had been much easier for us. He was surely a changed boy. Never could my own have been more thoughtful of me than he was then. He was so good to the children, and so good to me. He helped me wash, washed dishes, helped me cook or do anything I ask of him. How happy it made dad and me feel. It was while he was home this time he told me how sorry he was for acting like he did the previous years. I laughed and told him to forget it and that was in the past. I also told him I knew it wasn’t his fault and he said, “That’s right.”

On 13 December, 1923 my baby, Don was born. He was such a cute little bright eyed fellow and we all loved him. He was so sweet and good. I’ll never forget that Christmas I wasn’t able to be around much, (no doubt that sounds strange to you girls of today). We weren’t allowed to even get out of bed for ten days, and now by that time women are up and going on as usual. But with the help of dad and the children our Christmas was a happy one.

I had a hired girl for the first two weeks. Nate was so good to help her so we managed fairly well. Most of the little difficulties Nate and Kenyon had when younger seemed to have been forgotten. Nate had grown older and like the rest of us the older we get the more common sense we acquire. My girls and Nate always got along, so did Kenyon and Lenore. We never had trouble there.

Along in February, Nate began to get restless. I was well and hard at it again. He felt I needed his help no longer. He felt like he’d like to get a job. It was always hard for him to rustle a job. It seemed dad made no effort to help him. He seemed pleased when I offered to help him locate one. He wanted to do carpenter work. It wasn’t long before he had a job.

The boys and younger girls had been given to understand if they lived at home it was their duty to contribute some to help with expenses.

In March the house we lived in was sold so we had to move again. As usual dad’s work was poor in the spring. We felt we must have a larger house. We couldn’t afford to pay much so we had to take what we could find to fit our purse. The house was larger alright but we always said it was the worst looking house on North Harrison. It put us into the 3rd ward again. I sure felt bad to have to leave the 5th ward. Again we put our pride in our pockets and moved. I’m sorry to say but I envied my neighbors, with their modern homes and good jobs. Would the time ever come when I too could enjoy those things? Yet I didn’t have a neighbor I’d trade straight across with, considering husbands and children. I loved my family and I loved daddy.

We often wondered if we had known just what was in store for us the next year, if we could have faced it. God in His wisdom and mercy, does not let us see ahead. All any of us can do is go on each day living and meeting our problems the best we can. I am still wondering if mine will never cease.

I have said nothing of Clara's life since she married. Her life has been tragic. She had been married two years and no happiness. As I said before, she married a typical bum. He was getting no better. He gave worthless checks, forged them, or stole or anything. I will say he wasn't mean to Clara other ways. She knew we had no use for Elvin, but we did feel sorry for her. The poor girl, she had no use for me. I can truthfully say I tried to be good to her, for I knew she wasn't just normal and through no fault of hers. She had one little boy who would be two in June and was expecting another in August.

Well about a month after we moved to North Harrison, dad was told Elvin (Clara's husband) had been arrested again for forgery. This time he was sent to jail. We were not surprised for that was one of his tricks. We felt sooner or later he'd land in jail. When he was sentenced he got one to 14 years, and was being sent to Boise. Well, when he wasn't around his folks had nothing to do with Clara, so they moved out of town. Just what would happen? My heart sank. There were ten of us in the family, four babies, oldest not five until September. It was dad's time of the year when he was off work. Each year it got a little better, go on a little earlier and work a little longer but we still had a problem to live.

Nate still was with us and contributed a little each week which helped a lot. Well, dad was distracted. Who wouldn't have been. What could he do? I felt we just couldn't take her home, but who would?

Dad decided to go and ask President Hyde's advice. He was the one who married us, and was still probate judge and understood all about it. Dad told him our condition and didn't see how we could care for her. After talking a while he said he thought the best thing to do was to send her to the county farm, just out of Pocatello a ways. He said she'd have good care before and after the baby came. When dad told me, I was beside myself. We couldn't send her there. I knew how terrible dad felt and I also knew he'd never send one of mine there.

They gave us two weeks to decide. Why did it have to happen? I felt I must talk to someone. My folks had all moved to Utah, and anyway, I had never told them what I had gone through and didn't want them to know. Aunt Rhoda Stowell (dad's mother's sister) lived in Pocatello and she had given me advice several times. I decided to go talk to her. She understood our condition and had raised a family.

After I had cried out my story to her, she immediately and very definitely told me I'd be a fool if I even thought of such a thing. She knew what I had gone through with her and told me it wasn't my place to do it, under the circumstances. She had never treated my girls good and I knew she wouldn't be good to my babies, she wasn't good to her own. I wanted to do the right thing but how could I stand it.

I wrote Anna about it. She said she wouldn't advise me, but if we decided to take them she'd send money to buy their clothes and the county would give us \$15.00 a month to help with groceries. They would also take care of hospital bills. That wasn't all. Nate Jr. seemed to be content at home, still had his job. He had definitely told us if we took Clara home he would leave, and I couldn't blame him. I knew dad would never ask me to take her, yet I felt I should. I knew if he was in my place he'd do it. Why couldn't I be brave enough. He tried in his kind way to tell me why I couldn't. I still felt I was a coward.

We had been worrying over it for ten days. In just three more days we had to give them our decision. I felt God must come to my aid. He had never failed me, and I felt He wouldn't now. I just couldn't say, "Take her to the poor farm." I was afraid she just couldn't and wouldn't stand it. If she'd go and in desperation do something rash, I'd feel I was to blame.

That night as I knelt beside my bed, I earnestly and humbly poured out my soul to my Heavenly Father. I told him I wanted to do the right thing, and ask Him to let me know what was right and give me the courage to do it. It seemed it was more than I could face. I loved dad, and I knew he loved Clara. I felt I must not fail, but without courage I could never go through it. After I got in bed, I battled with myself long after dad had gone to sleep. My children weren't raised, some day I may need him to stand by me, and I knew he'd do it.

Finally I went to sleep, and God in His kindness gave me a dream which helped me to make my decision. I dreamed I was crying and wishing I could talk to father so badly. When father walked in and said, "What are you crying for, what's the trouble?" I sobbed out my story to him then said, "I just don't see how I can do it." He laid his hand on my head and said, "My dear girl, we can do anything with God to help us, if it is right. Of course you can do it."

It woke me up and I was crying and trembling. I never went back to sleep. Then and there I made up my mind I must do it. I lay thinking of it all. It must be I should do it. I had asked God to let me know, and He had. But I also wondered if father had known what I had gone through the last few years if he could have said, "Of course you can do it."

It rang in my ears louder than he said it. Yes, if it was my duty and the right thing to do, I wanted to do it. Perhaps Nate Jr. would leave home as he said and perhaps Kenyon would leave too. But I must take a chance on it. No more sleep for me. Morning dawned. I was so weary and tired. Oh, Father in Heaven, I thank thee today that I didn't fail dad in a time like that.

When Nate woke he could at once see I had been crying and that I had no rest. I told him I had decided the only thing we could do was to take Clara home. It was our duty, regardless. She was his and must be treated as such. He shed tears with me. I said nothing about my dream to him at the time. For I felt it was mine alone. I had asked for it and God had answered my prayer.

As we expected, Nate rebelled. However, dad persuaded him to stay until after the baby came, and see how things were. This was about the last of April or the 1st of May.

Elvin was sent to Boise and sentenced from one to 14 years. It is needless to mention Clara's reaction or what we went through.

Kenyon graduated from the 8th grade in May. He, at once, informed me he was not going to high school. Try as I did to get him to reconsider it, it was of no avail. He immediately got a little job as delivery boy for the Thomas grocery. He was a good little guy to help us that summer. He was always bringing home crates of fruit, or little things we couldn't afford. It made me happy.

One day he came home with a package for me. He said, “Mother, I heard you say you didn’t have a dress to go to church in. I hope you like this. I think it’s pretty.” It was a pretty piece of small checked white and blue gingham and some white organdy for trimming. What a sweet thoughtful act for a 14 year old boy. It looked real nice after I got it made up. Yes, perhaps I would have felt better in a different kind, but I was never mistreated when I wore it. I felt I must go to church and I’m glad I felt that way.

Kenyon had no trouble getting a job, but was always wanting to get something different. He was so unlike Nate Jr. It was harder for him to get one; but when he did he stayed with it.

Lenore was still in Pocatello working for her room and board. It worried us. Sometime in July or August Anna wrote to see if dad would get Lenore a pass and let her come to Los Angeles with dad’s mother. His mother usually came to Idaho for the summer and returned to California in late summer. Dad could also get her a pass. So Lenore left with her grandma the last of August. She hadn’t been well for some time, so she was glad to have Lenore with her.

A few hours after she arrived at Hazel’s in California, his mother had a stroke and died in a few hours. It was a terrible shock to us all, but we were so thankful it didn’t happen on the train and that she didn’t have to lay and suffer for months. There is always something to be thankful for.

On August 8th, just before Lenore left, Clara had a sweet little girl. She named her Genivieve. She got along fine and was soon home again. How I dreaded to see her come home. Now, my dear reader, don’t think too harshly of me for saying that. Try to imagine if it was you, how I could feel otherwise. There were 12 of us, six babies under five years, dad with no job, school about to start. Oh, let’s not think about it.

Soon as Nate Jr. found out Clara would be staying he prepared to leave. He went to Aunt Rhoda’s to board. I didn’t blame him. I would like to have left myself, but we hated to see him go. I had a hard time convincing Kenyon I couldn’t get along without him. But he stayed.

In October we moved to a larger house, in the 1500 block on North Harrison. There we had plenty of room.

Clara was grouchy and sulky, would take no responsibility. She never did get along with Kenyon and my girls and she was sore because Nate left. My children were old enough now to stand their own and it was one continual mental strain from early morn till night. Believe me I’m not exaggerating it when I say scarcely ten minutes passed during the day when someone of the babies weren’t crying. They were good little kiddies. It wasn’t their fault.

Dad went back on the railroad in September again, so he was away from home a lot. It was wearing on me terribly. Finally, I told dad I’d have to get away from it for a while or go crazy. So I decided to get me a job for a while. Kenyon at this time was a bell hop at the Yellowstone Hotel. Had I known what I know now, my boy would never have gone to a hotel to work. But that’s the sad part of it. We

learn by sad experience. He came home one night and said they needed someone to come in and mend bed linens, so he got me the job.

I had to keep Loie out of school for I couldn't trust Clara with my babies nor anything else. I only got \$2.00 a day and worked 12 days and it helped in more ways than one. The contention at home with me gone was terrible, so I had to give it up.

The things that happened during that year, although very interesting, I feel shouldn't be put on paper. Some of the things will always be remembered by some of us, but I believe the more we forget such things, the better for us all. Clara would get letters from Elvin, telling her how he loved her, begging her to wait for him, that when he got out he'd prove to her and the rest he could be a man.

The following May, just a year, she got word from Elvin that he was being released. We tried to talk her out of going back to him, but what could she do? We couldn't always keep her. She couldn't hold a job down, and if she had a job I couldn't care for her babies while she worked. So who could blame her. He wrote the day he was going to be released and wanted her to bring the babies and come to him. So with Anna's help we got her and the babies good clothes, gave her money for her train fare and expenses and wished her well.

I had almost entire care of baby Genivieve and loved her dearly. She was such a sweet, beautiful little girl. I really would have loved to have kept her, but Clara couldn't see it that way. Oh what a relief to find ourselves alone, but we feared for her. This was May, 1924.

That summer I did Mrs. Ace Nelson's (a music teacher) mending and she gave Loie and Ellafair lessons. They practiced on her piano and they tended babies while I went to her place. They also babysat evenings for other people and it all helped.

It was this summer that baby Don, who was about one and a half years old, fell from our neighbors porch and broke his collar bone. A month later he fell again on the same arm and broke it above the elbow. Such luck. On the 29th of June, Lorin who was four and a half years old was playing on Kenyon's motor cycle which was parked in the yard. It tipped over, fell on his leg, breaking it just below the calf. I had cautioned him not to get on it, but he thought he'd try it. He always said that's what he got for not minding me. Poor little guy, he never walked on it until September 1st (that was Burrell's 6th birthday). We had a little party for him and Lorin celebrated by standing on his leg the first time. I often smile about it now. I took overall pieces, sewed two or three thicknesses on the seat of his overalls, and he hitched around all summer that way and believe me he went places.

That summer my sister Nita and her husband and baby Ralph visited us. We surely enjoyed it. Her husband died a few years later, I don't remember just how long. She was remarried to Thomas Mendenhal and lives in Raymond, Canada.

Also that summer I worked out some by the hour. The girls took good care of the babies and it was a change for me to get away a few hours and we needed the money.

In September, 1925 our landlady notified us she was going to sell the place so we either had to buy it or move, we definitely didn't want to buy it, but felt we would like to be paying on a home of our own. So we commenced looking. We soon found it was no easy problem to find a suitable one we could finance in our condition. After looking and looking we about gave up. We could find plenty to rent but not to buy like we wanted.

Finally we decided to go over on the east side of town and see a Mr. Gathe, a real estate man we hadn't contacted. We told him about what we wanted: something far enough out so we could have a cow, a few chickens, a small garden and where taxes wouldn't be too high. We didn't want it on the east side of town. He at once told us he had nothing like that now. But just as we were leaving he said he did have a place on the east side he thought would be just what we wanted. I had heard the east side was crappy and had made up my mind I wouldn't live there. So I told dad no use to go look at it. Now wasn't that narrow minded?

We had an old Ford car dad had picked up for a song, so we started for home. I instantly realized how little of me not to even look at it when dad wanted to see it, so I told him if he really wanted to see it I'd go, so back we went and got Mr. Gathe to show it to us. Now I believe to some of you it will be interesting to hear just what we found. Mr. Gathe was real pleased. He said he was sure it was just what we were looking for. But of course, I knew better.

He took us up to 242 South 13th. For blocks there were no houses, only here and there. Two or three near neighbors but that was all. The first thing that greeted my eyes and the thing that did the deciding for me was the beautiful cork elm trees in front of that dilapidated old house. There was a large canal running in front of it, but he told us that the city was moving it in the spring or covering it. No one had lived in that house for over two years, and such a mess. There were four rooms, a full basement, and a small back porch. Two large front rooms and two lean-to rooms on the back, nothing modern in it. Now believe it or not, there was only one little window pane left in the whole house. The walls were terrible, no sink, no cupboards, no bathroom. Just an old neglected house.

It had been used by children and no doubt, bums, just as they wanted to, and with no desecration either, believe me. No cement walks, lawn all dead. To the basement there was no permanent opening inside, but a large door and steps on the outside. In the basement there were two bedrooms. They just had old board floors as did the rest of it. The small bedroom had been used as an incubator and it smelled like it. There were no closets whatever in the house either. It was located at the foot of some dreary looking hills. But those trees! They were still green, receiving moisture from the canal.

As a child I had always lived under the shade of beautiful locust and weeping willow trees, but since I had left Mexico 12 years previous, I had never lived where there were trees. It didn't take me long to consent after dad expressed there could be a pretty place made out of it.

Later we sometimes wondered if we were both intoxicated taking a place like that. After Mr. Gathe again assured us that the canal would have to be moved, we decided to think it over. Of course we knew, we wouldn't dare to chance it with our



four little kiddies unless the canal was covered. He was so positive it would be. It seems we must have had a surplus of pioneer blood running through our veins, for nothing looked too big to make a try at.

Arrangements were made which we felt we could meet, so we signed the papers and went to work. We were allowed six months rent at the rate of \$20.00 a month for replacing window panes and making it liveable. Then at the end of the six months we were to have the privilege to buy for \$2500.00, no payment down, and \$20.00 a month and of course taxes. Now we knew we couldn't get a place to rent for our family for less than \$25.00 or \$30.00 a month. So we felt we couldn't lose anything and with dad's work picking up a little each year we knew we could make it, little dreaming of the depression just ahead of us. Again, it was a good thing we didn't know.

It took just exactly \$79.89 to replace the window panes, dad doing the work. I'll let you, my reader, use your imagination what we'd have to do to it, to even make it liveable. After dad got the windows in Loie and I went over and cleaned a room or two so we could move in, and then cleaned the rest. It was an awful job. Dad was busy on the road and not home much, but real good to help when he was.

I shall never forget how grateful we were when Mrs. Barrett, a neighbor to be and a stranger, called us and ask if we would like some hot water to clean with. And oh, how it helped. Wasn't that a sweet, thoughtful thing for a stranger to do? I will say it took two or three months, scrubbing, cleaning and fumigating to rid the terrible smell for the small bedroom in the basement. But, by being persistent, we succeeded.

On the 20th of October, 1925 we moved our things into that old house, little dreaming of the things that would come into our lives the next 22 years we lived there. It was a long, cold winter but dad's work was a little better and lasted a little longer in the spring so we managed to keep warm and eat.

Loie and Ellafair had to change schools. They were both in Jr. High and it was a struggle to keep them there. Nate had never come back to live with us since leaving when Clara came to live with us. But, he came to see us quite often and we enjoyed him.

Kenyon was about 15 years old and quite a problem, like lots of teenagers. He was set in his ways, sort of high tempered, but otherwise he was good to have around. He wanted to do what he wanted to do, and he usually managed to do it. He was good (as I said) to get out and get a job and really almost kept himself and I was happy to have him home. He was a smart kid, very mechanically inclined. Had we been able to have put him into a good trade school his life would have been different I know. Young folks in those days didn't have the opportunities and privileges that they have today.

He got a chance to work at the Underwood Typewriter Company about that time. A Mr. Saddler was his overseer. He liked Kenyon and Kenyon liked him but he would get restless and discouraged and want to quit and get out of Pocatello. I had quite a problem making him stay with it. I knew he was too young to leave home.

Burrell should have started school that fall, but he seemed a little backward so we decided to let him wait another year. He seemed a little slow to learn and I worried over it. Lorin was a little quicker to catch on, but no smarter in lots of other ways than Burrell. Burrell was such a truthful little guy and very independent, we soon learned if any trouble came up in the home or in the neighborhood, we could always depend on him to tell us the truth and to our knowledge he never failed us.

The next fall we started him to school, but he only made a ½ grade. After the first year, with our help and encouraging him he got good grades from then on.

Many interesting things no doubt could be told by the children during their school years. Lorin skipped a ½ grade during his 3rd year. That put him and Burrell together. Of course, there was only 15 months difference in their age. They went through the rest of their school days together. Burrell never had much use for the girls. Lorin had his girl friends and Ilene her boy friends. There was only two years and four months difference in their age so all were in Jr. High the same time.

Lorin was rather small for his age. He and Ilene were often taken for twins. They both had brown eyes and dark hair and just 13 months apart, and were usually in the same crowd. While in Jr. High at one of their school dances they won the prize for being the nicest looking couple on the floor.

Don, two years younger than Ilene, was always an active kid and full of fun, and of course our baby. He had about four or five special boy friends that remained friends throughout their high school days. But after that they were separated, most of them were called into service. Until Burrell and Lorin were in grade school they belonged to a school harmonica and ukelele band. They all wore white shirts and pants with red and white caps and capes, they were really good looking little guys (so says mother).

Lots of interesting things could be written about. Some I wouldn't care to write and others would be of interest. The next few years dad's work didn't improve, so I finally decided I would get out and help. I left the babies with the girls and went out by the hour. Talk about worry. I would like to say, the canal wasn't covered as was promised so dad fenced the bridge. After the first summer I told him he must either fence the front of the lot or we'd have to move. The next spring came and as usual no money to fence with.

I would like to stop here and tell how we got it fenced. I informed him he'd have to go and get some wire on credit somewhere. It worried us. We were in no position to ask for credit. Although we knew we could get it. I prayed earnestly that the way would open up for us to get it without. On his next trip out he casually remarked to the engineer that he must rustle some wire some way for it, or he'd lose his wife. The engineer said, "...we've got a roll of old wire in our basement that if I don't get it out, I'll lose my wife or my life, wish you'd come get it out." Dad offered to pay him. He said no there might not be enough of it. Anyway, said he was just going to haul it to the junk yard, but maybe it would be part enough. I will just say after dad got it straightened there was just one foot more than we needed. Don't tell me God doesn't answer prayers.

One little circumstance I failed to write that I would like to tell you. It happened before Don was born. It was spring. Dad had finished with the selling of his nursery stock and was doing jobs as he could find them. He had just finished a painting job. He came in and said, "There is enough money to just pay our grocery bill and tithing." Then he said, "But, if we pay our tithing what about shoes for Burrell?"

Yes, I knew little Burrell needed shoes badly, but I told him we'd get his shoes next job. He still felt we should get the shoes. Finally I told him to do what he wanted to, but I'd rather pay the tithing. He left to go to pay the grocery bill. When he came back, he handed me 75 cents. "This is what we have left." Then he said, "I paid the tithing." It made me so happy, for I knew that he'd be more apt to find another job. The next morning about 9 a.m. a knock came at our front door. There stood one of our friends little boys with a pair of shoes in his hand. He said, "Sister Robinson, mama wondered if you could use these little shoes. My brother has outgrown them and mama said she thought they would fit one of yours, if you don't mind using them." I graciously thanked him and sent thanks to his mother. They fit Burrell as if they were made for him, and they had scarcely been worn.

Immediately dad said, "I guess you think they were sent because we paid the tithing." "I don't think it, I know it." I said. Why shouldn't I know it? No one had ever sent anything before. Please remember, dear readers, you can't afford not to pay tithing.

Now back to the canal. As I said, the canal was still not covered, and it was a worry even after the fence was up. Mrs. Barrett, our nearest neighbor, had little children about the ages of ours, as did Erickson's across the alley. It wasn't very long until Barrett's and ours were more like brothers and sisters, than neighbors. It was a real problem for us to know just how to impress on their minds the danger of that canal. So we cautioned them if they did fall in they could never get out, which was true. It was deep and dangerous. Barretts had never fenced their bridge or lot. It was impossible to keep the children home, so when I was home I allowed them to go play with them. We cautioned the older ones to not leave Don and Dale alone. Don was seven months older, but neither of them was yet three years old.

One day I was at the back of the house when the children came screaming, "Dale fell in the canal and Don pulled him out." I will relate it as it was told by my children and Mrs. Barrett. The two were alone and were crossing Barrett's bridge. They had their stick horses (they were so cute). Some way Dale dropped his horse in the canal (no doubt playing in the water with it). He went to grab it and fell in. Mrs. Barrett said she was playing the piano when she heard someone calling her. She rushed out and there was Don laying on his stomach and holding on to Dale for dear life. She said no little child could have called and been heard as plain and clear as she heard little Don's voice without the help of an unseen power. No little child would have known enough to lay down and grab him as he came up without the help of some unseen source. Had he just stooped to grab him he would have fallen in and both been drowned. She said Don's face will never be whiter when he's dead. She said when she got to him he gave a sigh of relief like a grown person. Don't tell me God doesn't answer prayers.

It caused quite a commotion. Newspaper men came out for details and wanted Don's picture. Sorry, but I didn't have one of the stories that was printed in the Pocatello paper, also the Salt Lake Tribune. He was called a little hero. When I ask him why he did it he said, "I didn't want him to drown and never see him again."

For years (even before we moved there) boys and girls from all over town had made a swimming pool out of that canal right in front of our house. We were never by ourselves to enjoy our shaded afternoons or evenings. Dad worked hard, put in a lawn and did much to improve the place, just to be destroyed by other people's youngsters. The talk and profanity was terrible. It was impossible to keep ours or the neighbors little kiddies from hearing it. Finally we felt we could stand it no longer, so it was taken up with the Chief of Police.

A written order signed by the Chief was put up "No swimming in this canal on this street." What a relief, of course that meant our older children wouldn't be allowed to either. They were disappointed, but it was best for all concerned. It was several years, I don't remember just how many, before they covered that canal, it was such a relief when it was.

During the years my children were growing up, I got a lot of pleasure out of training boys and girls (separately) to sing in groups of six or eight, from about ten years old and on. Most of the songs were songs I had written words to familiar tunes. We would sing in Sacrament Meeting, Sunday School programs, Mutual, P.T.A., and sometimes in other wards. It did me a world of good. It seemed with my large family and not much to do with, I had to create something to give me a break. However, I was never too busy to attend to my church activities. Much credit for that I give to dear dad. He was always proud to have me do anything like that and was always willing to help with the children. I have always been grateful to him and to my Heavenly Father for the wonderful health, courage and determination I always had when raising my family.

The children large and small had many a good time on the hills back of our house, hiking in the summer, sleigh riding in the winter, digging caves in the snow. It was a lot of fun, and good to know where they were and what they were doing.

It seemed Kenyon was restless all the time. I wasn't always pleased with his companions. He wouldn't go to church and it worried me, but I loved to have him home. Once when he was about 16 years old he came home and told me he and his boy friend (I just can't recall his name) had decided to quit their jobs and hitchhike to Smithfield, Utah, down near Logan. Someone had told them there was plenty of work at the cannery there and they believed it. In spite of my insisting he stay with his job, he insisted on going. So he quit. He said he had \$2.00 and that was plenty, he thought, until they could get work.

When I found he was determined to go I fixed him a good lunch, tied him up a change of underwear and a clean shirt, and begged him to write and let me know where he was. I was very happy that he didn't leave like many do, and not know where they are. I didn't pray for him to find work, but that he'd soon come back.

After he'd been gone about a week, I got a card. They were still looking for work, but were sure they would soon find some. No more news. I kept praying. In

about another week he came dragging home (and I mean dragging), his coat over his shoulders, he really looked beat and like he needed a mother. I readily welcomed him home and asked no questions. He said nothing for a few minutes. I had a kettle of beans cooking for supper. Finally he said, “Gee Mom, those beans sure smell good.” So I told him they were done enough to eat and to go help himself. I was busy sewing and felt it would be good for him to wait on himself.

Well, he ate about half of them and half a loaf of bread, poor guy. Later that evening he told me he had his last meal the morning before, when he sold a cigarette lighter he had for a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese. I said nothing for I knew God had His own way in answering mother’s prayers.

A few days later he said, “Mom, are you sure you didn’t pray me home?” I just smiled and said, “Could be.” But he always said it was my fault they couldn’t get work. That didn’t worry me. It taught him a lesson for a few months anyway. He soon got another job. But he was just at that age, a careless carefree kid, sort of a spendthrift like most boys, and didn’t seem to realize our condition. However he gave us a little help each week, according to the amount he was making.

Dad and I worked hard to improve the place, but were handicapped for financial help. Each spring, the roses and shrubs he didn’t sell we’d plant them on our place, and do everything we could, but it was a hard pull. We were proud of our family and tried to do the best we could for them.

Many months we couldn’t make our house payments. Often we almost took the bread out of our mouths to keep the taxes and insurance up. But it seemed the Lord had a way of being mindful of us, much more than we deserved I felt. We found we were very fortunate to have the place in the hands of Paul Sortgatz, a swell guy. He had a hardware store but he held a mortgage on this place. We had to make our payments to him. He said he knew we were trying to keep it up. He knew we needed it and knew with a chance would make a nice home out of it. So, when the depression struck it hit us, as well as others pretty hard. So he told us if we’d continue to keep taxes and insurance up and continue to improve it, to just forget the payments until things got better. Oh, how grateful we were to him.

By this time Loie and Ellafair were getting to be the age where they went to M.I.A. and such. I was proud of them. I’m sure those girls will never know (I hope they won’t) what we went through trying our best to give them the clothes and advantages they felt they should have, and we knew and felt they should have. But sacrifice as we did, we just couldn’t do it. I hope they know we tried to.

After Loie had gone to High School two years she quit. No doubt for several reasons. Perhaps the main one, she felt she needed more clothes than we could give her, and knew we couldn’t do it. She just said she wanted to go to work. I felt bad, but could do nothing about it. She soon got a job at the telephone company. They paid pretty good but it wasn’t good for her. She soon became indifferent to her church activities. She worked split shifts and had she wanted to, she wouldn’t always have been able to have gone. So through lack of wisdom and understanding on my part and her determination to do as she wanted to, I just couldn’t get her confidence, as hard as I tried. So, sometimes things weren’t as pleasant as I would have liked them to be.

Ellafair seemed to have a little stronger desire to finish high school and was willing to sacrifice a lot for it. She worked after school and on Saturdays. We helped all we could. I made most of her clothes which helped, a lot. I will say Loie was real good to let Ellafair wear her clothes and other things and we did appreciate it. The last year of high school she worked at Sawyer's Barbecue (now called Fred and Kelly's) from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. It was hard on her.

But, she stuck to it and made real good grades. But naturally she never had much fun as we felt one was entitled to. We just couldn't help it.

By now Nate Jr. had left Pocatello and was working in a bakery in Los Angeles. Lenore was still there, with Anna and Walt. In January of 1928 when Lenore was about 19 years old, we got a letter from Nate saying Lenore was not well. The doctor said she had symptoms of T.B. and Nate thought she should come home for a while. Anna had been sick. She had only had two years high school and was now sick herself. Until Lenore left us and went to Anna, dad always said he'd never ask her to come back to stay. We tried to let her know she was welcome any time, but she must come with her own free will. When we got Nate's letter we were really worried. We didn't have too much to live on but were more than willing to share with her anytime she asked to come back. I always loved Lenore. She was always sweet and kind, but she had been gone from our home six years, and just how much she had changed we didn't know. But we did know she no doubt had a lot more at Anna's than we could give her. It wasn't long after we got Nate's letter, Lenore wrote her dad and said if he could get her a pass she would like to come home for a rest. We didn't know just how sick she was, so dad immediately got passes for himself and Lenore. He laid off work and went to Los Angeles and she came back with him. She was so thin and not at all well. Before she came I called a doctor to see if it was dangerous for her to come into our little family, not knowing if it was T.B. or not. He said, "Just to be careful with her eating utensils and hankies." He thought there would be no danger.

We all did everything we could to make her visit as pleasant as possible. We had a good cow and chickens, so she had good wholesome food. But she didn't seem to mend very rapidly. Had we known then what we do today, we could have been wiser in feeding her. But we learn by experience and sometimes sad ones. The little children loved her, well we all did, and dad was so happy to have her. We all hated to see the weeks pass when she would go. She came home in February. She was keen to see our condition. To our surprise, about the middle of April instead of saying anything about going back, she told me she was going to try and get a job. We knew she wasn't physically able and insisted she wait awhile. She was no trouble and the light help she gave me was greatly appreciated.

Kenyon at this time was 18 years old. I don't remember whether he was in Los Angeles or Texas. I know he wasn't home. I think he was in Texas. Loie was 16, working at the telephone company. Ellafair, 15, struggling in high school. Burrell was 8, Lorin 7, Ilene 6 and Don 4, so you see we still had plenty to work for.

No words could ever tell what she meant to us the next few years, She never once mentioned going back to Anna's. We never asked any questions. Now as I look back on those days, I wonder just how far we would have gotten, had it not

been for her. She was so keen to our needs. We always tried to not let the children know our real struggle.

Our home was still not remodeled, no bathroom, nothing modern so it wasn't too pleasant for her. Along in May or June she insisted on going to work. After working at housework for a while she got a job at the National Cleaners, Mr. Frazier got her on. I believe she had worked for his wife in their home. She was a good little worker and she soon worked herself up to become one of the best pressers they had. Loie was still at the telephone company. She and Lenore decided they wanted to help fix the house for us. They told dad if he would do the work they would buy the material. We hated to let them do it, but we knew unless someone gave us a lift it wouldn't get done.

Dad was very handy with tools and liked to do it. We both worked hard. Partitions were moved, rooms made larger, some smaller bathroom built, inside opening to basement, made a closet in our bedroom, rooms replastered, nice new front door, new windows, mop boards and picture moldings all replaced with new ones, archways made and many other things, really harder (said dad) than building a new house. We kept an account of all material and it came to almost \$500.00, no easy task for them. Of course we got the material and they each paid so much a month.

Loie was now 17 years old. That spring she fell in love, or rather infatuated, with Harold O'Neal from Rupert, Idaho. He was attending the University. He was only one year older than she was. We didn't like him. We knew he wasn't her type. We tried to tell her, but as I said I had never been able to get close to her. Perhaps with my worried mind and all I didn't have the patience with her, but I had always tried to. So in the spring of 1930 they were married. He did not belong to our church. I was heart broken. I will just say this: of course it left double responsibility for Lenore for the house was still being repaired. It really made it hard on her. As bad as we felt about Loie we did all in our power to make them happy. It was of no use. He wasn't lazy, he was the only boy and was spoiled, selfish, and unmanly. How she ever fell for him was more than we could understand. They had two sweet little kiddies, Joan and Preston Kendrick, just 15 months apart. The depression came, no work available, so trouble began, both were miserable and unhappy, when little Preston was 15 months old they got a divorce. Both of them remarried again. Loie married Edgar Dinsmore. Harold married Gertrude Okers. At this time the children are with their daddy and stepmother.

It is needless to try to write how my heart ached and the many tears I shed. I sometimes wonder just what would have become of me had it not been for the gospel, my faith in prayer, and my busy life, with my family. Whenever I think of those days I also think of the hours at night, after supper was over and my night work finished I would slip away, take a blanket and go upon the hill back of our place and sit on a large rock, alone with my thoughts and heartaches. Many a time I have sat there and watched the big yellow moon peek his face over the horizon and light the beautiful world in which we live. Strange, but it seemed it always gave me new courage. Not even daddy would know where I was. In memory I can hear and see the children come out of the house looking and calling for me. Several nights dad would take his lantern and look everywhere for me. I was close enough so I

could see and hear them. Then dad would say, “Perhaps she’s gone to see Sister Gibby for a while”. So I let them think it. What was the use of burdening any of them with my heartaches and tears. I never even told dad of that lonely rock on the hill.

Neither one of Loie’s husbands belonged to the church. To me, Loie’s life so far has not been what it could have been, but who am I to judge? She’s mine and I love her dearly and feel in part I’m to blame. But I did the best I knew. I pray God will forgive wherein I failed.

When Ilene was 12 years old I taught the Seagulls in Primary, of which she was a member. I had a lovely class of girls, about 12 of them. This was before the 12 year old girls were made beehive girls. In fact it was just a year or two before. I taught them two years, until they graduated from Primary. I recall those days as very happy days. Most of the girls are married now, some with babies. I was always thankful I had the privilege of being their supervisor during those tender years. We had many good times hiking and etc., I well remember one morning we got up at 5 a.m., took kindling and necessities for breakfast, and walked to Ross Park, which was and still is south of Pocatello. By the time we got there, fire made and breakfast cooked we really enjoyed it. Who wouldn’t? We had fun. When they graduated from Primary we bought a small cork elm tree and I got permission for them to plant it on the Institute grounds. We put the date and all our names on a cardboard and put it in a tin can with a tight cover and planted it in the hole with the tree. by now it is a good sized tree. Oh, the value of memories sweet memories. Many more good times could be told.

During all these years, hard as we would try, it just seemed we didn’t get ahead like we would have liked to have done. We knew our children were musically inclined but we also knew it took more money than we had to give them music. Lorin and Ilene both had good voices, and from the time they were quite young, they sang duets together. I would teach them, also play for them. Lorin sang alto and Ilene the soprano. They would sing on Mother’s Day, Christmas programs, PTA, and other special programs. I was really a proud mama. They sang so cute together.

Ilene had expressed a desire to take piano lessons so we managed to get a second hand piano and Mrs. Nelson again gave me the opportunity to do her mending to pay for the lessons. I was glad to do it. She took three years then like most girls, got tired and wanted to quit. I tried to encourage her to go on, but all in vain. Now, as usual, she says she wished I had made her continue. But it’s too late.

We knew we couldn’t give them any schooling past high school, but we did try to set them a good example and at the same time teach them the beautiful principles of the Gospel and of life.

After some outstanding experiences of tithe paying, dad finally came to the conclusion it made us all happier in many ways than one.

We knew it didn’t always pay in financial gain, but in other things more precious than money. How happy I was. For no matter what, I still felt it was right and if observed would bring blessings in numerous ways.



Nate and Kenyon came and went at will, neither one seeming to realize our need of their help. It was easy to go and come. Perhaps it was our fault. Dad was big hearted and easy going. If he had made Nate realize differently, Kenyon would have felt different. He could and did get them passes to go here and there, so it was no expense to us. They always worked and got their clothes and spending money. Nate usually went to Los Angeles but Kenyon one time went to Texas to find his own dad's folks. He worked a while with his uncle Hart, then on the ranch with his grandparents for a while, then he went back to L.A. While in L.A. once before, he had met what he called his dream girl, Sibyl Haines. So naturally he spent most of his time there. We were always glad to have the boys come home and willingly shared our simple meals with them. When they had a job they helped with the groceries and we were always happier when they were home.

Dad's work didn't get any better. After Loie married Lenore still went on helping all she could. She bought a congolium rug for the front room, chandeliers for two front rooms, material for light switches and many other things. I got some practical nursing to do. Dad, when off work, helped the girls to care for the children. Oh well, I'd much rather forget those years than try to write it. We had our ups and downs as all do. I was cross and irritable I know, and now as I look back I wonder what kept me from going crazy. Dad naturally would be discouraged and disheartened, but having a testimony of the gospel, and both having been taught to pray and our love for each other, we weathered it.

In spite of all our work both inside and out it looked like we'd lose our home. But dear Lenore, she stayed by us, working and helping. It seemed she never thought of herself, but doing for us and the smaller children, who were in school. I was so happy with the improvements, although we still didn't have bathroom fixtures, nor our bedroom, bathroom nor kitchen plastered. But I knew if we could just keep it until things picked up we could make a real home of it. But things looked bad.

Ellafair was still struggling through high school. We helped her all we could but it was hard on her and us. I sometimes wonder if the four younger children now grown realize just what Lenore did for them. If they ever needed or wanted anything special, they went to her, before asking us. They soon felt her keen interest in them. I hope they'll never forget it and if she ever needs help, they won't fail her. They are really indebted to her.

When she came home from a show they would gather around her. She'd spend the evening telling it to them. If it was too late they knew they'd hear it the next evening. If a show came she thought they'd like, or one they wanted to see, she'd give them money to go, never forgetting an extra nickel a piece to buy a candy bar or popcorn.

Their Christmas was made happy through her and the other girls helping us to get the things we thought they would like.

Things were bad everywhere, in the year 1928 Anna wrote that Nate wasn't well. He worked in a bakery and he loved sweets, as most of us do, never realized the harm those things can do. His stomach was giving him a lot of trouble. He was discouraged, we knew. So we wrote for him to come home and he gladly came. I

put him on a milk and fruit diet and he got to feeling pretty good. Kenyon was home at this time and it was before Loie was married. We planned a nice time at Christmas. All our children were home but Clara and Anna, and we really enjoyed it.

Nate was feeling so much better and Kenyon was planning on going to L.A. so they decided to go together. Ken was soon 19 and Nate 22. We hated to see them go. I was afraid Nate wouldn't take care of himself and he didn't. They left about the last of January 1929. Dad got them a pass, they decided they would like to have a real trip out of it, so they went on by Portland and on down the coast. They really had a nice trip. Little did Dad think that would be the last pass Nate would ever need. In the fall before they left Nate decided he'd better take out some insurance. I'll never forget the night he took it out, dad wasn't home nor the girls, he turned to me and said, "Aunt Abby, who shall I make the beneficiary, you, dad or who?" He seemed to hesitate as if he didn't know what to do. So I said, "Why just whoever you'd like to." Still he hesitated. So I said, "Why not Lenore?" His face brightened. He said, "Well if you and dad don't mind I'd surely like to." So he did. Little did we realize how soon that insurance would be collected.

When the boys got to L.A. they both got jobs. Nate soon began feeling bad again. The doctor said he had ulcers of the stomach and was in a very nervous state. About the middle of July he became worse. Anna sent Dad a telegram saying Nate was in a very serious state. Dad and I left the next day. Poor dad was beside himself. I was worried also, but tried to tell him I was sure he'd be okay. But he didn't make it. Like all things we tried to face it bravely.

When we returned home, we took his body with us and laid it beside his mother in the Pocatello cemetery. Anna came with us.

Clara and Elvin still were having children and giving them no care. When Anna went back, she persuaded Clara to let her take Genivieve with her. She was now five years old. Anna had no children of her own. She was a beautiful child and very sweet. Anna just kept her, much against her parents wishes. but it was a lucky day for little Genivieve. She is a beautiful, talented young girl and Anna and Walt love her dearly.

While in L.A. I met Ken's dream girl, Sibyl. I liked her very much, but there was one thing I had against their marrying. I found Sibyl to be more religiously inclined than he was and felt she would be happier with someone more like her. I also knew he'd be a lucky guy to get a girl like her.

Right here I need a little information from someone who has a better memory than I do. After figuring it up I believe it was in April 1930 (if I'm wrong someone can correct it) Ken came from Texas. Dad's work was bad, jobs were hard to get. So Ken and Dad decided to put in a miniature golf course, which Ken had seen in California and Texas. He was sure it would go over big in Pocatello. I will just say they installed it and opened up. It went over big for the summer, but instead of paying bills first, we had to live. They just paid on them each month. The outcome was, when it was all over, we were in the hole deeper than ever. No use writing details.

In June, Sibyl came to Idaho, naturally wanting to meet Ken's folks. She wrote to see if it was alright with us. All we could do was to say yes. She was real cute and we all liked her right at first. I just merely met her in L.A. She seemed to adjust herself to our home very easily. They said no they weren't planning on getting married very soon. But like most young people they changed their minds. I tried to get them to wait and have a nice wedding but they left early one morning and went to Blackfoot. I didn't say so but I felt like telling them that was a good place for them. They even had to wait for the Court House to open to get their license. To me it was not a very romantic wedding, but we all have different ways of thinking. They still stayed with us. They worked at the golf course, and dad worked also. Needless to say what I did with ten to cook and do for.

Sib had one more year in high school, her mother felt bad about it and I didn't blame her. She decided to finish in Pocatello. Before school started they rented an apartment on the west side. Ellafair was finishing also. They really had a good time.

I do not care to write more about golf course proceedings. I will just say when it was all over, we were really in debt. They closed the golf course for winter and Kenyon got a job and went to work. By Christmas Sib was really homesick, so Ken let her go to L.A. for Christmas. When she came back she felt better, but had decided she didn't want to go to school so she quit.

Ellafair's last year was really hard on her, but she passed with good grades and I had to admire her for it. While working at barbeque she met Ray Foster. The next spring they reopened the golf course but things had tightened up, so our big day was over, we started it just a year too late. Just another big headache to put down in our book of experience.

Ken and Sib decided to move to L.A. Just when they left I don't recall but in that summer sometime.

Ellafair had told me that spring, (after going with Ray for some time) she felt she could never love anyone but Ray. I was heartsick. She had always been religious and I did want her to marry in the church. Loie had married the year before to a nonmember. Now to think of Ellafair doing it, was almost more than I could take. But after all she had her own life to live. We did all we felt we had a right to do, and gave our consent. I inquired around and found Ray was well thought of. He had never chased around, was ambitious, and had a good job at the P.F.E. That made it a little easier for me. On September 24, 1931 they were married by Bishop Leo Edgley of the 2nd Ward, where we lived. They were married at his parents home. Just them and our family attended. I remember so well what the bishop said to Ray after the ceremony. He took his hand and said, "Ray, I'm not going to ask you to promise to join the church, but will you promise me to never lay even your little finger in Ellafair's way, in taking care of her church activities. Perhaps you don't know it but you are marrying one of our very best L.D.S. girls." Ray said, "Bishop, I promise." And he kept his promise.

Dad and I faced another winter which didn't look very bright. To me it was going to be a lonely one. Loie, Ken and Ellafair were all married within a year and a half. Dad had signed up for all the material for the golf course and was responsible for it. Ken had a hard time getting work and so the worry was left for us. Well we

were just about to the end of our rope when F. D. Roosevelt was put in as President. That was in 1932. The Home Owner's Loan was enacted and immediately we got one on our place soon as we could. Mr. Sorgatz still had a \$1500.00 mortgage on it. So he told us he would let us have it for that. Such kindness. And were we grateful to him.

That fall dad's work began to pick up some, our payments weren't on the place and it wasn't long before things began to look a little brighter for us. It gave us new courage. Don't tell us President Roosevelt wasn't mindful of the common man.

Lenore, bless her, still stayed with us. We were quite concerned about her. She seemed to care nothing about boyfriends. She was so attractive and dressed cute. She had chances with nice guys. She would go once or twice with them, then didn't want anymore to do with them. She had girlfriends. They were always real nice ones. They'd marry then she'd find another. At last we gave up. Her life seemed to be for the youngsters. We all loved her dearly. Surely a girl like that could never be forgotten.

One thing I forgot to mention. All during the depression, each fall for two or three months, I worked at the court house in the treasurer's office. Laura Berg was the treasurer. I often wonder if she really knew what that work meant to us. It practically saved our lives.

During that time I helped Lenore buy material and Dad continued to work on the place and help with the house and children. So by the time we got our loan, things brightened up and we had a good start toward making our home livable.

By this time, 1932, Burrell was 13, Lorin 12, Ilene 11 and Don nine years old. As you all know it takes a lot to keep children in school. Years were passing, our babies would soon be grown, dad's work was pretty good now but he wasn't very well. He had a lot of mental worry about Clara, and that didn't help him any.

Lenore got us bathroom fixtures and an overstuffed suite. I bought a second hand dining room suite and was I proud of them all. We had a good cow. We sold milk all the time. The boys would deliver it. We had a lot of cottage cheese and made our butter and it all helped.

At Christmas time I had made for several years a pure sugar hard candy, candy canes, and popcorn balls. Several years we sold two or three hundred pounds of candy. People really liked it. Dad would help all he could and did the delivering of it. As the girls got older before they were married they helped a lot also with the popcorn balls. It was all hard work, but I was blessed with good health for which I have always been grateful.

However all during these years I did have a little diversion now and then from it all. Dad was entitled to passes, even when he was laid off. Father and mother had moved to Salt Lake in the early 20's if I remember. I would take the babies part of the time and go spend a few days with them. I also went to L.A. about once a year. Ken and Sib lived there, also Anna and Walt.

I remember the spring after Don was four years old I went and stayed a month. I also went to San Diego to spend a few days with my sister Juniatta. They are pleasant memories. Dad wasn't working that time of the year, the rest of the children were in school and the girls still there so they got along fine.

In January 1932 mother passed away, leaving father alone. She was 72 years old and father about 77. They had been married 56 years. It almost broke his heart. And how I missed her. She was so good to encourage me to carry on and it helped me a lot. They had been renting so we girls persuaded father to break up housekeeping and live around with us girls. Heva was at Ogden, Verna in Provo and I was in Pocatello. So most of the time he spent with us because Lulu and Juniatta lived at Cedar City and San Diego. I will just say he spent about three months in the summer with us. It was too cold in the winter. The boys slept outside in their tent. We slept in the boys room in the basement and father had our room. He was so lovely to have around, no trouble to anyone. He loved the children and they loved him.

For some time dad had tried to get me to stop working. He felt we could manage with what he made by us working together. I felt in a way I needed to quit, for I could see that when I worked we didn't get along as well as when I stayed at home. I knew I should be at home, but it seems after a woman starts to work it's hard to quit. So remember dear reader, never work away from home unless you have to, I had to.

Now when father was with us I felt I should be home. He was old and sometimes didn't feel good. We were real proud of our children old and young. We were happy that none of them nor dad had to work on WPA which lots of families couldn't say. Of course Elvin and Clara always had to have help from the county. She had a child about every two years. They were really cute babies, but had no care nor training. We were always glad Anna had Genivieve. It was a terrible worry for poor Dad.

Along about this time we bought a refrigerator. Was I proud of it, as I was of all I got. Dad was as glad as I was. We had gone without things so long. Dad had remodeled the kitchen and made a back porch. While I was working I bought linoleum for the kitchen and bathroom. It began to look like a real home and we were happy. On 12 July 1932 the old stork left Ellafair a sweet little girl. They called her Delores May. She was really cute. So said grandma. We were happy to have them close. No others lived close so we really we enjoyed her.

It seemed that us not being able to have a car caused a little confliction. It worried us both. I felt I was justified in not giving my consent when our home was in the condition it had been. I felt we needed to have it modern and respectable while we still had a family at home. So I had told him we'd all work together to get it fixed, then we'd work together to get a car. I knew every man likes a car, and I also knew every woman likes a home with a few conveniences. I also knew if we got a car first, we wouldn't be able to afford to have our house fixed. Lenore agreed with me.

I looked forward to father's visit. I was always very busy in the summer. I put up three or four hundred quarts of fruit, besides pickles and jam. We both felt we

couldn't afford not to do it with our big family. Although now I wonder how we ever did it. Whenever I think of father and putting things up I recall with pleasure the snapping of one or two bushels of green beans to can. He would help us. I'd plan it like it was a party. We did it in the evening before dark out on lawn. The little and big children and dad and myself all helped. I got father to tell them pioneer experiences and they loved to hear them and the time really went fast. Then they knew after it was over, some kind of light refreshments would be served. The neighbor's kids some years joined us. They also helped.

Before the children were old enough to get jobs and as soon as school was out, dad would get them passes and they would go to Boise for two or three weeks and stay with Phil's family (dad's brother). They had a family of five about the ages of ours. He had a dairy. His children had to help and ours knew they had to also. It was a good thing for our children and a help as well as a nuisance to them I suppose. But each year they would write and insist on it. So off they'd go. We didn't worry for we knew they were in good hands. When they got old enough to get jobs their visits were cut short. They were good little guys, if we did get aggravated with them at times. We were always proud of them. They gave us no trouble like lots of boys did.

Burrell had a paper route all during his high school and first year of college, as did Lorin most of the time. His paper route was for the Salt Lake Tribune. I remember how persistent he was to get his route. There was no opening. Burrell would get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and go down to watch for an opening. He'd help the boys with their routes. It wasn't long until Mr. Tibbets realized he really wanted one so he gave him one. Was he ever happy. Mr. Tibbets told us more than once he was the best paper boy he ever had. He said if he had a poor route he wanted worked up, he'd put him on it. The secret of his success was he always paid his bill first.

All during these years Clara led a pitiful life. By this time she had seven children. The youngest a little boy was named Nathan Edwin. We always went to see her while in the hospital, and usually had to buy clothes for her and the baby before she could leave the hospital. She had buried two of her sweet babies. Each time we had the humiliation and worry of it all. She never came home only when in trouble. Then she had to do it on the sly. Elvin forbade her to come. She and the babies always ate like they were starved. It makes my heart ache to think about it. Just as an example, one Christmas Lenore and I made her a nice warm quilt. But before spring Elvin had taken it, without her knowing it, and sold it. Then he'd buy whiskey with the money. Such was her life and still is. I write this to let you know what the poor girl went through. I never could understand why the county didn't take the children from them. How grateful we were that Anna had little Genivieve and wish she had taken the rest. I tried to get dad to do something about it. He felt he couldn't, I guess and it wasn't my place. So it went on and on.

In the fall of 1934, the old stork left Ken and Sib a sweet little redheaded boy. They named him Sheryl Kenyon. It was a big surprise (the red hair, I mean). It was a beautiful color. I liked it very much. It was the first one in my family.

It was on the 22nd of April the following spring that Ellafair had another sweet little girl, little brown eyed Jacqueline Ray. They were two sweet little gals, and I loved them dearly.

This same spring Loie and Ed (her 2nd husband) came to see us. She had been gone five years. We were really thrilled to have them and enjoyed their visit.

Father was getting old. Mother had been gone four years. His eyes were failing fast. He became harder of hearing and it just seemed he had no heart to live. We girls, while he was in our home, did all we could to make his life a little brighter. We wrote his letters for him and would help keep up his record book, which was very dear to him. It was while he was with me the last summer that he said, "I don't know why I am so fussy about my record. I'll soon be gone then it won't be kept up." Then I told him I'd promise to keep it up. I didn't realize what a job I had for myself. He loved Ilene dearly, and also the boys and Ellafair's two little girls. And we all loved him. I hope when I get old and have to be cared for I can be as independent, cheerful, and agreeable as he was. In April, 1936 he took sick in Salt Lake. I went down. Heva came and we took him to her place in Ogden. On day six he passed quietly away, leaving us lonely but with sweet memories of his life. The details of his sickness and burial are in his history I have written in my book of Remembrance.

In the early summer months Lenore, who had been with us all during the depression, felt now that our home was modern, she would like to go to L.A. We didn't blame her. We knew we'd miss her. I wonder now at her thoughtfulness for us all, during those hard and lean years. We tried to let her know how much we appreciated her effort and sacrifice. But I don't believe she can realize what it meant to us. Walt and Anna had a cleaning plant of their own and she could work with them. So she planned to leave sometime that summer.

In July of this year Sib came and brought baby Sheryl (who was 20 months old) to spend a month with us. We had such a lovely visit. He was just the cute age and I mean cute. I must relate one very interesting experience she and I had. It was just a few days before she was to leave. Lenore was going back with her. I had planned a grocery shower for a very dear friend, May Bevans. She was a widow with four children. I asked about 75 ladies. It was to be a lawn party, and we really planned a good time. About 1:30 p.m. the day of the party a terrible electrical storm came up. Did it rain! The boys had gone to a show and dad was up town. Just Sib and I were there. Baby Sheryl was asleep in the basement bedroom. The first thing we knew the water was running off the hill in the back and running into the basement through the outside door. We were frightened. So we put on our rubbers and coats, got our shovels and went to work right in the cloudburst. For about 3/4 of an hour we really worked and I don't mean maybe. Was it a relief when the rain stopped and the sun came out. We were a pretty looking mess, wet and tired. Well we knew there could be no lawn party that night. We went and got baby Sheryl from the bedroom. He was in a room higher than the main floor so he was safe. But a hole had washed out in the outside wall of the bedroom and a big stream of water was squirting right on the bed opposite to the one he was in. It frightened us to think what might have happened if he had been in the other bed. Sib was minus her bed that night. It wasn't laughable at first but we had a good laugh later. As soon as the

rain stopped, the boys and dad came home. There was about two feet of water on the main basement floor. They really had a job carrying it out in buckets. Such an experience.

About 4 p.m. we realized we didn't have any lights and we had some time making the service men realize we were having a big party. They turned the lights on just about 20 minutes before the guests started to arrive. Well anyway we had it in the house. There were about 50 came. She got a lovely lot of things and we had a real good time.

August 4th we reluctantly told Sib, baby Sheryl, and Lenore goodbye. Were we lonely.

It was the 1st summer father hadn't been with us for four summers. We missed him and we knew we'd miss Lenore, but such is life. Hello and goodbye they are gone. Then only memories are left. We were glad they were all happy ones.

As I said before, dad was not very well, had hay fever and asthma so bad in late summer and early fall, right when his work was at the best. Some nights he got so bad he would have to be propped in bed all night, scarcely able to sleep at all. He had been unusually bad this summer. It seemed he couldn't get the relief from his asthmador (a powder he smoked) that he usually did. I was so worried over him. His work was good, but he couldn't enjoy it because of his health. He got some relief by his chiropractic treatments. By August he was so bad he could hardly take his trips. The dust and smoke from the trains almost got him. Along about the 10th of August he went to see his railroad doctor again. When he came home he looked so worried. Finally he told me the doctor had told him the only thing that would relieve it was to lay off and go to the mountains for a couple of weeks and rest. He had been off work ten days and felt he must get back. I had a hard time convincing him it would be better to lay off another two weeks than to get down and not be able to work at all. The doctor said to go either to Yellowstone Park or Payette Lakes. We knew it would be more quiet at Payette, so we decided Payette it would be. We had never had a nice trip together and we were planning on one in the spring. I would go to California. But when he went he'd go alone, as we had always had such a family. They were all gone now except the four younger ones and they were old enough now to leave alone with Ellafair and Ray's supervision. Burrell was 17, Lorin about 16, Ilene 15 in January, and Don 13 in December. Well, he was afraid we couldn't make it if he laid off any longer. I finally won. We decided to leave the next day. After he left to go get the pass for us I called the doctor to see just what he wanted me to do. He told me to be sure and keep him away two weeks, no less. He said he needed rest and lots of it. We decided to take Ilene and let her off at Boise and stay with Phil's family. The boys could care for themselves and milk and care for the cow. Mrs. Hagey, our next door neighbor, would care for the milk and refrigeration. Ellafair their clothes. So they told us we had nothing to worry about. That's what they thought, but that was really a big help and we appreciated it. I could can peaches, etc. when I got back. Dad's health was our problem right then. We knew it would be cold at night so we rolled up blankets, quilts, and our pillows. Inside of the roll we put all kinds of canned goods we knew would taste good, and all the other little things we needed. We took a change of clothes for laying around, three or four good books to read, writing material, packed a good lunch and left on the



two a.m. train that night. We left Ilene at Boise and had to change trains at Nampa to go to McCall. After we left Nampa, the scenery up to McCall was beautiful, very mountainous, large pine trees, and sparkling mountain streams. We were enthralled at the beauty of it all. It was too late when we got there to look for a cabin that evening, so we stayed at a hotel.

Dad was used to getting up three or four times anyway during the night to smoke his Asthmador, and imagine our surprise when once was all he was up. When we got up the next morning, believe it or not, he already felt better. After we ate breakfast we set out to inquire our way out to the lakes. We found there were no buses that went out there, but that cabins were available. They said it was about three miles to the cabins. We couldn't afford to hire a taxi, so dad suggested we walk. I tried to tell him I was afraid it was too far for him, but he insisted if we took it easy and rested along the way he thought he'd enjoy it. So that was fine with me. Well to make a long story as short as I can, we started out resting here and there, looking at this cabin and that one, stopping at a little store and ate some ice cream and really enjoying the fresh mountain air. We finally found just what we wanted, just a one room log cabin, not closely built either. It had bedsprings and mattress fixed on a bedstead made of planks, a crude board cupboard, a table made of rough planks, a small cook stove (did have an oven), a broom, a bucket, plenty of cut wood furnished, electric lights, and plenty of good cold water close by. The cabin was in the midst of beautiful pine trees, not much sunshine until about noon. Oh yes, there were two chairs. We used our pillows for cushions.

We found out we could have fresh milk delivered to our door for eight cents a quart and we only had to pay \$5.00 a week. That was a long time ago, remember. We paid a week in advance, rested a few hours, then started back to town to get our things brought out. The landlady gave us the phone number of a man who would bring them up. On our way back, we stopped at a little place and got us a hamburger and some more ice cream. Believe me we were hungry. We contacted the man. He'd take them up for 75 cents, and we could ride with him back for \$1.00 so we did. Our landlady was very nice to us. She went to town every other day, brought our mail to us and anything in groceries we wanted. We surely appreciated it as we had no car. Cabins were scattered for miles around, some similar to ours. But many were real nice modern ones. Many were owned by people who spent their summers there.

It would be useless for me to try to tell what a wonderful time we had. We slept like logs, with a woolen blanket and two quilts over us. Sometimes we wouldn't get up until 9:30 a.m. Imagine me (those of you who know me) staying in bed that long. But I really enjoyed it. After that first night in McCall, dad never used medicine at all. Each morning would find him looking refreshed and better. Talk about appetites. It makes me hungry to think how good it tasted. We tried the oven out and found it baked nicely. So we had hot muffins and biscuits whenever I wasn't too lazy to make them. We spent hours together reading our books. I was the reader and he loved to listen, and then we could comment together. We could enjoy sitting in the yard until about 2 p.m. then it got too warm. Along about 5 o'clock a breeze would come, just enough to make the pine trees rustle their foliage, just enough to sound like they were trying to whisper to us. No doubt they could have

told us some beautiful love stories at that. It just happened to be moonlight and believe me we enjoyed them. It never began to get cold until about 9 or 9:30. It was lovely to stroll on the beach and watch the boat riders and swimmers. We almost wished we had brought our swimming suits.

About the 6th day, dad began to mention he ought to get back to work. He said he felt fine. It was then I told him about my talk with the doctor. I persuaded him to stay at least four or five more days, so he consented.

Just a short distance from our cabin was another log cabin like ours. But no one was in it. It was on the 7th morning just after we decided to stay a few more days, when we got up we saw a car over to the other cabin and smoke coming from the chimney. Naturally we were curious to know who our neighbors were. Well any of you who knew dad know it wouldn't take him long to find out. Shortly when he saw a man come out with his bucket to go after water, Dad had the bright idea to do the same. when they came back they were talking and laughing. You would think they had always known each other. I smile when I think of dad's technique in getting acquainted with people. Soon learned it was a middle aged couple who would just be there two or her three days. He invited us to come over and meet his wife and of course dad extended an invitation to them. We soon got acquainted. They were a jolly couple and by evening we had planned a weiner roast and watermelon get together on the beach the next evening.

The next day the men went to town and got weiners, watermelon, marshmallows, potato chips, and what nots. Did we have a good time! It was while she and I were sitting on the beach waiting to be served that she told me they had just been married, and had come up for a short honeymoon. Then I said, "How strange we are on ours too." She asked me when we were married. She had a good laugh when I told her almost 18 years ago. Then I told her about our family and that it was our first trip together. Then I learned she was an old maid school teacher, and that his wife had died. She was a Catholic. All in all we had a very pleasant afternoon and evening. They were planning on leaving for Boise the next evening, and we were going to leave the following day. When we went to go to our cabins they ask us if we would like to drive a few miles and see the resorts, also a large fish hatchery he had been told about. We gladly accepted.

The next morning about 10 a.m. we left. We fixed a nice lunch, also. It was a very beautiful and delightful ride, interesting as well as educational. We returned in the afternoon and they left for Boise. That evening we packed our things. Dad had made arrangements for the guy to pick us up the next morning to catch our train to Boise. We stayed over night there and took Ilene and left for home. We arrived home feeling like a million dollars.

I was always grateful for that trip, it did much to renew our courage and our love for each other. we promised ourselves we'd go again the next summer, little dreaming of the things that could happen by then. Dad felt swell. It soon began to get cool weather, he wasn't bothered any more that season.

School soon started, and things were looking good. Dad's work was good and by managing just right we were getting along financially, better than we ever had. Oh how good it seemed. The children were not children any more. They were good

kids. We could advise them and they were pretty good to listen. The boys still had their paper routes, which helped a lot. I always loved to cook and keep house for my family and now for the first time in our married lives I had something to cook without worrying how to get it. Yes we had to be careful and thrifty but that wasn't hard to do by now. Oh how I often thought if dad was just well we could really be happy.

Ilene and I were really close to each other. She didn't work, but was real good help to me. She would baby sit some evenings and helped with her spending money. I had taught her now to iron, even her daddy's white shirts and collars. He had quite a few for he was a brakeman on the passenger train by now. Almost every Saturday afternoon we'd go up town together, order our groceries and do our shopping. If dad was on a trip we'd go to a show. I was really happy. She was a sweet girl so much like her dad. We got along swell. The boys loved their sister and she loved her dad and brothers.

We tried to teach them the beautiful things of life and instill within their hearts a testimony of the Gospel. We tried to teach them to work and be responsible men and women. Now my dear readers I don't want to convey the idea that these children were dearer to us than the older ones. But I'm sure after reading my previous life, if you stop to think about it, you'll realize that never before, since marrying dad, did I have time to really enjoy my family. As hard as I tried I didn't find time to spend with them like I would have liked to. Now I was happy trying to make the best of it. I had always been active in the Church and through it all my testimony had never wavered, thanks to my Heavenly Father. We had been paying our tithing and trying in our weak human way to set a good example to our children both young and old.

All through the years dad always made a special effort to see that I went on the ward temple excursion. We had to go to Logan and how I enjoyed getting away for a day. It meant more to me than he ever knew. I was not as easy to get along with as dad. My nerves were unstrung and oftentimes misunderstandings would have been uncalled for had I been more lenient and more understanding. Really I tried to be, but it seems I would get cross and irritable. Had I been blessed with a sweeter disposition like some people, lots of arguments and heartaches could have been avoided. No it wasn't all sunshine, we were weak humans as well as the children. One thing I was always thankful for was I never held ill feeling long. Sorry, but I was quick to speak, quick to judge. All my life I have battled with myself trying to overcome it. Just how much success I've had I couldn't say. But after all, I figure we got along as well, if not better than the average family.

We were all happy that fall planning for Christmas. Dad and I still planned on our trip to California and El Paso the next spring. I was busy as usual making candy for Christmas. Ellafair helped me some that year, as Dad was really busy on the road. Dad tried to tell me I wouldn't need to make it now, but everybody liked it and I liked to make it. So I took orders for it. Most of them were given me by my friends over the phone. I was still busy with my church work and was I happy. I felt now if we could just keep daddy feeling good, I'd be happier than I'd been since dear Burrell had died, 24 years before. But seems it's my lot in this life not to be real happy very long.

On the 13th of December, on Don's 13th birthday, on returning home from Sacramento meeting, I was informed some lady had called and said to tell us that Clara had been taken to the hospital that morning at 2 a.m. by the police ambulance to be confined again and that the two little ones were left with Elvin who was so drunk he knew nothing about it then and still didn't. She said there was nothing in the house to eat. Gilbert, their oldest boy, who was 15, was trying to gather wood to keep them warm. What was I to do? Dad was out on a trip as usual and wouldn't be back until the next afternoon. I knew there would be no sleep for me with them in that condition on a December night in Idaho. Ray and Ellafair happened in just as I was trying to decide what I ought to do. We talked it over and decided something had to be done and done that night. We couldn't go and get the babies without an officer and I hated to call one. But we decided we'd have to. So we decided to call policeman Riley Dixon. We knew him better than any of them and we knew they knew how Elvin was. He said he'd go get them if we'd go with him. So Ray, Ellafair and myself got blankets to wrap them in and called by the police station and picked Mr. Dixon up. He knew from past experience with them just about what to expect.

Well it just wouldn't do to write on paper, the terrible condition we found them in. Anna had told me several times that if the children were ever taken from them she wanted one of the little boys. I thought this was a chance to get one. If I live to be a hundred years old, I can never forget the look on those poor little babies faces when we took them into the house. Marlene would soon be four years and Nathan was 17 months. Talk about filth. I persuaded Gilbert to come also. Poor boy. My heart went out to him. When we got home I could hardly get him to come into the house. After telling him we knew it wasn't his fault and that no one would say a word to him about it, he finally consented. I knew they were all cold and starved. Ilene had a saucepan of hot milk ready and the table set. I just felt they must have a bath first. Now try to imagine my position, no clothes except those they had on, and I'm not exaggerating when I say if their clothes had been laid on the ground you could never have told which was the ground. I hunted around and found enough to cover them and got a bunch of safety pins to help me. Well we proceeded to put water in the bath tub. To my surprise, when I put them in they were frightened to death. They screamed and kicked until Ellafair and I could hardly bathe them. Poor little things. I doubt they had ever been in a bath tub and no bath of any kind for well I won't say how long. I doubt their heads had been washed for months. Finally we succeeded to put the clothes on them and pinned them to fit the best I could. I hunted up some old clothes to put on both as diapers, for we could readily tell they hadn't been broke for toilet habits. Then I told Gilbert he had better have one too.

There was no problem for clean clothes for him. I got into my boys drawers and soon fitted him out. I knew he must have felt terrible. Well, talk about eating. I thought they would never stop eating. Just plain home made whole wheat bread and butter seemed to be their favorite. It did my heart good to see them eat. For once I knew they were neither cold nor hungry.

We had an extra bed Gilbert could use, but what about the little ones? Finally we pulled the day bed from the front room into my bedroom for them. They looked around with wide open eyes. They couldn't understand it all. Why should they? I

prepared for no sleep that night. In fact I expected a lot of protesting when I went to put them to bed. Normal children that young taken into a strange house with all strange faces would have cried for home folks. But not with them. Scarcely had their little heads struck the pillow until they were fast asleep. When I awoke the next morning they were still asleep. They soon awoke but never a stir or a word. One could guess why. Poor things.

I had no clothes to dress them with. I was puzzled just what to do. The ones they took off were too rotten to even wash. But I kept them to show dad, for I knew he could never believe it without seeing, or would I have been able to describe it to him. I felt he should see and know a little about what we found. They would have to be burned.

The next morning I called sister Bevan and told her what had happened and asked her if she would come stay with them while I went up town to get clothes for them. It is needless to say it was a job as well as an expense. But was I glad it happened while dad was working. Surely we should share with them for a few weeks.

When dad came home that evening, I had them all clean and new clothes on. He was a surprised man. He hardly knew who they were, as they were strangers to him also. The way Clara and Elvin lived, and their reaction to everything made it impossible and very unpleasant to see them. He was shocked when I told him the story. We were sure Anna would take little Nathan and Marlene and go to some of his people. That night we made up our minds that if we could help it the poor little things should never go back to their parents.

It was nearing Christmas. I was busy preparing for it. We were glad to think we could have some little ones for the tree. Our children didn't seem to mind. After dad cut their hair and they were kept clean (especially Nathan) they weren't bad looking children. Little Nathan was a very cute child. However they were thin and pale, almost lifeless you might say. They didn't even know how to kiss, say goodbye, say please, thank you nor anything else. They had no training in any way.

We had to raise some very firm methods to break Marlene of her toilet habits. She was almost 4. I tried to be good and kind otherwise and they seemed to take to me. She was old enough so it wasn't too long a job with her. I'll admit it was no pleasure for me. I had my family and had no desire to take the responsibility of anyone else's. Neither did dad. He was happy to have the privilege of doing something for them, however. I didn't blame him. Had they been my own, I would have felt different I know. I also knew if they had been mine he would have taken them, but I felt I should do my best. I told him I was willing to keep them until we could find out what the officers were going to do, and see if Anna wanted to take Nathan. We wired Anna. She wired back she would let us know in a few days.

About three days before Christmas I was busy making candy and getting ready for Christmas, when we saw Elvin, their father, and his father coming. Dad happened to be home, thank goodness. We had been expecting them. And with them we expected trouble. So we were prepared for them. Naturally we expected the children would want to go with them, but quite the contrary. They wouldn't even go to their dad or grandpa. In fact, little Marlene ran to me and took hold of my dress,

as though she was afraid she'd have to go. Can you imagine that? They had been with us (strangers to them) only ten days. You can use your own judgement as to the treatment they must have been used to. Never once did they cry or ask for their mama or dad. As we expected Elvin's dad was going to take them to their home, which wasn't much better than their own. But we soon told them we had prepared Christmas for them and were going to keep them until then. Then they could come and get Marlene but we wanted to keep Nathan (thinking of Anna of course). So after a little arguing they left rather hostile.

Immediately dad went and talked to Judge Henderson. He told us to keep them both until they were released by the county welfare people. So we were relieved.

We were surprised as well as disappointed Christmas morning. They were not a bit excited about the tree or anything. I guess the wonderment of everything was just too much for them.

We soon learned Anna couldn't or wouldn't take Nathan. Walt couldn't see it that way. I can't say I blamed him. No effort whatever had been made by Elvin's folks to get Marlene. It was too much for me to take one, let alone two. So I told dad he'd have to go see the judge again. Well it was decided we'd keep Nathan for a while and Elvin's folks Would have to take Marlene. Gilbert only stayed with us two days then went back to his dad's folks.

When they told Clara she couldn't have them, naturally she protested. Then she said she didn't want them separated. The only way we worked that was that we told her we couldn't keep both so we'd just send them to the children's home. She then consented. I had Marlene over six weeks before Elvin's sister came and got her. I felt bad. She didn't want to leave but I knew I couldn't take both of them. That's been six or seven years ago. I have only seen her three times since then. She was soon taken from his sister's home and sent to live with her grandma. I know her life hasn't been a pleasant once, poor little girl.

Again I had a struggle with myself deciding if I wanted to keep Nathan. I knew dad did. I didn't blame him. I can't say I didn't love the little guy for I did. But I just felt the job was too big for me. After talking it over with the children we decided we'd keep him. Dad left it up to me to decide. So when I told him my decision, I told him it would be on one condition, that I must have some assurance that his parents would leave us alone. I didn't want him to even know them. He seemed perfectly happy with us, and had never asked or pined for them. I called myself grandma to him. But he, on his own called me mother or mudder, no doubt hearing my youngsters. He was a pretty child, dark red hair, big brown eyes and a winning smile. When cleaned up no one needed to be ashamed of him.

It just did something to me. I felt I had my share. I was tired and nervous, still had a family, and as I said before, we were beginning to have a little less worry and a little pleasure now and then. But such was my life and no doubt such it will be in the future. Some of my older children resented it. But what could I do? I could only take it and make myself believe I liked it. So I did.

The county officers told Clara and Elvin they would give them a year to straighten up and get a home for their children and live like other people. They

could have them both back. But in the meantime to stay away and leave them alone. Of course they could go to his folks because they didn't object, but we did. Clara wanted so bad to come and see Nathan, so dad told her if she came she wasn't to call herself mama to him. He didn't even know her. She came only a few times.

Yes dear, no doubt you think that was cruel, but it wasn't. It hurt dad to do it as well as me, but we felt in case they didn't prepare a home for them we'd have to either keep or adopt him out in some good L.D.S. home. It just wouldn't do in either case to live in the same town and know his folks. That's why we decided that, for his protection.

The baby Clara had was a cute little girl named Barbara Ann. But like the rest she soon became thin, pale, and undernourished. Before she was a year old she also died. We, as with the other two, had to help bury her. This left them with just two children, Gilbert and Kenneth. They had 8. Genevieve was with Anna, Leroy and Donna Ray had died as babies, Marlene with his folks and Nathan with us. I couldn't help but feel sorry for Clara, but we had spent our lives trying to help her and of no use. When I found I really had to keep him (Nathan) I was heartsick. I knew what it meant - tied at home again. Also it made a difference in Ilene and the boys lives, not that I felt it would hurt them, for like all children, they had plenty of care from the older ones. Well to be truthful, I guess I was just plain selfish, thinking more of myself than a poor little unfortunate child. My friends and neighbors all told me I was foolish. That didn't help any. Oh how grateful I am today to think I did it. Dad never said much one way or the other but I knew he was happy to have him. Now remember, if Clara or Elvin had died or had some unavoidable misfortune it would have been different. But they hadn't. They were just plain lazy and trashy. Dad wasn't well and getting on in age. I wasn't getting any younger and I was worried. But I can say I was good to him. We all were. If I was going to keep him a year I wanted to feel I had done my best.

For over a year we had been planning a trip in the spring. Dad assured me we'd still take it. Mrs. Hagey a very dear next door neighbor, said she would take Nathan and help Ilene care for the milk and all for \$1.00 a day. So we were happy, for we knew Nathan would have just as good care as we could give him and he was so he could be home after school if he got lonesome. Ellafair and Ray would do all they could also.

So on the 13th of March, 1937 we left by train for our long planned trip. It would take too long to write detail, but I will mention a few of the things we did. After we planned our trip dad got our passes. We went by way of Portland, Oregon, stopped in Sacramento to see Loie and Ed. We stopped also in San Francisco and spent a few hours with his half sister, Eva, we hadn't seen for years. Then we went on down the coast to Los Angeles. It was a wonderful trip down that way. We had never been that way before. In Los Angeles we visited with Ann, Walt and Lenore, then with Ken, Sib and baby Sheryl, who was about three years old. Also dad had two half sisters there, Hazel and Merle, and Zeb, a half brother. We saw all of them. We planned on just three days there because we usually saw them once a year anyway. But dad became ill and we were there six days. We were glad it was there where the children were. We called a doctor and he soon fixed him up. Then we left for Arizona, stopped at Phoenix, visited with two more half sisters, Effie and Marie

and half brother Don at Mesa. His own sister, Laura, lived at Mesa. While there we had the pleasure of going to the Mesa temple grounds. They were beautiful.

Next we went to El Paso, Texas. We had no relatives there but we both wanted to go see a lot of friends from Mexico. We arrived there on Easter morning real early. We got a room at the hotel and called some friends we knew in Old Mexico. We got the address of the L.D.S. chapel. Then we cleaned up, got our breakfast, and took a bus to church. We were a little late, but we made up for it after church. We were greeted by many of our friends and met new ones. We were invited to go to the home of Lorenzo Anderson who came from Colonia Diaz. In fact, he was an old boyfriend of mine. He had a nice family. After we had been there a few minutes he told me Ernest Romney was there on a six months mission. I was thrilled. He was almost like one of my mother's family, he boarded with us for two years before he was married. I hadn't seen him for years. They called him and he came over to dinner. We also had all the home made ice-cream we could eat. We spent a wonderful day. That evening Lorenzo and Vera drove dad and I over into Ciudad Juarez, Old Mexico. It had been 25 years since I left Mexico. It caused many memories to come to our minds for we both had been there many times. After buying a few souvenirs, we went back over to El Paso. Lorenzo drove us to our room. A grateful good-bye was said and we prepared to leave on the train that night. Yes, that was a long ride to spend such a few hours, but it was worth it.

We had our pass made so we could go back a different route. We went back through New Mexico, southern part of Arizona, Colorado, Utah. Our next stop was at Albuquerque, New Mexico. There we spent part of a day with dad's own brother, David. We hadn't seen him for several years. He is a cripple and had never married and was very dear to dad. Their visit was enjoyed by both of them. Our next stop was at Holbrook, Arizona. From there we got a ride out to St. John, Arizona, about 30 or so miles.

We went to see Aunt Julia, father's 2nd wife. I hadn't seen her since coming out of Mexico, 25 years before. We stayed with her two days and two nights. Her two daughters Caddie and Anna, also lived there. It was a happy reunion. I remember it was April Fool's day and Aunt Julia was still up to her capers. We did have fun. The last night we were there a group of Mexico people that lived there and close around all got together at Aunt Julia's. Talk about a good time, we sure had it.

Nate's father was buried at Snowflake, Arizona, not too many miles from St. John (I don't recall exactly how far), he had never been back since his father's tragic death, over 50 years ago. He was killed by the Indians when dad was only eight years old, he had always wanted to go back. I also had a very dear girl friend, Ema Fredrickson, living there. She married a doctor Haywood. I hadn't seen her for years. So our next stop was there. We arrived there in the early evening and had such a lovely visit. Then the next morning dad left to go to the cemetery to see if he could find his father's grave. To his surprise he located it by a little mound he had remembered when they buried him over 50 years ago. After a very pleasant day with our friends, Doctor drove us into Holbrook where we took our train and started on our journey home. We had to go through Provo so we stopped over night with



my sister Verna and family. Then on to Salt Lake, arriving just in time to attend Sunday sessions of General Conference.

We arrived home the next day. All was well at home and we were just as glad to get back as the youngsters were to have us. On our trip we stopped at 14 different places, dad visited with ten of his 11 brothers and sisters, saw many old friends, and made new ones. We returned home ready to start anew our work, which we had plenty of. We were always glad we had the privilege of taking such a trip. I think it does much to bring couples closer to each other.

Nothing unusual happened as I remember. Das went back to work, feeling not too well. I had plenty to do, seven of us in the family.

Little Nathan grew so fast. Soon he began to get fat and chubby. Although he was a trial to me, I did love him and we enjoyed him.

School would soon be out. Burrell and Lorin had one more year of high school. They both took six subjects instead of five and made their four years in three ½ years. We were very proud of them. Ilene had grown into a beautiful young lady, active in church, and had her boyfriends. And, like all boys and girls, had their sweethearts and their broken hearts, which soon mended and someone else to take their place.

Burrell never cared for the girls. At least not to our knowledge. His studies and his job seemed to be all he thought of. We tried to encourage him to get more social contact. We felt it was the normal thing to do, but he thought otherwise. We tried as always to teach the beautiful things of life, and the value of having a testimony of the Gospel, we wanted so much for them to want to go on a mission and taught them to live so they would be worthy. We tried to teach and set the example that good health was the reward of keeping the word of wisdom, and that it was more precious than money.

The boys still worked after school and Saturdays, which helped financially and helped to teach them responsibility. They were active in their priesthood quorums, especially Lorin and Don. I well remember when all three were participating in the sacrament at the same time, and was I a proud mother.

As Burrell grew a little older he showed an inclination to be indifferent, just why we never found out. He was a clean type of young man just as the others, but he got so he seldom went to church. We felt bad about it, but when they get the age he was there wasn't much we could do about it. With a little urging and persuasion, Lorin and Don kept going. Ilene was always ready and willing to go. We were proud of them all. Certainly life would have been boring without them. The older ones were all gone and Ellafair and family were the only ones living near. They were a great comfort to us also. We loved their little girls dearly, as well as them. Both Ellafair and Ray were so good to help when dad was sick or not at home. They had an acreage and were so good to share the returns from it and we appreciated it.

The thing that took the joy out of my life was dad's health. It seemed he just couldn't feel good very long at a time. We used to go out quite a bit with our friends, Brother and Sister Frank Windsor, and had done for some time. We'd go to

a dance or a show on Saturday when dad was home. We could have been happy even with baby Nathan with us, if he had been well. As I have said before, his worry over Clara and family was too much for him. How true it is, “It isn’t work that kills, but worry.” And I believe it, and he had a plenty. I always tried to share it with him but know I failed in many respects not intentionally. It was such an aggravating condition. It just kept our minds in a turmoil all the time.

Finally the year passed and they were just as bad off as they always were. They swore up and down they’d have Nathan back, but dad was just as determined they wouldn’t. We had the law on our side but it was still miserable and embarrassing. I really didn’t feel like I wanted to still keep him. I felt we should adopt him in some good L.D.S. home out of Pocatello. By now dad just wouldn’t talk about it. I knew he loved him dearly and wouldn’t give him up. I’m sorry to say, it aggravated me terribly. I just couldn’t see how we could keep him and give him the education he should have. He was a sweet child but very stubborn and determined. Dad was not firm with him. He never was with his own, and that made it so much harder for me.

Dad was getting to the age where he would be an old man before Nathan was on his own. Oh well, plenty of excuses can be found when one doesn’t want to do a thing and I was good at finding them. I knew if he had been my very own I wouldn’t have given him up either. But I also know if dad had been well and strong I would have felt differently.

Two years passed and still dad had made no effort to find a home for him. I finally told him I wanted to know one way or the other. I was tired of wondering. It was then he told me he knew it was hard on us both, but he just couldn’t bring his mind to letting him go to someone else. I tried and prayed so hard to be broad-minded about it. I knew I loved him for if I hadn’t I would have begrudged him the food he ate and the clothes he wore, but I didn’t ever feel that way. It was just because of the uncertainty of the future.

When the children found out we were really going to keep him some of them resented it terribly, for more reasons than one. Especially my married children. The ones at home, after I explained why dad felt he had to keep him, felt different. After talking and discussing it over we decided to keep him on one condition, at dad’s suggestion. He said that if anything happened to him before Nathan was old enough to care for himself, I wasn’t to keep him. So it was agreed that in that case, I was to adopt him to some good L.D.S. family not living in Pocatello. We both agreed that it would never do to have him where he would find out who his parents were.

Please dear reader, believe me when I say it was to be done for the sake of the child, not for anything else. Dad was very good and considerate of me, did all in his power to relieve me when he was home. He soon realized that he must be more firm with him, which helped. He tried hard not to let it interfere with my church activities and to relieve the boys and Ilene of caring for him all the time. I tried and prayed harder each day to be brave and broad-minded about it. With dad’s work and the boys helping we got along fairly well, as long as dad was well.

In the spring of 1938 the two boys graduated. We were thrilled for them. We felt bad we couldn’t get them a nice graduation gift. I hope they understood why. It

wasn't because we didn't want to. We supposed the boys would want to go to college. We knew and they realized they would have to help themselves. We told them they could have the summer to work for themselves and we'd board and room them as long, as dad was working. But to our surprise they had other plans. They soon informed us they were going to take some correspondence courses, get a job, and help dad get a new furnace and stoker. Our old furnace, was about gone and we did need a new one badly. But we knew also the cost of one. We tried to tell them we'd manage some way but no, they wanted to do it. Bless their hearts. I'm sure they'll never know what that meant to us. Dad was still miserable and didn't really feel like working most of the time. Lorin got a full time job at Postal telegraph, where he had been working part time. Burrell had a good big paper route and I don't recall what else he did but he did have something else with it. We made the first payment on it. We sent to Montgomery and got a large enough one two heat a three room home. About the first of September dad and the boys went to work to install it. That way they saved about \$200.00 The boys were to each pay \$10.00 a month. We made \$ 100.00 payment down. That way it would take about ten months to pay for it. I hope the boys know how much we appreciated it. If it hadn't been for them we could never have had the convenience of a stoker and Oh how we enjoyed it.

Burrell was working hard to save money so by the next fall he could go to college. We were surprised one night in the late fall Lorin told us he'd like to go to Chicago and take a course in Coyne Electrical School. We tried our best to persuade him not to but of no use. He wanted to leave in the spring. He was so young. He wouldn't even be 19 years old. My hopes fell. He had always expressed a desire to go on a mission and that was also my desire for him. Oh yes, he said he still wanted to go after he finished his school, but I knew that didn't always work. At this time he was going quite steady with a nice little girl. They both seemed quite in love. Also both were very young, and I felt maybe if he got away they would change their minds. I always felt he cared more for her than she did for him, dad and I talked it over, we knew we weren't in a position to help him and felt the least we could do was to give our consent for him to go. He wasn't making enough to save what he should. He always paid his \$10.00 on the furnace but was always sort of a little spendthrift, and it worried us. But he did always pay his tithing and believed in prayer. Surely God would direct him to do what was for his good. I also prayed earnestly if it wasn't best for him to go he'd change his mind. I tried not to worry about it, but as spring neared he was still planning on it.

He had a lot of correspondence on the school, he was supposed to arrived there with enough money to pay for his board and room for a month then they were to see that he had work enough to care for it after that. I didn't dare think about it. All winter he was buying his clothes a few at a time, but I could see the way he was spending he wouldn't have much left. We just didn't have the heart to discourage him. Surely if he was brave enough to face it we ought not to object. He was informed he must be there by the first of April. By this time the furnace was paid for enough so we could handle it. He had spent too freely at Christmas for his girl friend and I knew he wasn't going to have much left. He got Don a good little job at Postal where he was working with the understanding Don would send him a dollar or two a week for spending money. We had to smile up our sleeves. Dad got him a pass and by the time he got ready to leave he had \$15.00 to get him there. However

one of the girls gave him an extra \$5.00 and fixed him a nice lunch to last on the train.

It seemed too terrible to think about. We assumed the responsibility of keeping his insurance up and doing our little bit. We just didn't have it to help with. His course was a six month course or was supposed to be. When he went to tell Bishop Edgley good-bye the bishop said, "Lorin, if you have the courage to turn your glass or cup upside down and say no, all will be well with you." He said he always remembered that. With aching hearts we told him a sad good-bye at the depot, and he was gone. The school was supposed to have a taxi to meet him, and a room at a hotel for him. After that he was on his own. He was a brave boy.

He was pretty good to write. I saw that he had stamps, and slipped him a dollar now and then. He never complained, but what mother can't read between the lines. It was during that time that I soon realized I must trust God more and not worry so much. It wasn't long until we learned he'd not be able to make it in six months. He had to work early and late at jobs not always easy, for his board and room. I was heartsick and lonesome to see him and so was dad. So I decided to give up my trip to California to go see Ken and family. Dad was needing a rest so he layed off, got us a pass and in late August we left to see Lorin. We neither had time nor money to stay long. I shall never forget the broad grin on his face when he met us at the depot, and was it a thrill to us. It seemed years since he had left. He was rooming a short distance from the school with a fellow named Sam. He seemed like a nice fellow and Lorin liked him. Lorin had secured us a room at the same place. We knew he would have no money. We also knew some of his clothes needed to be replaced. He had never said a word about it. I got some material, darned all his socks and did any needed repairing on his clothes.

I would like to relate an incident that happened on our arrival there. When we left the depot we took a street car to his place. As I went to step off, the street car started up and it threw me to the ground. Dad helped me up. Of course I was covered with dirt, one of my stockings was torn and a scratch on my ankle. The conductor got out to see if I was hurt and at once dad told him he started up too quick. Apparently I wasn't hurt, but you never know. Sometimes you feel the effects later. We thoughtlessly didn't get the car number, but the conductor took my name and address. My ankle hurt me a little. The landlady put a bandage on it and the matter was dropped for the day. To our surprise the claim agent came the next day to talk with us about it. Then he asked us if we'd sign for \$15.00 or \$20.00. He said the company wanted it fixed up. So I did. He gave me a check for \$20.00 and called it good. We had a high about it but I said the Lord had a hand in it. We wanted to get Lorin some badly needed shoes and a few other little things and our money was getting too low to be comfortable and this was just what we needed. We only stayed four days but it was as long as our time and money would permit. We had a good visit with Lorin, we took two meals a day out, and of course we took him with us. We all enjoyed it so much. Lorin was thinner and from what we could learn he had a pretty tough time. He had no money to go out with at all. His friend Sam, who was older and had a job, insisted on taking him out once a month. He got him a date with some nice girl that Sam knew. I thought that very thoughtful of Sam and we told him how we appreciated it. We inquired and found out he was doing

real good in school, and he liked it. He must have or he wouldn't have gone through what he did to get it. His landlady praised him highly. We reluctantly told him goodbye and returned home feeling well paid for the time and money spent, but lonesome.

About this time President Roosevelt had issued an order ordering all boys 21 or over to take a year of military training. Burrell had been working all summer to prepare for college again, and we wanted him to go. He had thought of joining the Navy when he got out of high school, feeling he could get the course he wanted. That way he'd save time and money. We didn't feel he should as he would have to sign up for six years. So we persuaded him not to. Had we known then what we know now, perhaps it would have been best. But we did what we thought was best.

All during these years dad was miserable and scarcely able to work at times. I wonder how he kept at it. I did all I could to help, but I had Nathan not in school so I couldn't leave to get work. I tried to do my best to make it as easy for him as possible. I had always loved dad and had never once wished I hadn't married him, in spite of all our difficulties and I knew he felt the same toward me.

Every so often he'd have to go to a Salt Lake hospital. They just didn't seem to be able to find just what his trouble was. I remember one time he was gone three weeks. I was blue and sometimes felt it was more than I could take, having the full responsibility of Nathan and nothing much to go on. Every spring or summer he was advised to go somewhere for a rest and change. I insisted on it for I knew he needed it.

In the spring of 1940 Ilene graduated from high school. Don was still in school and still at Postal Telegraph. Lorin had finished his course and had a job in Chicago working and paying for his course, he was also enlarging on his course. However he wasn't having quite such a hard time, but he had written he thought he had a better chance for work there than if he came home, so we tried to content ourselves and feel it was best. We could see he was homesick and so were we for him, but he wouldn't give up.

After Ilene graduated she said she didn't want to go to college. We couldn't find out why, but I always felt she felt she should work and help us, bless her heart. Her first job was at Brother Walker's. He made memorial stones. She didn't stay long as she got a better job in the office of National Laundry for the winter.

Burrell would be 21 the 1st of September. He soon got it in his head to volunteer and get his year of training and then finish college. We did our best to persuade him not to. He was afraid he didn't have money enough to see him through the year, as he felt he was too old to keep the route. And we didn't blame him. We told him we'd be glad to pay his tuition and help him all we could but nothing doing. I could see why. With dad sick like he was. And he was always very independent anyway. When we found out he was going, dad went with him to see what kind of a set up it was. They told him he'd be back in time for college the next year. So he signed up in the National Guard in the 116th Engineers.

Again I say how thankful we should be we don't know what is in the future. He left 15 September 1940. He was to be stationed out south of town for a while.

Just how long I don't remember. It seemed almost more than dad and I could take, Lorin and Burrell both gone. He felt bad. For two or three years we had tried so hard to get enough ahead to have a good picture of us all together before Lorin left but couldn't. We promised ourselves just as soon as Lorin returned we would do it. But things just happened too fast for us.

Dad had enlarged the boys bedroom downstairs. It was now large enough to fix up comfortable for three boys. Ilene still had the small bedroom, Lorin and Burrell being gone left Don alone in the bedroom. One morning in September after Burrell left, Don came upstairs and said, "Gee it's lonesome in the room all by myself." At once I had an idea. I wanted so badly to do something to help. Why not get two University boys to board and room. It wouldn't make much more work for I had to cook meals anyway. After I convinced dad I really wanted to do it, we talked it over with Ilene and Don and decided if we all helped it wouldn't be too much for me.

Ilene, since going to work, had expressed her willingness to get a rug for the front room. So we sent and got a vacuum cleaner. We took the congolium rug from the dining room for the bedroom in the basement. The one from the living room went into the dining room. That really made our rooms look nice. So after repainting the furniture in the basement bedroom, I got a 2nd hand dresser and 2nd hand chairs to go with the writing desk. After I got through with it, it looked real cozy. Oh yes, and two bed spreads alike for the beds. It all helped. When they installed the furnace dad put a register in the room so it would be warm. He also cut an opening next to the ceiling into Ilene's room and that heated her room.

I had no trouble renting it. I told them I wanted L.D.S. boys who didn't smoke or drink. I rented it to Wright Hanks of Tetonia and Howard Parley from Idaho Falls. It was Wright's second year at college. Ilene had met him the year before. They were swell boys. We soon learned having them was a pleasure instead of a burden.

All fall dad had complained with one side of his nose being obstructed. It just kept getting worse. So in October he went to a nose specialist. They soon found it had a bone growth in it. They said there was no relief without an operation. So he laid off to have it done. I was so in hopes they had found the cause of his trouble. I went with him and the doctor showed me the bone. No wonder he couldn't breathe. I was told to keep him in bed, quiet for 12 hours. They said there should be no danger of a hemorrhage after that. Well I kept him two hours instead of 12. He said he felt better. We all tried to get him to take a few more days, but work was rushing and they needed him. So he insisted on going back. So he did.

He did seem to feel better. About ten days later he left at night for a trip to Greenriver, to be back the next night. To my surprise he called me from town the next morning about 11 a.m. He had had a terrible hemorrhage from his nose. A doctor was called but they couldn't stop it. So they padded it and sent him home on the next train out. Well, he was never well again. But no persuading or pleading for him to quit did any good. The doctor finally got it stopped, and he came home. He was pale and weak. He said the doctor didn't seem concerned. But I was. I guess he lost more blood than they realized, but thinking surely if he needed a blood builder

they would give it to him, he went back to work. I immediately wrote his girls and Lorin and Burrell. They all offered to help if he'd lay off, but nothing doing. I was glad I had the boarders and Ilene was good to help.

By now Nathan was getting to be quite a problem. He was so different from our boys. We loved him and were good to him but he was a worry on both of us. We all, even his girls, tried to convince him it was too much for us. But he wouldn't give him up. He was hard to control, didn't want to mind, like most children. I'm sure it wasn't so much him as the tension we were all under, worrying over dad. Some of my children still resented him being with us. But none mistreated him. You couldn't help but love him.

Dad gradually grew more nervous. He couldn't rest when home from trips. He was worn out. He had to give in and go see the doctor again. He went the day before Christmas. He ordered him to bed and said he had serious symptoms of a nervous breakdown. I kept him in bed a few days. He could stand it no longer. He'd walk the floor, couldn't stay home and didn't feel like going any where. Not able to work but not sick enough to stay in bed. I was almost beside myself. I'd like to relate about one night. He had been up most of the day. After he went to bed he just couldn't stay. He got up, walked back and forth. I became very concerned. He acted like he was losing his mind. I asked him if he'd like the Elders to come. He said it was too late. It was about midnight. I soon convinced him it wasn't, so I called George Carlson to bring someone and come as soon as they could. They had no more than laid their hands on to seal the anointing, than he relaxed and by the time they were through he was almost asleep. How grateful we should be for the priesthood. He had a terrible pain in his head all the time. Again the doctor told him if he got away a few weeks it would help. So again I persuaded him to go see the girls. He didn't want to go.

On the 5th of January he left for Los Angeles. I hated to see him go alone but I couldn't leave. I sent the girls a night letter telling them to see that he did nothing but rest and to keep him two weeks as the doctor told him. He hadn't been gone a week, when he wrote and said he was feeling better and was homesick. He said his eyes had gone bad on him and he felt he should get to his doctor in Salt Lake. He hadn't been gone two weeks before he was home. He looked bad, but did feel a lot better. To me he had symptoms of high blood pressure but the doctor said he didn't. About the 25th of January he went back to work, much to our displeasure. He didn't get much better but he kept working. Neither of us had much pleasure. Our car was getting in a bad shape, we had never had a nice one.

I felt he needed and deserved a good one so we talked it over and decided we'd get another one. So on Valentines day he signed up for a 2nd hand 1936 Chrysler. It looked like new and was really a good buy. Our old car made the payment down and our payments were \$20.00 a month. The boys wrote if we got so we couldn't make the payments they would do it. How proud he was of it. And we were happy for him, little dreaming what few short months he would run it.

By now Burrell was stationed at Tacoma, Washington. I was homesick to see him and he was homesick. So dad got me a pass and insisted I go see him. I really enjoyed it. I wasn't gone long, but I needed to get away for a few days.

By now Lorin had his course paid for and had a fairly good job at the telephone company. He had moved to a nicer place at Mrs. Grahams. He had been there since the fall before. He had written he was going with a nice girl. The only thing was, she was a Catholic. He assured us he knew she would join the Church. Well it worried us both. Dad felt I should see him and meet the girl. He couldn't go, so suggested Ilene and I go. Ilene got her vacation. Dad got us a pass. We hired a woman to come in and care for Nathan and cook for Don and the boarders. Dad was gone most of the time. After Ellafair promised me if dad got sick she'd call me, we left. We had such a nice pleasant trip. At night we took a sleeper so when we arrived we were feeling fine. Lorin was looking better and was thrilled to see us. We had a nice visit with him and with Dot, his girl friend. We found she came from a good, respectable family living at Evanston, just a short distance out of Chicago. We both liked her very much. She seemed sincere in her investigation, and we had some good discussions. Mrs. Graham, Lorin's landlady, took us in her place and made us feel we had always known her. She spoke very highly of Lorin and his girl friend, which made us feel good. We found Dot neither smoked nor drank which was a great credit to her. We couldn't stay long. I couldn't help but worry about dad and was anxious to get back. Ilene didn't have long off work either, so we were glad to get home and find all well. Lorin said they were figuring on getting married in July. I felt bad. He was so young, not yet 21. She was about six months younger. He wrote dad and asked him not to feel bad about it, that if he wasn't sure she'd join he wouldn't even consider it. We tried to reconcile ourselves to it. We were disappointed because Lorin wouldn't get to go on a mission. But we said, well we cannot judge what is best. If he converted and baptized Dot into the Church no doubt he wouldn't have accomplished much more on a mission. Well he was called on a stake mission while there and enjoyed it.

When we got our car in the spring we decided we'd like to go to Yellowstone Park for a day or two. We had never been. I still haven't. Ray and Ellafair were planning to go over the 4th of July and asked us to go along. So we began to plan and save our nickels and dimes. We planned to get Lenore to come from California and join us. Then we'd take Don and Nathan. But it just seemed dad couldn't get rid of that pain in his head. So shortly after we got back from Chicago, along in May, he went to Salt Lake again with the same advice as before, take care of yourself. I was so tired talking to him trying to make him understand he must lay off. I told him I didn't care if we couldn't go to Yellowstone Park, I'd rather have him take care of himself, but he wouldn't listen. I felt sorry for him he had struggled so hard to stay with the job. Now that his work was good he just felt he must work. I was heartsick. The horror of being left alone again was almost more than I could take. Yet within myself I knew he couldn't go on as he was, just living on pills and medicine they gave him to take.

I prayed so hard for his recovery. But it seemed my prayers were in vain. Along about this time I got him to go to doctor Bradbrook, a chiropractor. He definitely told him he had high blood pressure and had it bad. I felt he had all the time. He told him he must rest.

Burrell was transferred to King City, California soon after. I went to see him in March. He had a short furlough at home before he left. Also I forgot to mention that



while I was in Chicago, Loie and Ed came home for a short visit. They didn't know I was gone. They had a good visit with dad, little realizing that would be the last one.

Finally by the last of May he promised me he'd just work until the 6th of June, then he'd take a month off. That would give him a month's rest before time to go on our trip. Each trip he took he looked worse. I told him if he got down they'd have to do without him. Finally when they called him on the morning of the 7th of June to go, I got desperate. "Oh he was just going as far as Boise and would be back Monday. He'd have all day Sunday to visit with his brother Phil and family, and could rest there." Well I just as well said nothing. It was June convention in Salt Lake. Phil's girls and boy and a friend or two arrived at our house Monday afternoon on their way home. The young people always had a good time together. With the ones at our house there were seven or eight of them. College was out and Howard, one of my boarders, would be leaving Tuesday afternoon, Wright was going to work at a cement plant all summer. So he was going to stay. We had a merry crowd at the supper table.

Dad would be in about 7 o'clock. I always listened to hear his cheery hello over the phone. Little did I realize that would be the last hello he'd ever say to me. He said he felt swell. But he didn't look it. Mildred Barrell, our nearest neighbor girl, was having a shower that night. She was being married. I had been asked to go. He insisted on my going. I prepared his supper. While eating he asked me if I could get ready a little early. He said he'd like me to go for a little ride over to his uncle Joe's to pay a little bill he owed him, and also he wanted to go to the yard office. Immediately I asked him why the yard office. He had promised that would be the last for a month. Then I told him I had made an appointment with another doctor, one that wasn't a railroad doctor. He said nothing. We got in our car for our last little ride together. Oh how my heart aches as I write this. He was so proud of his car and loved to take for rides. Nathan usually went but tonight we were alone. Had I known what the morrow was bringing I never would have gone to the shower. I got home about midnight. All was asleep. He roused a little as I went to bed. I asked him how he felt. He said pretty good, only he had a funny dizzy spell while in the basement. He kissed me goodnight. I never cautioned him about not going out, although I knew they no doubt would call.

About 4 a.m. the phone rang. I knew it was for him. I started to get up to answer but he was on the front of the bed and said he would. Then I said, "Remember your promise." He had no response. I was tired and sleepy and was soon asleep. In a few minutes I roused up. I could hear him in the bathroom getting ready. I asked him what he was doing. He said, "Now listen, honey, it's just a special to Greenriver, an easy trip. I'll be back tomorrow, and I give you my word it will be the last." I could stand it no longer. I began to cry and told him one of these times he'd go one time too many. He said nothing. When he went to go he kissed me several times and said, "Honest mother, I promise." And he was gone. No more sleep for me. I got up early, prepared breakfast for them all. The young folks left for Boise, Ilene went to work. About 10 a.m. Don and Howard left for town. Wright was busy and didn't go. About ten minutes after they left, the telephone rang. I was notified dad had had a bad heart attack and was in a hospital at Montpelier, Idaho. I

was stunned. Wright immediately rushed up town to find Don and told him to go to the depot and get the car, gas it up and get ready to take me to dad. Wright called the girls. About 10:30 we left and arrived there at 12:30. No it wasn't a pleasant trip. Something within me told me dad was worse than I was told. Don could see I was terribly worried and he said, "Mother, don't worry so. You have always told me God could heal anyone no matter how sick they were." Then I told him when we break the laws of nature and health we cannot expect to receive all the blessings. And poor dad had been compelled to do that and we must expect and be prepared for the worst. It was a shock to him. It made my heart ache. I felt if it came to the worst, how could I ever take it.

We both hoped so much that he could talk to us, but to my horror, before seeing him they told me he had had a very serious stroke, and was unconscious. They said they felt it would be easier on me to say he had a heart attack. The doctor advised me to notify the children. Anna, Lenore, and Ken were in California, also Burrell at King City, California. Lorin was in Chicago. The railroad company immediately wired a pass to Lorin, and Burrell. But it took a lot of red tape through the Red Cross to get Burrell on the way. Loie and Ed were in the process of moving and I couldn't get in touch with them. Ilene and Ellafair came on the next train. Words cannot tell what I went through the next four days. The children, except Burrell, came in time to see him before he passed away. But poor Burrell didn't get there until the morning after. He didn't recognize any of us. Oh how I prayed he would be able to know me. After being administered to that first evening, he rallied a little. I was permitted to have him know I was there but only by him pressing my hand when I spoke to him.

His girls and children were heart broken. He was as loved by my Kendrick children as their own father could have been. He was always a good kind father and we all loved him dearly. He lived 84 hours. They called in special doctors but said nothing could be done. It was one of the worst kind of strokes and didn't advise an operation. So all we could do was to submit ourselves to God's will. I will say he couldn't see or swallow. So we were grateful he didn't have to lay and suffer for months. His poor tired soul would have no more pain nor worry.

My brother-in-law, Chris Galbraith, and three of his girls came to Montpelier the day before he passed away. I sure appreciated it. My sisters, Juniatta and son and Verna, came the next day. After the services the following Tuesday Juniatta stayed with me ten days. He passed away 13 June 1941 and was buried 17 June in Pocatello by Clarissa, his first wife and his dear son Nate.

## Chapter 4: Alone Again

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I will say we had a wonderful funeral service. Great respect and friendship was shown, with flowers and kind deeds and acts. The Bishop said it was the largest funeral he had attended held on a week day. We had his boyhood friend Chas McClellan, who was in Logan, speak at his funeral with others. All the little details of his sickness, death and funeral services are in his history I wrote that year, for the benefit of his children. I will just say “true friends are like jewels, precious but rare. When trouble and sorrow enters, your true friends are there.” We found we had many, and we hope they knew we appreciated them.

I would like to say here I had been chairman of the temple burial clothes for three years, a committee of three. At this time the Relief Society insisted on furnishing his temple clothes, an act I shall never forget and it was an act of love and appreciation, and we did appreciate it, more than they’ll ever know.

The children, except Lorin, soon had to leave. Ken and Sibyl came for the funeral, but poor Loie never knew for ten days. She called to see how dad was. It almost was more than she could take. We did our best, telegrams and radio advertising for her, but to no avail. Lorin stayed two weeks. I was stunned. I just couldn’t see why I should be called again to be alone. For years we had struggles, had our ups and downs and it seemed mostly downs to us, and like all humans we had our misunderstandings. But we also had a love for each other and our family. That helped us to weather through it all, thanks to my Heavenly Father.

The children were all so brave about it, I would have been ashamed not to have been. So for their sakes, I tried to face it bravely. When the services were all over and we were at home again by ourselves, Anna said something that made my trying to be brave worth it. She put her arms around me and said, “Oh Aunt Abby, we were so proud of you, and the way you went through it.” What if I had failed them? I was glad they didn’t know just how my heart ached. I hadn’t forgotten when I was left alone before. The lonely days, weeks, months, and years were ahead. I also hadn’t forgotten what I learned when left alone before, that no one cares to be around you when you are always feeling sorry for yourself. How true the saying, “Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone.” And then again came to my mind the words of wisdom my father gave me when I was heartbroken and alone before, “My dear Abby, every trial we are called to pass through, will do one of two things, either embitter your life or sweeten it.” Then laying his hand on my head he said, “Don’t let it make you bitter.” Again I resolved to acknowledge God’s hand. I had to live and I knew I’d be happier living it bravely.

I was grateful for my testimony, an iron rod I could hold to. Don't think I haven't had occasions to use it to sustain me. Yes I could still go on alone. No, not alone. God would help me, if I'd live for it. I was grateful for my family. I was proud of them. I knew they'd not fail me if I needed them and I'll live to not fail them. I prayed God to give me health, strength and courage to carry on. I promised Him I'd try to do my part and live as I should. Dad and I had planned to build a new bedroom and another bathroom so when he was retired we would have an income. We had also selected the cedar shakes to cover our house to make it warmer, and other plans.

We still owed \$1400.00 on our home and had several bills we were paying on. Besides I needed a new and a larger refrigerator. Before Lorin left I talked it over with him and Ray. He (Lorin) went with me to see a carpenter and found it would cost \$1300.00 to do it. Lorin and Burrell were willing to do their little part and told me to go ahead. So I did. When I think of it now I wonder how I ever undertook such a task. True, dad had insurance enough to pay off the home and most of our bills. But I had to live. So I decided I'd try to pay off the home in a year and pay cash for the new work. I was willing to work. I knew if I paid my tithing and do my part I would not be alone. I paid tithing on the insurance money as well as what I earned. So I went to work.

By the time the University opened I had my place almost ready. I painted and fixed the basement room and took in three boys. Ilene's bedroom was given to Don and she roomed with me. I got me a new washer, which I had to have and a nine foot refrigerator. I turned my old ones in on the new. It was a good thing I did, for by the next year the war was on and they were not available.

Nathan was still with me. Lenore also stayed all summer. She wanted to help me get Nathan settled, as I had promised dad I would. I will just say by the time for school to start (he was six by now) we had located a fine family (L.D.S.) in Logan who wanted a child about that age. Their name was also Robinson. After all the red tape was over (had to take it to court) they came and got him. I felt bad to let him go. But after all Nate had relatives just as able, more than I. So I felt it wasn't my obligation, especially and Nate's request. I have never been sorry for he was happy and they loved him dearly. They told me I was to be commended for having trained him to be so manly and so obedient. I was so grateful to find such a wonderful home to take him.

About the last of August they came and took him away. Before he left Lenore left for California and my new life really began. I rented my new bedroom out to a nice young man, making me four boarders. Wright and Howard I had had the year before. Howard brought another nice clean fellow from Idaho Falls. Then with Don, Ilene and myself, I had plenty to do to keep me busy.

Ilene was still going with her boy friend, Cliff, but wasn't quite so wild about him, for which I was very glad. She was a lot of fun, and they all treated her swell and had a good time together.

I did all in my power to make the home pleasant. I loved to cook and keep house and they were all so kind and considerate of me. In spite of my loneliness I enjoyed being around them. I managed to attend my sacrament meetings and care

for my work in Relief Society and tried to make my life as full as possible. Ilene went to the Postal Telegraph to work as an operator. It was better pay and better hours. I hope she and Don know how I appreciated their sweetness and kindness to me. Don did all in his power to take dad's place. He was so affectionate and considerate. It meant a lot to me, for needless to say I was lonely. Now Nathan was gone also.

Don still had one more year in high school. Burrell was sent back from King City to Fort Lewis. Trouble was brewing throughout the nation, so he was informed they couldn't release him at the end of his year. He was so disappointed but could do nothing about it. In September sometime he was given a few days furlough, which was a great comfort. How I hated to see him go back. It's a good thing, again, I say, we don't know what's in the future. Lorin and Dot by now were debating marriage or not. Things were going on as smoothly as could be expected under the circumstances. Ellafair and Ray and family were a great comfort to me. All summer they provided us with all the fresh milk we needed, and they had a garden and we had our share and more.

I will say after dad passed away we turned the car back. I couldn't drive and I felt it would be an added worry and expense to keep it. We had only made two payments on it so we didn't lose much. They were very kind to me. They insisted I keep it until after the 4th of July. I was very happy because Lorin stayed over and it was handy to have. Wright had a car so we managed. Ellafair in her sweet way was always ready to cheer and comfort me with her praising words and her cheery smiles. What a comfort and blessing she and Ray have always been to me. How I enjoyed their two little girls and baby John who was born May 31, 1939. He was quite a bundle, having weighed over 11 pounds at birth, with red hair and blue eyes. Their happy little smiles brought the sunshine into my life many days.

Before Nathan left, Wright invited me to go up to Tetonia with him and visit his mother for the weekend. I took Nathan and did enjoy it so much. He was so good to me in every way. It all helped to pass the lonely hours, and now they are happy memories.

Don was still working at Postal when school started. It helped a lot with his school expense. He was always quite popular with the girls but didn't seem to have any special one. He and Ilene were good to listen to me and I appreciated it so much. It saved me a lot of worry I would have had otherwise. Ilene would go with one guy then another. I'll admit I didn't want her to get serious with anyone. She was secretary in the M.I.A. and this winter she was chosen as activity counselor. I was always happy to have my children active in the Church. She was a lot like her dad, people liked her. She was a lot of fun and very sociable with everyone. I was very concerned over her. I felt like I couldn't stand it if I couldn't see her married in the temple. So each new love adventure I held my breath.

During the first weeks of October that fall, Don had an occasion to meet, under very peculiar circumstances, a boy about his age at high school. His name was Lester McNelley. He was the victim of a broken home. He was living with his mother at this time. His father also lived in Pocatello but had remarried. One evening Don told me he had asked him to come and have supper with us the next

night. I was going to Logan on a temple excursion, so told them if I wasn't home at supper time to go ahead anyway. I had cooked a big kettle of chili, made a cake and had jell-o salad ready. All Ilene had to do was fix the salad. I went on these excursions and the boarders didn't mind. I think they all enjoyed it. When I came home about 7 p.m. they were really talking and laughing and eating, having a good time. That was the first time I met Lester. He hadn't been over many times until he asked if he could come and live with us. He said his dad gave him \$30.00 a month and he'd be glad to room with Don, whom he had learned to love. I tried to tell him he should talk it over with his mother, but he didn't think so. So after talking it over with Ilene and Don I decided to try it. I told him I wouldn't charge him for the room and he could come for \$20.00 a month. I knew I wouldn't make anything on him but I felt I wouldn't lose, so that's all I cared.

The first of November he moved in. He didn't seem too well, always used a cane, wore heavy glasses. His eyes seemed to be in bad shape. By being very observant I felt it was mostly his mental attitude. He seemed to adjust rapidly to our home life and it wasn't long until we all loved him. I did anyway. He hadn't been there but a very short time until I noticed he had discarded his cane. We said nothing about it, but it pleased us.

Lorin had informed us about the last of October that he and Dorothy had decided to be married on Thanksgiving Day, which would be the 20th of November. They wanted to know if Don and I could come and be with them. Dorothy had decided she'd like to marry first then be baptized later. That way she felt her friends could not say she joined to get him. I tried to be broad minded about it. I felt she loved Lorin, and I knew he did her. I felt she would join sometime, but I was heartsick. Lorin had always said he wanted to be married in the temple and I thought he would. So Don and I began to plan for a few days in Chicago. We had a talk with his teachers. They said he could easily make up his work. He would only miss one week, as he had Thanksgiving weekend. I was so happy to have him go with me. I hated to make it alone.

I bought material and made them a beautiful rayon quilt. Friends and neighbors helped me quilt it. I hired a woman to come and take care of the boarders, and be with Ilene. She was still working. We got passes to go on. We had a lovely trip and arrived there Saturday night before they were to be married the following Thursday. Lorin was still boarding at Mrs. Grahams and secured a room for me there. Don stayed with Lorin in his room. We had a lovely visit with Lorin before he was married, and also with Dot and her folks. I had never attended a wedding like theirs and it all seemed so strange. Don was to be best man. He told Dot it looked to him like she would marry him if he was the best man. Such a guy! Dot's folks treated us swell. They were to be married in the evening at her parents home. The home looked beautiful. There were many beautiful flowers for them to stand among. Bishop Driggs married them. About an hour before the wedding they went with the best man and bride's maid and had their pictures taken. She invited all their relatives to see them married. Then we were all to go to a nice hotel for the banquet. The reception was held later. At the reception they served spiked and un-spiked orange juice, sandwiches and cakes. All seemed to have an enjoyable time. One thing I remember at the banquet, and I guess it looked strange to her folks. Lorin,

Dot, Don and I were the only ones at the table that had milk in our glasses. We didn't mind. They looked so nice when they were married. I knew Lorin was short on money, so I had him go down and buy a new suit. He hated to do it, but he knew he needed it. Dot had a sweet little bluish dress, very becoming to her and a beautiful orchid. I shall never forget how very sweet they looked among the white flowers. The ceremony was beautiful and impressive. Most of her people were Catholic and it was a ceremony they had never heard before.

During the reception about 11:30 Dot and Lorin suddenly disappeared. We saw no more of them that night. It was pretty clever but I didn't blame them. We saw no more of them until the next day about 11:30 a.m. Lorin came over to Mrs. Graham's and took Don and I over to their little apartment they had prepared before they were married. There we partook of their hospitality by eating dinner with them. They had both gotten the weekend off. Don and I decided they should be entitled to a few days by themselves for a honeymoon. So we told them we had to leave Saturday morning.

Oh how I would have loved to have taken them home with me. Lorin told me they were planning on coming home in the spring. They both had good jobs and I knew it was wise for them to stay. So with a sad goodbye and the wave of the hand we were on our way home.

We were glad to get home and find all well and happy. I soon got better acquainted with Lester. Just what I had to say and do to him I will not write. I feel it wouldn't be fair to him. He made a confidant of Don and me and we did so want to help him. I prayed earnestly to be given wisdom to change his attitude toward life. I knew it wasn't his fault he had been made to believe unless you had lots of money you couldn't be happy. He acknowledged he began to believe it. He said he'd never seen such happiness as we had and he knew we didn't have any more money than we needed. I told him there wasn't anything that brought more happiness than having money for your God.

Don and I decided we wouldn't mention religion to him, but try to show him what our religion meant to us by living it. We soon found it worked. He was quite a hand to read, so we purposely left the Book of Mormon, the little book, "Added Upon" and copies of the Era laying around where he could see them. It wasn't long until I noticed he was reading them. In a few weeks he began to ask questions and were we thrilled. His mother, naturally was quite put out about him leaving her. He didn't seem to worry about it, so I tried not to. I soon found him to be clean in his talk and habits. He didn't smoke or drink coffee and in many ways was like our own L.D.S. boys. He soon learned we loved the Gospel and were happy trying to live it in spite of our disappointments. He, like the rest of us, had his faults. Many many hours I spent trying to help him to realize we could overcome anything by prayer, which he didn't know much about. Just why I was so interested in him I often wondered. He had never been given any responsibility. His father gave him his spending money and bought his clothes, and he had a lot of them. He had always lived with his mother. I marvel how quickly he tried to learn. I soon convinced him he could get a job and earn his spending money. He said if I would help him get a job he'd try it and he did. He was a good worker. In spite of his love for Don (and Don seemed to think a lot of him), they didn't get along too well. But I noticed it

was usually Lester that started their disagreements. Now my dear readers it wasn't because Don was mine I say that, for I could easily see why. Don had been taught to share with others, had been raised in a large family, and could care for more than one person. Lester had been spoiled, not taught how to give and take. But I could also see he was trying to change and I encouraged Don to be patient with him.

He had one of the most vivid imaginations of any one I ever knew or heard of. It had never been curtailed and it almost ran away with him at times. I have been careful in my history not to reveal my children's faults for we all have them and it wouldn't be fair to them to put it on paper. I feel the same way about Lester. He crept into my heart (why I don't know) to the extent I love him as much as anyone could and not be their own.

Burrell was planning on coming home for Christmas. I was so happy he was coming. I dreaded the first Christmas without dad. Nathan was gone also. It just seemed I couldn't get the Christmas spirit. Lester said he didn't want to go home for Christmas and had never been around anyone much. With Burrell coming home and Leonard, the young man in the front bedroom, couldn't get off to go home and Ilene and Don home, I felt it was very foolish and selfish of me to just think of my own feelings.

Then on the morning of the 7th of December, 1941, came the horrifying news Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japs, which threw the whole Nation into fear. All furloughs were canceled. That same afternoon war was declared on Germany. My heart sank. Just as I had made up my mind to face my loneliness bravely, Uncle Sam was bound to take my sons. How could I stand any more? Yes thousands of mothers would be called to sacrifice. I was no better than the rest. My only stay would be to hold fast to the iron rod, and pray God to give me courage to face it.

But days go on just the same. Christmas came. I felt it was more than I could take. What would I have done without Ellafair and family and Don and Ilene? We had always opened our parcels early Christmas morning, but Don and Ilene wanted to open them Christmas eve. Ilene was going to a dance and had to work a few hours Christmas morning. So we decided it would be best. Ellafair had insisted that Don and I sleep out to their place and I really wanted to. Just what Lester was going to do the next day, I don't remember. It didn't make any difference to me if I never opened them. So I promised myself I'd do my best for their sakes. Surely they missed dad too. They were being brave for my sake. After the parcels were all opened, I just couldn't keep the tears back and unthinkingly I said, "Now if dad was just here." Dear sweet Don at once said, "Now Mother, you know dad is here, and he's happy to see us having a good Christmas." I could say nothing. I was ashamed to think I had given way to my feelings, for I was thankful I had some of them with me. Ilene went to the dance about 11 p.m. Ellafair came. Don and I went to their place. It helped a lot. It seemed more like Christmas to see the bright shining eyes and smiling faces of my grandchildren the next morning. I was glad when it was all over.

Along the last of January I received a letter from Burrell on his way to the Aleutians Islands. Had I known when I received that letter what was ahead, it frightens me to think how I might have felt. I really wanted to feel as I had always



tried to feel that God is at the helm and that everything is for a purpose. But it seemed I could never quite understand why war was necessary. I looked up prophecies and read books written on them. I finally concluded that we as a people had brought it on ourselves. Too many had forgotten God. I soon realized that like all other things there was a purpose.

It wasn't long until Lorin wrote he was enlisting in the Air Corp. I tried to get him to wait until he had to go. But no, he and Dot both felt he would get a better deal out of it if he enlisted. So he did. Then came the problem of keeping Don down. He was wanting to go. I finally persuaded him he must finish high school. Then we would see. I tried to imagine just what I would do if he left. Surely he couldn't do it knowing how alone I would be.

In March Lorin and Dot came. Dot was baptized in February. Lorin expected to be called about June, so they came home until he was called. I was so happy to have them. I was getting so I couldn't sleep at nights, my nerves were getting the best of me. I was told by my doctor I should get away from home for a while. I just felt I couldn't leave, but Ellafair and all insisted on it so it was decided I'd let Howard and George go. Lester was always a lot of help, and Wright said he'd care for himself if he could stay. He was planning on staying all summer anyway. I had no reason why I couldn't go. Lorin and Dot were still at our place, so Ilene wouldn't be the only girl. Between the two girls and the boys help they should get along.

By taking an order from my doctor I got my pass and left about the 1st of May for Los Angeles, California. I wrote and told Ken and Sib also Anna and Lenore I was coming by doctors orders, and was coming to rest. I told them not to plan anything (as they usually did) and that I would be content to just be with them. Lenore had gotten her an apartment by herself. I was glad. Then part of the time we could be by ourselves. I had always loved Lenore. We always got along nicely together. She was at work all day so believe me I really rested there. I remember on Mother's Day, Ilene wrote me and told me I didn't need to worry about my outside work, that it was snowing then and had been nasty ever since I left. I also spent three or four days with Juniatta, my sister, in San Diego. I was gone about three weeks. I was glad to get home. I felt much better and had a wonderful visit with them all.

Don was about to graduate from high school. He had been president of the Senior class. He had not talked much about enlisting. He had been at the Postal all winter but he didn't want to stay there after school was out. So in April sometime he went to the depot and asked permission to come evenings and use the teletype machines. He put in his application for a better job. but it didn't last long. He was restless and discontented. Shortly after school was out I could see he didn't like it. Elmer, my sister's boy from San Diego, paid us a visit. He was restless also. It was while he was there Don came to me and said he could stand it no longer. If he couldn't enlist, he wanted to go to San Diego with Elmer and work in one of the large deference plants. I was beside myself. I felt like I couldn't take it. But I soon realized there would be no happiness for me or him if he was discontented. I knew it wasn't because he wasn't happy with our home life. It was the condition of everything. He didn't want to hurt me by enlisting. But he felt he wanted to do

something that was worth while. I knew he'd be in good hands with Juniatta and Abel so I consented. I dreaded the lonely days without him. My baby boy, gone.

That spring while Lorin was home he installed a doorbell, some light switches and plugs for me, and did a lot of little jobs that needed to be done. I hope he knew how I appreciated it, for I needed them badly. Lorin hated to get a job because he expected to be called any day.

About this time Ilene got a chance to work at Navel Ordinance plant. They had just built a teletype machine. They were also starting on the Army Air Base west of town. Morrison and Knudson Company had the contract. Dot had always been used to working so she decided to get her a job. She got a good office job with Morrison and Knudson. She had not been there very long when she found she was pregnant. So she had to quit. Lorin had still heard nothing about his going so he decided to go to work so he got a job at the Base. I don't recall what it was.

After Howard and George left, Wright was alone in the large bedroom. Don was gone. Lester had the small one. Ilene had been sharing my bedroom since I was alone. Lorin and Dot had the new front bedroom.

I was busy both inside and out. But I began to realize I must do something for more income. I had gotten dad's wages for a year, but dad had been gone one long lonely year now and I'd have that no more. I had turned most of that on my home. I had used his cash insurance to pay for the new addition I had put on. But I still owed on the home.

In July Dot's father and mother came for a visit so they were there also but we enjoyed them.

I cleaned up my basement and got a boarder or two, which helped. Lorin's job was a good one so he and Dot paid me room and board and of course Ilene paid her share. I had meals to prepare anyway so why not make some money while I had the chance. Men were coming into Pocatello every day, getting work at the Air Base. They were advertising for places to house them. So I advertised. I didn't take lack boarders. I took none that drank or smoked. I kept taking them until I had beds made in the large room in the basement. I boarded three men who roomed three blocks from my place. Well, I will just say for about two months during that late summer and early fall I cooked for 15 of us, and fixed 13 lunches every night. Yes it was hard work and my children didn't want me to do it. Well it wasn't really a home for them, but I knew I had my home to pay for also and while I had the chance I must make use of it.

Lester by now had got a good job at Garrett's and paid more. Well all my youngsters were good to me. As I said Dot had to quit work, she felt so miserable, but like her own ambitious self she went back to work. She was very efficient and had no trouble getting a job. I could never have done what I did if they hadn't all (my children) been so good to help me. I did all my own baking, bread and pastries, made all my salad dressings, maple syrup and etc. I did all my own washing, all bed linen included, my ironing, and cleaning. I didn't have many leisure hours as you can guess. But I enjoyed it. The Lord blessed me with good health which was the greatest blessing of all.

Along in August or September, Lenore came home for a visit. She had to share my small bedroom with Ilene and me. I didn't get too much rest, but we were so happy to have her home. Lorin was still waiting for his call. He was working hard to put money away for their expected wee one. They were both thrifty, knew the value of a dollar. They both were trying to save every cent they could. Lorin still waited and no word when he'd leave. So they decided they'd like to get an apartment and be by themselves a while before he left. They said they also knew with Lenore there I needed the front bedroom for the girls, and I did. I didn't blame them. So they got a little apartment about three blocks from my home. I was happy for them. It hurt me to think he'd soon have to leave.

Don had a good job in San Diego. He was still not satisfied. He wanted to enlist. Every letter I got he would mention it. About the time Lorin and Dot moved I got a letter from him saying he could stand it no longer. He said he hated to hurt me but just couldn't help it. After I had a good cry I sat and wrote him, if he felt he must go I would like him to come and stay a month or two with me before he left. I gave Ilene and Lenore the front bedroom. Don wasn't long getting home. I wondered just how long he could stand it. I could see he was restless. Lorin had a job at the Base ready for him as soon as he got home which helped some. By this time along in October, part of my boarders had left. They were either laid off or gone into the service. The big rush was over, but I still had about ten or 11 of us to do for. How glad I was I had put every penny I could spare on my home. Although I still owed some, I felt I could take care of it without too much worry. Don only worked about three weeks. Then he came to me and said, "Mom, I just can't stand it any longer. I hate to hurt you, but I've just got to go." Then I said, "Don I'm so tired of trying to hold you here. If you feel that way, do as you like." I thought perhaps he'd think it over again. But I thought wrong. He said, "Do you mean that Mom?" He gave me a big kiss and was gone. Imagine my surprise when he came back in a few hours with the papers already to sign. I was heart broken. He was only 18 years old and I knew he wouldn't be drafted for a while anyway. But it was done. It was only a week or ten days until I told my baby boy goodbye, little realizing it would be a long year and a half before I'd see him again.

Elmer had come back shortly after Don came from San Diego. He also had a job at the base. He stayed after Don left a few months, and I was glad. He was a likeable kid, but Lester couldn't stand him. I knew why. He felt Elmer had taken his place with Don. But he hadn't. Don had been good to both. As a result, Lester said he couldn't afford to pay me what I could get out of the bedroom. So he got a room somewhere else. He came home for his evening meal. I surely missed him but he seemed happier away from Elmer.

Lorin was looking every day to go. Well I thought when he's gone, they can't take any more. They'll have all my sons. I still had Ilene and Ellafair and family. Lenore would soon be going back I thought. Then one day she said if she could get an office job she'd stay, seeing the boys were all going. Lester at once informed her they were wanting girls at Garrett's, so she applied and got right on. They were not as big of wages as she was getting in Los Angeles, but she felt she couldn't go back to pressing and cleaning. I was thrilled to have her stay.

It seemed things were happening so fast I couldn't keep up with them. As I said some of the boys were drafted. New ones would come for a few weeks then be gone. I never knew one day what would happen the next. Just a few days after Don left, I had another surprise. Would they never cease? I came home rather late one Friday evening and found a note from Ilene. She had been out with some of her girl friends. It said, "Mother, Enid and I want to go to Logan to school. Wake me up in the morning when you get up so I can talk to you about it." I was stunned. Was she crazy or what ailed her? I made up my mind right then and there that I wouldn't let her go. After I got to bed and thought things over (a good cry) I got to thinking about her. Here she was almost 21 years old and had never been away from home. What was there left for her here, except us at home. Lenore and I. All her boyfriends were in the service. Her brothers all gone. Many of her girl friends were off to school or married. I just couldn't blame her. I was really being selfish thinking only of myself. She had always been a good sweet girl. After all it would be good for her to get away. I felt like I'd like to myself. So I decided I'd listen to her plans and do all I could to make her happy. I still couldn't see how she could go. I knew it cost money to go to school. The next morning I found her very enthused. They had decided to go after discussing the winter ahead of them. She had almost enough clothes to do her (she didn't know). She would get a job at school. She and Enid and Enid's cousin, Ruby, would "bach" it, it wouldn't cost a lot. If she could borrow \$100.00 from me she would pay it back the next summer. She said they wanted to leave Sunday, and it was Saturday. Talk about things happening fast? This was the limit. But of course I knew school had been going two weeks now, so they had no time to lose. I told her if she felt she could make it I'd lend her \$100.00 and send her \$10.00 a month and help her all I could with her clothes (for I knew she didn't have enough to last the year). I also told her I was willing to help as long as she made good grades, but not if she didn't. Enid called her mother. She felt as I did. If they thought they could make it, go ahead. They called their bosses and told them their plans. They were very nice about it. They wished them well and said to call them when school was out. They no doubt could use them again.

The next thing they sprung on us was they'd have to have one of us go with them to help locate a place to live and get them started. So I told them I'd go. Enid had a sister living in Logan. She had a car we could use to locate an apartment. So we left Monday on the 11 a.m. bus. Can you blame me for saying I never knew one day to the next what to expect? We did a lot of chasing around before we located one. I took Ilene down to see Brother McClellan (he was one of the professors at the ACU). He had been one of my teachers in Old Mexico at high school. He was also a pal of Ilene's dad. In fact he spoke at dad's funeral. He immediately took her under his wing, gave her 52 hours of typing a month, and helped her plan her classes. I felt better after talking with him. With his help, just a few hours before I had to leave Monday for home, we finally located an apartment in one of the professor's home. It was a nice basement apartment which they kept all winter.

I went back home lonely and alone. Lorin would soon be going, then that had to be the last. Burrell didn't write very often. I worried over him. Don had been sent back East somewhere (I don't recall now). Anyway he was gone. I felt it was more than I could take, but knew I had to. Lenore kept the front bedroom and I now had my little room to myself. I could hardly sleep at nights I was so lonesome. I was so

grateful for her staying. I knew she didn't like the cold winters, but I had my winter's supply of coal in, had a blower put on my furnace so we were comfortable. I still had four or five boarders.

Lorin had good work up to the day he left. He got to spend their wedding anniversary with Dot which was the 20th of November. On the 22nd he left for Santa Anna, California. Dot went as far as Ogden with him. She was as brave as they made them. So independent. I hated to see her keep her apartment, but she insisted on it. I didn't blame her. She soon got another girl to stay with her, a trained nurse. I didn't have to worry about her being alone. She had two months before time for the stork's arrival. I felt sorry for her. I had gone through it alone myself. Only she did have Lorin's letters to cheer her and knew he was somewhere. I was indeed alone when I went through it. Any way my heart ached for her. She said she didn't mind, but I knew she did. She loved to knit. With that and preparing for the event she kept busy. She was not the kind that felt sorry for herself. Lorin now only drew \$75.00 a month, so it wasn't easy for them. They had to spend most of their savings (except enough for the doctor and hospital when she was sick) on furniture for the apartment. But she was thrifty and managed quite nicely. She wouldn't accept any help. We surely enjoyed her running in to see us now and then.

By now my desire to cook for boarders was gone. None of my own family was left. It wasn't but a year and a half since dear dad passed away and would soon be another Christmas. What a Christmas. Elmer left for home just before Thanksgiving. One by one the boarders would leave and I had no desire to replace them. I was discouraged, blue and lonely. Why should I spend my life cooking for people who meant nothing to me.

One day I went up town and happened to meet May Dalton, a friend of mine. I happened to remark to her I was tired of cooking and wished I had a job. Immediately she asked me why I didn't try to get on at the Air Base. She said they were hiring older women than I was. Well it gave me an idea. She was working there, and others I knew so why shouldn't I? Lenore, Dot, and Ellafair thought it a good idea. Well the outcome was I gradually let my boarders go, except two of them. It was now near Thanksgiving. I had my home almost paid for, also my other obligations. Ilene was coming home for Thanksgiving. Ellafair and her family would be with us. With the two boarders, Dot, Lenore, and myself, there was enough to help keep me from being too lonely. The day after Thanksgiving Ellafair took me to the Air Base to apply for my first public job. I was informed there would be some openings in a week or ten days to call back. That suited me fine. Ilene went back to school. She was doing well and having a good time. I was happy knowing she was. She was still writing to Kenny, a boyfriend in the service, trying to make herself think she loved him. I didn't feel she did. I prayed earnestly that if he was not for her she would meet someone else whom I felt was worthy of her, little dreaming my prayers would be answered so soon. Again things happened fast.

On the 5th of December my last two boarders left. Talk about empty houses. Most of my boarders had been drafted or had enlisted. Wright had moved to the dormitory to room with his brother Clare, who had come to school. There was only one reason I hated to go to work at the base. I had been told there would be vacancies in the warehouse and tool crib. I wouldn't mind the work, but I had also

been told the most suitable clothes to wear would be slacks or overalls. Now you who know me know I wouldn't like that. Of course I could if I had to. When I went out on the 13th of December to see about a job I was sent to Lt. Rharr. He ask me if I had any preference. So I told him I would like him to place me if he could, in a kind of job he'd place his mother in if she were applying. He smiled and said if I didn't mind waiting a few days he thought he could get me on in a job I'd like. I told him I'd wait. He said it might be a week or two or a day or two. I thanked him very graciously and went home, grateful for his kindness. Well it wasn't but a day or two until I was to go to work in the office of the Production and Control as a file clerk. So on the 16th or 17th of December, 1942 I began a new life.

It was hard for me at first. Everything was so strange, compared to my work at home. Why wouldn't it be? For over 30 years I had cooked, washed dishes, made beds, washed, and iron, sewed, tended babies, all that a housewife and mother had to do. Now in less than two years, six had been taken or left my home. No wonder I felt alone. God had been good to me and I knew it, I was well and strong, had my home almost paid for. I knew with my new job and my health, by spring I could be out of debt. So I tried to be happy and live worthy of my blessings. I had one day a week off. I felt bad because I had to work Sundays. By hurrying home I usually made it to Sacrament Meeting. So I tried not to worry about that. I hated to give up my Relief Society work. I still worked on the Genealogical committee.

I'm sorry but I can't remember too much about Christmas that year. I do know Dot, Lenore and I, and Ilene came home but what we did I don't recall. No doubt I spent my time thinking of those that were not there.

While Ilene was home for Christmas she told me about a young man she had met. She said he was a real swell fellow, but she just couldn't convince him she was going to wait for Kenny. After she had written home several times about it I told Lenore she couldn't kid me. She was trying harder to convince herself that she cared more for Kenny. I wrote her she would be doing nothing wrong to stop writing to him. She wasn't engaged to him and if she cared more for Arch (that was his name) she should not try to make herself believe she didn't. She had told me enough about him so I felt he must be a fine fellow. Again things worked fast.

All this time Dot had been her own brave self, keeping active and cheerful. On the morning of the 21st of January she went to the hospital. It was during one of the worst blizzards of the winter and at 2 p.m. the stork left a beautiful baby boy. How glad I was for her safe delivery. She was so far away from her folks and Lorin was gone. Ellafair, Lenore and I did all in our power to make her stay in the hospital as pleasant as possible. Also she and Lorin had made many friends and they were mindful of her. She didn't do so well the first few days, so we hired Mrs. Cooper to go in each morning and care for the baby. She soon began to feel like her own self, and the baby was good. So it wasn't long before she began to plan to go to Lorin. We sure hated to see her go but we didn't blame her. I knew Lorin was anxiously waiting for her to come. When baby Lorin was five weeks old we reluctantly told her goodbye. She went to Anna and Walt's place and stayed with them. Lorin was stationed close enough so he could come see them once in a while.

On the 8th of February the old stork left Ken and Sibyl a sweet little redheaded brown eyed girl. They called her Loie. She was just two weeks younger than baby Lorin.

Along about this time Lester decided he'd like to come stay with us again and was I happy. It was so lonely and he was so good to have around. By now he was about ready to join the Church, as well as enlist in the army.

About the last of February Ilene wrote she had her diamond. I'm sure she was more thrilled than I was. I hadn't even seen him. She wrote me all about him. He had enlisted in the ROTC two years before and was graduating from the ACU at Logan that spring. His folks lived at West Jordan. They were good L.D.S. people. She said she was as happy as she could be, so why shouldn't I be? They wanted to marry before he left. He was expecting to go about the 1st of June. Talk about things happening fast. It was almost more than I could keep up with. In March they came up to the Ward reunion,

Also Enid and her boy friend came. That was when I met him. I will say I was very pleased with him. He was working his way through school. His folks were unable to help him. I thought, how can they marry and still finish their school year? So I wrote Ilene and said I'd still help her and if he could get some extra work perhaps they could manage. I told her I'd be glad to prepare her wedding dress and necessary clothes, but I wouldn't be able to have a reception. They informed me they only wanted a quiet temple marriage, which made me very happy. She came home for Easter vacation. Some of her friends gave her a shower and her wedding dress was ready to be fitted. They planned to marry on the 5th of May.

The last of April I laid off work a week. I went to Los Angeles to see Lorin, as he was being transferred. I forget just where. I visited a few days also with Ken and family, also Anna and Walt. I got back to Salt Lake the day before they were to be married. That was a happy day. She was the first one of my children to be married in the Temple. My baby girl. I shed tears of joy. She looked so beautiful and so happy. His father, mother and sister were also there. This was Wednesday, May 5, 1943. They had engaged a little cabin for the weekend. Then they would return to school for Monday. I stayed over night with my sister Loie and left for home the next morning to go back to work. I'm grateful I had a job to go back to. Enid had quit school. Ruby, her cousin, insisted on moving in with a girl friend and let Arch and Ilene have the apartment.

Arch was soon notified he wouldn't have to leave until the last of June. So I wrote and ask them to come stay with us until then. He was assigned to Camp Davis. I don't remember just where that is but back east somewhere. It was for three months training. Then Ilene could join him. I was happy at the thought of her being with me a few months longer. Just before school closed he was called in to take his final physical examination. To their surprise they discovered some way that he had asthma at times. He was immediately given an honorable discharge of all military service. One would think he would have been happy but he wasn't. He felt terrible. So did Ilene for a while, but she soon realized she was a lucky little girl. Arch always said he would much rather have gone, and I believe he felt that way.

Don by this time had been sent to several different fields, and was now training for a gunner, much to my displeasure. He decided he didn't want to train for a pilot as he started out to do. I could never get him to say why. He got along fine. Three months after he went in he was advanced to a Sargent. He had been to Las Vegas, then back east again. He wrote he was getting a furlough in June, after Ilene was married in May. I was happy. He had been gone 8 long months and it seemed like years. He also was very homesick. At one of the bases, they found out he could type and put him in the offices. He was very unhappy about it. There was nothing he could do about it. We were anxiously waiting and expecting him any day. One day I received word from him that they had given him the privilege to train for a pilot. They would send him to a five month college for his training. But if he accepted it, he must cancel his furlough as well as his Sargent stripes. He wanted to know what I thought about it. I was sick at heart. After giving it prayerful consideration, I wired him he'd better take his school. I couldn't help but feel relieved. If he didn't take the change he no doubt would be sent overseas soon. The next day I wrote him and told him for some reason he was not supposed to go overseas just yet (he was anxious to go). I told him we'd both play that he'd been home and we'd had a nice visit. It was very disappointing to us both. But I was so grateful he could go to college if for only a few months. He was sent to the George Peabody College in Tennessee. while there he took vocal lessons also. He seemed happy and content. I felt God had been good to him.

All that summer Dot had gone here and there with Lorin, as hundreds of other wives were doing. I sometimes wonder how they did it, but I guess just as we all do the things we have to. He had been to Ontario, California, then to Merced, California, then on to Douglas, Arizona. Dot stayed with Ann and Walt when he first went there. He was commissioned the 1st of October and they were coming home on a furlough.

They had not been to the temple and I was really happy when Dot wrote she felt she was ready to go now and wanted Ilene and me to go with them. So I arranged for their clothes. I wrote Ilene who was in Salt Lake, that we'd be down, and they wanted her to go with us. Arch couldn't get off work. So on the 8th of October, 1943 I had the privilege of seeing them sealed and their baby to them. What a thrill. I was indeed a happy mother. Baby Lorin was nine months old. Lorin didn't get a very long furlough, so on the morning of the 11th of October he left for Tucson, Arizona where he had to report. He left Dot and baby with us. I was glad to have them. He was a beautiful child, so smart and sweet. I was so lonesome so it was really a treat to have them. It was not for long. Lorin was soon sent to a base in New Mexico and wrote Dot just as soon as he could get a place to live he would send for her.

It was while she was with us we very nearly lost our sweet little boy. He was cutting teeth and took a cold. The two together caused a high fever and to our horror it threw him into convulsions. We called the doctor. I can tell you he was a very sick baby for over 12 hours. How grateful we should be we have a kind and merciful Father we can pray to. About the middle of November she went to Lorin. Oh how we missed them.



My cousin's daughter, Nona, and her husband, Carroll, from Arizona had been living with us. They had our basement bedroom and kitchen privileges. They had been with us eight months. We had learned to love them dearly. Shortly after Dot left, he was transferred to California. We hated to see them go. Well one consolation we had, there were no more dear ones to leave. Lenore was still working and so was I.

If I remember correctly Lester had by now joined the Church and was in the service. I would like to relate here an experience I had during that summer of 1943. I had been used to going to Logan on the Temple excursions before I went to work. I was really lonesome to go on one. They were going on one at this time and my desire to go was so great I got up nerve enough to go to my boss and see if I could get off a day to go. He was a member of our church and a young fellow, so I said to him, "Which would you rather do, let me off a day to go to the temple or shall I play sick and lay off?" He looked at me and said, "Do you really want to go that bad?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You go ahead." So I went. About ten minutes before the chapel service was to start Brother Pond, a member of the stake Presidency of Pocatello stake, came to me and told me I had been selected to bear my testimony in the chapel service, representing the women of the Pocatello stake. I had given lots of talks in my life on various occasions, but fear gripped my heart. I didn't know what to tell him. My dear friend, May Bevan, was with me. Immediately she said, "Why Abby K., of course you can do it." Brother Pond left. As I entered the chapel a great fear came over me and I began to tremble as I walked upon the stand. I sat by Brother Pond. He turned to me and said, "Why sister Robinson, you're trembling." I said, "Brother Pond, I'm frightened." He laid his hand on my lap and said quietly, "You have no need to fear." That instant my trembling ceased and I became calm. I arose and bore my testimony. Friends came and said what a wonderful testimony. And I couldn't recall one thing I had said. How grateful we should be for the priesthood, for I knew then the evil one was trying to down me. The power of the priesthood as he laid his hand on my lap was manifested in my behalf.

Lenore and I were both working. Ilene and Arch had moved to Brigham City. She was homesick and we were lonesome, so she wrote and wanted us to come down for Christmas. She was expecting a visit from the old stork in February and didn't feel like traveling. At first I hesitated. I had never been away from Ellafair and children. I couldn't imagine a Christmas without children. But I knew Ilene felt alone. So we decided to go. We were kept busy getting our Christmas packages off and the time soon passed.

Christmas came on Saturday and our day off on Sunday. So we got ready and went down Friday evening on Christmas eve. We were all lamenting the fact there was no snow. We even went without our overshoes. They had a pretty little tree all decorated. We popped corn and made balls. They had candy made. About 11 o'clock we opened our packages. what a strange Christmas. I tried to make myself feel I was happy, but it was an empty Christmas. Don't get me wrong, I was grateful I could be with them. I also knew Ellafair would be lonely on our first Christmas apart also. The next morning Arch came in and told us we'd better get up and go home and get our boots. Were we thrilled when we looked outside. Everything was

laden with the beautiful snow. Yes, it helped a lot. Another Christmas was over. What would the next one bring?

Shortly after Dot arrived in New Mexico Lorin was transferred to South Carolina. How my heart ached. I knew that was the port of embarkation.

Burrell had been in the Aleutians for two years. No telling how much longer he'd be there. I felt I just could not take it. Who was I to complain? Thousands of mothers were having to stand it, and surely it couldn't be as hard on me as on Dot. So again I prayed God to give me strength to be brave. Dot and baby Lorin went to Chicago to be near her folks when Lorin left for New York. I soon received his A.P.O. He called me the night before he left. Oh why do we have to have wars? I felt my heart would break. I was more thankful than ever that Don was not ready to go. Lorin wrote such sweet letters to me telling me he might be back by Christmas. He was so thoughtful of me, never letting me know when he started on his combat missions. Nothing was said to me about his missions. I knew he was supposed to have 50 over enemy territory. I prayed each day for God to protect them. I encouraged them to live true to the gospel teachings, and that God could protect them on land, sea or in the sky. Then if God saw fit to take them they would be prepared to go. I also tried hard to live my religion.

He had completed his 40th mission before I knew he had started. I learned later he had kept Ellafair posted on them. Ellafair let me read a letter he had written after his 10th one. He said, "Well, Ellafair, I want to tell you I know God helped me through with it and if he could see me through that one I'm not worried about the rest." What the poor boys went through none but God and them know.

On February 24, 1944 the old stork left Arch and Ilene a sweet little girl. They named her Kathleen. When she was three weeks old I laid off work and went to see her. I also went to California to see Don. He had been transferred to Santa Anna, California.

Burrell had been expecting a furlough for some time. I began to think he wasn't going to get it. Imagine my surprise when on June 11, 1944 he called me that he had just arrived in the States. My feelings couldn't be written on paper. Once I cried for joy. I couldn't believe it. He said it would be a few days before he could get home.

I had no more word, until he walked in on me June 14th just three years to the day since he arrived home when dear dad passed away. He had a three weeks furlough so I laid off work to be with him. I can never forget the feeling of joy when I knew he was safe in his bed at home. He looked so much better than I expected, but oh so nervous and restless. It made my heart sick. His teeth were practically gone and of course he was thinner than when he left. The time passed too quick for me. He never talked much, but I knew he was anxious to get going. I was disappointed when he told me he had a chance to go to officers school but he turned it down. He said he'd rather go back to a private than to be like any officer he'd had anything to do with.

He volunteered for over sea duty. Nothing I could say would change him. But I did enjoy his home stay. Yes, his furlough was over and he was gone again. Yes I was lonelier than ever but I wouldn't miss having them come anyway.

It was while Burrell was home I was informed Lorin had made his 50 missions and that he'd be home in August sometime. I couldn't believe it. How I prayed and trusted. It is needless to say how happy I was when he wrote he had finished his 50 missions and gave an extra one for good measure. Bless their hearts. He said as soon as he could get a boat he'd be on his way. And then at 7:30 on August 6, 1944, a beautiful Sunday morning, I received a wire from Lorin that he had just landed in the States. I was overwhelmed with joy. Could I ever be grateful enough to my Heavenly Father for their safe return? A letter followed and said they would be in Chicago with Dot's folks a while and the last two weeks of August they'd spend with us. Oh how happy I was for Dot. She had been so brave and true. I'll always love her for it. They had bought a car to come out in.

When Burrell had reported back east, after leaving home, he was sent to a hospital for examinations. They found he had some sort of a rupture and were keeping him trying to avoid an operation. Lorin wrote he had been to see Burrell. I was so happy he went. I had been worried about him. It was the first time they had seen each other in three years, at the time of their dad's death.

Surely a mother with a large family never has any dull moments. One day it will be happy news, the next perhaps news to make you sad. Such was my life.

Ray and Ellafair had both been raised in Pocatello. They had a littler acreage out of town about three miles. Naturally I never dreamed they would ever move. Then came the shock. They had decided to sell and move to Nampa, Idaho. Ray felt his working conditions would be better and felt he'd like a change. Farming land was better there and it wasn't so cold, and so on. I knew it was all true, but I just couldn't believe it. Surely they wouldn't leave. Yet I couldn't blame them. Again I prayed so hard to be brave and face it as I should. Surely they had their lives to live. I had lived mine. I did want them to go where it would be better for them. And I felt they should know. So Ray had asked for a transfer and he got it. I wouldn't even try to describe my feelings. I couldn't even imagine what I would do without her. Not only without Ellafair but my babies. I looked forward to their little arms around my neck. I loved their warm kisses. I'd miss Ray not only teasing me or at least trying to, as well as his help when I needed it. And Ellafair's happy smile any time, anywhere. But the time came. They advertised their place one evening and by 9 o'clock the next morning it was sold for cash. Ray received word to report at Nampa the 16th of August. They packed and moved out a week before they had to leave. They stayed with Ray's folks a few days and then with me. I enjoyed them but the time passed all too soon and they were gone, leaving me blue, lonesome, and what not. Ellafair hated to leave just as Lorin and family were coming. But there was nothing they could do about it.

Lorin wired me they would arrive August 22nd. I arranged to lay off work. We really had a pleasant time. During the war there was a gas shortage so Lorin was unable to go see Ellafair, so he called them on the phone and had a chat with them. Lorin was changed. He looked older, very serious, had nothing much to say, and

answered our questions with as few words as possible, not commenting on his combat missions. Baby Lorin was just a dream to his grandma, a handsome husky boy of 19 months and was he cute and sweet, but a hand full. We had a lot of fun watching his reaction and the look on his face when his daddy got a clothesline rope and tied him to the porch, it was nice and shady and on the lawn, but I can still see him pulling on the rope and saying, “out, out”. He wouldn’t stay off the street. He was some little guy. How I hated to see them leave.

Ilene’s little Kathleen was now six months old and they were still living at Brigham City. Lorin was being sent to Santa Monica, California for a rest period. I went as far as Brigham with them. We had a nice visit together. Then in a day or two they left for California. I came home and went back to work, grateful I had a job and able to do it.

Lorin hadn’t seen Don for almost two years, he got there in time to spend two or three days with him before Don was transferred from Ontario, California to Taft, California. Dot and baby stayed with Anna and Walt and Lorin drove back and forth while in Santa Monica. He was supposed to be sent to some west coast for duties after his rest period. But to his surprise, they assigned him to a six months communication school at Chanute Field, Illinois. On their way back they went and saw Burrell, who was still in the hospital. They spent a few days with Dot’s folks, then got them an apartment at Urbana a short distance from his field and 120 miles from Dot’s folks. I was happy for them. I felt I was indeed a blessed mother to have all three of my boys in the states while so many terrible things were going on over seas.

And now my dear children, grandchildren and all who read this, I hope by writing this history in detail as I have, it won’t be boring to you. Many little details which now seem unimportant to you may be just the information some of you will want some future time. I have it written up to date, October, 1944. I will try to keep it up as long as I am able to think and write, and then some one of you who are interested enough in what becomes of me might finish it. Then whatever becomes of it will not concern me.

At this time Clara and Elvin are still living in Pocatello, just like they always lived. They have just the two little boys with them, David and Sherman. Anna and Walt have a nice home in Burbank, California and are doing well in their pressing and cleaning plant. Genivieve, Clara’s girl that Anna took when she was five years old, is 20 years old now. Last spring she joined the Waves. She had not been in long before she met and fell in love with an Ensign in the Navy. After three or four weeks acquaintance, they got her released from the Navy and were married. His name is Jack Dickson. He is an L.D.S. raised boy and looks like a fine fellow. I hope so for Jenny has always been a sweet good girl. Ken and family at present are up at Big Bear, California, up in the mountains. Just what he is doing I haven’t heard yet. Sheryl will be ten years old the 29th of this month, October. Their little girl Loie will be two in February. She has brown eyes and dark red hair, a regular little doll, so says grandma. They are buying a nice home in Huntington Park. They have it rented while at Big Bear. Loie and Ed are living at Wadsworth, Nevada, operating a small rooming house and lunch counter. A letter recently said they were planning to buy a ranch. Loie’s two children Joan and Preston are at present in

Tacoma, Washington with their father and stepmother who are very good to them. Joan will soon be 13 and Preston going on 12. Ellafair and Ray have been in Nampa a little over two months, with their three children Delores 12, Jacqueline nine and my little Johnny boy five. They'll never know how much I miss them, having lived close to them always. Burrell is still in a hospital at Ford Leonard Wood, Missouri expecting to be operated on soon. How grateful I am he's in the states instead of the Aleutians. As I said Lorin and Dot were at Urbana, Illinois at a six month communication school. Ilene and Arch and sweet little Kathleen who is five months old are still at Brigham City, Utah. Arch is working for the Government in the grazing service department. And Don, my baby boy, is in his advanced training as a pilot at Gardner Field Taft, California. He has only been home five days and has been in the service two years. How I hope he'll never have to go over seas. Lester McNelley, whom I own as my adopted son, is supposed to be on his way over seas. I received his A.P.O. just two weeks ago. I will be awaiting his safe return. And Lenore and myself, well, we are just here all by ourselves, in a big lonely house with memories. She is still at Garrett's and I'm still at the Air Base. It will soon be two years since I started. I am grateful for my children and I live each day to rush home to see if I have a letter. Just what I'll do when Lenore leaves me time will tell. There have been some tragic things and heart aches that I haven't put in this history for good reasons, things that are better forgotten and couldn't be if they were put on paper. I have tried to record dates and places the best I could remember, and have told only what I know to be true.

This is March 14th, 1950. I am on the Greyhound bus just a few miles from St. George, Utah. This is my first trip to California on the bus. I came to Enterprize, Utah last Thursday morning, March 8th and spent five enjoyable days with Ilene and family. I hated to tell them goodbye, but that's life: a glad hello, and a reluctant goodbye.

The last I wrote on my history was October 21st, 1944, six long and interesting years have passed. At that time I promised myself I would try to keep it up, but as you see I didn't, so I hope I can refresh my memory now and be able to write it correctly and interesting enough so that you who read it can enjoy it. At that time I was still at the Air Base in Pocatello. Also about this time we had been informed that preparations were being made to lay off all civilian help. We didn't know just how soon or how long it would be, but it caused quite a bit of excitement and talk among the employees, as to where they were going to get work. We had all had it too easy, good pay, good hours, with sick time and vacation time off. But somehow it didn't worry me. I felt I would find something. How grateful I was and still am for the assurance I have that if we live our religion and trust our heavenly Father we need not worry. We received our last pay check the 30th of December. However, we were through work by the 12th of December, just two years since I was hired. They told us if within 30 days we could find some place where they could transfer us, they would be glad to do it, some of them did. I was not an experienced office girl, and not able to type, so I knew I didn't have a chance. And I had my home to look after.

Along the first part of January a friend, May Dalton, asked me if I had found anything yet. She said two of the survey girls at the O.P.A. office, where she

worked, were quitting. She advised me to apply. So I did. I was put on the government payroll again on January 11, 1945.

I was very grateful and happy for it, but I'm afraid had I known just what it was, I wouldn't have had the courage to accept it. Nevertheless I was there and felt it was best for me or I wouldn't have gotten it. So I was determined to stay with it. I would here like to tell you the nature of the work. First I believe I had one of the swellest supervisors a person could ever have, Vera Parks. She was a few years younger than I, but was so broad minded, congenial and understanding, I can never forget her. It was through her consideration, encouragement, and kindness that I ever stayed, for two of the longest years imaginable. I was supposed to do three hours of office work: filing, checking reports, and caring for our survey sheets. The rest of the time I spent with my dear friend, Barbara Myers. She also worked at Air Base. We had to check all the stores, grocery, dry goods, beer parlors, restaurants, and used and new car lots. In fact any place where things were sold. Let me tell you dear reader, it wasn't always pleasant. Naturally they resented us checking their invoices, and many a time we had to mark their prices down, much to their displeasure. Many interesting visits could be written but I'll just say through it all I know we made many friends, and the experience I had was invaluable to me, so I'm glad I stayed with it.

Of course the boys were still in the service. They decided not to operate on Burrell. But he was not well and could have remained in the states. But he soon volunteered to go over seas. I felt bad about it for I felt his three years in Aleutians was his share. But he felt different, so they sent him to France. After he was there a few weeks he wrote me it was the first time he had felt like smiling. So I felt better about it. He seemed to be happy about it. Because of his health he was not sent into active duty, but was kept busy. Again I tried to feel it was best for him.

After Lorin's six months of communication school, he was sent to Cairo, Egypt. He was sent in April of 1945. I thought he also would be left in the states. But one morning in early April, I received a wire from him, telling me he was leaving real soon for Egypt and would not be able to come home before he left. He had been sent to Wichita, Texas preparing to leave and wanted to know if I could come to see him. Dot was at her mother's then. When she found Lorin was leaving soon she left baby Lorin with her folks and went to spend the little time Lorin had left with him. I immediately got me a pass and laid off work and went to see him. He was very sweet and kind to me. He got me a room in the same hotel they were in and took care of it and my board while I was there. How I appreciated it. He was leaving in a few days. He offered to pay my fare to Chicago if I would go with them. He knew how badly I wanted to see baby Lorin. I would like to have gone but I felt he and Dot should have those last days by themselves, so I kindly told him I would have to get back to work. I felt sorry for Dot, but as usual she was very brave about it. She got her an apartment close to her folks and planned to stay until his return. He was being sent for two years.

Lester is still over seas. Don is still feeling sorry for himself because he was still in the states (much to my joy) and I prayed each day he would always be. Sometime in 1944, Arch had to give up his grazing job on account of his asthma. He

decided to try teaching it in high school, so the winter of 1944-1945 he taught at Tremonton, Utah.

It seemed my loneliest times were when Christmas grew near. I had always been used to being so busy. I always had a large family, and looked forward to preparing it, but since the children and dad were all gone, it made me heart sick to even think about it. Lenore was still with me, sometimes now I wonder just what I would have done had she not stayed with me. I know it wasn't always pleasant for her. She dreaded the cold winters and it was miserable for her going and coming from work. I tried my best to make it as pleasant as I could for her, but I failed many times I know. She had the front bedroom and a bath and I had my bedroom and the other bathroom. Sure thing we had plenty of room. We couldn't room together unless we had to. She liked to go to bed early. I liked to read a while before I went to sleep, so we didn't try it. We got along nicely together and I hope she knows how I appreciated it. The large bedroom and also the small one down stairs were empty. After Nona and Carrol left we tried renting it again but it was not pleasant for us sometimes so we decided to leave it empty.

Christmas was almost here. I was through at the base, which gave me plenty of time to feel sorry for myself. I told Lenore I wasn't even going to have a tree. I was so in hopes Don would be able to come, but he wrote he just couldn't get a furlough. So Ilene and Arch asked us again to come spend Christmas with them. We decided we would. Lenore all along tried to tell me I'd be sorry if I didn't get a tree. I could see no use of it, so I just didn't.

On Tuesday before Christmas I got a letter from Don, saying he was being transferred to Marfa, Texas (I believe). He would be getting a day lay over, and if possible he'd try to make it by Christmas. Was I thrilled! But I had no tree. It was close to Christmas and I knew all the pretty ones would be gone. That was a tragedy to me, for I loved pretty Christmas trees. Of course you know what Lenore would say and she said it. I will say I had to pay \$1.25 for a scrawny little tree. I carried it home and proceeded to make it pretty, which I couldn't do. It made me sick to think of Don coming home and have to look at that kind of tree when we always had pretty ones large or small.

I called Ilene and told her and ask them to come and spend it with us. Yes, I remember Christmas came on Monday. They came up Saturday. Well I was almost in tears when they came. I told my troubles to Arch. At once he said, "Stop worrying, I can make a pretty little tree out of it." And he did. Was I grateful. It was as pretty a little tree as I had seen. No more word from Don. I just decided it would be some time Christmas day. I went up town and got Don another gift because I knew he'd not be able to bring his box. Now all was ready.

Christmas Eve (Sunday evening) just as we were about to sit down to supper the telephone rang. When I said, "Hello," who did I hear say, "Hi Mom." I was so excited I could hardly answer. It was really Don. He was at the Airport. He got a chance to fly so he'd have a few more hours. He said as soon as he could get a taxi he'd be out. We waited supper for him. We really had a merry Christmas, considering. He could only stay one day but what a happy day. He said he was

going there for his last phase of training. Another glad hi and another reluctant goodbye and he was gone.

After school was out in the spring, Arch had definitely decided he didn't want to teach school, so he got another job (I don't remember what). In Bountiful, housing was difficult. I remember they got a little house in a cherry orchard at Centerville three miles from his work. Ilene was expecting another visit from the old stork in November. Throughout the nation anxious mothers and loved ones were praying and waiting for the war to come to an end.



## Chapter 5: The Sunset Years

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Today is June 17, 1953. How time flies. I am sitting in the shade on the banks of Big Lost River above Arco, Idaho. It is 11 a.m. It's beautiful up here away from the turmoil and cares of a town, just listening to the birds sing, the rippling and splashing of the water and the whispering of the trees. We came up yesterday, pitched a tent lent us by a dear friend, got settled for the night, then went out and caught enough fish for supper. And were they good. It was my first try at fishing. I was surprised I caught ten or 11 and I really enjoyed it. But I have definitely decided I'm not a sportswoman. I would much rather write, crochet, or read. So that's what I'm doing. Joe got up at 4 a.m., went out and caught 19 nice trout, gave 15 to some men who weren't having any luck. We cooked the four for breakfast. As soon as breakfast was over he was gone again. How he loves to fish and he can catch them too. He took four days vacation and so we came up here.

To write the history of ones life requires a lot of determination to keep it up. There's no need to tell you that's what I lack. I do want to write at it as long as I can, but I also know it's going to be hard to remember correctly just what has happened in the last nine years. I will not write any dates or places I am not sure of. At least I'll try not to. The last I wrote on it was in March, 1950, I hope I don't repeat too much.

Nothing of much importance happened to me during the spring of 1945. All that I hoped and lived for was for the cruel war to close, and if God saw fit, to return my three boys and Lester to me.

After I returned from telling Lorin goodbye in April 1945 I went back to my job at the O.P.A. What a blessing work is. A much greater blessing is good health. I had both. I tried hard to live worthy of them for I knew all of my blessings came from my Heavenly Father. Burrell was still in France, Lester in England, and poor Don (so he thought) was still trying to get over seas. I still felt he was not supposed to go. Every time he was sure he was going something would happen and I was glad. Then in August 1945 came the thrilling and soul stirring news. War was ended. Could it be possible? Now would all the boys get home safe and sound? When the news came all the stores and offices were closed immediately. I boarded the first bus out that beautiful August evening and went to Nampa to see Ellafair and family. I had not been to see them since they left the year before. Of course I couldn't stay long. But I enjoyed it. The next concern of those thousands of anxious mothers was to wait their boys safe return to their homes. In spite of my joy and glad expectations, I was sad at heart. My heart ached for those mothers whose love was as great as mine, to think their sons who had given their lives for you and me

would never return. Surely God had been good to me. Had I been deserving of it? I prayed I could live to be, if I was not.

I had not long to wait, within a few weeks I received either a wire or phone call from my three boys that they had been released and were coming home. Burrell and Lorin were soon safe in the good old U.S.A. and Don from where he was, was soon home (a disappointed guy). I always smile at what he laughingly said, “Gee, another, I’m disappointed. I didn’t think they could win the war without my help over there.” Such a guy. He may have been disappointed but his mother wasn’t.

Lorin wrote he wouldn’t be able to come see me for a while but I was happy he was with Dot and baby, who was now past three years old. He got a job there, I think at the telephone company (not sure) and wouldn’t be out to see me until the next year. Burrell and Don came home. They were so restless like thousands of others. They didn’t seem able to find themselves. I tried to get them both to forget about jobs for a month or so, but nothing doing. Within a week or two they were both working, I don’t recall what at, but that doesn’t matter. Neither one was content. Don decided to go to college the 2nd semester and Burrell was saving his money to go back east to school. Burrell never did care about girls. He had been in the service five years, the best part of his young life, and it was hard for him. Don and his girl friend Raola had quit. The girls of his crowd were about all married as were most of his boy friends.

In November Susan was born to Arch and Ilene.

Don was so restless it worried me. Oh yes, there were plenty of girls he could have gone with, but they were so anxious it disgusted him. Just before or just after (I’m not sure which) the 2nd semester started he came to me one evening and said, “Mom, guess I’ll go to China for a year.” I was horror stricken. “I got a chance to go over and make \$10,000.00 a year.” After I got my breath I ask him what he’d do with \$10,000. He laughed and said, “Why Mom, just think, we could go into some kind of business and you’d never have to work again.” I asked him what if he never came back, for which of course he said, “You’d still have \$10,000 insurance.” I then told him I’d rather have him than any amount of money. I asked him if he wasn’t satisfied with being with me and home. At once I could see the hurt in his eyes and he said, “Oh Mom it isn’t that. I just don’t know what I want.” My heart ached for him then I told him to forget it for a while and we’d see. That night as I knelt by my bed I poured out my soul to God. I asked Him to give me wisdom and understanding to handle my problem. I just knew he shouldn’t go to China. I also knew all his life he had wanted to go on a mission, I had hesitated to suggest it for fear he’d feel I didn’t want him home. That night I promised God if He’d bless Don with a desire to go I’d send him. I knew I could if I put my trust in God. The next morning I felt calm and relieved. I had made up my mind if he mentioned going again I’d mention a mission. I didn’t have long to wait, until he asked me if I had decided it was alright for him to go to China. I took hold of his hand and said, “Don if you must go somewhere, why don’t you go on a mission?” His face at once brightened and he said, “I wish I could but I just couldn’t let you do it Mom and I haven’t enough saved to see me through it.” Then I told him I’d love to send him. I knew I could and wanted to.

To make a long story short, I immediately told him our Bishop had already asked me if he was in a position to go. I then told the Bishop why I never asked him. Now I felt free to tell him Don wanted to go. We talked it over with the Bishop and decided for him to finish that semester of school, then work the summer to get his clothes, etc.

He was a different boy. I was a happy mother, and never a doubt but what I could keep him there. Even my Bishop asked me if I was sure I could make it and I'm sorry to say some of my friends and some of my children tried to discourage me. Not me. I had heard too many testimonies of sending boys on missions to ever doubt being able to do it, if I did my part.

So on September 20, 1946 he left for Salt Lake City for the mission home. After a wonderful testimonial and a good send off financially we had the privilege that night of singing a duet together, "Whispering Hope." I was always grateful we did it. I went to Salt Lake a few days before he left and had the privilege of going to the temple with him and was present when he was set apart for his mission, and attended the wonderful testimony meeting with the Elders. It was a glorious spiritual feast. After having the privilege to see him off on the train and give my last goodbye kiss and the wave of our hands, I went home a happier mother with a stronger determination to live so close to my Heavenly Father that He would want to bless me. I knew he would. To my surprise in December after Don left, the O.P.A. office closed and I would be without a job. It is strange but I never worried. I knew I could find something.

I don't believe I mentioned that on the 12th of November 1945 the old stork left another little girl at Arch and Ilene's home. They called her Susan. They were still at Centerville, Utah. I laid off work and went and stayed with them two weeks after she came from the hospital. I remember I was still there Thanksgiving time. So Burrell and Don came down and we fixed Thanksgiving dinner there. They hadn't seen Ilene for some time. We all enjoyed it.

Then in August 1946, before Don left for his mission another little boy was left at Lorin and Dot's home. They named him Kenyon Douglas and called him Kenny. I was always proud to have a new grand baby.

In the meantime Arch had gone to work for the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. In March before Don left for his mission Arch was transferred to Chinook, Montana. Little Susan was four months old and Kathleen a few months past two years. When Arch called and told me I felt that was the last thing I could take. How little we know what we can take. Ilene had lived near Salt Lake City since she had married. I either went to see her or she came to see me every month or so. There was nothing I could do now but take it. They stopped with us a few days before they left. Another glad hello and another sad goodbye.

Ilene was gone and Don left. I was lonely. Lenore and Burrell were still with me, but I also knew Burrell would be leaving for school in the spring and I felt Lenore too would be wanting to go back to Los Angeles, California. Oh what a comfort she had been to me. It had been a long lonely three years for us, but I'm sure it brought us closer together. I had always loved Lenore but I knew I loved her still more at the end of that three years.

Along about the middle of December Ilene wrote they were coming home for the Christmas holidays. That was the year of 1946. She said they'd spend Christmas with Arch's folks at West Jordan, Utah and New Years with us. I was happy about it, yet worried for December and January were bad months to travel in Idaho and Montana. Ilene was always thoughtful of me. She knew how I worried. She wrote me they would get to Pocatello December 22nd, stay all night and on to West Jordan. Imagine my surprise when they arrived the evening of the 21st. When I asked her why a day sooner she said, "I told you a little fib Mother. I knew you'd worry the day we were coming if it was stormy so I just saved you one day of worry." Bless her heart. How true it was. Well I had no job. I was tired and in a way I was glad to be rid of my O.P.A. job, for I wasn't happy with it. So when they came for New Years they all persuaded me to go back with them before I started to work again. Well I could see no reason why I couldn't. I had worked hard, and had a little savings and with what Lenore and Burrell gave me I could get along for a few weeks. So I left with them the morning after New Years of 1947 at 5 a.m. (12 below zero) to my first visit to Montana, that far away state to me, for it really seemed out of the world to me then. But it didn't seem so far away when we arrived at Chinook that evening at 6 p.m. After a beautiful ride through the mountains and pines all covered with snow. I had a wonderful much needed rest and a delightful visit with them. I stayed three weeks.

While there Arch received word he was being transferred to Glasgow, Montana, 150 miles farther north. After my visit in Montana it didn't seem so far away.

Shortly after I returned home Lenore told me she thought she'd like to go back to California. I didn't blame her, but the thought of it made me sick. I knew Burrell would soon be going to school about the first of May. Lenore was going to plan to go sometime in March.

I advertised around for work and found a part time job at Eddy's Bakery in the forenoon, and got work at a Mrs. Vernon's in the afternoon. If I couldn't get a filing job or general office work all I could do was to go out helping at house work. I didn't mind that. I was well but my children made me promise I wouldn't do spring house cleaning, so I didn't. I never lacked for work. It helped to keep me from being so lonely. How well I knew how much more lonely it would be when Lenore and Burrell left.

I loved to dance. I always did but hadn't been since dad passed away. I had never gone with anyone and had no desire to. I felt I never wanted to marry again and I knew how hard it was for a lone woman to go out and not meet someone who would want to marry. So I stayed home. Burrell had been going to the dance on Saturday nights at a dance hall just out of Pocatello (not a night club). It was called the Deleta. It was run by one of our L.D.S. men. They sold just soft drinks. Both desirable and undesirables went there. I knew nice people who went there all the time.

On Saturday night before Lenore was leaving Tuesday we decided we'd go to the dance with Burrell. Well I danced until I was dizzy, but not a blonde. It was always so much fun for me. When we got home Lenore said, "You had a good time

didn't you Aunt Abby?" I told her I really did. Then she said, "I won't feel so bad about leaving you alone, Aunt Abby if you'll promise me you'll go each Saturday night." She knew it was that night I was the loneliest. So I promised. She left about the middle of March. After Lenore left I soon rented my front bedroom to a swell young man, Cecil Hough, for \$35.00 a month. He had private bath and kitchen privileges. With that and the work I had I managed nicely. I sent Don \$60.00 a month and now and then a five or ten dollar check. I was happy because I knew he was. By now the children were really scattered.

Lorin wrote that they were coming out in June to see me. I hadn't seen him since he returned from over seas. At once I wrote Ken, Loie, Ellafair and Ilene to see if those who could would all meet at the home for a sort of get together. I asked them to plan their visit so they could all be there at least two days together, so I was really looking forward to it. Lorin would be there about the middle of June.

I went to the dances as I promised Lenore. Burrell wasn't leaving until the 1st of May, so I went with him a week or two. Then I persuaded May Clark and Elaine Thomas (both real nice widows) who had been alone for years to go with me. We had a good time. May had a car. When she couldn't go, we could go on the bus. It went right to the door. Burrell went most of the time so I wasn't alone. It really gave me something to look forward to. We three widows had an agreement with each other that if we were introduced to a nice appearing man we were to make the other two acquainted with them so we did.

One night about the middle of April, Elaine introduced me to a Mr. Gooch. The only thought I had was what a horrible name. He was a good nice clean looking fellow and during the evening he danced with me four times. I liked to talk to him. Usually among other questions a man asks a new lady is if your husband is with you. Of course I told him no I was alone. Then he said he was also alone. In our conversation we learned we were both L.D.S. and that he lived at Blackfoot. When he asked me where I lived I just said Pocatello. I thought no more about him, as those questions had been asked by several other men. The next Saturday after I met Mr. Gooch, Burrell and I were just about ready to leave. I was in the bedroom getting my purse and coat, when Burrell came to my door and said a gentleman wants to see you mother. Talk about being surprised. This was something new for me. Dad had been gone almost six years and I had never even cared to go with anyone. Not that I hadn't had the chance. No widow lacks for chances. When I went out I didn't recognize him. Finally he said, "You don't remember me do you?" I said, "No I don't." Well when I heard his name I remembered. My first thought was the nerve of some people. He said he'd been to Downey to see his sick mother and thought I might like to ride to the dance with him. Immediately I told him I had a way out. "Anyway," I said, "I don't know you." He grinned and said, "I don't know you either." I hesitated a moment. Then he said, "Now Mrs Robinson if you don't care to go its your privilege to say so." Then Burrell spoke up. "Why don't you go Mother?" Well there wasn't much else I could do but go. I have often laughed about my next thought as I stood there. I thought "Well if I go with him I won't have to pay my ticket." So I went. Wasn't that awful?

Well when I walked into that dance hall that night I felt like a different woman. It always hurt me to go any place like that alone. He was such a gentleman

and still is. I had such a lovely time. I soon knew if he asked me to go next week Burrell wouldn't have to tell me to go on. So I went. Everyone was as surprised as I was. I was such a stay at home except for my church activities.

I had worked with the Beehive girls in the Mutual two years after I went to the base to work. Oh how I loved those girls. There were 11 of them. They helped so much to fill my lonely hours while the boys were all away. And for the past two years I had Beehive work on the M.I.A. Stake Board. I enjoyed that also, however I will say I enjoyed my work with the girls better. Those girls are all married except one and most of them are mothers. There are some of them I hear from every Christmas. I have attended three of their wedding receptions, and been to the temple with two of them. Yes they were sweet girls and I shall always love them.

While Joe and I were going together the Stake board had a weiner roast in the hills. That was the first time we had been out together publicly in Pocatello. Naturally they were all curious to meet him. but they all seemed to approve of him. Not that it would have mattered to me, but it made me feel good.

Just after our weiner roast Burrell left. Yes I was indeed alone. How I missed him. After Joe and I had been going together for six or seven weeks I found myself liking him too well. I had made up my mind I would never marry again. I knew I enjoyed his association and I felt he enjoyed being with me. Anyway one night in our conversation at my place, I made a remark that changed things some. We were talking about someone getting married and I said that was one thing I never intended to do was to marry again. In his gentlemanly way he asked me why. I told him for a lot of reasons. Then he told me he planned on marrying again when he found the right woman, and he didn't care about going steady with anyone that knew they wouldn't marry again. So I told him I thought we'd better quit. Then he said, "You really mean that?" I told him yes I did. I told him I enjoyed going out with him but that was all, so he suggested we think about it a week, and then see how I felt. I gave it a lot of serious thought that week. I felt I had good reasons for not wanting to marry. I had already been married twice. I had had two good husbands and felt that was enough. I had my home paid for and it was a good income for me. I still had my pass rights and was entitled to a small railroad pension when I became 65 years old. Both of these I'd have to give up if I remarried. My children were scattered and my pass was indeed a blessing to me. I had Don on a mission and I knew Joe wasn't financially fixed to help keep him. There were so many reasons. Well when he came the next week I still felt the same way. So I told him I thought it best we quit, for I was sure I'd never change my mind. After he found out I really meant it, we decided we'd quit. Then he proceeded to ask me if I ever changed my mind to let him know. How absurd! No real lady could do that. So I told him I didn't intend to change my mind and if I did I wouldn't tell him. So that was it.

This is July the 31st, 1954. I wonder if I'll ever get my history up to date. I'm sitting in the shade of the willows on a creek up Wolverine. It is about 4 p.m. We came up to fish. It's about 25 miles from Blackfoot. We came up almost every Saturday last summer and fishing was good, but I haven't had much luck this summer. So I fish awhile then I write, read or crochet while Joe fishes. He always

gets our limits. I guess he has more patience than I do. I know he has. but it's nice to get away where it's quiet and relax.

It has been a year since I have written anything. At that time I was telling about Joe and I quitting. I felt I had done the right thing by telling Him I never intended to marry. I felt alright about it until I went to the dance. There's where I missed Him. I went every week. He always danced with me, and of course it wasn't the same. I vowed with myself he'd never know how I felt.

We quit in May. About the 20th of June the children started to come for our get together. I was still working but felt terrible physically. Just about the time they began to come I noticed a blister between my thumb and finger on my right hand. One evening when I was hoeing and raking this blister broke. I put something on it, but it didn't seem to get better. By the time the first of the children had been there a few days I felt worse. I said nothing about it but Ken noticed I didn't look good. He asked me if I was sick. I told him my hand hurt me. They tried to get me to go to the doctor, but I couldn't see it that way. I never did go to a doctor. Why should I now? Ken, Loie, Ellafair and their families had been there about a week, when Lorin, Ilene and their families came. By the 29th of June there was 19 of us there at home. It was so good to see them all. Why did I have to feel so miserable? They had never been together since dad passed away. It had been six years. I tried to be cheerful but Oh how I felt awful. We had our pictures taken together, and had a good time. At least the rest was well and happy. I was grateful for that. Burrell and Don weren't there and Ray and Arch couldn't get away, but their families were there. I was working so did my visiting in the evening. That gave them a good chance to visit during the day. The morning Ken and family and Loie and Ed left the last thing they said, "Mother please go see a doctor." It was Sunday. Just an hour or two after they left, Lorin was looking at my hand and discovered red streaks going up my arm. I hadn't noticed them. He called the doctor and he said to bring me to the hospital, I needed penicillin. I told them I wouldn't go. So the doctor said, "In that case put her to bed and give her sulfa drug." Of course they all thought it was just stubbornness. Perhaps it was partly, but I hated to give up and go away while they were there. I wanted to visit with them. They did as the doctor said, put me to bed. Lorin went and got sulfa drug and gave me.

In an hour or two I heard them whispering in the kitchen. I overheard Lorin say, "No use. If she's made up her mind not to go she won't." It was that that brought me to my senses. I had blood poison. I could lose my arm and maybe my life. So in a few minutes I called Lorin and told him if they really thought I ought to go, I'd go. His eyes brightened and it didn't take them long to get me there. That was Sunday evening, by Tuesday night they had given me 30 shots of penicillin, much to my displeasure. But I guess it saved my arm. I was a real sick woman for two days. They were sweet and thoughtful of me, and no doubt by being with me saved my arm. For no doubt I would never have called a doctor had I been alone. I went home on Thursday, but of course I wasn't able to work nor use my hand for a while. Lorin and family stayed until Wednesday. I had a nice visit with them. Some of them were with me afternoons and evenings at the hospital. Ilene offered to stay a few weeks with me. She was there until the 22nd of July. While the children were there they were anxious to know why Joe and I quit. They were smart enough to

surmise I liked him pretty well. I didn't say much about it. I just let them kid me, but I would really have loved to have had them meet him. But of course that was not to be.

It was while Ilene was with me after the rest had gone that she found out from my remarks that I really cared for Joe. I was glad when I could go back to my dances. Ilene scolded me because I was so determined I wouldn't marry. She said something to me that no one had ever accused me of. She said, "Mother I think you are being selfish." It surprised me. I said, "What do you mean I'm selfish?" She said perhaps Joe is praying for some good woman to make his lonely life happy. Mother, I'm sure you'd both be happy if he is the kind of fellow you say he is. And I knew he was. I made up my mind when Arch came after Ilene I'd have a talk with him. I felt I had to talk to some of my children, and I was alone. It seemed I could always talk with his. I told him just how I felt about Joe and my reasons for not wanting to marry. I shall never forget what he told me. He ask me immediately, "Are you hesitating to marry on account of your pension, pass and because Joe doesn't have much?" I told him yes, then he said, "Then you're not being true to yourself." He said if Joe was as good an L.D.S. man as I said I had nothing to worry about. Go ahead and get married. It's too lonely for you to live here by yourself. Then I told him what I had told Joe. So no doubt he'd not come back again. He smiled and said, "Listen mother, if Joe cares anything for you, he'll be back and if he doesn't come back, promise me you'll feel it wasn't best to marry him. So I promised him. I knew I had prayed for what was best and I felt sure Joe would also.

At this time Ilene was living in Montana. When they left I was really alone. I just felt like I couldn't take it. I wasn't able to go back to work for a while so I got me a pass and went to Nampa. I thought if I could find work there I'd rent my house and get away for a while. That wasn't easy. So I decided you can't run away from trouble. So Ellafair let Delores and Jackie come back with me for a week. I always enjoyed having my grandchildren.

I soon went back to my jobs. We came home Monday. The following Saturday night Joe called as I was about to leave for the dance, to see if I'd like to ride out with him. We were both happy to be with each other again. That was about the middle of August, 1947. We both felt we should have a better chance to get acquainted. So he came down on a Wednesday night as well as Saturday. And I was really happy. It wasn't but a few weeks and we decided to go to the Temple on Wednesday nights. I would take the bus at Pocatello. He'd meet me at Blackfoot with the car and away we'd go. Then he'd drive me home after. I was so happy. I hadn't had a chance to go to the temple much and I loved to go.

When Lorin left the first of July he told me they had decided to move out west, and felt they'd just as well come to Pocatello then I wouldn't be entirely alone. I was very happy, but when Joe and I started going together again I didn't know just what to tell Lorin. Finally I decided to say nothing about it, only that we had decided to get better acquainted with each other. Don was still on his mission and as I said Ilene in Montana and Burrell going to school in Indiana. So I really appreciated going with Joe. He was such a gentleman and we had good times together.



Myrtle, his youngest daughter, was usually with him on Saturday nights, which I didn't mind, but it didn't give us much of a chance to really know each other. My friends in Pocatello, as well as the children, were really surprised when they found out our intentions. Well I was surprised myself. But after I made up my mind, I really felt good about it. Lorin and family arrived about the first of October and after they met Joe they were really happy for me. They knew how lonely I had been. I was happy after writing the children about it, to find they all said they were glad for me, and said they knew he was a good man or I wouldn't even go with him. That made me feel good.

I forgot to mention that in March of this year on the 2nd the old stork left a lovely red haired and brown eyed boy to Ray and Ellafair. They named him Robert Dennis and called him Bob. When he was six weeks old Ellafair came to see me. It was then she met Joe. She and Burrell were the only two children that met him. She thought he was a nice fellow.

Lorin and Dot had two sweet little boys. I was glad to have them with me. My front bedroom was still rented, so they took the two bedrooms in the basement as sleeping rooms. It helped me keep Don on his mission. We got along fine, I was working every day and Lorin soon got a job. We told no one when we planned to marry, only it would be some time before Christmas.

At this time I was still on the M.I.A. stake board. On the 10th of November they all came to my house and surprised me. They told Dot. They brought pot luck and gave me a nice card and a four quart pressure cooker. It made me feel good. I did enjoy working with them all. Then on the 16th of November some of my dear friends had a reception at my house for us. I knew nothing about it until just four days before. I was a surprised lady. My dear friend May Bevan was the one who started it. Dot helped them and it was a really wonderful time.

I would like to tell you a few things they did. First I will say, when I found out we were going to be married I felt I would like a formal dress. Joe and I both loved to dance and I knew I'd need one for the Green and Gold balls. So I got some nice black material and Dot made it for me. I was very proud of it. I was especially glad I had it when I found out they were giving us a reception. Joe had given me a diamond, my first one, and although I had been married twice before it was also my first reception. Then when I beheld the beautiful wedding cake on the lace covered table with lighted candles on it, I was excited as well as afraid. It was my first wedding cake also.

My dining and living room was beautiful with flowers and potted plants, girls and women in their formals. My beehive girls, whom I taught for three years, before I went on the stake board, were all there in their formals and served the punch and cake. Was I surprised, and happy. Lady friends in formals sat at the table and poured the punch. Sister J. May Davis, the Bishop's wife, in a formal took care of the guest book. One hundred or more friends signed it. One in formal attended the door. I was really frightened as I stood beside Joe in the receiving line in my living room. Joe brought me such a beautiful corsage. He was in his black suit and white carnation.

Perhaps dear readers you'll think I'm silly, but it was all so wonderful to me and all such a surprise, and new experience for me even if I was soon to be 60 years old. Then when we went to cut the cake, some one suggested they call the photographer and have a picture made. At first I objected, but I have always been happy they insisted. They had arranged for music on the piano, solo's and duets were sung. Well it was just too wonderful. I can never forget it, and it made me feel so good. I only felt bad more of our children weren't there. His two girls and their husbands were there also his daughter Myrtle was there. Ellafair and children, also Lester who was working in Boise came. And of course Lorin and Dot.

Then on the 25th of November 1947 we went to the Idaho Falls temple and were married for time. Lorin and Dot, Laura and Annie (Joe's sisters) and Annie's husband Emil, went to the temple with us. When we got back Deon and Mary had a big turkey supper for us all. We spent a wonderful day. Joe had three days off. The 27th was Thanksgiving. We already had an apartment and things moved in. So we spent our honeymoon straightening up, and it was fun.

On the 26th of January a little boy was left at Arch and Ilene's home. When she came out of the hospital I went to Glasgow, Montana and helped for two weeks. They paid my expenses one way. I always enjoyed doing it. Arch was so good to help it wasn't hard on me.

We lived in the apartment seven months. It was in the 4th Ward. The people were sociable and nice to us and we loved it there. I was soon put in as Secretary in the Relief Society and learned to love the sisters I worked with. Joe was also given a job. I don't recall just what. Lorin and Dot rented my home and it kept Don on his mission. We were happy but not contented renting.

So in the spring of 1948 we decided to buy us a little home. I had a few hundred dollars in savings the boys had sent me. What Burrell and Lorin sent me I put in savings. I thought it was sweet of Lorin. He had a wife and a baby but for two years he sent me \$25 a month. I wrote him he shouldn't do it but he informed me it was from his allowance and he wanted to do it. So I was happy I had it when we went to buy our little home. It was the down payment. We realized it was quite an undertaking but just couldn't see us paying rent the rest of our lives. We soon found a little home on the west side of town. It was an old place, run down and unkept. But we liked the location so we took it. I will just say it took a lot of planning, money and hard work, and four years before we had it like we wanted it. But it's a little cozy, comfortable home and we love it. We could never have done it if Joe hadn't done the work, in his spare time. He did a lovely job at it, which makes it all the dearer to me. When we moved we were in the 1st Ward.

This is the evening of the 2nd of August, 1954. I thought I'd write a while in my history tonight. I'm so anxious to get it up to date. That fall, of 1948, just before mutual started I was called to work on the Blackfoot M.I.A. stake board, as the Guardian Bee Keeper. I accepted it. But I always liked ward work better. It just seemed I could get closer to the ward, and I love to teach a class of girls. But I was called and I would do my best.

That same fall the last of September Don was released from his two year mission. It was a happy two years for me as well as him. He filled an honorable

mission, and I shall always be grateful to my Heavenly Father for giving me the desire to send him and him the desire to go. He certainly blessed us both. I know it was hard for Don to think of coming home and not to his own dear home in Pocatello. I hope he'll forgive me if I did the wrong thing. While on his mission he met Afton Goodman from Mesa, Arizona, who was also serving. She left, I believe, almost a year before he did. But by the time his mission was over they were ready to get married. She met him in Salt Lake, then she came with him to Blackfoot to see us. Then we all went down to Salt Lake for October conference, after which we went to Mesa to see them married. Then we came home on the bus. They were married October 7, 1948. I was disappointed for I felt I wanted him home for a while anyway, but parents cannot always see as their children do. How well I know. We weren't able to stay for their reception as it was not held until a week later. While there Ken and Sib flew down to see us, they had never met Joe and I suppose they were a little curious. They stayed two or three days. I was so glad. I hadn't seen them for almost two years.

My half sister Annie was living at Phoenix. The night before we were to leave she invited all the Mexico friends around there to her place. It was so much fun. Some I hadn't seen for years. I surely did appreciate it. On our way down we went through Kanab, Utah. That's where my father and mother lived when they were married until they moved to Old Mexico. I had never been there and had always wanted to go. Mother's brother Willis and wife and sister Laura still lived there with their families. We were riding the bus. So we decided to stop off over night. I arrived there at 2 p.m. After inquiring around we soon located Aunt Laura. I had never seen her before. I was so thrilled to see her and she was glad to see me. We had lunch with her. Before she took us to see Uncle Willis she took us to see the little house that my father and mother had lived in. Oh how thrilled I was to see the same old gate that my mother had walked through so many many times and the same log house where mother and Aunt Julia (Father's 2nd wife) lived while father was on his mission. I had heard my dear mother tell it so many times. It made tears come to my eyes and made me recall many things she had told me. I am grateful I had the privilege of seeing it. Uncle Willis and Aunt Addie (neither one was well) but were so thrilled to see us. Some of their children came to see us and we had a lovely visit. We stayed there all night. We got quietly up the next morning and left on the 5 o'clock bus. I'm so happy we stopped over.

Don and Afton soon came back to Salt Lake. Afton got a job. She was a good typist and office girl and Don enrolled in the U of U. He had his G.I. help so they decided to try it. That Christmas they came and spent with us. Lester also came with them. How I enjoyed it. I will just say it wasn't easy on them. It was hard to find a part time job (he wouldn't take a job where he had to work on Sunday) and I was glad he wouldn't. Afton soon found she was pregnant. They were happy about it, but it was added worry.

On the 31st of July 1949 a cute little brown eyed girl came to live with them. They named her Rose Ilene and called her Rosilene. Don wasn't well, his hay fever and asthma bothered him. He was thin and pale, so they decided to move to Mesa and try it there to see if he'd feel better. That fall he enrolled in the college at Tempe, Arizona, a few miles from Mesa. In the spring of 1951 they built them a

cozy little home. Both were active in Church. Both worked hard to keep Don in school.

Then on the 18th of September 1951 a sweet little boy was given to them. They named him Don Leslie Jr. Having the two children was hard for Afton to make enough to hire care for them. All in all it was tough on both of them. It almost got Don down. The heat was almost more than he could take in the summer. Afton was raised there and she liked it. Then on the 11th of August 1953 another little boy came. They named him Edwin Nathan after their fathers. They called him Eddy, a cute sweet little guy.

This spring, spring of 1954 Don graduated from college, leaving behind them the memory of six years of worry, anxiety, hard work, of course happy days, and I'm sure thankful hearts to our Heavenly Father for His blessings. He has signed up to teach in Jr. High School at Flagstaff, Arizona next year. I pray God to bless him with health so he can stay with it. They are planning to visit us anytime now before school starts. I always look forward to any of our children coming to see us.

Some time in 1948 or perhaps 49, I am not just sure, Ilene and Arch were transferred from Montana to Enterprize, Utah, no closer to us, but it seemed closer to me. While there Ilene and Arch attended the St. George temple once a week. It was 40 miles from Enterprize. While visiting them I had the privilege of going one evening with them. It made me very happy. Later they were called to work two nights a month as officiators for a two year period. What a privilege and were they happy.

A little later Arch was transferred to St. George. Then instead of working two nights a month in the temple they went two nights a week. Later they were glad they did, for in the spring of 1952 he was transferred to South Dakota. They hated to leave their temple work, but by their working two nights a week they had more than filled their calling. They are at Belle Fouché, South Dakota. They are very active in the church no doubt doing more good than if they had stayed in St. George. Arch served as counselor in the branch Presidency then a year ago he was put in as District President.

Lorin and family are now at Topeka, Kansas. He wrote me he'd pay my fare on bus if I'd come and visit them. Ilene was expecting a new wee one about the 1st of September and they had written me they'd be glad to pay my fare one way if I'd come and stay a week after she got out of the hospital. So I told Lorin when I went there I'd also come and see them. So I had quite a trip.

A little boy came to live with them on the 6th of September 1953. They named him Charles Arch. I stayed with Ilene a week, then went to Topeka and back another week with Ilene, as she wasn't getting along as well as she should. I had a nice visit but was so glad to have a home to come to and someone there waiting for me.

I have always been so grateful to Joe for his patience with me leaving to visit my children.

About the 20th of June 1954 Ilene and children got a chance to ride as far as West Yellowstone with some friends. She called to see if we could meet her there. So dad and I left at 4 a.m. one beautiful morning and met her at noon, then we drove into the Park and watched Old Faithful erupt then got home about 8:30 p.m. They were with us for two weeks. Oh how I enjoyed them. Arch came over the 4th of July week and took them back. It was her 1st visit with us for two ½ years and we all really were glad to be together. She has a sweet little family.

While Lorin and Dot lived in my house they belonged to the 2nd Ward and while there they were both active in the ward. Lorin was chosen to be the Bishop's counselor, but wasn't in long as they built them a new home on the West bench in Pocatello. On the 26th of May 1950 the old stork left them a sweet little girl. They named her Barrie Kay. Lorin had a good job, but he wasn't contented. So he decided he wanted to go back into the Air Corp as a vocation. He loved his communication work, which he took while in there. He had been out five years. They told him if he'd go back in they would let those five years go on his retirement. Dot didn't seem to mind it. But I felt bad about it. Of course it was their lives, not mine.

In October they sent him to Ogden to the Hill Field Air Base. He moved his family down. They figured he'd be there at least a year. But in November he was told he was being sent to Japan. How my heart ached. He called he wouldn't get to come see me so dad took me down to tell them goodbye. So again a sad goodbye. He moved his family to Chicago so Dot could be near her folks. It was hard on Dot. The boys needed their daddy and he needed his family, but such is life when you work for Uncle Sam. He was gone a year and a half. That has been almost four years ago and he's never been home to see me since. However he sent for me to come see them in 1952 while they were in Topeka, Kansas. I was thrilled to see them. They are planning to come see us in August. I'm counting the days.

I feel I'm being deprived of the happiest time of my later years by not having my grandchildren and great grandchildren around me. But such has been my lot. I'm not complaining. No doubt it's for a purpose, but I am grateful I have them all somewhere.

When Burrell came home from back east where he was going to school he was still restless and unhappy. He had never married, just didn't seem to find the right one. So he enlisted and went back into the service for two years. When he returned he went to Los Angeles and got him a good job in the Southern California Gas Company. He likes his job but not Los Angeles. He came in yesterday and surprised us. It seems good to have him home. He's still restless and undecided. I wish he'd find some good girl and get married. He'll always be restless until he does. Well my dears, this is all I can write tonight. Goodnight.

Nov. 21st, 1955. I am on the train going to Los Angeles to spend Thanksgiving. Ken and Burrell wrote they'd pay my way down on plane. I was thrilled about it, but I noticed every time I mentioned it dad would look worried, so I asked him if he'd rather I'd go on the train. He said he would feel better about it, so here I am. I have always wanted a good long plane ride, but dad doesn't like them.

Oh well, I'll get one some day. I hated to leave dad, I know it's lonesome for him. He's always been so good to let me go. He doesn't care about visiting, but I just have to see my children once a year anyway. He'll spend Thanksgiving with his children. His two girls Mary and Deon and families are there. If he had no one there I wouldn't have left. I'll leave Salt Lake at 10:30 p.m. going on the streamline train. It will get there at 3:15 the next afternoon and will save a few hours. It has been 1½ years since I have written on my history. It's hard to get at it at home.

I surely hope the way I have written this it won't be confusing to you who read it. It is almost three years since I was in California. However Ken and family came to see me when I was at Mesa in April, 1954. I did appreciate it. Then about two months ago he flew up to Twin Falls to take some men on business, so he flew up home and surprised me. And I was surprised. He could just stay a few hours, so I fixed a nice trout dinner at 4 o'clock. I called Ilene who was living at Shelley. They came down and we had a nice short but sweet visit.

Ken and family are still living at Huntington Park, near Los Angeles. He is still on the police force. Sheryl, their son, went into the service about two years ago. He came home on furlough last August and got married to his little girl friend Carol Guthrie. Then about the last of September he was sent over seas. A couple of weeks after he left, Carol discovered she was pregnant. She was very brave about it and when the stork came and left her a sweet little girl, it was the 13th of June, 1955. They named her Sherry Lee. I am anxious to see her. She is five months old. I have never seen Carol either so I am real anxious to get there. She does not belong to our Church but I think she will some day. We hope so.

Loie, Ken's oldest girl, is going on 13 years and my Elaina girl on eight. I know they'll be changed. It seems so strange to think of Ken and Sib as grandparents.

Sheryl expects to be home in about four months. He doesn't know where they'll send him next, but it will be nice for him to be able to take his wife and baby. I just can't believe he's a daddy. It will be hard for him to realize she belongs to him, having never seen her. Loie and Ed haven't been home for four years. I have seen her once since then while in Mesa at Don's. Loie and Ed have been living in Virden, New Mexico for the last two or three years. They like it there. I'll be glad when they can come home again. Joan (Loie's and Harold's daughter) Ed is Loie's 2nd husband, lives at Ogden. She married Virgil Cutler. They have three little girls, Sue Dele, she'll be five on 17 December, Glenda and Gloria, twins, will be two on Valentines day. They are sweet little girls. Preston (Loie's son) is also there. He was in the service two years, most of it in Korea. He isn't married. I know he feels he hasn't a home. His father and stepmother are separated and both remarried. No wonder he feels that way. I was glad he was there. It's almost a year since I had seen him. He is over six feet tall, built a lot like his grandpa Kendrick only he's blond, and his grandpa was dark complexioned. Loie was like her dad.

Ellafair and Ray still live at Nampa. After Ray joined the Church in 1948, it was just a year later they took their family and we had the privilege of going to the temple with them. It was a marvelous day to see their family sealed to them. They are both active in the Church, Ray has worked on the stake Genealogical committee

for five years, representing the seventies in the presidency of the committee. But this month, much to his pleasure, they released him and called him on a two year stake mission. Ellafair was in hopes they'd call her also, but they didn't. She is counselor in the Relief Society and they didn't want to release her. She says perhaps its best that way. I feel it is or they would have released her. Delores, their oldest daughter, who married Dee Lowder has two sweet little boys, Russell and Cam. They are now at Rupert. Jacqueline was married 13 May 1955 to Clyde Reece. Both were married in the Idaho Falls temple. We had the privilege of going with both of them. John is 16 and in High School and my Robby boy was eight last March. My how time flies. Ellafair, like Sib, thinks it is wonderful to be grandma. And I agree with them. Ellafair has a railroad pass and comes to see us whenever she can. I always look forward to those visits.

Burrell is still with the gas company in Los Angeles. He was home a few days in the spring, also again in September. He still doesn't like California. He said it seemed good to breath some good old Idaho air. He didn't seem quite so restless this time.

In August 1954 Lorin and family came home to see us. They just stayed five days, but I was happy to have them home again. I hadn't seen them since he sent me a ticket to come and see them when they lived at Topeka, Kansas in 1952. From there he was sent to Chicago, then a year ago last September he was sent to Biloxi, Mississippi for a year's school in radar and electronics. If I remember correctly after his year was up they assigned him there for two or three years (I'm not sure which) as an instructor. They are so far away no telling when I'll get to see them. It hurts me to have them all so far away. Lorin Jr. will be 13 in January. My Kenny boy was nine last August, and little Barrie Kay was five last May. Time just goes on and on.

In the fall of 1954 after Ilene was here in June, to my happy surprise they were transferred from South Dakota to Shelley, Idaho, just 17 miles from Blackfoot. They came for Thanksgiving to locate a place to live. They could find nothing suitable to rent so they made a payment on a lovely brick home in Shelley. The people who lived in it were supposed to be out by the 15th of December but never got out until just two days before Christmas. I was happy to have them home with me, but they were happy to get in a home for Christmas eve. It meant so much to me to be with them for Christmas. They have been here a year now and I still can't believe she's there. It has been so many years since I have had any of my children near. They had been there just a few weeks and Arch was put in the Bishopric, Ilene is Relief Society chorister and they seem very happy. So am I. Ilene is expecting a visit from the old stork in January. It seems good to be able to run in and say hello each week when we are coming home from the temple. They are so busy but it's nice when they come to see us.

In the fall of 1954 Don and Afton moved to Flagstaff where Don had signed up to teach Jr. High school. They came to visit us that summer. I always looked forward to summer because they always made it home for a few days to see us. I hope they know how I appreciate it. Afton was expecting another wee one in April. When she was about five months along the doctor discovered she had Valley Fever, the medical name is Desert Rheumatism, it's a fungus caused by dust and heat. She hadn't been well but got to feeling worse after they moved to Flagstaff. Well the

outcome was Flagstaff was to high for her. By February her breathing became so difficult the doctor ordered her back to Mesa, and there she had to stay until the baby was almost a month old. He was born the 3rd of April 1955. When she went she took Eddy, the baby, and left Rosilene and Donnie with Don. So when Don called me I offered to go stay a few weeks, as I knew they were not financially fixed to hire someone. I stayed five weeks and kept house for them. I really enjoyed it. Don was so good to help, and I had the privilege of going with him to Mesa two or three weekends while I was there. My sister Lulu and Ray lived there and I visited with them. When I had to go home Don took the children to Mesa and one of Afton's sisters cared for them the rest of the time. It was really a trial for them. They named their baby (another boy) John Raymond. Don wasn't satisfied with teaching Jr. High. He always wanted to teach seminary. So they decided he better get started. He put in his application and lo and behold they sent him to Ashton, Idaho, about 82 miles from Blackfoot, the coldest spot in Idaho, much to Afton's displeasure. But Don and I were happy. He didn't mind the cold but Afton was raised in Mesa, Arizona. I told her it was cold but I knew she'd live. Don enjoyed it so did the children. Afton is really looking better. She said the other day, "Why Mom I eat like a horse." I told her she had to eat to keep warm in this country. I hope they know how happy I was to have them even that close and bless their hearts, with their pennies and nickels as scarce as they were, they came down almost every weekend. Don't think I didn't enjoy fixing for them. They came last Friday night. Then Saturday night Ilene and family came down to tell me goodbye before I left on this trip. They will have Thanksgiving together at Ashton (if the weather permits) and dad will be at Shelley with his girls while I'll be with Ken and the rest.

Ann and Walt sold their home in Burbank and are buying somewhere else. He's in the real estate business and seems to be doing fine. I'll be glad to see them all again. Lenore is still with them. She isn't a bit well. I worry over her. She never married. I wish she had. She would have made some man a sweet little wife. She couldn't see it that way. I love her as my own. My own could never have been better to me, I hope she knows how I appreciate it.

Here it is 10 a.m. 22 November 1955. It won't be long now (about 3:30) this afternoon before I arrive in Los Angeles. I do appreciate Ken and Burrell's offer to pay my transportation since I married Joe I haven't my railroad pass, and it really costs to travel. But I have always told the children when they send for me to come, that I'll pay one way. So I'll do the same with Burrell and Ken.

Since I have written on my history, a year last summer, nothing unusual has happened in mine and Joe's life. We are still happy in our little home and with each other. We still try to go to the temple one day a week, and during fishing season, I go one day a week with him fishing. I will say last January 1955, we talked it over and decided he should go on his social security before he was worn out and couldn't enjoy life, so he did. He is allowed to make \$100 a month extra from his security, so the county kept him on part time at the Court House. He cares for the lawn and flowers and repairs inside in the summer. Then in the winter he sees to the heating of the building and remove the snow from paths when necessary. He seems to enjoy it and by being careful we get along fine. I have a little each month from my home I



sold in Pocatello. I use that for my medical bills and trips, so that helps. I'm grateful for it. We are both grateful for the health we have, for our families, friends, and the Gospel.

We were very thrilled last spring when we were informed we had been called on a two year stake mission. We were released from all our ward duties and set apart on 24 June 1955. At that time I had had the Lark's girls for two or three years. I loved them and hated to give them up, also choir practice, singing mothers and Relief Society teaching. But we were advised it was best so that was it. Dad was ward teacher supervisor, and belonged to choir and had his ward teaching. But we soon learned our time was occupied with our new work. We both enjoy it although at times it makes us feel so bad when people say they have no desire to hear it. If they only knew what they were depriving themselves of. Then when we look around and see so many who were born and reared in the Church (some of our loved ones included) it really hurts. For the more you study the scriptures, the more you realize how short the time is, and for those who procrastinate until it's too late, sorry will they be, for the Lord says "For I the Lord am bound, when ye do as I say. If ye do not what I say there is no promise." Oh my dear ones be not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ for it is a power unto salvation to all God's children. All the blessings and privileges are ours, if we keep his commandments. My daily prayer is that I might be a good missionary, and be able to help someone to have a desire to know the truth; for the truth will make us free. We still go to the temple once a week. I got permission to take this little trip and will make it up when I get back.

November 29, 1955.

Well, here I am on the train going home. I had a lovely visit. They all treated me so well. The first three days were beautiful, so sunshiny and warm. I took a little cold somewhere, sometime and for two or three days I didn't feel very good, but I found out Sib is a good doctor and nurse. I was a little disappointed Thanksgiving day. Genny's little boy was too sick for them to come to Sib's, and Jack her hubby was overseas, so Ann and Walt and Lenore went to her place so they wouldn't be alone, which they should have done. They called by an hour or so on their way over. I talked two or three times to them on the phone and that was it. Saturday Juniatta and Abe came from San Diego to see me and stayed until Sunday afternoon. I had a nice visit with them. Monday I was in bed all day. I had an ear ache and a pain under my right shoulder. Tuesday I felt better so Sib took me and her mother to visit the temple grounds. We didn't get to go through as it was closed to the public getting ready for dedication on the 19th of December 1955. But we did go through the Bureau of Information and it alone was worth the trip over. The landscaping (partly done), is going to be beautiful. It is a beautiful temple. I left Los Angeles this morning about 9:50. It is now 2 p.m. From the bright blue sky and sunshine I guess we have left the smog behind. It was terrible yesterday. I don't like it a bit. I'd rather have the snow. This world of ours is a beautiful world, I'm afraid we are all too busy to really see and appreciate it.

No matter how gray the sky may be,

Remember the darkest cloud has a silver lining

And will shine for you and me,  
The whole day through if within our hearts the sun is shining.  
When the beautiful mountains are capped with snow,  
There's one thing we all must surely know,  
That spring must come and all nature will live anew.  
The flowers will bloom and the birds will sing.  
Children's voices with laughter will ring.  
The mountain streams will be crystal clear,  
The whole world beautiful far and near.  
Faint not dear heart, because you know  
Gray skies will follow and there'll be snow.  
See God's handiwork in the mountains high.  
The snow clad pines as we pass them by,  
Will bow to you and me, in their majesty.  
And if there's sunshine in your heart,  
It will melt the snow, with its warmth and glow,  
And spring will come again.

Life itself is a mystery, one never knows when they will be called home. No wonder we are told to live each day as if it were the last day. This life is a proving ground. Our Heavenly Father permitted us to come to take a body, and gain by experiences, each experience we have whether it brings tears or laughter, is for a purpose, unknown to us at present, but sometime somewhere we shall know.

I do not remember just how long Arch and Ilene lived at Enterprise. While there I went to see them. I took my temple recommend with me and went to the St. George temple for the first time. Mother's oldest brother Lorin was living there. I hadn't seen him for years. I shall never forget how thrilled he was to see me. The tears streamed down his face as he took me in his arms and said, "Oh how much you look like Janey", (that's mother). He is still living there, going to the temple. He must be nearing 90. Isn't it wonderful? I hope if I'm permitted to live to a good old age that I have the health and desire to go to the temple. I love to go now. What a privilege to belong to a church who has wholesome activity and work for its members from childhood until life is done.

From there I went to Los Angeles and had a wonderful time as always. I always enjoyed going to Ken's. Sib always treated me just like she was my own daughter. How could I help but love her. I always had a good time at Ann's and Walt's also. Lenore was with them.

During the years of 1949 and 50, as far as I remember, my visits were to Nampa to see Ellafair and to Salt Lake to work a few days in the library. My half sister Loie lived there, but none of my children. They were scattered all over as usual. I had a class of Seagull girls in Primary and I loved them. We had lots of good times together. I love to work with young girls. I also loved the companionship of the officers and teachers. They were all younger than I but treated me as one of them. I started to teach them in the fall of 1949. Dad was always so cooperative with me. When I had to have the girls come to our place to do extra work, or have a party, he was always ready and willing to see that they got home safe and sound. Then I had a new group of girls in the fall of 1951. It was during this that I found myself not feeling very well. I had always worked hard and always been well. Dad also noticed in the early fall that I neither looked nor acted well. He wanted me to go see a doctor, but I never did have faith in medical doctors. So I put it off. When I was on the Stake Board in Pocatello they sent me to Idaho Falls as a representative of the Mutual to a cancer convention. One thing I remembered was they said there were seven symptoms of cancer that we should be concerned about. One was sour stomach and heart burn. I had always (at least for several years) been troubled some with it, and that spring it seemed to get worse. In January 1951 Doctor Petersen (a Naturopathic doctor) moved to Blackfoot. I had a bad shoulder so I went to him and took several treatments. He was really good and also was a good L.D.S. man and I had confidence in him. As the weeks passed I became so nervous. Dad tried to get me to resign from Primary but I felt I'd like to stay with them until the summer work started, but by the middle of May I resigned and went to Doctor Petersen with my trouble. He at once put me on a strictly grape juice diet, also examined me good. I noticed he seemed worried. I was too. I immediately told him I wanted him to be frank with me, whatever he thought was wrong. So he said all indications showed cancer in the intestines. He was surprised at my taking it so calmly. But I felt if I had it I just as well face it bravely. So I asked him what I better do. He then said he was sure he could remove it if I would give him full cooperation. I assured him I would. So he gave me something to take (I forget the name of it) with the grape juice. I was to take an enema every night. It wasn't but a few days until solid slimy material came. He then sent a sample to their laboratory at Preston to reassure me of it. When it came back it was positive.

To make a long story short, after getting dad's consent he went to work on me, much to the displeasure of most of the children and friends. They felt I was foolish to risk my life in his hands. It wasn't a very pleasant summer but I had a lot of confidence in him and also faith in my Heavenly Father. That summer the children all came home, just for a few days and only one family at a time. I really enjoyed their coming. Ken hadn't been home for six years. Lorin was in Korea at this time. I had such sweet letters from him, telling me he was sure I'd be OK. I know it was hard on him. Ritchie and family had been at Moscow (he is Joe's oldest boy) for two years. The Government had sent him to take a certain course. He was graduating the first of June. He had sent money for dad and me to come to his graduation. I was so disappointed and knew dad would be, so I told him he must go. I wasn't bedfast, but I couldn't exert myself to do anything and I was weak and losing weight. Ilene was living in St. George at this time, so she offered to come and stay with me so dad could go. He hesitated, but I insisted. He was gone ten days. I

really enjoyed Ilene and kiddies all by ourselves. I was on the grape juice diet for over a month. He gave me vitamins and concentrates to keep me from getting run down. I had three treatments a week all summer. That was one time when they came home they waited on themselves and me too. I could hardly take it. But they were all so good and seemed to enjoy it. Ed and Loie came from Arizona a few days. Also Don and Afton and of course Ellafair several times during the summer. Ritchie and family were transferred some place, I'm not sure where. They also came for a couple of days. Ilene came again in August and stayed a couple of weeks to help me. I can never thank Deon (Joe's daughter) for her kindness and sweetness to me. When none of my children were here, she did my washing and what ironing we had, then let Judy come in and clean the house for us. I want them to know I love them for it. My own could be no better.

Well I got along so well my doctor called me his miracle woman. I do know God heard my prayers and the prayers of my loved ones and friends. I had a lot to take from some of my friends. They thought me very unwise, but dad and I both prayed about it before we made our decision and we both felt it was for the best. I knew God would heal me if I was worthy of it. If He didn't I would try and reconcile myself to it and be grateful for the good health I had while raising my family, for I needed it then. I shall always be grateful for dad's love and devotion to me during my illness. I sometimes wonder just what I would have done without him. I hope he will always know I love him dearly for it. I had to give up my activities in the ward. However they didn't release me from being the Secretary of the genealogical committee, although I didn't go for over a year. Dad was chairman of it. The thing I felt worst about was the thought of not being able to go to sacrament meeting and my temple day. I told my doctor about it. So he said if they didn't tire me he knew it would do me good to go. I only missed two or three sacrament meetings and four or five weeks going to the temple for just one session a week. I know it gave me a lot of spiritual strength and helped me with my recovery.

I would like to say, don't ever let anyone ever tell you cancer cannot be removed only by operating. If taken in time, mine was. It helped, me knowing the symptoms. My digestive tract was in such a condition even water would cause sourness and heart burn. I testify to you that for five weeks the cancer material passed from me every day by enema. I kept a sample in a bottle of alcohol to let my children see. One thing we did know. The treatments and things I took wouldn't hurt me if it didn't do me good. After it stopped passing the doctor had dad gather burdock root and I steamed it. I had to take some every day for a month. It was a cleansing method. Anyway I'm grateful to my Heavenly Father for healing me.

By the time spring came I felt I just had to have a change. My doctor said it would do me good to get away for awhile. So dad took his vacation and on the 29th of May 1952 we left in our little Chevrolet coupe for Arizona and California, to visit my children. Dad had never been to California. We went to Mesa, visited with Don and family, then on to San Diego to see my sister Juniatta and Abe, then to Huntington Park and stayed four or five days with Ken and family, and a night and day with Ann and Walt (Lenore was also with them). We had a lovely time. They all treated us so well. How lonely it would be to have no children to go see.

On our way down we went to the north rim of Grand Canyon. Then on our way back we stayed over night in St. George, and went to see my uncle Lorin but he was in Salt Lake. I was disappointed, for I feared I wouldn't see him again. He was getting rather old. That evening we went to the temple. Early the next morning we left for Zion's National Park and Bryce Canyon. I had always wanted to go. It was a wonderful and beautiful ride up there, and I shall never forget the beautiful scenery, especially at Bryce. I was enthralled at it all. I know it was not so exciting to dad as to me, because he had to do all the driving. I have never learned to drive. I know it was hard on him. From there we went to Provo. We didn't get there in time that evening to go to my sister Verna's place, so we took a motel. We went and had breakfast with them, a nice little visit. Then we went on to Salt Lake, had dinner with Gilbert and family (Joe's son), then on home. We arrived home just as the sun was setting on 13 June 1952. We traveled 2600 miles, with no trouble except one flat. That happened while in St. George.

In the summer of 1952 our Bishop asked dad if he would be a ward teacher supervisor. Dad told him he felt his genealogical work was all he could handle and it was. So they asked him if he'd help until they could get someone else. He reluctantly consented. He worked hard on both of them. But it was too much for him. Sometimes he'd have to go ward teaching three or four times a month in order to get it all done. So in the spring of 1953, he told the Bishop it was more than he could handle. The Bishop asked him if he had any preference of the two jobs. Well he did, but he told the Bishop he'd work where they felt he should. And to our surprise they said they felt, they needed him as supervisor. I couldn't say how he felt but I was heartsick. I loved our genealogy work and the members that worked with us. So of course that left me without a job.

I was feeling almost like myself again and decided if they ask me to work in Primary I'd love to go back to the girls again. I didn't have long to wait for the night we were released they came and asked me if I'd like to teach again in Primary. I told them yes if I could have the Larks girls. The Lark teacher was quitting in a few weeks, so I helped with the Blazer boys until she left.

We still went to the temple every week we could and dad seemed to really enjoy his new work. By fall I was giving my heart and soul to the girls. I taught the class of 1953-1954 and it wasn't long until I had 13 girls coming and did I love them. Then the next fall I took a new group of girls. I had only three or four that year. No more were that age in the ward.

In the spring of 1953, I had another wonderful trip I'd like to relate. Burrell, my first husband, was killed in 1912. He was working there and I was in Idaho. (The details are in this history.) He was killed and buried before I got the word. Through things which were unavoidable, I just didn't seem to be able to go to his grave. Years passed. I married again. Dad Robinson and I often planned to go see if we could locate it, but with our large family and him not well we never made it. My nephew, Layton Galbraith, was teaching school at McGill. His mother and dad went to visit him. Heva, my sister, knew how I had longed and planned to go find it. So they decided while there they'd see if they could locate it, but had no success. The sexton at that time told them all graves prior to 1913 had been leveled and used over. She felt bad. She hated to write it to me, so they made a special trip to

Pocatello from Ogden to tell me. This was four or five years before dad Robinson passed away. I was heart sick. I wrote and told Burrell's children. They too were disappointed, for we had talked a lot about going sometime together and finding it.

But no matter what, the years pass. I often thought about it but knew there was nothing I could do about it, so I tried to forget it.

Then in January 1953 I had been to Nampa to visit Ellafair and was coming home on the bus. As the passengers got on the bus at Boise, a little old lady got on. There were empty seats, so it rather surprised me when she stopped and looked at me and then ask if she might sit by me. It wasn't long before she asked me where I lived. Then naturally I asked her. She said at McGill, Nevada. All through those 41 long years whenever I heard Ely or McGill mentioned, my thoughts would go back to dear Burrell. It made me sick and sad to think about it. I asked her how long she had lived there. She said since 1898. She could see I was thinking about something, then she said, "Did you have trouble there?" I said yes and no, then it seemed I couldn't resist telling her, so on that bus to a strange little lady, I told my story and my heartaches. She listened intently, I told about my nephew still being there. She knew him well. When her husband died, Layton was in the stake presidency. She said he was so good to her. We shed a few tears together, then she said, "I don't know why the sexton told your sister those graves had been covered."

July 8, 1956.

Well here I am sitting in the car by the side of the road up on Antelope Creek, 80 miles from Blackfoot. We got here about 9 a.m. I have fished and fished and not a bite; so I gave up. Dad is still fishing. At noon he had only caught 6, but he's still at it. My how that guy loves to fish.

The last time I wrote on my history I was coming home from Ellafair's on the bus. I will now try to finish where I left off at that time.

This little old lady said she knew that if my husband was buried at Ely his grave would still be there. I told her I didn't want to get my hopes up and then be disappointed. Well she suggested I let her take a letter to Layton. She said she'd do all she could to help him. So I wrote him a note and let her take it to him. I tried to forget it and dad begged me not to get my hopes built up. In about six weeks to my surprise and joy, I got a letter from Layton. He and the sexton made a deep search for it. It looked helpless. Then he thought of some records that had been copied from some old worn out head boards before throwing them away and there they found part of the record. They found Burrell's name but only part of the dates. So to make sure, they went to the undertakers and checked their old records and there it was. They then went to the cemetery and located the grave. Yes, a lonely grave, lonely for 41 years. It was in a nice shady part of the cemetery and lawn all over it. Many tears I had shed in those 41 years, but the tears I shed that day were tears of joy. I hope Burrell will forgive me, if it was carelessness on my part. I didn't mean to be, I just couldn't believe it.

I immediately sent airmail letters to Ken, Loie, and Ellafair. Loie lived in Arizona and wasn't able to come but wanted to help with a grave marker. We had a nice marker put on his grave, and we planned (Ken, Ellafair, and I) to meet at the

grave on Decoration Day. Ken called Thursday before we left, that he was bringing Sib and girls along. I was so happy. I decided if they had room I'd go back to California with them and I did. Dad Gooch kindly offered to drive me to Ely. I hope he knows how I appreciated it. I called Ellafair to meet us at Burley. We left Blackfoot at 4 a.m., met Ellafair and arrived at Ely about noon. We cleaned up and set out to find Ken and it didn't take long. About 2 p.m. we all met at our lonely grave. Needless to try to say how I felt. Tears were shed as we placed flowers, yes the first flowers in 41 years. We took a lot of pictures for which I'm grateful. Ken and family had a large room at a Motel so we bought groceries for lunch and all ate together. Ellafair, dad, and I stayed at my nephew's place that night. The next morning early we all left. Dad and Ellafair left for home and the rest of us for California. I am very grateful for the kind hands who copied those records from the worn out boards, to Layton and the sexton for their efforts, and to the little old lady who sat beside me on the bus on my way home. God bless them all. Don't tell me God didn't send that little lady to me. I will say since knowing where the grave is (strange as it may seem) I feel closer to Burrell, and I hope he knows how happy I am to have found it.

In the spring of 1954 I was privileged to take another wonderful trip. My father had two wives, each one had six girls and my mother had three boys. When father passed away at the age of 81, his 12 girls were still living, his sons having preceded him in death. Since his passing two of his girls have passed away, mother's oldest daughter Heva and Aunt Julia's daughter Elma. But he still has ten living daughters. We were scattered from San Diego, California to Canada. We had never all been together since we left Mexico in 1912, over 40 years. So in 1953, through writing we decided to plan for a sister reunion after April general conference of 1954, to be at Mesa, Arizona. It took a lot of planning, saving of pennies, and a lot of praying for us all to be able to be there. The time soon passed. Our sister, Nita, lived at Raymond, Canada. They came and picked me up at Blackfoot, and we went to Salt Lake to conference. After conference, we picked up Loie who lived in Salt Lake, then Verna who lives in Provo. That was four of us. Our sister Juniatta came from San Diego, Tessa from Pasadena, and Annie and Fern live in Phoenix, Caddie at Tempe and Lulu at Mesa, Arizona. We planned to all meet at the temple Friday morning 11th of April, 1954. What a meeting, and how grateful we all were to be able to go to the temple. We all felt the presence of our parents that day and I'm sure they were there with us. We also attended the evening session.

Don and family lived there and they went with us in the evening. He had the privilege of taking six of his aunts and of course me through the veil.

One evening while there we were all invited to one of Caddie's daughter's place for supper. We will never forget that evening. After supper where just the ten of us were served, we sat out in the moonlight and told experiences we had long long ago, sang all the songs we could remember that we sang in our girlhood days, way down in old Mexico. We also read a history of father I had written and all were encouraged to write their histories. I often say, yes we spent five days, laughing, talking, singing, eating, sleeping and shedding tears together. We also had a good picture taken, which money couldn't buy, if more was not available. That was two

years last spring and through the kindness of our Heavenly Father we are all still here. Lulu, the oldest one, is now 76, Juniatta and Caddie 73, Annie 71, Loie and myself 68, Verna and Tessa 66, Nita 63 and Fern, the youngest, 51. We hope to get together again sometime, if not in this life may we be worthy to all meet with our parents when we are all called home.

On the 1st of January 1956 the old stork left Arch and Ilene a sweet little New Year baby girl. She's a sweet little doll, they named her Deniece.

September 1, 1956.

Seems the only time I get to write on my history is on fishing trips. I haven't done much fishing on this trip. Fishing isn't too good and I'm not in the mood today, but this is a good place to read, write, rest and think. I've been thinking of Burrell all day. It's his birthday today. He's 37 years old. I guess he's going to be my bachelor boy. I do worry about him. I wish he'd get married, and live a normal life. He's been a good son and I know he gets lonely. I'm proud of him as I am of all my children. They are dear to me. Well I'm going to be lonely this winter. Don and family will not be at Ashton this winter. Seminary wages are just not enough to care for his little family in this cold country, so he's being sent to St. George, Utah. I hated to see them leave, but I know it's better for them. I shall always be grateful for their sweet association on week ends while they were there. It seems a shame loved ones can't be near to enjoy each other, but it seems that's not my life. I'm grateful I have them somewhere. If I need them I know they would come. I went to Nampa the 1st of June and spent a week with Ellafair and family. I always love to go visit any of them. They were going to Yellowstone Park, so I rode home with them. That was so much nicer than by myself on the bus.

Dad planned to take me to Yellowstone Park this summer. I have never been, but I decided to go to Nampa instead. Ray had been wanting to take dad fishing in his boat, and Ilene had been wanting to go see Ellafair so bad. So last month we asked her to go with us. She was glad to go. She took baby Deniece and Charles. We left at 5:30 a.m. on a Friday and came back Monday. I was so happy to be with my two baby girls together. Aren't mothers silly? Well guess that's the way God meant us to be or He wouldn't have made us that way. On our way home we stopped and said hello to Delores and family. She has three sweet little kiddies, Russell, three last March, Cameron, who is about 2, and baby JoAnn, born last April. She has her hands full. I'm speaking with the voice of experience. Sorry Dee was at work. We stopped at Burley and said hello to dad's brother Eph and family, and got home about 4 p.m. Monday.

To our surprise we found Loie and Ed sitting on the lawn. They had come Sunday and found the house locked. So Deon, dad's daughter, was so kind. She insisted they come out and stay with them overnight. I hope Deon knows how we all appreciated their kindness. That was one way for them to get better acquainted with each other. They stayed a week and we surely enjoyed it. My heart always aches when I think of my children who have not a testimony of the Gospel. I love them all so and I realize how much happiness it could bring into their lives, here and hereafter. They stopped at Ogden over night with Joan, the first time for Loie. Joan wrote she would like to see her. She isn't having a very easy time since she and



Virg separated. She has three little girls. There's so much sorrow, trouble and misunderstanding in this beautiful world. Sometimes one wonders why it has to be. I'm sure it makes our Heavenly Father very unhappy. I hope Loie got to see Preston while she was there.

It's 4:30 p.m. Dad came in and we ate lunch but he's still fishing. I'm weary of writing so I'll say goodbye for now and I'll read a while. I'm reading the new testament again. There is so much I need to know. I feel so inadequate to teach the gospel to our investigators. So I try to study and learn all I can. If I never help anyone else to understand the gospel, I shall always be grateful for the privilege of my mission, I have learned so much, and am so grateful for my membership in this great church.

This is April 14th, 1958.

How time flies. The last time I wrote on my history was in September 1956 while on a fishing trip. Dad brought me to Pocatello to catch the 10:20 train to Nampa. I haven't been to see them (Ellafair and family) since last summer. I'm sure my little great grandchildren will have changed a lot. It hurts me not to be able to see them more often. In the spring of 1956, Myrtle (Joe's youngest daughter) and family who were living in Honolulu, wrote us and said they would like us to be ready to spend our 1957 vacation with them. They said they wanted to pay our way. We were thrilled. So I wrote them we'd be glad to accept but we wanted to help what we could. We suggested we'd pay our way from Blackfoot to Los Angeles and back to Blackfoot. They gave us our choice, over and back on boat or plane, or boat one way and plane back. So we decided the latter way, boat over and back on plane. We got permission from our Stake mission president (we're on a stake mission now) for a month leave and we'd work a month over our two years.

Well the next year, as you can guess, we really saved nickels and pennies, getting our suitable clothes and etc. to avoid too much expense at the last. Well it was a thrilling thing to me to plan for it. The time arrived, they even sent us the day, time and number of our cabin, in fact everything was ready to pack and leave then just about a month before we were to leave on boat, we got a letter saying Ben was being transferred back to the states in a month or so to California. Needless to say how terrible they felt and our disappointment. They suggested we come anyway, but neither of us felt that would be wise and the thought that they were coming back (had been gone two years) to this side of the wide wide ocean, made us more grateful than disappointed. I really believe our children felt worse about it than we did. As I told many of them, that was a little disappointment to me. I had had so many greater ones in my life, and we both felt that perhaps there was a reason for it. We talked it over and decided we'd still go and visit our children in Utah and California as we would have done on our way to the Islands.

So on April 19, 1957 we left Blackfoot in our good little Chevrolet coupe about 6:30 a.m. We arrived in Salt Lake about 11 a.m., went to see my sister Lulu (a widow) and persuaded her to go with us. She had a son in Los Angeles also. We spent that night with Gilbert and RoAnn, had a nice visit, then the next morning about 10:30 a.m., we picked up Lulu and left for St. George, Utah. We stayed about three ½ days with Don, Afton and family. Oh how I enjoyed it. We went to

Barstow, California that night, stayed at a Motel, left early the next morning and arrived at La Mesa, California to visit our sister Juniatta and Abe. Dad and I stayed until 2 p.m. the next day. Lulu stayed there for a few days and her son was coming after her. We got to Torrance, California where Ritchie, Martha and children lived. We stayed four days with them. That was a beautiful ride down the coast, we had a lovely visit with them. While there, they took us to the dock to see the beautiful boat we would have taken to the Islands. It was sailing the next morning. I think I felt more disappointed when I looked at it, and the blue water of the ocean, than I had felt since we really decided we weren't going. From there we went to Ken's at Huntington Park. We stayed five days with them. Also we saw Burrell, who was working there and had a lovely visit with them and others of the Kendrick family who came there to see us. Then Ken and family went with us to Ann's and Walt's place. Lenore was also there. They had a swimming pool in their back yard. It was a little chilly but I love to play in the water. Walt dared me to go in and that was it. So he and Anna got brave enough and went in with me. It was fun. That night Lulu's son Erastus and wife brought her over to stay all night so she could go to the temple with us the next morning. We all had a good time that evening. Then we told Ken and all a goodbye as we were leaving from there. The next morning Anna was kind enough to take us and Lulu to the temple. Tessa, my sister from Pasadena, met us there and we enjoyed a temple session together, dad, Lulu, Tessa and I. Then Ann met us at 4 p.m., took us back to her place. Real early the next morning we left for home. Dad was kind enough to offer to take me by Ely, Nevada to visit Burrell's lonely grave again. I did appreciate it so much. We stayed that night at our nephew's place, Layton Galbraith. We left real early the next morning, arrived in Provo in time to have lunch with Verna and Shirl. We visited two or three hours with them, then went to Salt Lake and took Lulu home. Then we spent the night with Gilbert and RoAnn again. We left the next morning about 8:30 a.m. It had rained all the way from California. It was really raining when we left Salt Lake. We planned to stop at Ogden to see Joan and girls also Aunt Emily and Aunt Eliza (dad's sisters) but it was raining so hard we just stopped a few minutes at Joan's. Preston was there, but the three little girls were at Virg's. Virg had married again and had the girls for a few weeks. They lived about eight miles from the highway. It was raining so hard we made it straight for home. I was so disappointed not to see them, I love them all so.

We arrived home late in the afternoon, tired but happy to have a comfortable home to come to. We were gone three weeks. Dad was especially weary from so much driving. He was happy to get away from the California traffic. At this time he very kindly told me he would never drive on a long trip again. I can't blame him, but we both had a wonderful visit with the children. They were all so kind and sweet to us. We very often remark what wonderful children we have. We are grateful for them all and we love them all dearly.

During the next few months we had occasion to be grateful for taking that trip. We were supposed to be released from our mission the 24th of June, but we made up the three weeks we were gone and were released the last of July, 1957. After our release I was lost. I really enjoyed my mission, although we only had two baptisms. We had the privilege of bearing our testimonies and giving a chance to many. We made a lot of lifetime friends, and I shall always be grateful for the experience I had

and for the strengthening of my testimony. How kind our Heavenly Father is to us, to not let us know what is ahead of us.

June 26, 1958.

This is my first fishing trip this summer. We are up at Trout Haven near Mackay, Idaho. We came up Tuesday. Little do we know one day what we'll be doing next. Now to go on with my history.

I had an experience in June 1957 I'd like to relate. Everyone seemed to think it was funny, but not me at the time it happened. But we still laugh about it. It happened on one of our fishing trips. Brother and Sister Sjstrom, Charley and Ivy we called them, also Susan, Ilene's daughter, were with us. We went to Cherry Creek. I always loved to go there. The little brookie trout are easier to catch and we always get fish there. Susan and I were having so much fun; but we lacked a few having our limit. Dad had his, also the Sjstrom's had most of theirs. Dad was at the main bridge cleaning his fish and Ivy was about ½ way between us and dad. I knew where some good holes were. The bridge over a large deep outlet of the creek was washed out, and those were on the other side. We wanted to get over so badly, but I didn't dare cross it. A round pole was used as a foot bridge, so we decided we'd better not try it. We passed it up. Finally Susan asked me if she could go back. She said she knew she could get over on it. So I told her to be very careful, for the water was swift, deep, and cold. I told her if she fell in it would be just too bad for neither of us could swim. So she went back. After a little while I gradually made my way back to the bridge and here she came running holding two nice fish and wanted me to come. She said it was easy to get over. Again I told her I just didn't dare take a chance. So she said no more. Then I had a great idea, well not great for a great grandmother I guess, but I had the habit of forgetting I wasn't young any more. So I said I believed I could put the legs of my slacks inside of my high topped overshoes, straddle the pole and hitch myself across. Wasn't that a silly idea? I soon found how silly it was. I threw my pole and reel to her and proceeded to prepare. Now really I didn't think I was being careless or risky. The creek was only about four or five feet wide. But as I said, it was quite deep, cold, high, and swift. I straddled the pole and started over, got about half way over and to my horror the water swished over and into my boots. Before I had time to think, it took me right off and under the pole and down the stream. I can just remember thinking "this is it." Then instantly I thought, no I must catch a limb. It slashed me up and down in that ice cold water about ten feet before I could catch a limb. The first I caught was too small so I grabbed for a larger one with one hand and another with the other, braced my feet against the side of the bank and limbs, as my feet couldn't touch the bottom. I could hear above the noise of the water Susan's screams. She was running up and down the bank wringing her hands and crying, "Grandma what can I do? Oh grandma what can I do?" I told her to run and tell grandpa. So the poor girl ran and screamed to Ivy who was closer to dad. Then she came running back screaming, "Oh grandma can't I help you? Hold on tight grandma until grandpa gets here." I said to her, "Susan there's only one thing you can do to help me, pray hard that I can hold on until grandpa gets here." This quieted her down. Don't think I didn't pray hard. Well how I ever held on to those limbs in that ice cold water, you guess. It was 15 minutes before dad got there. It seemed like hours to us both. Then I heard dad's welcome

voice say, “Where is she?” It didn’t take me long to tell him. He had a big stout stick and he threw it across to me and told me to take hold of it. I didn’t dare let go. My arms almost felt paralyzed. I said, “I can’t.” And for the first time I heard him use a commanding voice to me. He said, “Do as I say. Take hold of it one hand at a time.” I knew he meant it so I reluctantly with a prayer on my lips did as he said. He slowly dragged me to shore.

Naturally while in the water I didn’t think of anything only to hold on. I was afraid my legs would cramp or my arms give way. After I lay there a few seconds I realized how good God had been to me.

I had my straw hat tied on, then a scarf over it tied on tight, as the wind was blowing so hard. I also had a net pinned over my hair. To my surprise I found they were all gone and most of my bobby pins. The braid of my hair was almost down, and I realized I still had my glasses on. Was I grateful. Well dad wrapped his coat around me. He and Ivy helped me get to the car about a quarter of a mile away. I was chilled through. I suppose the shock was to blame for part of my shivering. After I got in the car Ivy removed all my clothing and wrapped me in some wool blankets we had along. It was the first time we had ever taken them. That morning as we left I picked them up and said to Susan, “Let’s take these. We might need them.” And they came in very handy.

As we left to go home Ivy said, “Goodness I’m glad we are taking you home alive.” Well we all were. I guess my time hadn’t come for it could easily have been a tragedy. Again I thanked my Heavenly Father for taking care of me. This happened in June 1957.

John is going on a mission to the Eastern States mission. We are all very thrilled about it. I know he’ll make a good missionary. He’s always been a good clean boy and I know Ray and Ellafair will be blessed for sending him. His testimonial will be this next Sunday night so I’m going up to be with them. Now to go on with my history.

I think it was about the 1st of August we received a letter from Martha stating Ritchie had been transferred to Washington, D. C. We were really happy we had spent a few days with them in the spring. It wasn’t but a week or two until they came to say hello and goodbye for they could only stay over night and a half of a day with us. Martha really hated their new home sold. They had it just a year and planned they were permanent for a few years. But such is life. It was a beautiful home.

Then about the last of August Myrtle and Ben arrived from Hawaii. It was good to know they were home again. They purchased them a nice home and acreage at Thomas about nine miles from us. Ben was stationed at San Francisco, but had to be gone most of the time. Myrtle felt she’d like to come and settle down. Ben came home every few months. We were glad to have her near us.

About the 1st of July I had received a letter from Ken. He said he wasn’t feeling too good, guessed he was coming down with the flu. I had been concerned about him for he hadn’t been very well for a year or two. The doctor didn’t seem to be able to find out just what was wrong. His legs bothered him some. He seemed to

be fine when we were there in May. We had such a good visit with them. Oh how grateful I am for that few days with him. Sib had written me before we went on our trip that Ken had thrown away his cigarettes. She said he wanted to surprise me when we came down, but said she knew how happy I'd be and wanted me to know it. I was happy. I still worried for I felt he must have felt they were hurting him or he wouldn't have done it. When I wrote I said nothing about it. While we were there in May I didn't say much only that I was glad he had quit. Why couldn't he have seen the harm of them before?

Then in August about the middle or a few days before Sib wrote me Ken was real sick. She hated to worry me but felt I should know it. The doctors were taking X-rays and tests and doing all they could. Along about the 10th of September a letter came from Sib, saying they were afraid it was cancer. He couldn't walk and was in a wheelchair. Oh how my heart ached. But I must say I was not too surprised. Somehow I felt they hadn't told me all. I felt I must go to them and dad felt the same way. So I rushed to get my canning done so I could go. I was just finishing with the last on Thursday and planned to leave the following Monday. But about 2 p.m. Sib phoned and said the doctor had definitely decided it was cancer. Perhaps he could live a month or two but no longer than six months. I packed my things hurriedly and that evening dad took me to Pocatello and I took the evening train on my way. I cannot write how I felt. I wired Sib from Salt Lake. The prayers I offered, the anxiety I felt, only God knows.

When I got there and saw my six footer son in a wheelchair it was almost more than I could take. I had prayed so hard to be brave and calm and to have courage to face it bravely. I prayed for God's will to be, for I knew He could heal him, if it was to be. Poor Sib and girls. We just couldn't realize it could be true. But God was so good to me. I hadn't been very well, but through it all I felt better physically and spiritually than I ever imagined I could. I told them I had come to stay as long as I could be of any help.

I had some long serious talks with Ken. He said, "Mother, this is it." He felt from the start what it was. He also said, "What a fool I've been." Then I told him it was in the past and now we must make the best of it and acknowledge God's will in it. It's a long story. Ken was a good guy. Everyone liked him, but had been careless about his church, as too many are. Of course Ann and Lenore were also very concerned about it. We girls talked it over and felt Don could be such a help and comfort to Ken. He needed a spiritual uplift. Don was teaching seminary in St. George, Utah. So we wrote him Ken's condition and felt he needed him. Previous to my coming Sib had asked Ken if he'd like the Elders to come. He almost consented and then hurriedly said, "No, no, I'm not going to beat my drums now." I felt bad, I always felt I had failed some way to impress my teachings on him. But I also felt he knew it was true, but had never had the courage to live it. Sib had written Sheryl his father's condition. He was stationed at Virginia (he and his family). She told him he should come and see his father now, before it was too late. He could visit with him now before he got too bad. So he came just a few days before Don did .

Don came on a Saturday. The next three days he spent at Ken's bedside, reading and explaining the gospel to him. Don had to go back Tuesday. He said with tears in his eyes, "Give Ken time to think. Don't ask him if he wants the elders.

He must ask for them himself. I do so wish he'd ask before I leave. But I know he'll ask."

Monday afternoon Sib was alone with Ken awhile. When she came out of the room there were tears in her eyes. She said, "Mother, Ken has asked for the Elders." I went into Don's room and told him. His eyes brightened through his tears and he said, "Mother, God has heard our prayers." Ken asked for Brother Stevens, the Stake mission president (he had been their ward teacher) to come and assist Don. That evening as we were all in the room, Ken sat upon the side of the bed for the administration. All were in tears but Ken. As they took their hands from his head, his head dropped and he sobbed like a baby. I was so glad Sheryl and the girls were there. I shall ever be grateful for the privilege of being there.

The next morning when Ken got out and went to get on his crutches, he had had to use, to his surprise, he didn't need them and never used them again. Don't tell me God didn't hear our prayers. I know Ken will have another chance, for God is a merciful God and will be merciful to him as He is to all of us.

Oh my dear children why can't we all see how necessary it is to live each day, so when we are called home we'll be ready.

Don left the next morning, having done more good than he'll ever know. It was while Sheryl was there, one morning while talking to his father, Ken said, "Sheryl, I've been a fool all my life. Throw those cigarettes away before it's too late." And Sheryl did. He went outside and threw them away and I'm happy to say, uses them no more. The doctor told us that Ken had told the doctors he wanted to know the whole truth. He had what they called Mella Noma cancer which is incurable. They said he'd better go to the hospital and take Radium treatments. Ken asked them right out if there was any chance for a cure. They said no but we can help you. Ken was always very outspoken. He said, "You mean you can help me to live longer? No," he said, "I'll sit right here and die. The sooner the better if I can't get well." I could say nothing, for I'm afraid I would have felt the same way. When we found out he wouldn't go, some of his influential friends went to work to try to get him admitted to the "City of Hope."

The City of Hope is a wonderful place, founded by a group of Jewish scientists, for the helping of those whom they feel with the proper treatments there is a chance of a possible recovery. It is not a charitable institution. One nurse was released because she was heard to remark as if it was charity. It is kept with voluntary contributions from individuals, lodges, women's organizations, etc. It is built on a 40 acre tract about 25 miles from Los Angeles at Duarte out on Duarte Road. It is a beautiful place. There is all kinds of beautiful flowers, trees, and birds singing all the while. They also have wonderful accommodations for those visiting their loved ones. They specialize in cases just of cancer, heart trouble and polio. No matter how long you need to stay you are never asked for a penny. No bills are ever sent but of course most people are glad and willing to pay all they can. We all doubted very much that Ken would be admitted. We had to send all his X-ray pictures, reports and tests pertaining to his sickness. After ten days of anxious waiting they finally called and said from the findings of his pictures and doctors reports there was no chance for his recovery. He said they have chemical fluid that

has never been tried in arteries of a human being yet, but it's the only chance there is. It might help and it might not, but if he wanted to come and let them experiment on him they would be glad to admit him. When we told him what they said, he just looked at us a few seconds then said, "Well what are we waiting for? If I can't get well, just as well try on me. It might help someone else." Oh how my heart ached for him, and was I proud of him. So in a few hours he was on his way. By now he was so sick they had to take him to the car in a wheelchair. This was on a Thursday. He was supposed to have four treatments, one a day. They were to commence them Sunday. These treatments were given by running a small pliable tube in the artery of his left arm, on the inside, starting just above the elbow, on up his arm, around the shoulder and down into and across his lungs. It was a painful experience. The first was not too bad, second a lot more painful and by the time the third was over it was unbearable. When we (myself, Sib and my sister Juniatta from San Diego) got there Tuesday evening, he was in terrible pain. His face was drawn, his color ashen. As we walked in he said, "Oh I can't take it any longer." And we could see he couldn't. Sib went for a nurse. They told her to get the doctor. He was busy at the time but in about 30 minutes he came. He told us it was not reacting as it should and they'd give him no more. After they removed the tube and all he was so relieved. My poor boy. Things like that are almost more than a mother can take. We didn't know whether they'd send him home now they had found it wouldn't help. After we got home we were fixing something to eat. I stepped outside to empty a plate of garbage. I caught the heel of my shoe on the edge of the step some way and fell down three cement steps backwards, landed on the cement path. The fleshy part of the end of my left thumb was cut just hanging, you might say by a thread. After they got me in the house, I soon discovered I had hurt my left arm at the shoulder real bad. They rushed me to the emergency hospital where they sewed the flesh back and gave me a shot of penicillin and bound up my arm. I at once realized I would be of no use to Sib and decided I'd go home until I was of some use. Juniatta left the next morning for home and that afternoon I went to the City of Hope to tell Ken what had happened and to say goodbye. It was hard to say that goodbye, perhaps the last one. For I knew his days were numbered, but I told him I'd be back.

I left the next morning on the bus. It was a hard trip. I couldn't use my arm and it pained me a lot. I stayed overnight with Don and family in St. George. I hadn't been there but a few hours when Ann phoned Don and said Lorin had just flown in from Newfoundland to see Ken. He thought of course I was there. She thought I might want to come back and see him. Don was kind and said if I wanted to go back he'd make a bed in the back of the car and he'd take me. But I didn't feel equal to it. I called Lorin and talked to him. He told me not to try it, that he could only stay one day anyway. But I was glad to talk to him. I was disappointed I couldn't see him. I hadn't seen him for three years. I thought it real considerate of him to come so far. Oh how Ken appreciated it. It did them both more good to come while they could see each other.

Sib kept me informed on how he was. The next week they had him go home. He stayed two weeks but he just got worse all the time. Much to everyone's surprise they admitted him back to the City of Hope. They told Sib they just sent him home to be with his family for a while again. Wasn't that thoughtful of them.

I had been home about three weeks. Ellafair came for the weekend. She and Bob came Saturday evening. She had been here just one hour when Sib called. Ken had taken a turn for the worse. So Ellafair and I told her we would be there as soon as we could get there. Ellafair and Bob left that night to go back to Nampa. Then Ellafair came right back Sunday night and met me in Pocatello at three a.m. We wired Sib to meet us. We arrived at 5 a.m. Tuesday. Ken was very low. We rushed to the City of Hope. How happy I was when he whispered, "Mother." This was the 11th of November. He passed away the 20th of November on his father's birthday. He knew us most of the time, not saying much, he was so weak and partly under a sedative. He was so happy to see and have Ellafair there, and she was happy to be there. I hope if I am called to lay and suffer as he did, knowing I can't get well, that I can be as sweet and patient as he was. To us all it was a miracle to see the way he had reacted all through it. He was born on my 22nd birthday and died on his father's. He passed away at 9 a.m., November 20, 1957. I will just say, we surely found out in the weeks past and the next few days the numerous friends they had. He had been on the Police force in Huntington Park for 15 years. He looked so happy and nice in his uniform and with his cap on top of the casket. They had a large funeral and a nice one. Flowers were clear across the end of the chapel and Sib received \$200.00 in lieu of flowers besides. Most of Sib's folks lived close, also Ann, Walt, Lenore, and Burrell were there with us. On the 22nd of November 1957 we laid him quietly away in a beautiful cemetery near Los Angeles. That night at 10:30 Ellafair and I left on the train for home, grateful to our Heavenly Father that we were privileged to be with Ken during his last days in this beautiful world of ours. Also grateful he didn't have to lay and suffer for months as many do.

I often think of the remark he made to Sib as she was wheeling him to the steps the last time he went, he looked at her and said, as he looked around, "This is a beautiful world isn't it?" Bless his heart he knew it would be the last time he'd see it.

Each disappointment and heartache I have, I am more grateful for my testimony and our hope of a hereafter. How do people stand it without that hope?

This is July 7, 1959 almost two years since then. I have never been back to California since. I know I must go and how I dread to go and Ken not there. He always loved to meet the train when I came. I shall always in memory see him, looking for me. I always saw him first, he was so tall. He had the biggest grin on his face when he saw me. Some day, sometime, I shall see and love him again with the rest of my loved ones.

Right here I'd like to relate a dream I had the first night I got home. Naturally my thoughts were in the spirit world, wondering if Ken's father would meet him and know him. Ken wasn't quite three years old when his daddy was killed. How could I help but wonder? He was now almost 48 years old. I dreamed I was standing among a large group of people bearing my testimony. I looked up. In the distance I saw his father and I looked at him, he noticed me and said, "Oh it is you isn't it?" He rushed to me, picked me up as he had done many a time and carried me outside and stood me among a group of people, which I recognized as his people (the Kendrick's). Standing off a way was Ken. So I called, "Ken, here is your father." At once they ran toward each other. The sight I saw I shall never forget. My two six-



footers threw their arms around each other and embraced. I was thrilled. It woke me up. I was crying. But oh what a comfort that dream was to me. God sent it to comfort me for now I know they see and love each other there.

October 14, 1959.

I'm on a train going to Los Angeles. It's my first time since Ken passed away, almost two years.

In the early spring of 1958 dad didn't feel a bit good. He'd never been sick in his life. He still had his own teeth and was 72 years old. He was having trouble with his bowels, which he had never had. He looked bad. We tried to get him to go to a doctor but he just didn't think he could be that sick. Finally he went to my N.D. doctor Petersen. He treated him for two or three months, but he didn't get any better so we got him to go have his teeth out. They took all the uppers but had to wait to take the lowers. He was too weak. He finally got them all out. Still he got thinner. So finally doctor Petersen told him he'd better go to a clinic. It was about this time that Sib and girls had planned to come. So they wrote to see if dad was able to stand it. He insisted he was, so they came. I was so thrilled to have them. I know their visit wasn't too pleasant, but I really did appreciate her being here. It was while she was here we took dad to the clinic. I was grateful she could drive the car. I couldn't and dad wasn't able to. So she was glad to do it. They were here two weeks. They ordered dad to the hospital. Sib left the day he entered the hospital. Although their visit wasn't too pleasant for them, she'll never know how much good it did me to have them here. I hope they can come again and have a more pleasant time. When he went to the clinic they found he had a stoppage of the bowels and needed an operation. I was so blue and discouraged about it. But I knew something must be done and in a hurry. His normal weight was 155 pounds. He now only weighed 123 pounds. So on the 22nd of July 1958 he went in to the Bingham Memorial hospital at Blackfoot. Then on the 25th they operated on him. They found a cancerous growth. They removed about an 8-10 inch piece from his lower bowels. He was in the hospital two weeks. It seemed like months to me. For several days we really wondered if he'd make it. Through the faith and prayers of loved ones and friends and the administrations of the Elders his life was spared. Needless to try to say how we worried. When he came home from the hospital he only weighed 119 pounds and just kept losing. He went down to 110 pounds. Finally we got desperate and the doctor gave him a tablet that cost 90 cents each. He had to take three a day. He had been home almost two months before they gave him these. In a few weeks he started to gain and now weighs between 140 and 145 pounds. I hardly think he'll ever get back to his normal weight but we are so grateful he weighs that much.

I hope we will never forget the consideration, love, and financial help given to us by our dear children. I'm sure I don't know how we could have made it without them. There were many acts of kindness given us by our friends. Again we were brought to realize the true worth of a friend. They are priceless. It has been over a year. He has improved a lot, feels pretty good, works part time (lightly, and rests a lot) and I'm sure in time he'll be himself again. Thanks Heavenly Father, again, for blessings kind and true. Please help me to be worthy and to be of service to you.

This spring (1959) Lorin wrote he was being transferred to Virginia. He and his family had been in St. Johns, Newfoundland for three years. I hadn't seen them for five years. He said they'd be coming out to see us sometime in August. So I wrote the rest of the children to please plan their vacation so we would all get together. I knew all wouldn't be able to come. As many as could came. It was wonderful. We were all together the 15th and 16th of August. There were 24 of us - five of my six children, and 14 of my 22 grandchildren. I was sorry but none of my 12 great grand children got to come. Some of them hadn't seen each other for ten years. We had a lot of pictures made. To me they are priceless. We really had fun and a wonderful visit.

Lorin and family stayed with us five days. It was while they were here that they had that terrible earthquake at Yellowstone Park. It was real exciting. The following children were here, Ellafair and son Bob 12 years old from Nampa, Ray and girls and families didn't make it; and John was still on his mission. Lorin and Dot, their three children, Lorin R. 16 years old, Kenny (Kenyon) 13 years and Barrie Kay, 9. Burrell (my bachelor boy) from Los Angeles, Ilene and Arch and their 5, Kathy 15, Susan 13, Nathan 11, Charles seven and little Deniece three ½ from Shelley. Don and Afton and their 5, Rosilene 10, Don Jr. 8, Eddy 6, John 4, and little Joseph Lee four months from Salt Lake City, dad Gooch, and myself. I shall always be grateful for the effort and sacrifice they all made. I hope they enjoyed it as much as I did. Last summer while dad was sick we didn't have the chance to go fishing. We missed the good times and the fish, but he has made up for it this summer. I have gone some, but haven't caught many fish. I enjoy getting out with nature anyway. If I don't get many, he enjoys catching my limit along with his.

Don taught seminary in St. George Utah three years. He was principal two years. Then they transferred him to Salt Lake this summer. He had just been home from Blackfoot three weeks and had been teaching just a week when he had a 400 pound roll of carpet fall on him, struck him across the back, crushed a disk, hurt his chest, sprained an ankle, and partially paralyzed his bowels. I went down and stayed a week until he was out of the hospital. We were all heartsick. It's hard to support and care for a little family when you're not well. He was a discouraged boy for a while, but it seems God sustains and comforts one who puts their trust in Him. He went back to teaching last week, but he has to wear a very severe brace, right down his back. We are grateful his life was spared, for the doctor told me it could easily have been fatal, and how well we know it.

7:30 a.m. October 25, 1959.

Well here I am on my way back home from California. It's a beautiful Sunday morning, and seems so good to see the clear blue sky and no smog. I love our little home in the valley of the Rocky Mountains. I planned on going to Sacramento on my way home, Sheryl and family had moved there from Washington, D.C. They had three little girls, two I have never seen. Sherrie, their oldest, was only nine months old when I saw her. My suitcases were all packed ready to leave at 6:30 a.m. Friday but Thursday night Carol called and said they all had flu. The doctor didn't think it wise for me or anyone to come if we felt the same way. I really was disappointed, but I was used to that. I have learned long ago you just as well smile as cry, just as well laugh as sigh, so I did neither. I left for home instead.

Well we will soon be in Salt Lake. It's Sunday morning early. I shall spend today with Don and family. I don't like to travel on Sunday. I'll go home tomorrow. I will be glad to get to dad and our little home. How true, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

I really enjoyed my visit at Sib's and always do, but I sure missed Ken. I spent two days with Ann and Lenore, my sister Juniatta came from San Diego for two days, and we all had a nice time.

Don met the train at 8:30 October 25, 1959. We had a lovely day and went to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting then visited until midnight. I left on the 10 o'clock bus the next day, glad to get home.

November 21, 1960.

It has been over a year since I wrote on my history. Here I am on the train going to Nampa to spend Thanksgiving with Ellafair and family. I haven't spent a Christmas or Thanksgiving with them for over 15 years. I haven't been to Nampa since last February. I saw Bob and Ellafair in July. Delores, Dee, and kiddies spent an hour or two with us when they came decoration time. A few weeks ago Jackie and Clyde came to the Idaho Falls temple and I spent that day with them. I am really thrilled to get to go see them all. Dad has most of his children close to Blackfoot so he'll not be alone. My thoughts are mostly with Sib and girls the last few days. It's just three years yesterday since dear Ken passed away. My how time flies. As I have always said, no matter what, we have to keep on living just the same. Each one should be trying to live each day so we can meet and mingle with our loved ones gone before when we are called home. If Ken's father had lived he would have been 76 years old yesterday. He was only 28 when he was killed. That's a long time ago. Someday the years will have to come to a close. Ken passed away in the fall of 1957. Dad had his serious operation in 1958. Don had his accident in September 1959. Later I remarked to dad, "I wonder who it will be next year." Little do we know. Any mother who has a large family has her happy surprises as well as heartaches.

Burrell was my bachelor boy. It made me feel bad. It seemed my Thanksgiving and Christmases were never entirely as happy as they should be with children scattered all over. But it was Burrell I worried mostly about. He was so alone. I was proud of the life he lived. He had a good job, went to night school, he loved to dance. But just the same he was alone. So imagine my surprise when just a few days before Christmas last year 1959 he wrote me he was married. He'll never know how much happier my Christmas was knowing he was not alone. Like all mothers, I was anxious to meet her, and anxious to know how they get along. Burrell was 40 years old and sometimes we all get set in our ways as we grow older, especially living alone. She had been married before, so that was different. She is about his age and her name is Phyllis Davin (Nolan). She was very good about writing me and it made me very happy when in one of her letters she said I should be very proud to have a boy like Burrell. I hope they'll always be as happy as they are now.

I didn't have to wait very long to find out what would happen in 1960. In March 1960, last spring, out of the clear blue sky, a phone call. Ed, Loie's husband,

had a heart attack and went suddenly. He hadn't been well for some time but no one realized it to be serious. They lived in Mesa, Arizona. I took the next bus to Salt Lake City and Don and I left next morning on the plane. Poor Loie. She was a brave girl. I was really proud of her and will be ever grateful to Afton's folks for being so wonderful to her in a time of need. Again I say friends are priceless. Joan and little Janet had been with Loie and Ed for some time. She and Virg were divorced. He had three of the girls with him. Joan had had them but got sick and just couldn't work enough to care for them. So Virg and his new wife took them. It wasn't easy for any of them. There's lots of heartaches and disappointments in this life. Oh that we could all meet them as well as we should. Just have more faith and trust in our Heavenly Father. I was so glad I could go to Loie. I hadn't seen her for so long.

Shortly after Ed's death (about two months, I believe) Loie and Joan moved to Salt Lake so Joan could see the girls. They live at Ogden. I do hope Loie knows how happy I am to have her nearer. She has never lived even that close to me for over 25 years. I have worried about her so long.

About the first of this year, Edna, my sister-in-law (Burrell's baby sister) wrote me and Ellafair they were planning a K. B. Kendrick reunion in July and was so in hopes we could come. It was to be in Anaheim, California, near Los Angeles. Well I hadn't planned on a trip like that, but I just felt I couldn't afford not to go. None of Burrell's people belongs to our church and I felt I should be there. So I wrote Ellafair I'd plan to go if she was going. So we both started to save our nickels and dimes to be ready by the 4th of July. I had just been to California the fall before. Since I was there Ann, Walt, and Lenore had moved to San Mateo, California, about 18 miles south of San Francisco. Well Sheryl and family were still at Sacramento. I inquired and found it would only cost about \$15.00 more to go by and see them all, so I decided to make a real trip out of it. I left about the middle of June and was gone a little over three weeks. I spent three days with Sheryl and family. Oh how I enjoyed it. They had three such sweet little girls. Also one evening while there Preston, Loie's son, came to see me. He is there in the Air Force. Also I hadn't seen him for a long time. He isn't married yet. I do hope he finds some nice girl and settles down. Then on to San Francisco where Ann and Lenore met me and we went to San Mateo. I was with them three nights and two days. They always treat me so wonderful. I hope they know how I appreciate it. I love them for it. Then I went to Los Angeles coast route. It was a lovely ride. I was on the train. Burrell and Phyllis met me. I spent three days with them. I was so happy to meet her and to see them both happy. Burrell was a changed boy, only Burrell in name. They were so kind and sweet to me. I enjoyed every minute. Then they took me to Sib's. There Ellafair and Bob met me. That was on a Friday, July 1st. The next day Ellafair and Bob and I went into Los Angeles to Burrell's. They met the bus. We had supper with them. Then that night they took us back to Sib's and we all went to a dance at Huntington Park and had a real good time.

The next day, July 3rd, we all went to Anaheim Park and spent a delightful day with the Kendrick folks. There were 112 of us, all decedents of Burrell's father and mother, the K. B. Kendrick family. And among that group there were only nine of us belonged to our church. I had my Kendrick record book with me and was real proud to show it to them. They seemed thrilled and surprised at it. I was happy to

find them very cooperative and interested in the book. I went prepared to get as many family group sheets as I could. I got nine or ten new sheets and addresses to write for a lot more. It made me happy. I hope and pray someday some of them will see and understand the gospel. Some of the girls and boys there were just small youngsters the last time I saw them. Now some are grandmothers, others I had heard about, knew their parents, but had never seen them. It was really thrilling. We had a group picture taken. It's a nice looking group if I do say so. It was a happy hello to all and a reluctant goodbye till we meet in 1962 in Texas. That's the plan. I hope I can go but I'm afraid not.

The day after the reunion we, Sib and Loie, Elaina, Ellafair, Bob, and myself, with some friends went to the beach and had such a good time. But oh how we got sunburned. I guess we should have expected that. The following day Sib had to work, so we stayed with friends that night. The next morning, Ellafair and I took Bob, Elaina, and Loie and spent the day at Disneyland. It was interesting and fun for the young, but by the time we got back to Sib's and got our train that night at 10:30 for home, I really felt like I was a great grandmother that had been to Dizzy Land. But I had a lot of fun watching the kids have fun. When we arrived at Salt Lake, Don, Loie, and little Janet met us. They visited with Ellafair about an hour then she and Bob left for home. I stayed in Salt Lake a couple of days with Don and family and Loie. I had a nice visit. By the time I got home again I said, when you go away you are glad twice, glad to go, but gladder to get home, grateful I have a little home and someone to go home to.

Well here we are in Boise, soon be to Nampa. During the summer dad and I went fishing one day a week and one day a week to the temple. We had some pleasant times. But now the winter is before us and we must settle down and be grateful for our health, our home, the gospel, for each other, and our good families.

I must not forget that on the 16th of April 1960 another little girl came to stay with Arch and Ilene. They named her Lisa. She's a sweet little doll. Then on the 16th of October Sheryl and Carol accepted another little girl, making them four sweet little girls. They named her Deanna Lynn. At present on this 21 November 1960 I have 23 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. They are all beautiful children, whole in body and mind and I'm grateful for them all and all my blessings.

Monday 27 November 1960.

Well here I am, on the train just leaving Boise on my way home. I had a lovely time, but will be glad to get home. Thanksgiving day we had a good time. Delores and Dee and their four kiddies, Jackie and her two (Clyle couldn't get off work till evening) Ellafair, Ray, Bob, and myself spent the day together. John is still on his mission. But to our joy he called that night and talked with us. He sounded good. I spent the weekend with Ellafair and family. Sunday evening after Sacrament Meeting I had the honor and privilege of speaking at the Ensigns and Laurel's fireside. Ellafair is their Laurel teacher. She loves it. I talked on Old Mexico. They were a good audience and I enjoyed it. They gave me an invitation to finish it the next time I came to Nampa. Just before I left Monday, one of the Primary teachers called to see if I would give my talk on Mexico to her class tomorrow. I was sorry I was leaving. Maybe some other time.

The last time I wrote on my history was November 1960, on my way home from Nampa. And here it is August 7, 1961.

We left Blackfoot this morning about 7 a.m. for a few days in Yellowstone Park. It will be my first trip to the Park. It was sort of cloudy when we left. By the time we got to Idaho Falls it was raining, and rained all the way to Ponds. We got there about 10:30 a.m. Aren't friends wonderful? Our dear friends Ray and Fay Wixom offered us the use of their cabin at Pond's lodge. We are grateful for it. We built a nice log fire in a nice big fire place and did it feel good. After we unpacked our things we played Snare awhile. Then we got dinner and by the time we had our rest, it had stopped raining. So we got in the car and came to Island Park dam. I'm sitting in the car and dad went down to try his luck at fishing. I thought I'd write a few lines on my history. It's the only way I'll keep it up.

I was made very happy last September, or October (not sure which). Don was called to work in the Bishopric in Salt Lake City. I believe their ward is the Parley 2nd ward. He's a seminary teacher at the East High. I imagine he'll be kept rather busy with it all and his little family. But I am happy about it, for I know the Lord will fit the back for the burden. And I always think of what Nephi said, that God would never call one to do more than he could do (not the exact words, but to that effect). And I believe it. Of course one has to do his part and have faith and be humble. He says he enjoys it very much. Afton seems happy to have him doing it. How fortunate a man is to have a good wife. Then in January Ellafair wrote and said she was going to Salt Lake the weekend of January 22, which was my birthday, and asked me to go with her, offering to pay my way. She wanted to go to the genealogy library a day. Also visit with Loie and with Don and family. She thought it would be nice for me to spend my birthday with them. Such a sweet thought. It had been years since I had spent my birthday with any of them, so I was happy to go. I had a lovely time. Afton and Ellafair made me a big birthday cake. It was the first one I had had for over 25 years. They say all things come to those who wait, but I did appreciate it so much. We all went to Sunday School and all to Sacrament Meeting, except Loie. She had to work in the evening. Monday Ellafair and I went to the library. Then Tuesday we went one session at the temple, the first time for years we'd gone together. While there I also had a nice visit with my sisters Lulu and Verna who live there. While there I met a fellow Loie was going with. I will just say here, then on the 14th of April 1961 they were married. I'm happy for her. It's too lonely to live alone. How well I know. He seems to be a nice fellow. His wife had been dead for several years. I hope they'll be happy. His name is Jack Stauffer.

My next trip was in May. My niece Marnie Galbraith passed away. She lived in Ogden. The services were to be Tuesday, just after Mother's day. So I decided I'd go down the Saturday before and spend Mother's day with my children. I really enjoyed it. Sunday afternoon Joan came to see me, and brought her four little girls to see me. I was really happy to see them. She had moved to Ogden to be closer to her three oldest little girls, who were living with their daddy and stepmother just out of Ogden. I feel sorry for children when parents have to resort to divorce. It seems there are all too many of them.

Well here it is 11 October 1961.

I haven't written on my history since I was in Yellowstone Park in August. I didn't get much time there. Well we spent four very interesting days while there, although it rained the first two days. It was lovely the last two. Oh we saw some beautiful places. We stayed at Pond's every night then into the park the next morning. It wasn't far and we surely enjoyed having the cabin to stay in. While gone we traveled over 800 miles, no trouble whatever with the car. Of course except it wouldn't go unless we put gas in it. Too bad, so we did. We came back through Wyoming, by Jenny's lake. It lies at the foot of the Teton Peaks. It's beautiful. If you ever go to the Park be sure to come back that way. It's worth the extra few miles. All in all I had a wonderful time. I say I, because I know dad didn't enjoy it like I did. It's hard on a person when he has to do all the driving. But we got home safe and sound, for which we were very grateful.

I must not forget to mention our trip to Nampa. In July we went up to hear John give his home coming talk. He had just returned from his two year mission. I was really proud of him. I'm sure he made a good missionary. We asked Kathy and Susan to go along. We had a lovely time. We left early Friday morning and arrived about 12:30 noon. The next morning (Saturday) dad, Ray, John and Bob got up at 4 a.m. and went fishing. Ellafair was working but Jackie came in and we all went to town and chased around, and had the usual good time a bunch of women have. Saturday night John took the girls and went to a wedding reception, then to a dance. They met a lot of nice young people and had a good time. Sunday we all went to Sunday School then to hear John in the evening. Delores and family came from Boise, Jackie and Clyde and kiddies came so we really had fun.

We left Monday morning and got home at 2:30 p.m. We really enjoyed having the girls along. They were a lot of fun.

This summer we have gone to the temple one day a week. I really enjoy it. We also go fishing one day a week. We have caught a lot of nice trout. I enjoy giving some to people who never have them. Charlie and Ivy Sjstrom go with us. He is not well, cannot drive but enjoys it. So he helps with the gas, and sometimes we take his car and dad drives. We have gone fishing together for several years. We enjoy each other so much.

I went to Salt Lake the 19th of last month (September) and stayed a week. I surely did enjoy my visit with Loie and Jack and Don and family. I spent one day with my three sisters, Lulu, Verna and Loie. We were all at Verna's. I always enjoy being with them. On my way home I stopped in Ogden and spent a few hours with Joan. She was working. I had a nice visit with her, between her working shifts. But I didn't get to see the little girls. I was disappointed. I spent the night with Heva's daughter, Iva and family. I had a lovely time. Also I spent an hour or two with Itha and Paul. As always I was glad to get home and glad to have someone to come home to.

I just got a letter from Preston, telling me of the arrival of a little girl baby. It's their first, born the 4<sup>th</sup> of October 1961. They named her Anne Maria. That makes me 15 great grandchildren, 12 girls and three boys. I surely would love to see them all together. But I never expect to see that day. They are scattered all over, just like the rest. But I'm grateful for them all anyway.

Oh yes, while in Salt Lake, Lorin's son Lorin Jr. came from Provo to Don's to see me. I'm so happy he's at the BYU this year. They live in Manassas, Virginia about 30 miles from Washington, D. C. He's a fine looking boy, and a good one.

John, Ellafair's boy, is at Ricks this year. There are so many wonderful opportunities for young people today. Surely we are all living in a new and changing world. It's so different from when I was young. Sometimes it's a little difficult for us older people to accept modern ways. But we must if we want to be happy and who wants to live and not be happy? I'm so grateful that with all the changes our gospel is the same and always will be.

November 7, 1961.

I spent such a happy weekend. Ellafair came on the 5:30 bus Sunday morning. She hadn't been here for over two years. She's been so busy working while John was on his mission. We spent a lovely Sabbath day, went to Sunday School. Then Ilene and family came from Shelley and had dinner with us. At 2 o'clock I went to Relief Society stake preparation meeting while the girls visited a few hours. Then in the evening, dad, Ellafair, and I went to Sacrament Meeting. Just after we got home Don phoned and said the old stork left them a little girl at 4:30. Were we all happy. Rosilene is their oldest and is 12 years old. Then they had four little boys. This little girl could be spoiled. We hope not. She was born the 29th of October 1961 and they named her Julie Ann, a sweet little name for a sweet little girl. We are all grateful for Afton's safe delivery. She is my 24th grandchild, 12 girls and 12 boys. Zion is growing and I'm a proud grandmother.

Then Monday dad took us to the temple. We went two sessions. Ilene joined us for the afternoon session. It was a lovely day. Tuesday we went to Relief Society then visited the rest of the day, looking over some genealogy sheets and discussing our failures and successes in getting names. She left at 7:30 on the bus for home. She'll never know how I enjoyed it.

The last time I wrote on my history was November 7, 1961. Now it is almost the last of June 1963.

Goodness how time flies. It just seems I can't keep this up to date. I will just mention the things that have happened since then. I hope I don't forget anything. In December 1961 Sheryl, who is in the Air Force was sent to North Africa. I felt bad I didn't get to see him before he left. So when he sent for Carol and girls to come in March, I went to California to see them before they left. We all hated to see her start on such a trip with their four little girls, but we knew she should be with Sheryl. And she was so thrilled to be going. She didn't worry about it and said she knew the Lord could take care of them just as well in the air as on land or water. How true that is. She has a lot of faith. While there I had a nice visit with Sib and girls and met her boyfriend Fred. S. E. and Edna also came to see me. I spent some time with Burrell and Phyllis. I had a real nice trip. I haven't been down since.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of February 1962 the old stork left Clyle and Jackie another sweet little girl. They named her Lori Ann and she's a doll.



In May I had another surprise. Annie, my brother Elmer's wife, wrote that her grand daughter Elon Mangleson (Enola's daughter) was being married to Klint Stander of Thomas, which is about nine or ten miles from Blackfoot. They were all coming here after their marriage in the Manti temple to have their reception. Was I thrilled. I hadn't seen Annie and Enola for years and never had seen Eon, Wanda and Yvonne and two or three of their children also came. We had a wonderful time. Before they left we all went to Idaho Falls to the cemetery to visit their father's grave. Eon and Klint didn't go. The girls had never been to his grave. It was a grand reunion for us. Enola's husband was here also.

That spring I wrote to my sisters to see if we could get together again at June convention. All ten of us were still living and it had been eight years since we had our last get together. But only five were there: Lulu, Verna and Loie live in Salt Lake, Nita came from Canada, and I went down. We had a nice visit. But we missed the rest. We all met at Verna's and had a lovely time. At that time I had a nice visit with Loie and Elaina. Loie came up to make arrangements for housing at the BYU, as she planned on going there to school that fall. Elaina came on up here and stayed with us for a month. I enjoyed having her. Verna and Shirl brought their trailer house to Lava Hot Springs that summer for a month or two. Shirl had to go to Salt Lake for a few days on business so Verna invited me to come stay with her for a day or two. So I did. Oh how we enjoyed each other. It was our first visit we'd had alone in years, and I was doubly grateful for it when on the 28th of August a month later I was informed Verna had suddenly passed away. It was such a shock to us all. She was only sick 15 minutes. She hadn't felt well for some time, but had been feeling so much better. How lucky she was. I still can't realize she's gone. Oh what a comfort to know some day sometime we can all be together again, never to part. And it won't be too many years either. So that was the breaking of the ten sisters. One never knows who will be next.

On the 10th of July that year the old stork left Dee and Delores another little girl, a sweet baby. They named her Sharlene. I am always happy when I have a new grand or great grand baby. I am proud of them all.

Afton wasn't very well and hadn't been for some time. So the first of October at conference time she took the two little ones (the rest were in school) and went to Mesa with her father and mother. She needed an operation, and there was a doctor there she wanted to do it. Along about the middle of October I went and stayed a week with Don to give them a lift. I really enjoyed it. Only I wished I could have stayed longer. She was gone about six weeks.

Loie K was at the BYU. She was busy but enjoyed it so much. I wanted her to come spend Thanksgiving with us. She also wanted to see Ellafair and families. So Ellafair invited us both to come spend it with them. She got a ride to Nampa, and I went down. We had a lovely visit, one we'll never forget. Again dad spent his Thanksgiving with the girls.

Each summer and winter things have gone on about as usual from June to October. I try to go with dad one day a week fishing. I enjoy getting away from town and enjoying nature. All year when weather permits we go to the temple one day a week. I'm so grateful I live close enough to go.

Oh yes. Last fall Sib remarried. She married Fred Bennet. She seems to be happy. I hope she always will be. She should be. The girls both like him and he's good to them. That's the main thing. I met him when I was there. He seems to be a nice guy.

I spent one week in Salt Lake this spring. It was Easter time. I found Afton not at all well. She is a little better now, improving slowly they say.

I was very happy at decoration time. John was graduating from Ricks College. So Ellafair and Ray and Bob came up for it. Then we all spent decoration together and went to Pocatello to the cemetery then all back to Ilene's for dinner. Dee, Delores and children also were there. We had a lovely time. Then when Ray and Ellafair left for home the next day (they had their trailer house along) dad took our tent and all and we all went to spend opening day of fishing. It came on the 1st of June. We left early the morning of the 31st. We left our car and trailer house at Arco and spent several hours at the Craters of the Moon. We really enjoyed it. When we got to Arco they took us to dinner. Then we went to Leslie and made camp and spent the evening and next day until 2 p.m. The men fished and Ellafair and I had the best visit we've had in years. No doubt the best we'll have the next few years. This brings it up to date.

I will just say I'd like to tell where all the children are. Sib and family are still at Huntington Park, Loie and Jack in Salt Lake. Jack works at Garretts and has done for years. Burrell and Phyllis still in Los Angeles. He has been working for several years at the Southern California Gas Company. He hasn't been home since 1959. Lorin is still in the Air Force. He's a major. His family is with him. They are at Manassas, Virginia. They haven't been to see us since 1959 either. But I was real thrilled when he called for Fathers Day and told us they were coming to see us. They expect to be here this coming Friday, which will be the 28th of June 1963. Ilene and Arch and family are still at Shelley, about 17 miles from here. I enjoy so much having them that close. They have just moved into their new home. I'm so happy for them. Don, Afton and family still live in Salt Lake City. He has been principal of seminary for two years out at Highland High School way. He is also still in the Bishopric. Afton is still not well. She has changed doctors. They say she is improving some, but slow. It's not easy to care for yourself when you have a family. I pray she'll soon be better. Lenore, Ann, and Walt are still at San Mateo, California. Poor Lenore is not a bit well and hasn't been for years. She never married and lives with Walt and Ann. I am glad she has them. They are good to her.

It is January 10, 1964.

Well my dears, I guess I'll take a little while and get up on my history. The last I wrote was along the last of June 1963. I just received a letter from Ann. Lenore had another bad attack and was in the hospital almost a week, poor girl. As hard as she has tried all her life it just seems nothing seems to help for very long. Yes Lorin and family, except Butch, came the last of June and stayed five days. We enjoyed them so much. I hadn't seen them for four years. That's too long. I was also expecting my sister Juniatta to come see us. She sold her home in San Diego in May and came to Utah and spent one month there. Then on the 16th of July she came here. We had planned on it for some time. I told her I wanted her to stay with us as

long as she could live as we live and enjoy it. It had been over 50 years since we had been together any more than a day or two at a time, especially by ourselves. Joe is gone a lot. We spent one week at Nampa with Ellafair and her families and had a lovely time. Then the last of July, Sheryl, and Carol, and their four sweet little girls, Sherrie, Loretta, Lisa, and Deanna came to see us. It is the first time they had been here. They were returning from Morocco, Africa where Sheryl had been in the Air Force for one and a half years. They were happy and so was I to know they were here again safe and sound. They could just stay a couple of nights with us. It was a short but sweet visit.

Then on the 7th of August dad drove us to Raymond, Canada to visit Nita and family. She's our youngest sister. Nathan, Ilene's boy, went with us to be with dad, as we were going to stay a while. It was a lovely trip. We took two days for it. We went up thru Glacier National Park. It was beautiful and we enjoyed every minute of it. Dad and Nathan stayed a couple of days. We stayed and came back on the bus the 20th. Nita wasn't well, but we had a lovely visit with them. One we'll never forget. When Juniatta was here we went as usual to the temple one day a week. But I didn't get to go fishing. She wouldn't go. I told her I'd like to take her and get her good and dirty for once. But I didn't succeed. She hasn't had the knock around life I've had. We had a lot of fun singing together and we read two or three good books together, we shed a few tears together, we laughed together. She told us she had laughed more while here she knew, than she had in the last 25 years altogether. Was I lonesome when she left. She stayed until the 4th of September. We took her to the airport at Idaho Falls, put her on the big Western Airlines and waved a very reluctant goodbye. Our only consolation was it can't be too many years before we will be where we won't have to say goodbye. I'll be 76 this January and she'll be 81 in April. She was in good health. So was I. So we really enjoyed every minute. Sweet memories.

I went fishing with dad during September and October. Ivy Sjostrum, our old pal, went with us.

I took a trip to Salt Lake the middle of October. I had a lovely visit with Don and family. Also with Kathy. She is working in Salt Lake. I spent a few hours with my sister Lulu who is 84 years old. And I spent two days with Loie and Jack. Loie and I worked in the genealogy library ½ day which we both enjoyed. On my way home I stopped in Ogden and visited with Heva's girls one night. I always enjoy seeing them. Then one night I spent with Preston and family. They have two sweet little girls, Ann and Maureen. They have them a nice home in Roy, Utah. He works on the railroad there. Joan was living in Salt Lake, but they have just moved to Pocatello, I hope they like it there. We had, as usual, a nice Christmas. Thanks to all of our children. We were happy. Allen, Deon's son, got home December 23 from his two ½ year mission in Brazil. We're glad to have him back in the good old USA. Marilyn, daughter of Mary, left in October for a mission to the Central States. Loie K. (Sib's daughter) is at the BYU again this year. It is her 2nd year. John is also there this year. Lorin Jr. is at the Northwestern University in Chicago. Time flies on wings of lightning and they are all each year getting older. I hope Loie K gets to come and visit us between semesters. They had four days last year about the 1st of February. She got a ride up here and we sure enjoyed her.

We have been quite worried since New Years. The day before Ilene had to go to the hospital and have a serious operation. She came home last night and is improving each day, for which we are all very grateful. We have so many blessings to be grateful for. Sometimes I wonder if we appreciate them as we should.

Well my dears this brings my history up to date. It's rather in detail. I hope you don't mind. I will try and keep it up each year at least. We, dad and I, are well and grateful for it. We try to do our part in the church. We both have good jobs in it and we are grateful for them and for the health and desire to do our best. We feel that's the least we can do to show our Heavenly Father we appreciate His blessings. Dad still works part time at the court house, for which we are very grateful.

February 10, 1964.

It has been over a year since I have written on my history. It seems the time goes so fast. I can't keep up with it. After I got to feeling better I felt I could leave so I went to Nampa for a few days. I get so lonesome to see my children. I just have to go see them once or twice a year. I have always been grateful to dad Gooch for being so willing to let me go. Ellafair's girls and their families were living close around, Delores in Boise and Jackie at Caldwell. So I really had a lovely visit with them. Lorin and family were still at Manassas, Virginia. Lorin Jr. was in Chicago at the North Western University. Just before Christmas Lorin wrote he had received an assignment to go to Argentina for three or four years. They would leave about the 1st of August. But in March he said his plans had been changed. They would have to leave in June. They would not be able to come to see us before leaving. As the time drew nearer for them to leave I felt I must see them.

So about the middle of May I took the streamliner from Pocatello for my first trip to Washington, D.C. I had a five hour lay over in Chicago and had a lovely visit with Lorin Jr. and Dot's parents. I did appreciate their kindness. After 47 hours I arrived at Washington, D. C. That was the longest trip I had made on a train. Lorin could see that I had just about had it, and I felt like I had. I spent one week with them and had a lovely visit with them. But I didn't feel like staying longer for I knew they were busy getting ready to go. It was hard on Lorin and Dot, as the boys were not going. Lorin Jr. was in college and Kenny was ready to go. But such is life. We all must do as we feel is best. When I began to plan on leaving Lorin insisted that he send me home on a jet. I felt I didn't want them to go to that expense, so I told him I'd let them do it on one condition. That he'd take my return ticket I had and turn it in on my jet ticket. He finally consented. He asked me if I was nervous about riding one. I readily told him no, that I had always wanted to take a trip in one. If I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget that ride. When I left Pocatello I was 47 hours on my way. When I returned I was six hours, to Salt Lake including a one hour lay over in Chicago. It's almost unbelievable. I had heard that it was really boring to ride a jet, there was nothing to see. Imagine my surprise when I found to me it was enthralling. So much so I had to put my thoughts on paper.

Oh the handiworks of God, high in the sky, on the sea, and on land.

If you do not understand, take a ride in a jet.

Why should one be afraid, all the clouds the blue of the sky,  
The sun shining high by God was made.  
Looking down on the fleecy white clouds.  
Mingled with blue, higher higher we go.  
The sun shining brighter on those fleecy white clouds below,  
Looks like huge banks of snow.  
Who could say, God does not hold in the palm of His hand,  
All on the sea, in the sky, on the land.  
Going, going, 500 miles an hour.  
Up, up, 3,500 feet straight up in the air.  
Strange one doesn't care, how fast they go.  
Snow covered peaks reaching high.  
Those beautiful fleecy clouds floating by.  
See the silvery Colorado winding its way  
Through the rugged mountains this way, that way, day by day.  
Oh look at the Wasatch mountains.  
Higher we go, fasten your belts tighter.  
Now look below, the great Salt Lake.  
Salty sandy dunes, splatches of green.  
All over can be seen.  
Other proofs to numerous to mention that -  
God does hold in the palm of His hand,  
The sea, the sky, the land.  
Oh what a scene, again I say  
If you do not understand, take a ride in a jet and you'll know what I mean.  
Thanks Lorin and Dot for the thrill of that ride.

I arrived in Salt Lake Wednesday and had a nice visit with the children there. Dad came down Friday. We stayed with Myrtle and family that night. Gilbert and family came Saturday and we all went to the Ogden cemetery to visit their mother's grave. It was the first time dad had been there for decoration. We left for home from there. As I always say, glad twice. Glad to go and see the children but always glad to get home and thankful I have a home and someone to come home to.

Fishing season opened that day so I went one day a week with dad, as I tried to do each summer. Then sometime in June I got word from Ellafair they were taking

their vacation and would like to spend two days with us fishing. We were really glad. So they arrived here on Thursday about 7 a.m. We were all ready so we all left for Lost River. They had their trailer house and we pitched our tent and did we have a lovely visit. We left Saturday about 2 p.m. for home. They left that evening. We had all the nice trout we wanted to eat and took our limits home. We won't have that pleasure this summer as they are going to California. I don't blame them. I wish I was going with them.

My sister Juniatta came the 29th of July to spend a few weeks with us again. Was I happy. We do so enjoy each other and I'm so happy she loves to come. Nathan, Clara's son, whom Nate and I took when he was 16 months (and we had him until Nate passed away, he was then six years old. It was Nate's desire I adopt him out if he did not recover. So I did.) I hadn't seen for over 20 years. So imagine my surprise when he wrote that he was bringing his family and coming to see me. Was I thrilled. They were going to Yellowstone Park. I wrote and invited them to stay over night and go to church with us Sunday morning. So they did. He was just as handsome as he was when a child. He had a very nice wife and two sweet little children, a little girl and a boy. No one could know how I appreciated that visit. It was like seeing someone from the dead. He lives at Trenton, Utah. I hope they come again. I was happy to know they were both active in the Church.

Kathy, Ilene's oldest daughter, was being married the last of August in Salt Lake. Juniatta wanted to go visit in Ogden with Heva's girls. She hadn't seen them for years. So we decided to go to Ogden, get our visiting done, and then on to Salt Lake for the wedding. We had a lovely visit with the girls, went on to Salt Lake, went to the temple with Kathy. Then dad came down for the reception. It was a lovely wedding. I'm always happy to see anyone married in the temple, especially our loved ones. We left Friday night after the reception and went to Bountiful and stayed all night with Ben and Myrtle. We left early the next morning for home. Kathy and all were coming up Saturday and have a reception in Shelley at their home. Well you can imagine what a day it was for us all. Especially Ilene and Arch. But of course before they went to Salt Lake they had things arranged for it. All in all it was lovely. But we were all tired as you can imagine.

The days and weeks were passing too fast for me. I hated to see Juniatta go home. We so enjoyed ourselves reading good books; going to the temple one day a week, visiting at the rest home and others who were sick, working on histories and etc. We were just really enjoying ourselves. I kept her as long as I could. Then on the 10th of September we took her and put her on the big Western Airlines. We waved a reluctant goodbye, wondering what another year would bring.

The usual activity of another winter had begun, our canning of fruit, vegetables, and putting up grape juice was all completed by the 1st of October. I hadn't been to California to see my children for over two years. I had been wanting to go but just hadn't gone. About the middle of November when Burrell's (my husband's) niece called me and said her mother (Burrell's oldest sister, Florence) had passed away. This was on a Friday morning. The funeral would be Monday. I told her I just couldn't make it. But after I hung up dad and I talked it over. He said it would be a good time to go and I could have a visit with my children at the same time. The next morning at 8 o'clock I left for California. I got in Salt Lake at 1:45

p.m. and visited with Don and family a few hours and left that evening at 8:45 p.m. Sib, Fred, Elaina, and Sherrie met the train. I will say I had a lovely visit with all the Kendrick's at the funeral. There are a lot of them living around there. It was the first time I had been to Sib's since she remarried. I hope she knows how I appreciated the welcome they gave me. Fred treated me wonderful, as though he'd always known me. I also had a lovely visit at Sheryl's and Carol's. They have a sweet little family. I spent two days with Burrell and Phyllis. They were both well. I had a nice visit with them. Then Elmer (Juniatta's son) came and took me to his mother's place. I spent three days with Juniatta. It seemed so good to see her again. Then I went from there to San Mateo to see Lenore and Ann. I was so happy to see Lenore (she is still not a bit well). I spent Thanksgiving with them. I got there Tuesday night and left Friday morning. I had such a nice time. They took me over to see the Oakland temple. My, it's a beautiful building. The next time I go I want to go through it if I can. I arrived at Ogden Saturday. Don met me and I went to Salt Lake and spent Sunday with them. Sunday Kathy and Dick, Loie and Jack, Irva (Lulu's daughter, Lulu my sister) came over and we had a nice visit at Don's place. I got home Monday evening, again glad to go but gladder to get home.

Christmas soon came and was gone and another brand new year commenced. Ellafair hadn't been home for a long time so she sent me word she planned on spending my birthday with me. She spent three days with us. We had such a lovely visit. We spent one night at Shelley with Ilene and family. Then we went one day to the temple. Ilene went one session with us. I surely did appreciate it.

About the middle of February I got a call from Jack. Loie had an emergency operation. So I left for Salt Lake. She was quite sick for a few days. While there I stayed at Don's and had a nice visit with them. Also I visited a few hours with my sister Lulu and my half sister Loie. Neither one was very well. I stayed until Loie got out of the hospital. Then I came home. I got home Friday night.

Tuesday a friend of ours called and invited me to ride to Nampa with them. I really didn't feel like going so soon again but I hadn't been up to see them since last fall. How could a grandma refuse with ten little great grandchildren up there (one I had never seen)? So I packed my suitcase and we left the next morning at 7:30 a.m. I had a lovely visit with all of them. I was gone one week. I am surely grateful for my good natured husband and do appreciate him.

This is March 18, 1965, and this brings my history up to date. I will try and not get so far behind again. Goodnight.

If I never get to write on it again I want you all, large and small, to know that I love you and pray each day for your welfare and happiness. I do appreciate your thoughtfulness and kindness to us.

October 11, 1965. Well I am lonely tonight. Dad has gone home teaching. I went and called on a very dear friend who is home bound, rested a while then walked over to the hospital to see one of our friends. He is very critical. How grateful we should be to be able to be around and able to do for ourselves. One never knows how long, but can only hope and pray.

Since I wrote on my history last March it seems some pleasant and some sad things have happened. Juniatta wrote she was planning on coming up again. Was I happy. Things went on as usual. Spring work inside and out kept me busy. When fishing season opened I went one day a week and we still enjoyed our one day a week at the temple. Lenore was still quite bad. She never complained and was so appreciative of little things done for her. She spent a few days now and then in the hospital, but didn't seem to improve. She wouldn't give up.

I got word Juniatta would arrive on the 23rd of July. Then to our surprise we got word on the 26th that Lenore had passed away. I wanted to go so bad but my hip was giving me a lot of trouble. After several long distance telephone calls my children advised me they thought it unwise for me to go. Don felt he must go. Ann telephoned him she needed him. So we all thought he should go. Afton was expecting a visit from the stork any time, but she insisted he go. Her father and mother were visiting them. So Don took the plane the next day and went to California. That was Tuesday. The funeral was to be Thursday. Then Wednesday he got an urgent call. Afton had gone to the hospital and was bad. Poor Don was beside himself. He took the next plane out and got to Salt Lake two hours after the baby arrived. Complications had set in and the baby had to be taken caesarean. The doctor told him he was lucky to have a wife or baby. Needless to say how he felt, grateful of course for their safety. We all felt bad for Afton and admired her for her bravery for even considering Don's going. It's strange how things happen. Through the prayers of friends and loved ones, both are feeling wonderful. I wonder if we really appreciate the privilege of praying to our Heavenly Father and His mercy and love He gives us each day.

We all felt sad at Lenore's passing. We wouldn't want her back. She suffered too much. She was a dear sweet girl. I loved her as my own. She was just nine years old when I married her dad. We have all loved her dearly, as well as all who knew her. I'm afraid I forgot to mention that in June of 1964 Walt passed away. It was a great shock to us all. He and Ann had always been so good to Lenore. Lenore did appreciate it so much. Ann had missed him so much. But she took over the responsibilities of caring for Lenore. They loved each other dearly. I know Ann misses her terribly, but I also know God will bless her for her kindness and love for Lenore. We love her for it. I am so happy to think I had the visit with Lenore last fall. She and Ann were so good to me and I enjoyed it.

Juniatta and I enjoyed this summer so much. She was with us almost two months. She left the 14th of September. If we are both permitted to be here I hope we can be together next summer. She lives at Canoga Park, California, near Los Angeles. While she was here we went to Nampa and spent a week. Dad drove us there and spent the weekend. We stayed and came back on the train. We saw and visited with all of Ellafair's family, except John. He was at Provo. They have ten sweet grandchildren and of course they are mine also.

I will say this coming Friday October 15th dad is without a job. He has worked at the court house for over 20 years. But there comes a time when all things come to an end. We have both been blessed. He will be 80 in January and I'll be 78. So we should have no complaints. We are grateful for our little home and the comforts we have in it, for our social security, and that we are still able to work some. We are



grateful for our families. They are all wonderful. We are also grateful we have each other. We are leaving Friday to go visit our children in Utah a few days. Myrtle and Ben and family live at Bountiful, Gilbert (his son) and family, Loie and Jack, Don and family all in Salt Lake.

This is February 14, 1967.

I was really lonely tonight as dad had to go to stake priesthood meeting. So I thought I'd write a little on my history. Was I surprised when I looked at it and found I hadn't written any since 25 October 1965. My how time flies. I try to write it up each year, but missed doing it this time. It seems where one has as large a family as each of us have, lots of things can happen in a year, both happy and sad. If I remember correctly Allen (Deon's son) was married in August 1965. He married a sweet girl. They were married in the Idaho Falls temple. He met her at BYU. She is from Canada. They have a sweet little son who will soon be a year old. They are still at the BYU.

As I was saying the last time I wrote, we were going to visit our children in Salt Lake. We had a lovely visit. When we returned home it seemed we faced a new life. Dad had no job. If I tried to write how we felt, I wouldn't have words to tell it. We had both had hard lives. We hadn't been able to prepare for old age. Since we married in 1947 we had managed on what he made. I had a little coming in from my home I had in Pocatello. And with my helping some, we got our little home paid for. Since he retired we had and still have his social security. I don't think it's necessary to try to write just how we felt. But I would like to say here, as we have always said, we think we have the best group of children in the world. They came to us and very reluctantly we let them help us. But not until they consented for us to turn our little home over to them and fix our will over so when we passed away the home could be sold and each child receive the amount they had contributed. That way it made us feel a little better, although we knew it wouldn't make it any easier on those that contributed. We hope they know how we appreciate it.

Last October dad got the chance to work for the county weighing gravel. He made enough so we have been able to keep ourselves through the winter with what the children do at Christmas and our birthdays. Of course on the side, some of them do this and that. It all helps. We hope we can live worthy of all they do.

Now back to some of the things that I want to put in my history. There are things that I would like to put down, however not in too much detail. I will say by this time Don had been released from the Bishopric of Parley 2nd Ward. They reorganized it. He was put in 1960. The Lord surely blessed them all. It wasn't always easy with their large family. But by the support of Afton and family they were happy.

Quite a few things happened last year. The first thing while Susan was at Ricks College she met a nice returned missionary, Steve Larsen. They were married in March. They are now the parents of a sweet little daughter Stephani, born the 4th of December, 1966. He is going to school at BYU.

Along in March my sister Loie Rushworth, passed away in Salt Lake. She and I were the same age. She was a half sister to me, but we loved each other dearly. So

dad took me down to the funeral. There we also visited with our children, his and mine. One thing marred our trip for us. While returning from the funeral some young guy struck dad's car sideways. Of course we were held up and the procedure that one has to go through wasn't pleasant. It cost us about \$60 or \$70, but we were very fortunate and blessed to have no one hurt. My daughter Loie was with us at the time. We were all pretty well shook up for a while, but grateful.

Also it was in the early spring that Jackie got her divorce from Clyde. It made us all very sad, but we didn't blame her. He had been stepping out on her for some time. She felt she couldn't take it. She has been a very brave mother with four little ones to care for. But God has been good to her. And she is very fortunate to have such wonderful parents who help comfort and advise her. We feel sure if she continues to put her trust in God and lives right, some day some good man will come into her life and she can be happy again.

I was very happy last Easter when Sheryl and Loie (his sister) came and spent Easter weekend with us. I was surprised to see Sheryl, as I didn't even know he was in Utah. They were living in California and had been wanting to come to Utah. So he came to get a job and a place for the family. Then later in the summer they moved to Salt Lake. How happy I was when in late summer they invited me to come go to the temple with them for the first time. I was not physically able to go. I was so happy for them. Don and Afton went with them. I know they will not be sorry if they do their part. None of us can expect blessings and happiness without working for it. If we do our part God will not fail us.

We had a good time last year at Decoration day. Ray's parents are buried in Pocatello and they usually come and go with us and Ilene's family, as her father is buried there. They wrote they'd meet us there but they couldn't stay over night. So we wrote them we'd bring lunch and have it all together at the Park, if weather permitted. So they brought Jackie and children. Bob came also. Although it was rather windy and cold we had fun and enjoyed being together. Bob had his call to leave in June for his mission in New York. We drove to Nampa for his testimonial. It was a lovely drive. We enjoyed it so much, seeing all the children and telling Bob goodbye. He is still happy and enjoying it.

Sometime in June I think it was the opening of fish season I'm not sure. I do know Don, Afton, and family came Friday night. Then early Saturday morning dad, Don, and his four boys went to Lost River fishing. Afton and two little children, Ilene and her two girls and myself had a real good day together. They stayed until Sunday about noon. Don had to be back that night. They'll never know how I enjoyed it. We are hoping they will come again this summer. It won't be long the way time flies. Sometimes I wonder how people who do not have children can enjoy life. We surely enjoy ours. After Don was released from the Bishopric, he decided he wanted to go to BYU and get his Masters. He had been principal of Highland High seminary for several years. He felt he'd like to teach in the Institute. So he resigned from his job, and went to summer school. He started in the spring and he got his Masters last August. He is still going this winter, teaching part time and working on his doctorate. He gets discouraged at times. It has been really hard on them, with their large family. He realizes he never could have made it if Afton

hadn't supported and encouraged him all the while. They are to be commended for their sacrifices and efforts. I don't know how long it will take him now.

We enjoyed and appreciated Ben, Myrtle, and family coming last year for Fathers Day. They couldn't stay long, but it was nice to have them. We all went to Deon's. Judy and family also were there. We had a real nice get together. I know dad appreciated it so much.

Then in July, Juniatta came again. We always look forward to her visit. She seems to enjoy coming also. She came the 15th of July and stayed until the 10th of September. I do hope and pray we can spend a few weeks again this summer. One never knows, but it's a pleasure to plan for it anyway.

Ritchie and family visited us in August. He retired from the Air Force and accepted a position at Boeing's in Seattle. They couldn't stay long but we surely enjoyed them. Christy wasn't with them then. She is married but Jim, her hubby, is now at Okinawa. The last we heard she was with her folks.

Kathy and Dick moved to Alahambra, California last June. He graduated from the University of Utah and got a job with the government as an accountant. They are expecting a visit from the old stork any day. Zion is growing.

Then we were happy to have Gilbert and family come for Thanksgiving. We surely enjoyed them.

About the first of December Anna wrote she was getting married the 10th. I hope and pray she'll be happy, for how well I know it's no fun to live alone, if you can find someone you can be happy with. I have always said and still say, there are lots of good men and women in the world, and if one is prayerful and careful they will find each other.

Well Christmas 1966 came and as usual we had a lovely Christmas, thanks to our dear children and our many friends. Then January 7th Ellafair came on the 5:30 a.m. bus to spend a few days with us. Was I happy. She comes in January every year and while here we enjoy a day at the temple. This year dad didn't feel like going so Arch came down about 5 a.m. the morning she came and picked up Ilene at Shelley and we went for two sessions, had a lunch together, then they brought us home. Oh how we enjoyed it. I just look forward to that visit each year. She stayed until Tuesday morning. I hope she enjoyed it as much as I did. I think she did.

As far as I know all the children are well and happy, I hope. Lorin, Dot, and Barrie Kay have been in Argentina three years this June. He wrote they would be coming home in August this year. May God continue to bless them and bring them safely home. Their two sons Lorin Jr. and Kenny didn't go. They have both been in college at Chicago. Oh yes, Lorin was married (he married Carol Miller) January 1st, 1966. Kenny still is at Chicago, near his grandmother Schipens. I will say Nathan (Ilene and Arch's oldest son) has been called to go to Central America on a mission. His headquarters will be at San Jose, Costa Rica. He reports to the mission home on the 6<sup>th</sup> of March. Then on to Provo for a 12 week training in Spanish. We are all so happy for him and is he excited. This is my history to date. If I never write in it again, I want you all large and small to know I love you all dearly. Just keep a

testimony in your hearts, be prayerful, and may God bless and keep you. Goodnight and goodbye for now. February 15, 1967. Blackfoot, Idaho. Your mother and grandmother. Abby J. K. R. Gooch.

November 3rd, 1968.

Was I shocked when I got my book out to try and write some on my history and saw the date I wrote last. Oh how fast the days pass. It is not as easy for me to write as it was a few years ago. It couldn't be I am getting old, or could it be? Regardless I have decided to not write it this time in the order things happen. But I shall take each family in order and relate each one as I recall it. Then I shall try to keep it up better. I will say dad and I are pretty well for old folks. We try to go to the temple one day a week. He goes fishing one or two days a week, and the other days he works at the Deseret Industries from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. He can work when he feels like it and lay off when he likes. It is really a blessing to us. It helps us buy our gas and gives him something to do. He has his days when he's not too well, but does wonderfully well. Our children all are very thoughtful of us and we do appreciate it. Last January dad was 82 years old on the 19th and I was 80 on the 22nd. So, on the 20th our children that live here gave us a open house party. It was lovely. Birthday cake, pictures taken, all that goes with it. We had over 35 children and grandchildren sign our guest book and many friends and neighbors. They had it here at our little home. Ellafair came from Nampa. Don and family came from Salt Lake, Myrtle and family from Bountiful. Nadine and Evelyn (Gilbert's daughters) were also here. Then of course Mary, Deon, Ilene, and Judy, and families all live around here. It was held at 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. About 6:30 our children and companions, our friends Glen and Esther Hatch and dad and I went to Stan's Grill and had supper. We had a private room and all. It was lovely. Thanks so much. We will never forget it.

Last Fathers Day all of dad's children were here except Ritchie and family. They all met at Deon's for supper Saturday night. We spent Sunday at church. I know he appreciated it.

For several years my back and hip have bothered me. Dad and my children persuaded me to go to a back specialist. So, in July 1967 Don made me an appointment with one in Salt Lake. After several X-rays and a complete examination, I was told I have a curvature of the spine, a loose disc, surrounded by arthritis. He said it meant either an operation or a medical corset and brace. He felt I should try the latter. So did I. No it isn't comfortable, but it helps a lot. In fact I just couldn't get along without it. I don't seem to get much worse nor any better. I guess I'll no doubt wear it the rest of my life. If I don't do anything it's pretty good. But who wants to not do anything? Not I. So I just do and suffer it out. I can scarcely walk ½ block. I'm grateful for a husband who is good to me, for having Ilene as close as she is. Also Mary. I don't know what I'd do without them. And Judy also is sweet and good to me. When I want to go places and dad is not here, thanks to my many friends who have offered and do haul me around. Aside from my back I feel wonderful. I am very grateful to my Heavenly Father for His blessings. I'll just hope some day I'll get better. If I don't, I pray I'll accept it graciously and not be too much of a burden on anyone. I know if I had the faith I could be healed. I have had

my name in the temple and been administered to. I know my children pray for me. So perhaps it is another test to see how I'll take it. I pray that I'll never complain.

Now I shall take each family and write the important things of their lives since February 1967. First Sib's family. At present Ken and Carol are still in Salt Lake. They have four sweet little girls. Like all the rest they are busy trying to make a living and raise their family. Loie K. is still at Provo in school part time and working. Elaina graduated from college in California in August. She took up nursing. She came to Provo and has a good job at Utah Valley Hospital. She will make a good nurse I think. I went to Salt Lake last month and had an appointment with my doctor there. Sib, their mother, came while I was there. I had a lovely visit with them all.

Loie and Jack still are in Salt Lake. He retires next month. They are not just sure what they will do. While there they took me to Brigham City, where Joan and family live, also Sue Dele (Joan's daughter). We had our five generation picture taken of myself, Loie, Joan, Sue Dele, and her little son Robbi Al, my great great grandson. Joan also had a new baby, making her six girls. It was nice seeing them all again. Then I went back as far as Roy, Utah and stayed overnight at Preston and Shirley's. They have three cute little girls and one cute little boy. Preston works at Hill Field Air Base near Centerville.

Ellafair and Ray still live at Nampa. They are alone now. Delores lives at Boise. She and Dee have six children, three girls and three boys, expecting the old stork any day. They have a lovely family. On June the 17th, 1967, Jackie remarried and moved to California. She married Francis Varsar. She seems very happy. We are happy for them. She had two girls and two boys by her first marriage. She has been a brave girl and we all wish her much joy. In August 1967 John married Karen Falimo from Bountiful. They met at the BYU. He graduated this summer and got a good job at Waterloo, Iowa. On October 8, 1968 the old stork left them a little girl. They named her Rochelle. He has been put in the Bishopric. We are happy for him. Bob returned from his mission in June. Dad and I went to Nampa when he reported. It is marvelous what a mission can do for them. They go out so young and come back men. He went to BYU all summer and is going this winter. We wish him success. Yes as he says, uncle Sam may get him next spring. But he says he just as well go with the rest of them. If he goes we are glad he had his mission first.

Burrell and Phyllis are still in Los Angeles. Happy, I hope. I don't hear too much from them. They have no family, so not much news. I'm glad they are well and happy.

Lorin next. They came home from their three years stay in Argentina in August 1967. He is retired from the Air Force. I have not seen them since they returned. They are living in So. Euclid, Ohio, near Cleveland. I hear from him quite often. He has good work there. I'm not right sure of the nature of it so I will not say. Dot works at her brother's place of business. Her mother lives with them. She is not well. Lorin Jr. and wife live in Wisconsin. They both are teaching. Kenny is in Carbondale, Illinois in school. He finishes this spring. Barrie Kay graduated from high school this year and has gone to Kent College, not too far from home. I haven't

seen them for over four years. He said perhaps next year, I hope. Four years is a long time. Too long his mother thinks.

Then there's Ilene and Arch. She lives at Shelley about 17 miles from here. Oh how grateful I am to have her that close. Sometimes I wonder what I'd do without her. It seems she has more than her share, being she's so close, and me not able to do a lot of things. She is so sweet and thoughtful to me. They all are. But she is the only one close enough and the one I growl to. Oh well I am sure that she'll be blessed for it. I want her to know I appreciate all she does. Kathy and Dick moved from California to Salt Lake. They have a cute little 20 month old boy, Bret. They like it there. He has a good job. Susan and Steve have two cute little girls, Stephanie and Shauntel. He is still in school, a busy guy, works part time, and in the Bishopric. Like the rest they are busy. They say it is better to work than to rust. No danger of any good Latter-day Saint rusting away. What do you think? Then in June of 1967 Nathan left for his mission, from his letters he is really enjoying it. We are all very proud of him. He is now in the Colombia, Venezuela mission. I just can't realize in seven or eight months he'll be home. Charles is in his junior year of high school and Deniece started to mutual this year. She's quite the young lady. Then there's Lisa, the youngest. I was real proud of her yesterday while here to learn she had borne her testimony in Sacrament meeting. Never be afraid dear or ashamed to bear it. She was baptized in April.

Well Don and family are the last ones, but not the least. They have seven children. Their family and Ilene's six makes 13 of my 25 grandchildren. Last August 1967, they sold their home in Salt Lake and moved to Provo. He was given the position of Director of the Institute of Religion. He is now a member of the BYU faculty. It was hard for them to leave Salt Lake. But they all like it in Provo also Rosilene is in her 2nd year of BYU. She loves it. The boys Don Jr. is in his last year of high school, Eddy, John, Joe, and Julie Ann are in their respective school years, and little Matt three years old. Of course he is the one who tried to run the family. He is not always successful but is the joy of them all. It's a real challenge these days to raise a family. When I went to Utah last month I went to Provo first and visited with Don and family and others from Friday until Wednesday when Don took me to my appointment with the doctor. I had a lovely visit with them and dad and I have 11 or 12 grandchildren also at Provo. I enjoyed being there. I then stayed in Salt Lake visiting. The morning of the 26th, Heva, my niece came to Preston and Shirley's and took me for the day to visit with them. Was I happy. We, Heva and I, went to Maxine's (Bill's wife). Ila came also. We had a lovely dinner together and had a visit. I hadn't seen them for two or three years. About three p.m. Heva took me to her place. I had a nice rest. Then after supper, they took me into Ogden and put me on the train at 9 p.m. I surely did appreciate their kindness. Kathy and little son, Bret, came on the same train. It was nice to have them. I arrived in Blackfoot at 1 a.m. Dad met me. I'm glad to get back and grateful to have home and dad to come to. I'm glad to go and gladder to get back.

Now to go on with things that happened last year. My sister, Juniatta, came last summer in 1967. It was the 5th summer she had been with us. She came in July but didn't stay only three weeks. She usually stayed five or six weeks. We always enjoyed her and she loved to come. She went home sooner because she wasn't

feeling good. Then we began to look forward to her coming this summer but to ours and her disappointment she just didn't feel up to it. Oh was I disappointed. I know she was also. But how well I know one feels better at home when they don't feel good. Maybe next summer. We'll just have to wait and see what next year brings. One never knows.

A sad thing happened last spring. Anna, who was so happily remarried, had a real bad stroke. For some time we didn't know if she would make it or not. But she is slowly improving, is home from the rest home, can walk some with her cane, and can talk a little plainer every day. We are so grateful she has a good husband. He wrote me last month telling of her improving and assured me I need not worry as he would see that she has the best of care. And I believe he will. May God bless her and help her to recover and bless him for his kindness.

This is November 1968.

Ellafair called me this morning to let me know the stork left Dee and Delores another little boy. We are grateful for her safe delivery and her baby. They named him David Kendrick. I will close this now by saying I have 25 grandchildren, 29 great grandchildren, and one great great grand baby. And to my knowledge all are well and sound in mind and body for which I am very thankful. Now if perchance I never write more I want you to all know I love you all dearly and do appreciate so much all your kindness and help you give us and have given us in the past. Dad's children are good to us also and I love and appreciate them. I am grateful for my testimony. It is dear to me. I pray each day I may always have it aglow in my heart. Be prayerful and humble. Be kind and understanding and forgiving with each other. Train your children to live so that they will be entitled to God's protecting care. God bless and keep you all. Goodnight and good-bye for now. November 4th, 1968. Your mother and grandmother.

November 23, 1969. Goodness over a year since I wrote any. I'm sorry but time flies on wings of lightening. And I can't seem to keep up with it. Sorry my dears but again I'll have to write it in as few words as I can. Since I wrote last I have had a real roundabout with my eyes. I will not write my eye trouble in detail but after having an examination from two optometrists and two M.D. eye specialists, I am informed my eyes are beyond repair. One specialist said, "Worn out, nothing can be done for them." The other said, "Hardening of the arteries in your eyes." It practically means the same. So far they have not been able to improve my glasses. Maybe later. So I can't see to read without a magnifying glass. I am not supposed to write very long at a time. I shall have my notebook handy and try and write a little in it to get it up to date and then I'll try very hard to not get so far behind. I shall write like I did before. I'll take each family and write the important happenings in the past year. If I leave out any, please forgive me. I do not do it intentionally.

I will start with Sib's family. Ken had been bothered with his back and leg. Finally had to be operated on. It was quite serious. For weeks he lay in a hospital. This happened last spring. After he went home he was laid up, then on crutches. He still isn't able to work. At times like that I long to have money to help. It's been real hard on them. But they are still surviving. Carol is a real brick. Lots of women

would have given up their church work and all, but not her. She holds down her job at work. I told them it is another test to see if they would still say God knows best. We are told every experience we have in this life will be of benefit either in this life or the next if we accept it as we should. Well Loie graduated from BYU this spring. She now lives in Salt Lake and is working there. Elaina was still at Utah Valley Hospital. She met and fell in love with a returned missionary. Well, he wasn't strong enough to resist her. Strange isn't it? So they were married June 10, 1969. He's in school at BYU and she still works at the hospital. I wish them lots of happiness. She is now Mrs. John Burgon.

Loie and Jack still live in Salt Lake. He has retired from his job. Her children Joan and Preston still live where they did last year, Joan in Brigham City. She's a busy mother with her five daughters. Sue Dele and her baby are still there. The last I heard, Preston and Shirley and their little family are still at Roy. I get so lonesome to see them them. But I'm not able to get around and visit much.

Ellafair and Ray still are at Nampa. Delores and Dee and family are still living in Boise. They are busy with their family of seven and seem to be happy. Jackie and Francis are still in California. They live close enough to the Oakland temple so they go once in a while. John and Karen have had heartaches enough for the whole family. They live at Cedar Falls, Iowa. He has a good job there and they are buying a home. He's in the Bishopric and she works in the mutual. Last May 17th Karen and their sweet little seven month old baby girl, Rochelle, were in a car accident. Little Rochelle just lived one hour and her sweet little spirit was taken back to our Heavenly Father. Only those who have gone through the experience can realize their heartache. But they took it wonderfully, knowing that if they live worthy they can have and raise her some day. Karen was pregnant at the time, but the doctor said she thought the baby would be fine. She was bruised up badly but was brave and looking forward to having another one to love. On the 5th of November, 1969, she gave birth to a little son. But he lived only one day and was taken to join little Rochelle. Why, oh why, oh why? Sometimes I wonder how we could stand these heartaches if it wasn't for the gospel and the assurance we have that God knows best. This is November 28, 1969. Last Monday John and Karen spent the night with us. We did enjoy them. It's wonderful what a testimony of the gospel can do. She has some surgery on her face to be done so the doctor advised them to wait a year before she gets pregnant. So a doctor friend of John's in California has arranged for a baby for adoption. They expect to get it sometime in January. I am happy for them. Bob is still at BYU, his 2nd year. Two weeks ago Ray and Ellafair spent the weekend with us. We are always happy when any of our children come to see us.

Next is Burrell. He and Phyllis are still in Los Angeles. He is still working with the Southern California Gas Company. He spent a couple of days with us this summer. Phyllis was not too well and didn't come. But I surely enjoyed him. Only his visit was too short.

Lorin and Dot are still in Ohio. He was here the last of September. Dot was laid up with a bad knee. Barrie K. is at Kent College. This is her 2nd year. Kenny is in Colorado. He is with VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America). He graduated last spring. He seems to be enjoying this work. Lorin Jr. and wife live at Raintree



Farm in Wisconsin. They have no children. They are teaching or have jobs, I'm not sure which.

On July 26 of this year, my children had a Kendrick-Robinson reunion at Lagoon, Utah. It was wonderful. Of the 80 that were to be there, 64 were there. It's really more than we thought would make it. They all had such a good time. They decided to have one next summer. I hope we can. One never knows.

Monday morning after the reunion Saturday Ilene called me and said the Sugar Company called late Sunday night and notified Arch they were transferring him to Toppenish, Washington with a promotion and raise. I couldn't begin to put in words how I felt. It almost put me in bed. And I have never felt the same since. I will just say they sold their home in Shelley where they had lived for 15 years. On the 28th of August 1969 they left. I told them all a very reluctant goodbye. They hated to leave also, but we all feel it was a good thing for them. They sent me half of my fare up there and I plan on going sometime between now and the first of the year. I can hardly wait. Kathy lives in Salt Lake. They have a cute little boy, Bret, and are expecting again any day after the 1st of December.

Susan lives at Provo. Steve is still in school. They have two adorable little girls. Stephanie and Shauntel. They are expecting again in May. Nathan returned from his mission in June. He was in the Venezuela mission. He filled a good mission and is at BYU. We are real proud of him and Bob. They are at the same place in Provo, with three or four other boys. Both are doing fine. Charles, Deniece, and Lisa are at home. Oh how I miss them. No one knows but me. But I am happy for them, because I know it was best for them. Ilene also misses her children in Utah and her little grandchildren.

Don and Afton have got them a nice home in Provo. Their children are all at home. Rosilene goes to BYU but lives at home. Don Jr., the oldest boy, graduates from high school next spring. They have four other boys Eddie, John, Joe, and Matt. Matt is the baby. He's four years old. Then little Julie Ann. She just turned eight years old. It's a lovely family and I know they are proud of them. I want all my children to know I love you all. Ilene's leaving leaves me without any of my children near. Oh how lonesome I get. But I'm so grateful you all belong to me and am so happy I have you all somewhere. I know if I needed you, you would come. I am grateful some of dad's children live around here. Especially am I grateful for Judy, Deon's daughter. She is so good to me, just like my own and I love her for it. Mary and family live at Shelley. She is so good to us also. Mary and Deon are the two that live around here. Ritchie and family live at Seattle, Washington. Gilbert and family at Salt Lake City and Myrtle at Bountiful, Utah.

Ann and Cham live at San Mateo still. Ann had a real bad stroke but is a lot better. Cham is so good to her and I want him to know I surely appreciate it. Clara is still at the Bannock County rest home. She seems happy there and I'm happy she is there. This brings my family up to the present date, November 28, 1969. At present I have 25 grandchildren and 28 great grandchildren, and one great great grandson. I'm a proud mother and grandmother.

This is February 8, 1970.

My dear children, I'm sorry but the rest of my history will have to be more like a diary from now on. I'm afraid very brief. My eyes are still bad and I just cannot keep it up. Please forgive me if I fail to make note of anything I should. My memory isn't as alert as it used to be. Strange isn't it? I must be getting old. What do you think? On the 6th of December the old stork left Dick and Kathy another little boy. They call him Lane. If he's as cute as his big brother, Bret, he's plenty cute.

On the 27th of December I left to go visit Ilene and Arch. On my way I stayed from Saturday till Tuesday night with Ellafair and Ray. I had a lovely time. Also a nice visit with Delores and family. I arrived at Washington December 30. I went on the plane. They met me at Yakima. Oh how happy I was to see them. We had such a good time. I stayed 11 days. I flew to Boise Saturday the 9th of January and spent Sunday with Ellafair and Ray and flew to Pocatello Monday morning. Daddy and Kay met me. I'm glad to have had such a lovely visit, but I'm glad to have a home to come to, and gladder to have daddy in it. Thanks Ellafair and Ilene and all for the lovely trip.

John and Karen were very happy when they got word their baby, whom they were going to adopt, was born January 25. Too bad it wasn't one day later and been on Ellafair's birthday. They brought her home on January 30th. They named her Stacy. And are they happy. Lucky little girl to be in such a home. I'm happy for them all.

On the 26th of January 1970, here in the home I lost my glasses. It is now the 21st of February and in spite of all the searching by numerous friends and ourselves and members of our family, the mystery still remains unchanged. I had to buy new ones. So if we ever find them I'll have two pair, one to use when I lose the other pair. Would you like to take a look?

On Saturday, January 31st, Nathan and his girlfriend came and surprised us. They came at about 2 p.m. Was I happy. We fixed dinner, then went over to say hello to Herman and Kay. They say when it rains it pours. Well about 5:30 Don, Afton, and Julie Ann and Matt came. Of course we were thrilled as we always are when our children come to see us. I said of all things. I sit here all winter and no one comes. Then here you come all at the same time. But we had fun, and thanks for coming.

Last Monday I woke up not able to hardly move my left arm. Talk about pain. I went to doctor Nelson to see what was wrong. I found I had a bad case of Bursitis. It's still bad. I haven't been able to dress myself nor go anywhere. It's some better today. I'm going to have another treatment in the morning. I hope it doesn't last long.

Now I'd like to say how we have appreciated Herman and Kay and family. They are the only ones of my family living near. And we do love and appreciate all they do for us. I want them to know we love them for it. I hope he is not transferred somewhere else. One never knows. How well I know.

Very briefly I'll mention where dad's children are. Lynn and Mary are still at Shelley. Elaine, Don, and family are still at Pocatello. They have two children, Brad

and Donna. Lynn is still in the Air Corp. He at present is in Thailand. Barbara and baby Charlie are in California near her parents. Lloyd is in the Marines. He is stationed at present in California and Marilyn is with him. Ernest and Marilyn (Mary's daughter) live in Oakland. Mary Low is going to school at BYU. Irene, Jane and Arlene are still at home. Irene works and Jane and Arlene are still in school.

Next, Ritchie and Martha live at Seattle, Washington. He is with Boeing Aircraft Company. Christy lives with them. She and Jim are divorced. Ritchie Jr. graduated from BYU last spring, with honors and is still in school in Washington. Lisa the youngest is still at home.

Gilbert and Roe Ann still live in Salt Lake. Nadine is married and has a baby boy. Evelyn is still going to school in Weber College. Robert is in Hong Kong on a mission. Thayne is still at home.

Myrtle and the two girls are still in Bountiful, Utah. Ben Sr. is still teaching school in California. This is his 2nd year. Ben Jr. is in the Navy, at present in New Jersey.

Sorry Deon. You should have come before Myrtle. You live too close. I hope you'll forgive me. Deon and Swede still live at Riverside. Judy and Delos live out Moreland way, in the dairy business and have a lovely home and five children, two girls and three boys. I'm so glad they live that close. Allen and Nancy live at Provo. He is managing the foreign languages for missionaries. They have three children, two boys and a girl. Carol and Maurice live at Firth. They have one little girl and are expecting soon. He teaches at Snake River High, Physical Ed. He and his dad also farm. Ruth and Dean married last fall. He is still in school at BYU. Joe and Gaye are still home keeping their mama and dad from getting lonesome.

I hope what I have put down is correct. I will say I have learned to love dad's children and I do appreciate all they do for us. I hope in some way we can show our appreciation and live worthy of your love. God bless all our children far and near, wherever you are, to us you are dear. Goodnight.

This is March 1st, 1970.

Before I set this aside for a while I would like to just briefly relate two or three little instances that happened to me the past year, for which I am very grateful. It seems like my life has been sort of dull since my back has been bad. Please don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining. I'm sure you know that. But as they say a change is as good as a rest. They just added a little variety to my life. For our 17th of March party 1969, we the four ladies of the 1st ward were honored. Jane Miles, Josephine DeWitt, Pearl Wooton, and me. We were told nothing about it. Talk about being surprised. Well we were. They asked a daughter of each of us to come and pay tribute to her mother. They were beautiful. Thanks, Ilene dear, I will always cherish that tribute. They also invited Mary to come. A special table was set for us and our daughter's. We were presented with a beautiful red rose and had some pictures taken which were real good. A lovely affair. Thanks to Sister Fay Wixom the president and her officers. I'll never forget it (I hope).

Then about the middle of last November 1969, Linda Kissner, the Beehive teacher in our ward, came to me and told me they were having the Stake Beehive honor night the 22nd of November and each Beehive class was to select someone in their ward as their honored guest, and they had selected me. Was I surprised, but happy. I love young people and worked with them a lot when I was younger, both in Pocatello and Blackfoot. It was a lovely evening. They had read a short sketch of each of us. Then as each one was presented the girl pinned a beautiful corsage on us, and then gave us a kiss on each cheek. It was really something. It was outstanding. I shall never forget those girls. How could I?

Now one more. It was just a week before Christmas, primary day, about 4 p.m. Here came four Guide Patrol boys and their teacher Lorraine Lamprecht, carrying a beautiful Christmas pie. I just can't describe it. It was round and 20 inches across. It was made of pasteboard rings, three I think. It was made with 69 clothes pins, the long old style kind, all painted gold. On the center was placed four pieces of Christmas holly, green and red of course and a beautiful white bird in the center of them. The boys had made it to take to someone. They chose to bring it to us, then they sang Christmas Carols. I was so full of emotion I could hardly thank them. Dad wasn't here. I did try to treat them to some cookies, but they wouldn't accept. I cleared off the T.V. and placed it there. Everyone who came marveled at it. It did do me a world of good. I was so lonely. It's my first Christmas with none of my very own here. Irene, Mary's daughter, brought her camera down and took some colored pictures with dad and me holding it up. They were real good. After the holidays I wrapped it in plastic and put it away for next Christmas. Now, in closing, I want to thank all our loving friends in Blackfoot for all they have done and shall do for us. May God bless you all for your kindness.

March 29, 1970.

I must keep this up to date, then it won't be so hard for me to do it. On the 16th of March, two weeks tomorrow night, I took a terrible fall. I had been having a little trouble with controlling my feet and legs. While in the kitchen I lost my balance. As I fell I struck my left hip against the basement door frame then fell against the kitchen door, striking the top of my head at the bottom of the door. I screamed and dad rushed in. He said he thought I had broken my neck. Oh the terrific pain on the top of my head. After he managed to get me into the front room, I told him to call Herman, to come and help administer to me. He wasn't home. So he called Ray Wixom. He came and before they were through the pain ceased. But it left my head as sore as a boil. Oh how it hurt. I had bruised my side and my left arm was knocked and bruised, and hurt. Well I'll just say, how grateful for the priesthood and the protecting care of our Heavenly Father. The soreness on my head and hip have gone, but my arm is still bad. Mary came yesterday the 30th and took me to Idaho Falls to doctor Archard, to have my arm checked. He examined it and treated it, and there was no break of any kind. I thought if he advised it I would have X-rays to make sure. But he said it wasn't necessary. I feel much better today and plan on having another treatment next week. Thanks to all my children and friends for their prayers in my behalf. The doctor was amazed that a person my age could have a fall like that and no broken bones. Thanks to my Heavenly Father again.

Last Thursday night March 26th, Mary Lynn and the three girls Irene, Jan, and Arlene came and surprised us, and brought a lovely homemade cherry pie, cinnamon rolls, etc. , and had home evening with us. Were we happy to have them. It was a lovely evening. Thanks so much to you all here April 26, 1970.

After my fall, I was so confined to home I got so lonely and after about a month I decided I would just have to get away for a few days. So on the 15th of April I rode to Salt Lake with Mary and Lynn. Irene was leaving for her mission that day. Loie and Jack took me to Provo the same day. I had a good visit with all. I returned to Salt Lake the next Monday the 20th. I came home on Wednesday the 22nd on a plane. It just took us 35 minutes. I enjoyed it. I found all well at home. I'm glad to be home again. I feel no better physically but it did a lot for me mentally.

Oh yes, on April 4th Kenny, Lorin's son, came to see us. I was so happy. I hadn't seen him for six years. He couldn't stay only until Monday morning. I hope he knows how I appreciated it. Come again, Kenny, anytime. I enjoyed it so much.

Marilyn and Ernest live at Oakland. They have a baby boy, born this month. Mary and Lynn are going down to be there when it is blessed next Sunday.

A sad thing happened this month. Nadine and Brook's baby five months old suffocated to death. We just never know one day what will happen the next. Thanks to our Heavenly Father.

May 19, 1970.

My the time flies. We are about as usual, as we say "pretty good for the shape we're in." Another Mother's day has passed. Rather a lonely one. First one for 15 years without any of my own. But Judy and Carol saved the day. They prepared a wonderful dinner. They had their folks and Carol's in-laws and invited us also. After Sunday School we went out, had dinner then went to Sacrament Meeting with Judy and Delos. We got home at 6:30. Thanks girls. We did appreciate it. Thanks to all of you who remembered me on that day. I did appreciate it very much.

On Mother's day Elaine had her first baby, a little girl. They named her Kelly Kae, a cute little name for my 31st great grandchild living. I had two that died in infancy. I am proud of every one.

June 4, 1970.

Last Friday night Ellafair and Ray came for decoration weekend. It was also opening of the fishing season. Ray and dad went fishing. Ellafair and I went to the cemetery to decorate the graves. Kae took us down, bless her heart. We got home at 10:30. Then Ellafair washed and iron all my curtains and three house dresses for me and did other things too numerous to mention. Oh how I appreciated it. Then we spent some time after lunch, took a nap, and worked on our genealogy book. The men got home at 6:30. We did a few jobs, ate supper, and then we played a game of aggravation. And we (Ellafair and I) beat them good. Well a lovely weekend. Thanks to you both.

Tuesday, June 2nd, John and Karen came and had a trout dinner with us. They arrived at 11:30 a.m. and left at 2:30 p.m. They were going to Salt Lake. The next day they went to the temple and had their little adopted baby girl sealed to them. She is adorable. They named her Stacey. She was four months old. They still live in Iowa .

June 5th, 1970.

Last Monday June 1st, Carol had another little baby girl born. They named her Stephanie. She is dad Gooch's 14th living great grand child. Zion is growing.

June 25, 1970. The last I wrote for my history was June 1st. My eyes are so bad I will write only as a diary. Hope I can remember what's happened since I wrote last. If I leave out anything, forgive me.

Wed, June 17. Don called and said that Afton was operated on Monday the 15th. She had a hystorectomy. He said she was doing pretty good. We remember her in our prayers every day.

The morning of June 18th Ilene called and said the old stork had left Susan and Steve twin boys. They weighed 8 lbs 4 oz. and 7 lbs 6 oz., largest twins I ever heard of. They named them Stephen Richards and David Allan. What asweet little family. Two sweet little girls just a year apart, Stephanie and Shauntel, the youngest just 2½ year old. God bless them all and I know He will.

Fathers Day, the 21st Myrtle, Ben, and daughters Helen and Diane came from Bountiful Utah Saturday morning. Dads family all got together at Deane's Saturday night and had supper together. It was lovely in every way. Beautiful evening, delicious supper and 24 present. A good time was had by all. Next morning Ben and Myrtle came in and went to priesthood meeting and Sunday School with us. Then Helen and her boy friend came in and we had dinner at our place. We did enjoy them and thanks a lot. We are having beautiful weather only it is too hot for me. It does cool off in the evening though. Dad is off fishing today. He went with Rulon Parks and his grandson. How he loves to fish.

August 8, 1970. Goodness I didn't realize it had been so long since I had written in my history. I do hope I can remember what has happened. July was a month full of activity for me. The night of July 5th, Nathan and Maurel, with Ilene, came from Provo. Ilene had been with Susan and was going home. Nathan and his wife visited in Shelley and Idaho Falls until Sunday and then went back to Provo. Ilene and I left on the 6:45 train on Monday morning from Pocatello to go to Washington. I can't travel alone and I did appreciate her coming to take me. Kae drove us to the train. We had a nice day together. Arch met us at Pendleton Oregon at 5:30 and we drove on to their place in Wapato. Will just say I had a lovely time and met a lot of nice people and enjoyed my stay at Ilene's. They were all so sweet and good to me and I thank you all. I do appreciate it. The Richard's Reunion was being held at Salt Lake on July 22nd and the Kendrick Robinson Reunion on the 25th at Lagoon, so they were all going to Utah. On the 17th we all left at 8 a.m. to go to Blackfoot. It was a lovely day, hot but then the car was air conditioned so it wasn't bad. The country was really beautiful. We took plenty along to eat and we stopped at La Grande Oregon and went to a park and rested and had lunch. We

stopped a short while at another park, I forget where it was. Arrived home at 9:45 p.m. and found Dad well and happy. Arch had business to take care of Saturday and Charles called his friend at Shelley and went up there. Sunday we all went to Sunday School here. Mary called and invited us all up there to have supper with them. We went to Sacrament meeting with them at Shelley of course. We all thought that very sweet and thoughtful of her. Thanks so much, Mary. We all enjoyed it. Will just say that Ilene and Arch had business at Shelley Monday. The girls both stayed up Sunday night with friends. All slept at our house Monday night and left Tuesday morning for Utah. Dad and I decided we didn't feel like going to Salt Lake or Provo before we went to the reunion so we called Myrtle to see if we could stay with them. Mary and Lynn had an appointment in Logan Saturday so they offered to drive us to Bountiful Friday evening. We were very happy. Had a lovely ride down. Next morning they left for Logan and at 9:30 Ilene and Arch picked us up at Bountiful and took Dad and me to Lagoon. Will just say that we had a lovely day. There were 52 present. We had a chicken dinner and a real good time. Thanks to all of you. I really appreciated seeing all your smiling faces again. I am looking forward to next year. They took us back to Bountiful and Sunday morning Gilbert, Roann, Nadine, and Thayne came and we all went to our meetings and then went to the park and had a lovely dinner. Gilbert and family left and we went back to Myrtles and rested a while and then went to Sacrament Meeting. A really lovely day. Monday morning Dad and I boarded the 11:00 bus and arrived home at 5 p.m. Thanks Diane and Helen for the use of your bedrooms. We did so appreciate all your kindness to us. Yes, we were glad to go and glad to get home. Thankful we had a little home to come to. We got home July 27th. Last Tuesday August 4th we went to the 10 o'clock session at the temple. I am always so glad when I can go. Then after we got out we drove up to Ririe and spent two nights and a day with Glen and Esther Hatch, some very dear friends of ours. We had a lovely time and left them at 7 o'clock and got home at 8. It was a lovely and cool ride.

Yesterday, August 8th I had a very lovely surprise. About 8:30 in the morning Dee, Delores, and the four youngest children came to see us. They were on their way home from a weeks vacation. Hadn't seen them for a long time and my how the children had grown. Well that's what we want them to do. Sweet little kiddies. Thanks so much for coming only wish you could have stayed a little longer. They only stayed about two and a half hours. They had to get home and get things ready for church next day. They are church goers, hope they always will be. This is Sunday August 9th. Good-bye for now. Hope to be able to write more.

Sept 14, 1970. Little did I realize it had been so long since I had written in my daily diary. There has been so much happen I shall just mention most of them. Will say there have been three marriages. Evelyn and Christie in August and Kenny this month. On the 21st of August, Ray and Ellafair came for the weekend. Dad and Ray went fishing on Saturday and came home happy with their limits. After supper we played two games of Aggravation, it was fun if they did beat us both games. Next morning Dad and Ray went to Priesthood meeting and Sunday School. Ellafair and I didn't go as I didn't feel like it. Ellafair, thanks for all the help you gave me on Saturday. I did appreciate it so much, you are so thoughtful. On the 28th of August, Dad and Swede were on their way home from fishing and had a terrible accident.

That night Ray and Ellafair came back and Ellafair had been with me ever since, bless your heart. Ritchie came from Seattle and stayed a week. Gilbert and family came and stayed two nights and a day. Myrtle and family came and Myrtle stayed until last Saturday. I was happy all of Dad's children could be here. We called all of mine and they would have come but there was nothing they could do but sit and wait so we advised them not to come. We knew and they knew that God could hear their prayers as well one place as another. Don and Afton came the following weekend but had to return on Sunday, bless their hearts. Sunday morning early I had another bad fall but thanks to our Heavenly Father no bones were broken and only a small bruise or two. So, I now have a walker. I am getting so I can handle it pretty good. I tell them it is not easy to learn to walk on six legs, but I am glad to have it. Both Dad and Swede were put in the Intensive Care Unit and both are very critical. Dad is now in another room where they can watch him close and is still in danger. Swede is still critical but a little better. We have all prayed for the Lord's will to be done for we know that He knows what is best. Poor Dean has a double dose. Ruth came from California for a few days and Allan came last of week for overnight as he couldn't leave Nancy longer as they are expecting a visit from the stork again. Can't write more. I hope and pray my Heavenly Father will preserve what eyesight I have. We all pray that Dean will have health and strength and courage to meet her problems. Goodbye for now. I love you all. Oh yes I just happened to think how happy I was on Saturday to have Delores and Dee drop in on their way home from a Temple Excursion. They were with friends so just stopped a few minutes. Thanks my dears.

Oct 14. Again I have waited too long to keep up with things. So, I will make them all brief. Just one month since I last wrote. First I will say, dear Swede passed away the 27th of September, poor guy. He was never out of Intensive Care. On the 25th they took him to Salt Lake by ambulance but he was too far gone. We all miss him but he suffered so much that we were all glad that the good Lord saw fit to take him. The undertaker here said it was the largest funeral he had ever had. The services were held in the Tabernacle. The place was really filled. He was a great fellow and was loved by everyone old and young. He has gone to a well earned rest. Of course Dean and all miss him but feel that God was good to take him. Poor Dad is still in hospital, soon be seven weeks. Some days he seems better, then worse. His mind is still affected. He has no desire to get well and we can't blame him. He knows he couldn't care for himself and that I am not able to care for him. I go every evening at five when they feed him. Ellafair stayed four weeks then went home a week and came back for another week and then went home again last Friday night. I told her as long as I can care for myself and there is no change in Dad she needn't come. Bless her heart I miss her. I sometimes wonder what I'd do without Kae and Herman, they are like my very own and we love them dearly. When Ellafair left, Verna Christians, Dad's 1st wife's niece, offered to go give Dad his supper, so I go with her. We think it very sweet of her, and he enjoys having her come. We all pray for God's will to be done, in Dads behalf and to give me the strength to meet what comes. Sept 26th Carol and Ken had a visit from the old stork. Sure we all wanted a boy but they got another little girl. They named her Jennifer Ann. A sweet little name for a sweet little girl.



Allan took a chance and came for his Dad's funeral. He went right back and got there just in time for the old stork to leave them another little boy. They named him David Ritchie, a pretty name. Received a long distance call from Fern, my youngest half sister, Aunt Julius daughter. She told me that Caddie her sister had passed away. She was 87 years old and had been helpless, speechless, and knowing no one for over two years. What a happy relief. She was the mother of ten children. How grateful for the gospel we should be. Someday, sometime we shall see her again. Will close now and hope I can keep this up better but the days do go fast. Goodbye for now. I love you all dearly.

November 11. My how the time flies. Soon be a month since I wrote last. Can't see to write much so will make this brief. I hope I can remember all that has happened. First I will say that poor, dear Dad is still bad. He was in so much pain that they finally X-Rayed his breaks again to see how they were healing and found his broken hip had come disjointed. They didn't dare put it back again. The Dr. said it would just be suicide to do that. They finally gave us the terrible news that he would never walk again nor be able to sit in a wheel chair. They moved him to the rest home on the 30th of October. He seems more content there but in a lot of pain. His mind is still bad at times and he can't get out of bed. He doesn't eat much, but he can't lose weight because he doesn't have any to lose. Just a skeleton. Why oh why? The Dr. says he can go anytime or he could lay for weeks. No wonder I feel like I've had it. Ellafair came back again and stayed until today. She will stay home for a couple of weeks unless I need her sooner. She drove her car when she came back and she will bring it with her again when she comes. Bless her heart. Thanks to Ray for being so good about it, it isn't easy on either of them. I have my walker and by being careful I can get along pretty good by myself with the help of Kae and Herman. I don't know what I'd do without them. I have so many kind friends and neighbors. Thanks to all of them. I have a 14 year old girl stay with me at night. I pay her one dollar a night and she is good to empty the garbage, sweep up, and whatever else I need to have done.

Loie came for Swedes funeral and to see Dad but she isn't well and and she didn't stay. I'm glad she could come for a few hours at least.

A week ago last Sunday on November the first, Don, Don Jr., Rosilene, and Glen Cook, Rosilenes boy friend, came to spend the day. Rosilene and Glen will be married in Salt Lake Temple tomorrow and Don Jr. will leave for his mission to West Australia on Saturday. We are very proud of him. They came for the day to see Dad and to tell me goodbye. Of course they were heartsick to see poor Dad like he is. Afton is not a bit well and didn't come with them. Ilene and Arch came last Thursday night and stayed Friday with us. They left Saturday morning for Utah to see their children and will go to Rosilene's wedding.

Poor Mary and Deon are the only ones of Dad's children living near but of course the others all came back for Swedes funeral. Oh what would we do without our children. We are blessed for having them. Well I can think of no more at present and it will soon be time to get ready for bed. I love you all dearly and may God bless you all.

Jan 1, 1971. Cannot write all that has happened since I last wrote. My eyes are too bad for that. Will just say that poor Dad laid that way in the rest home and on Thanksgiving Day he took worse. On that evening when I went to kiss him he returned the kiss and said something but, I could not hear what it was as he was too near gone. Then he pressed my hand and I knew that he knew it was me, bless his heart. He passed away the next morning at 5:15 a.m. Poor dear, he had laid that way for 13 weeks and much as we loved him we were glad to see him go. He passed away the 27th of November 1970. He looked happy and wonderful when he was ready for burial. His funeral was held monday November 30, 1970. Briefly I will tell of his funeral. He always said, when he died he wanted "Home on The Range" sung at his funeral. He wanted Lester Belknap to speak. A male quartet sang the song and his children wanted "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine" so Austin Hill sang that. Six of the Relief Society sisters sang "I Need Thee Every Hour" and Howard Packham sang "Resignation". They were all beautiful. Lester Belknap, Harvey Tanner of the Stake Presidency, and Bishop Kesler all spoke. Don gave the opening prayer and Ray Wixom the benediction. But the most beautiful part was the obituary that was written and read by Judy, his granddaughter. Bless her heart, it wasn't easy for her to read it but she did a wonderful job. I wouldn't try to say what I went through those 13 long weeks. I wasn't well anyway and had another fall or two. Sometimes I wonder what would have become of me if it hadn't of been for Ellafair. She quit her job and came and stayed almost continuously for all that time. I shall always be grateful to her and to Ray for he was wonderful to let her come as it wasn't easy for either of them. I know God will bless you for it and thanks my dears. I cannot write in detail but the love and kindness shown me during that time by my friends in that town I will never forget. Enough flowers were sent to make the funeral nice and I received \$140.00 in cash instead of flowers. Then came the breaking truth. I was not able to stay alone. None of my children were near at all. After the funeral on Monday, Ilene and Ellafair worked day and night getting things disposed of and packed as I would go to live with Ellafair and Ray, poor things. All the furniture etc. were given to Dad's and my children except what I would take with me. Special care was taken that there would be no hard feelings between the families. I loved them all and wanted them to know I did. Letters of appreciation and thanks from them makes me feel good to know that good feelings do exist between all of them. I will not be writing again so I will just say where all the children are at this time. Sib and Fred in Anaheim, Lois and Jack in Salt Lake City, Burrell and Phyllis in Los Angeles, Lorin and Dot in Ohio, Ilene and Arch in Washington, Don and Afton in Provo, and of course Ray and Ellafair in Nampa.

Married grandchildren are scattered all over the country.

If I never write anymore please know it is because I am unable to do so. I want to bear my testimony to all of you. I know that God lives and loves us all. We are his children and He has said to us "If ye love me keep my commandments." Also in the Doctrine and Covenants He says "I the Lord am bound when ye do what I say, but if ye do not what I say then ye have no promise." Never forget these sayings. We all have our free agency to do or not to do, and we will each be given just what is coming to us.

Oh my dear children all large or small, I love you so much. Let us try to live close to our Heavenly Father. The time is short and Satan knows it and is putting in extra time. I will say goodbye for now. God bless and keep you all. January 9, 1971 from Grandma Gooch.

I am writing this for mother:

My dear children, at this time, April 7, 1971, I would like to tell you I love you all dearly. Be understanding and forgiving of each other and try to live the gospel as best you can. I would like to say at this time I have much to be thankful for and am grateful to my Father in Heaven for all of you. At this time I have 25 grandchildren, 39 great grandchildren, 37 living, and 1 great great grandson.

Your Grandma Gooch

Good-bye

Passed away November 4, 1974.

