

Autobiography of Ruby Potter Valantine
Written by Valerie Brown from Ruby's diary

I was born Sept. 23, 1892 at Richfield , Ut.,³⁶ in the old Andelin place, consisting of an adobe room in front, a brick one behind, and a shanty on the west side. My grandparents³⁷ on my mother's side were Olof Anderson Andelin and Marie Lofdahl both of Sweden, but who married in Salt Lake in [Salt Lake in added later in margin] this country; and on my father's side Arnold Potter of America and Elizabeth Birch of Wales. My mother's name is Olive Andelin, my father's Wallace Edwin Potter.

Mother met my father in Dover and after a brief courtship, married him in the Salt Lake Endowment House. (My Grandparents lived in Dover before moving to Richfield.) Papa was about five feet seven in. high, had black hair, blue eyes, a clear skin, good even features, and rather an interesting personality. Mother was about five feet five inches, has grey eyes, light auburn hair, rather a large nose, good complexion, a medium slender figure, and a sweet, loving, charitable disposition, not easily inclined to anger but with a firm will power.

It was the age of polygamy, and altho we believe in the truth of the Latter Day doctrine, yet know there were many who practiced polygamy who had not the same means to do so. Father was one of these. He had one wife – Aunt Hattie [added later in margin; Aunt Hattie had five children when mama married papa. The oldest about the same age as mama.] and was thirty-four when he married mother, a child of nearly

³⁶ See Appendix D – map of Utah, “Utah Map of State Roads,” State Roads Commission, 1910, Map Collection, BYU Library.

³⁷ See Appendices A, B, and C.

sixteen. Mother could not judge that all her life would be a struggle, because of Papa's poor management, so became his wife.

Her first baby, Pearl, was born Aug. 8, 1885 when mother was not quite seventeen. [added later in margin: Mama lived in with Aunt Hattie until after Pearl was born – they had 2 rooms.]

After marriage, she lived a wandering life in Dover, in Uinta, Salt Lake, [superscript added later: Mama lived in Santaquin when she was about 8 yrs. old.] Santaquin, and finally she came to Richfield alone. Durint the time Myrtle was born in Salt Lake, Sept. 5, 1887, and Mary was born in Dry Fork May 16, 1890. She could not stand to stay with father any longer – her life was barren of joy, of health, of a husband's companionship.

[written in margin] born Sept. 23, 1892

I was born after Mother came to Richfield when she was twenty-five years old [later changed to: when she had just turned twenty-four]. Mother stayed in Richfield until I was a little over a year old, then went to Salt Lake to work as a maid, leaving her four children with Grandma to look after. She was away in Salt Lake five years. I was the baby at Grandma's and really quite spoiled. Grandma used to call me the oodest [oddest] pet names and tease me, yet I was her favorite. She has always loved me and wished for my happiness.

Grandpa was building a house for his second wife, and I used to sit on the foundation stones and sip the milk out of my bottle. (It was a beer bottle). Being nearly two years old, I used to chew the rubbers off in a short time, and kept them busy buying

nipples. Once old Dr. Neil called to Aunt Amanda as she was crossing the street, “Hey Mandy, the tits have come.” She nearly died!

During my early childhood, we once took an overland trip to Provo in a wagon. I can faintly remember getting out and picking flowers by the roadside. I don’t know why we went nor how long we stayed. [Superscript added later: it was to see Uncle Olof before going on his mission-]

Once I went to Salt Lake with Grandma to visit Mama. She was working them for Gilmores, a wealthy family on 9th south 11th East. I was much surprised by the elegance I saw around me. Rich rooms, carpeted floors, french mirrors, beautiful clothes, Mother’s darling little room, the grape arbor, springs, the smooth lawns, but above all, the unlimited variety of food. Poor child, it was if I was in fairyland. They had me sing and gave me money and candy.

I can well remember when Aunt Manda was married.³⁸ Grandma outdid herself in festive entertainment. My what a lot of good things were cooked. One day all the young folks came to a big reception and the next day all the old people came. They had me sing for them. (Can’t imagine why).

On the west side of the lot, the boys made a croquet ground, and we all learned to play. Many happy hours I have spent playing with Uncle Herman, Uncle Willard, Grandpa and Pearl. Grandpa’s work shed was just behind the croquet court in a great clump of trees. Here he made headstones and cut rocks for the new house which he was building. He had a quarry out in the west hills beyond the canal. It always fascinated me to see the huge rocks sliding down the board to the bottom.

³⁸ Amanda married Joseph Peterson 24 Dec. 1897 in Manti.

We children were very naughty, clamboring all over the foundation when Grandpa wanted to work and using his new shingles to build miniature lanes and houses with. Besides we used to climb to the top of the barn and jump on the new hay, which children delight to do, but which is not good for the hay, I'm told. I was a regular tom boy, doing anything my cousins did, quarreling with the neighbor's boys, going barefooted and ruining my feet, as well as climbing everything in sight.

I'll never forget my first picture. Aunt Manda had made me a red dress and I had a red hood. (Red-Riding-Hood, they called me.) But I didn't have any slippers. So they were borrowed, my cut hair was curled tight to my head, and Mary and I had our pictures taken by a traveling photographer (in a van).

One Christmas, we had a beautiful tree all decked with shining apples and golden doughnuts beside candy tinsel. It was the most perfect thing my mind could imagine. In the morning I found a tiny doll bed with real springs, and all proper quilts and linens for it. Was ever a child happier? I doubt it. That beautiful Christmas has ever lingered in my memory. Mother was with us that Xmas. One other time there was a public entertainment in the hall, where a real Santa gave presents to little ones (which presents the parents had bought). I called right out, "Santa don't forget my doll." Uncle Willard had to run home for it as it was to have been given to me in the morning, but I think the pleasure was greater because Santa handed it to me.

While Mother was in Salt Lake working, Myrtle died with the diphtheria. Pearl, Uncle Willard, and Myrtle had been visiting Mama in Salt Lake.³⁹ But altho she seemed well when she started home, she was sick when she got to Richfield. She was sick just one week. Mother came home the day before she died. That night they were alone with

³⁹ At this time, Pearl was 10, Uncle Willard was 12, Myrtle was 8, and Ruby was 3 years old.

her when Myrtle asked to be washed, fed, prayed for, and sung to. Then she said she could see beautiful water and two little girls coming across the sand to take her with them on a ship resting there. Mother and grandma were frantic and prayed so earnestly for her recovery that she lived until the next night, but was in such pain that they dedicated her to the Lord. She had wanted the Elders to administer to her but they were afraid to enter the house, so she died with the doctor near, but not the men of the priesthood. Pearl, Uncle Willard, Aunt Mandy and Aunt Deal were all sick at the same time, but I escaped even a cold.

I remember going in the shanty in the morning after Myrtle died and seeing her lying there so white and still – an object of great wonder to me. I touched her face and hands but mother quickly came and took me away.

I scarcely knew Mother during those five years. When she would come home she would try to bribe me with candy to come to her. But I was shy. I called her “Ollie Mama,” and Grandma “Mama”.

[Next sentence erased and written over later] Grandpa’s second wife, Aunty, was a very queer woman. She was quite old when she was married and had never had any children. She lived all alone in a little house just east of the big place. She hated Grandma and us children and always tried to harm us. Once she chopped our toilet down, another time she tried to burn the house, she always chased us and threw clods at us, and she made Grandma’s life a misery. We children used to be afraid of her and would run if she even looked at us. Poor woman, she lived a very useless life. About five years ago (1915) she was taken to the asylum.

Finally Mother returned to us. Soon after Papa got her to go with him, so we all moved to Midway.⁴⁰ My pet cat mourned my absence [superscript]. Papa's first wife lived there, just two blocks from our place. Papa had a blacksmith shop on our lot, and he and his older boys worked at mighty things to my eyes.

That year I went to the Primer class in school but can't remember that I learned very much. We often went to the Hot Pots (natural inverted bowls with hot water bubbling up in the interior). I enjoyed Sunday School – to me the sacrament service seemed so solemn and divine.

My sister Myreel was born there Apr. 26, 1900.

In the fall of 1900 we moved to Provo because Mother wanted her children to have good school advantages. Papa and Aunt Hattie came later. We first located in the old Saxey place on 4th N. and 3rd E. Mother took boarders for a living. One of them was Silas Fish who was my Principal last winter in Snowflake (1919-1920).

[written in margin later: (Fall of 1900)] Mary [Melvina Potter] died in the fall from typhoid of diabetes we hardly know which [typhoid or stricken out].⁴¹ It was another severe blow for mother, and we all felt it, especially me, as she was my companion.⁴² Mother was sick with rheumatism for six weeks. It seemed everything

⁴⁰ About 1899.

⁴¹ "My daughter Mary M. got sick. She seemed all right only weak. So I didn't do anything for her for I was so busy with my boarders. Then all of a sudden she was right down in bed. She was in bed three days. Then in the evening, she got out of bed and ran across the floor real fast. I asked her where she was going and she said, "I am going on a journey." I got her back in bed and sent for Olof. He came and sent for the Dr. When the Dr. came she was so cold she was nearly dead. We warmed her up with hot water bottles and Olof gave her a hot enema. She said, "Oh! please don't Uncle Olof. I'll give you a nickel if you won't." Those were the last words she said. She went unconscious and never regained it. All night we worked with her and had the Elders. Olof said I would have to give her up. I said if I had to I would. He then dedicated her to the Lord and she died peacefully at 8 o'clock in the morning. She died October 4, 1900 of Diabetes. She was a beautiful girl with dark curly hair and dark blue eyes and just ten years old." "History of Olive Andelin Potter" p.7.

⁴² Ruby was eight at this time. Mary was ten.

went wrong. I didn't go to school because I was needed at home. After Xmas, the smallpox was so bad, I didn't go.

The following summer we moved to a new home – 675 N. 2nd E.

Before we left Midway and after, we would often travel back and forth with Papa. He was fond of horses and always had a lively team. My, how we'd fly down those steep grades and around dangerous curves in the road! Mother was frightened but I – I used to exult in the wild freedom of the horses, used to enjoy having the wind cool my warm face, loved the chock cherries and sarvice berries,⁴³ looked with pleased eye at the misty Bridal Veils Falls – the towering mountains, the river far below ever roaring on, the leafy shadows and bright sunlight playing hide and seek. Everything seemed so wonderful to me. Best of all I loved the swift gait of the horses and that my father a brave man to hold them in. Once we saw a brown bear scrambling over the rocks. Father wished he had his gun but I was glad the innocent creature got away. When Papa and Aunt Hattie moved to Provo, he still had horses and used to take us all riding. My cousin Marian was afraid and would get out if we forded a stream but I gloried in it all.

Mother took boarders while we lived at our new place, and some years rented rooms. Pearl used to work for her board and often spent all her holidays working. I used to tend the neighbors lawns and flowers, be nurse girl for the mothers with families, worked for Mrs. Maw for \$1.75 a week, and in the summers picked fruit and vegetables for Uncle Olof. We all had to do our share to keep the wolf from the door.

I went to the B.Y.U. training school until I passed the sixth grade. I loved my teachers there, and enjoyed the good influence. Nearly all my foundations for Theology

⁴³ Purplish berries growing on the shadbush

were received from that school. After this I stayed out one winter to help Mama. I was promoted rather rapidly during my stay at the training school.

Wallace was born at the training school. Jan. 18, 1906. We stayed in that place about six years.

About 1902, we all went to Richfield to a family reunion. Papa took us down in a covered buggy. I shall never forget that ride. We camped out and went thru Payson and Fayette. At Payson, Amasa Potter's family lived. Fayette was close to Dover – Mother's early home. All the folks were there, even Aunt Manda and Uncle Joseph had come from Ariz. where Uncle Jos. had been called to take charge of the Academy. Grandpa had a little store than in R[ichfiel]d. and we used to help make root beer for them to sell. Such beer! it has never been duplicated. I had the mumps during the reunion.

While we were still living on 2nd E. Mother started to take in washing. Oh, the misery of those days! Mother eternally tired, the house always mused, no properly cooked food, no time or place for company or any recreation.

About 1907 we moved again – this time to 911 E. Center St. There I made the acquaintance of Erma Fletcher (Atkin), Arleen McMurrin (Dean) and Irene Anderson. Also Louie Van Wagoner (now Smith of Snowflake.) I went to the Maeser School for my last year (I had gone the previous year to the Parke school and had Shadrack Jones for a teacher – very good one only cross). I loved my year at the Maeser – my friends seemed not to mind my poverty but be true blue. We still took in washing – not one day was free from wet, dry, dirty, clean clothes, or else being ironed. How I hated it all, and the fact that Mother never had a minute for her children.

During the holidays of the year I attended Maeser, I worked for Mrs. Maw. I had to sing in a chorus for the States Teacher's Convention to be held in Provo. She knew I had to practice but got sore at me and bawled me out terribly, especially the day I went to sing, as she wanted to attend that session herself. She sent me home crying. I have never forgotten that – I think of it every time I see her.

I had such fun that year – went to real parties and some dances and began to think boys were pretty nice after all. When I graduated, I received the highest marks of any of the seventy-six graduates – an average of 93 4/9%, but I had to receive my diploma clad in a borrowed dress. So much for that.

In the fall of 1908,⁴⁴ I started to attend the B.Y.U., entering as a Normal student.⁴⁵ I worked in the library two hours daily to pay for my tuition and fees.⁴⁶ I met many nice people but had no way of enlarging the acquaintance as our place was never fit for company nor could we afford to entertain. Nethertheless I enjoyed my school and had some capital times. We were an aggressive class we 12's, and were continually beating the other classes in tugs-of war, track events, debates, etc. We also had many class trips into the canyon or to the lake.

[margin] Spent the Xmas vacation that year in Richfield with Grandma and Grandpa Andelin. Went around while there with Geven Nebeker.

I was specializing in Art and wanted to teach that, but was unable to go on with it or to become competent.

⁴⁴ Ruby was 16 at this time.

⁴⁵ The Normal school offered a four year course in teacher training. The recommended classes for the first semester were: Theology, mathematics, English, physiography, and an elective, a total of 20 hours. She likely took an art class for her elective, as she states later that her emphasis was art. Brigham Young University and Church Normal Training School Catalog and Announcements for the Thirty-third Academic year 1908-1909 vol III: No. 4, Provo UT: BYU, 67.

⁴⁶ Fees and expenses were: \$6.00/semester for each five hour course, a library fee of \$1.00, a medical examination fee of \$1.00, and a course fee for fine art of \$2.00. Ibid, 25.

In the fall of 1909, Father died. He and Aunt Hattie had been in Vernal for several years. We had not seen Papa for about two [stricken out] one [stricken out] three years. He died very suddenly and was apparently well just before, but the doctors said it was heart-failure. None of us could go to the funeral for we had no money – a sad way to end one’s life, without the loved ones near. I do not remember Father very much – he was with us so seldom. He tried to do the right thing for us, but for all his ability, could not make or keep money.

In the spring of 1910 Pearl wrote that she was going to get married to Chase Rogers, and for me to prepare to teach.⁴⁷ She had been in Arizona off and on for five years teaching in the Academy where Uncle Joseph was principal. She had been able to help us some, but of course couldn’t now, so it was up to me to try my hand at it.

I surely hated to quit school besides I was not trained yet for a teacher. But necessity makes all things possible. Mama bot a trunk and each day saw something put in it (salted down with a few tears). Just before I left Uncle Jos. came up to Convention and visited us. I rushed in and kissed him so quickly he was quite scandalized, especially as he saw my immature looks and shot clothes and wrote to Aunt Manda that I would never make a school teacher. No doubt he was right.

Gee but it was hard to leave home. All the girls wished me luck and swore eternal friendship and heaped me with flowers and fruit. Mother took me to the train and at the last minute found the agent wouldn’t cash the check. She had to run up town [margin: on the bicycle (she rode one)] to get it done and got back just a minute before the train pulled out. I ran to get in without my ticket and the agent came running out with it.

⁴⁷ Ruby was still seventeen at this time.

Finally the train pulled out, Mother crying on the platform and me crying in the train both as miserable as we could be.

This was my first long trip on the train⁴⁸ and I became deathly car sick. The flowers withered, the fruit I gave away, and the lunch in my suitcase remained untouched. I was going via Colorada and expected to change cars at Pueblo. But the next morning as I was gazing listlessly out of the window, a porter rushed in, grabbed my baggage and hustled me out to another train that was just leaving. It seems I got on the wrong section, but as luck would have it, didn't get left.

I was terribly seasick that day and was not able to eat anything. All the wonderful views of the Royal Gorge, Eagle river Canyon, and other canyons just meant to me more misery as the train took the curves at such speed that I had hard work to keep my seat.

At Pueblo I got a good rest and cleaned up. Then I took the Santa Fe train for La Junta [Junta], arrived there about ten o'clock and got a room at the Harvey house. It was my first experience of a hotel and I felt like a real hick. Couldn't find the switch to turn off my light, couldn't find the bell to ring for hot water.

Left there at five the next morning, after eating a sandwich. I wasn't quite as seasick as before but far from being comfortable.

A gentleman wanted to take me to dinner that night at Albuquerque, and otherwise proved himself a nuisance. I didn't accept his invitation, but he rather frightened me and I was glad when he left the train. Another fellow let me read his paper, and we chatted awhile. He gave me his card and asked me to call him up if I ever went to San Francisco. Imagine!

⁴⁸ See Appendix E – Map of Trip to Arizona

I arrived at Holbrook⁴⁹ the next morning, June 6, and found Pearl waiting for me. I was hot, dirty, and hungry. After cleaning up, we both got a good, substantial breakfast.

The following morning I went over to the Court house to take the Teachers Examination. I failed in Arithmetic, so had to take them again the next fall.

Holbrook didn't impress me very favorably. It was a dirty, scrubby town located on the Little Colorado river and consequently very sandy. To the North are low sand hills, and all over one can see queer looking mounds or buttes. The wind blows incessantly, and often the town nearly gets washed away after a big storm. IT is the shipping center for Navajo Co. and people do make money there – Of course it grew lots after I first saw it, and I got to liking the place better. The drinking water always will be bad – it is full of mineral salts.

The examinations were over Tues. afternoon. Chase came down from Snowflake that morning to take us back. He was terribly sunburned and his hair rather red. I thot Pearl had a perverted taste to like him, but found out afterwards that looks don't always count.

Sanford Hunt rode with us back to Snowflake. Chase teased me constantly all the way – it didn't set very well, for I felt strange even with Pearl and I was very homesick besides. It is thirty miles from H.[olbrook] to S.[nowflake] and it seemed twice that distance to me. Undulating hills stretched in head of us as far as I could see, covered with dry, scrubby looking grass. Ocassionally we saw some cedars. As before mentioned, the hills were odd in shape, from erosions from wind and storm. The air was

⁴⁹ See Appendix F – Map of Arizona, “Sketch Map of Arizona, George S. Clason, Denver, Colorado, Clason Map Company, 1907, BYU Library Map Collection.

clear – and we could see great distances. I learned how to tell the miles by such terms as the Wasboard, Five, seven, and ten mile, and the cedars.

Snowflake lies in a little valley. I saw it first from the three mile knoll. It looked very small to me. Everything was barren outside of town, the soil is red sand and clay, and the town itself is full of trees. I later learned to love the atmospheric colorings of this semi-arid place and found great beauty in what I once thought a homely spot.

Bige Roger's, Chase's brother, came over the first day and took Pearl and me around town in a wagon loaded with hay. It was my first introduction to the town. Bige tried to frighten us by his careless driving but we hung in. I met Mr. John Flake while we were out riding and Pearl coaxed him to have a dance that night.

I went with Pearl and Chase and was very popular. Danced every time but forgot every one I met. Said John Flake was quite nice to me and took me home. (He had already taken his own girl home, but I didn't know he did that until long after). There was to be a Sunday School Jubilee at Lakeside about the end of June and John Flake asked me if he might have my company for that event. Of course I promised.

The next day I started for Lakeside where Aunt A-Manda lived with Pearl, Chase, and Nellie S. Rogers. We went in a white-topped buggy. I was completely turned around. The road were bad and very rocky. I enjoyed it better when we came to the pine forest just beyond Showlow, but still thot the whole country rather bare and uninviting.

(I might tell here of Nellie's death a few months later. She had had a baby – it was about a week old. Nellie seemed to be doing alright when she suddenly died. The baby died later. It was very sad. She was one of Jos. W. Smith's girls and married Andres Rogers – Chase's brother. The baby was the first grandchild in the Rogers

family. Later Andrew married Rebecca another Smith girl and they have three children. Pearl and Chase both Nellie's and Andrew's place and still live there).

We arrived at Lakeside that afternoon. The place had been settled about six or eight years and looked very unpromising to me. The houses were of lumber, carelessly built with battings on the cracks – they generally comprised two or three rooms – and they were put anywhere without regard to mud, rocks or shade. Aunt Manda's place seemed very desolate to me – a mere speck on the flat. There were plenty of malapaia there. We had to cross Billy creek to get to the house. This creek flooded every time it rained or snowed proving another disadvantage to the place.

The house wasn't finished yet – it was only a shell and small protection against the cold. Studdings and beams were convenient to put all kinds of articles on, so that the house generally looked mussy. I surely didn't like it at first and could scarcely greet my aunt civilly.

It was soon the jubilee and I was in a flutter of excitement. To have a real fellow was rather new, especially such an old one as John – twenty five or more. He treated me very well the few days he was in Lakeside. Aunt Manda had made some root beer and so crowds of young people gathered at her place at all hours to drink it up. The trees by the lake were full of tents and campers – a bowery had been built to have the Meetings and dances in and several boats had been built to use on the lake.

One night after a dance we all went to the lake for a boat ride. It was a beautiful night, the moon was full and shone with a soft radiance on the water throwing all in dark shadows and sudden illumination. We took a shortcut to the lake and met many fences which proved no difficulty to the boys and they lifted us over. The whole thing was rather

romantic for me for I had never done anything like that before. When we came home we drank some more beer.

The Outing only lasted three days. After it was over I went to Snowflake with Ellen Larsen to visit with her. I had met her when I first came. We had lots of fun riding down that day.

When in Snowflake, John F.[lake] went back to his old girl and they were married that fall the same time that Pearl and Chase were. So much for him.

Because I was staying with Ellen, her brother Evan used to take me out sometimes. He was rather witty but often stupid too and mean. He used to tease me unmercifully – pour water down my neck or when I had a good dress on and otherwise twist and pull me around. Sometimes Ellen and I could get one on him – once we doused him with water as he was going to the fields. One day we had a big water fight – Ellen – Evan – Louise – Stanford Hunt and myself. We soaked the boys as hard as they did us until we were tired, when we went in the house and locked the doors. But they got in, dragged me out, and poured one bucket of water down my neck in front and one down the back. I surely was sodden and dripped water like a waterwheel.

We had many jolly trips and parties, sometimes going out to the fields and having a camp supper or staying at Larsen's and eating melons and fruit. They were awfully nice to me.

Marsh [Flake] wanted me to go to a dance at Taylor with him but Evan already had asked me. But I had a rotten time.

Before the 4th of July I had started to go with Ross Hunt. On the Fourth I had been running around quite a bit and enjoying the sports. Had my picture taken with

Charles Flake (he was killed in Siberia May 1919). But I hadn't seen Ross so didn't have a date for the dance. Chase was showing Pearl a time and included me in it. He asked if I had a partner for the dance – I said “No”. He hunted up Elias Smith and in the meantime Ross had asked for the dance. Chase and Elias came up to the house and Elias asked to take me to the dance. I had to tell him I had promised another. He then wanted to take me riding next day and to the show at night. I was in for a change, so consented. That night I am afraid I flirted with Elias. Anyway I enjoyed myself. When Ross asked for a date for the show next night I told him I had a partner. Say he was mad – got up and left without saying a word. He never spoke to me again for three or four years.

Elias wanted me to go to St. Joe with him but I had to go back to Lakeside.

I was there for the 24th of July. There was a big town dinner in the Bowery after the program (I had to give a talk on the Pony Express) and everybody ate until he nearly burst. I met Karl West and Jack Fish that day. They both hung around me.

We kids stole some pie and cake and hid them in the organ. That night during the dance we got it and ate it and washed it down with rootbeer.

In the afternoon all the boys from Showlow and Lakeside went down to Aunt Manda's. The girls were there too. Finally everyone left but Karl and Jack. They drew to see which one could ask me for the dance. Karl won, so I went with him.

Lakeside was full of pep even if it was a small town. There was a big swing in front of the bowery and on Sundays after S.S. we would swing on that, or go riding, or boating, or to someone's house for ice-cream, cake and beer.

One night I was invited to West's for supper. Karl came for me with an extra horse. I didn't know how to ride then, and this pony knew it. He took me a flying. I was

afraid he was running away. Karl laughed until he nearly cried and had to pick ribbons, hair pins and hat from the road where I had carelessly lost them. One other time we went to Pinetop to a dance. I started to gallop and nearly ran into a tree. Little by little I was taught sense.

The first time I was on a horse, Pearl and I went out to Dipping Flat to hunt a calf. This flat is full of springs which form the source of Porter Creek. The horse I rode jumped ditches and tore around until I was thoroly worn out. But it was not long until I considered myself a fairly good rider.

When school started in Snowflake, Karl left to attend it. He tried to hold my hand at parting and consider himself “my beau”. I laugh at such folly now.

Before he left, Aunt Rettie [Ordina Henrietta Andelin], the Wests and people from Mesa went to Whiteriver. I was invited but couldn't go as I had to study for the examination. I was surely disappointed. The Ellsworths of Mesa were in Lakeside and going as well as Joe Johnson.

We surely used to have lots of gay times, going to someone's place every Sunday for an ice cream party, or going riding, boating, hiking or to neighboring towns for dancing.

One comical thing happened that summer. The Peterson house had never been finished yet, and the walls were full of bed-bugs. Pearl could not tolerate the pests. It made her peevd because they bothered her and apparently left me alone. She tried sleeping on the floor with no better success. Then she went to the granary (a little peaked room above the vegetable house), which was full of holes so that when it rained we had traps over our feet and umbrellas over our head. Pearl and Chase were courting rather

busily and used to stand down by the ladder bidding each other good-night. I had slipped down one night in my nightie to go to the toilet. Before I returned, Pearl and Chase were there and I couldn't go back. I crouched down by the straw sack and hoped they'd make it short and snappy. I was asleep when they finally parted as well as very cold. Pearl almost got frightened before she found me.

When Karl went to school, I started to go with Jack Fish. On Thanksgiving Eve he took me to a dance at Showlow. We danced at the old Huneing place across the creek. It was very dusty as the rooms were old. We occupied three rooms, the music in the center room (a violin and guitar). Nevertheless we had a jolly evening. I met the Ellsworth boys and their dad. (At the conclusion of the dance we learned that the Academy had burned down in Snowflake. No one knew how the fire started). It was four o'clock that night when we got home. I had never been out so late before.

On Oct. 5, 1910, Pearl and Chase were married in the Salt Lake Temple. When Pearl came back she brot Wallace with her.⁵⁰

In Sept. of that year I went to Holbrook to take the Teacher's examination. In about two weeks, I heard that I had passed successfully. I was surely glad. I started to teach in Oct. sometime, and taught for six or six and a half months. I don't remember now. It seemed a princely sum to me.

I let school out a week before the Christmas holidays to go to Flagstaff for the Teacher's Institute. I went with Edyth Smith from Snowflake. My wardrobe was very limited, I had an old blue dress, and a black dress. I had borrowed Pearl's hat and coat. I surely didn't expect to have any fun.

⁵⁰ Wallace was seven years old at this time.

Before leaving Snowflake, I went with Bige Rogers to a show. He had come to Lakeside to get Pearl, Wallace, and myself and take us to Snowflake, Pearl having returned from Utah. He said afterward, his main object was to get me for he wanted to have my company during the holidays. He asked for it that night after the show, and I foolishly consented.

To resume: the first day at Institute I met Edyth's brother Jesse. He reminded me of the boys at home, he knew how to dress, talk and treat a girl. He surely treated me fine while I was there. He came home when we did, flirted with me on the train, made Mrs. Baird go on the stage so I could occupy her place in the buggy (which met the Snowflake Teachers). When we got in S.[nowflake] he asked for the honor of taking me out. I did a very wrong thing then, I sluffed Bige for Jess. Of course Jess was the more pleasing of the two, was more refined, more to my taste, but he was not better hearted. Bige has a big, true heart.

[in margin: Bige was hurt over my quitting him. It was quite a while before we were friendly again]

All the holidays I was going all the time. There was something doing every night and every day I was invited to a dinner at some of the Smith fraternity. Went to Aunt Emma's, Margaret Larsens, Della Smith's, Ellen Larson, Lenoras, and one day Pearl had the crowd. (She had taken the house Nellie had lived in).

Jess was rather a loving kid and wanted to love me, but I am glad to say there was very little of that between us, except for holding my hand or occasionally putting his arm around me. He was attractive, no doubt, and I liked him, but nothing more.

I went back to Lakeside on the stage and nearly froze. We left S.[nowflake] about six P.M. and reached Showlow about eleven. I stayed at Bishop Owen's. Got up at five and went on to Lakeside. Got there at ten. The weather was very cold. It was about 20° below zero or more.

After teaching a week, I got sick, and the town thought it might be contagious (as measles were raging) and school was stopped for a week. It was merely a cold but I couldn't have gone anyway as a warm thaw came, melted all the vast stored up snow in the mountains and brought a terrific flood. We were completely cut off from the town for three weeks.

Jack was with me nearly all the time until spring. We would go for rides, go to dances, he would take me home on his horse or come for me. I appreciated that for the creek was nearly always high and I had to wear boots in order to cross it.

My school went for an Easter trip up to Aunt Retties and that night Jack took me to Pinetop to a dance. It was a bitterly cold night, I remember.

My school let out early. I promised to return the next year for seventy-five dollars per month. My work had been easy even though I had a mixed school. I had been very nervous about teaching, but after the first month, and the first visit of the C.[ounty?] Supt. {Superintendent} I grew more assured. Lots of my scholars lacked only a few months of being my age.

After school was out, I went to Snowflake to stay with Pearl. Jack had asked me to write. I said I would. After him writing a letter and a card, I dropped him a card. He answered with a terrible letter, saying I was playing with him, made fun of him etc. I was astonished for I considered him a friend, not a lover. I told him not to write any more if

he felt that way. He told people in Lakeside I had caused him to lose faith in women, that he would never have anything to do with me again and to cap it, he got on a broncho horse hoping it would kill him, no doubt. It didn't but he was ruptured and suffered from it lots.

One time when he came thru Snowflake taking cattle to Holbrook, he asked me to forgive him. I said it was alright with me, but I never liked him as well afterward.

I went out a little with Marsh Flake, one of the town sports (as he considered himself.) But Jess came home in June and I immediately went with him. We went to Lakeside together with Anabel Flake and Lorenzo Rogers. I stayed at Aunt Manda's. We four had the jolliest time imaginable, went boating, riding in the buggy, danced, ate ice-cream, drank lemonade and cut-up generally. Jess gave me a toast one day, "Our eyes have met, Our lips not yet, But oh you kid, I'll get you yet." We all laughed but he never fulfilled it (because I wouldn't let him).

When we returned to Snowflake, the four of us were together constantly, I can't remember all we did, but the time passed pleasantly and the summer was one of the best I've ever spent. He had to leave in Aug. to go back to Flagstaff. He intimated that when he left I would feel lonesome and get to thinking too much of him. That made me sore and I determined to get a new fellow before he was scarcely gone. The funny part about it, I did. It was Wilford Rogers – some contrast. He fell for me immediately and took me out continually. [In margin: Will I never get over my crudeness, and my silliness? Truly I have lots to learn yet. The reason Wilford felt that way was because he wanted to get married, while I didn't. But oh, what a boob I used to be.] Sometimes he would grab me, squeeze me and steal a kiss before I could remonstrate. But I disliked him, only went with

him to show Jess I could get a beau. He wanted to give me an engagement ring for my birthday, but I told him I didn't care for him. He took me to Lakeside in time for me to begin my fall term.

Appendix A

Children of Wallace Edwin Potter⁵¹

Spouse – Harriet Susan Kempton, SLC
Born 21 Mar 1856

1872 – Elizabeth Rosetta Potter
Born 29 Dec, Murray

1873 – Rosetta Elizabeth potter
Born 28 Dec, S. Cottonwood

1874 – Wallace Edwin Potter Jr.
Born 21 Aug, S. Cottonwood

1876 – William John Potter
Born 19 Sep, S. Cottonwood

1879 – George Jerome Potter
Born 18 Jan, Murray

1882 – Amassa Potter
Born 23 Aug, Dover

1884 - married 17 July
Spouse – Olive Andelin
Born 6 Sep 1868, SLC

1885 - Olive Pearl Potter
Born 8 Aug, Dover

1886 – Harriot Elva Potter
Born 25 Jan, Dover

1887 – Arnold Potter
Born 16 Aug, SLC

1890 – Elwin Welcome Potter
Born 12 Mar, Dry Fork

1892 – Crystal Dean Potter
Born 9 Jun, Snyderville

1896 – James Reese potter
Born 20 Jul, Midway

- Amelia Ivy Potter,
- Living

1900 – Royal Elmer Potter
Born 29 May, Midway

1902 - Myreel Potter
Born 26 Apr, Midway

Wallace Edwin Potter
Born 18 Dec, Provo

1904 – Anna Craven Potter
Born 27 Jan, Riverdale

1906 - Lenore Potter
Born 18 Jan, Provo

⁵¹ Ancestral File, Wallace Edwin Potter

Appendix B

Children of Olof Anderson Andelin⁵²

Olof Anderson Andelin, 1842, Sweden

Olivia Maria Lofdahl, 1841, Sweden

Children

Olof Wilhelm Andelin, 1867, UT

Olive Andelin, 1868, UT

Amanda Melvina Andelin, 1872, UT

Mary Ann Andelin, 1874, UT

Ordina Henrietta Andelin, 1876, UT

Cordelia Andelin, 1879, UT

Willard Joseph Andelin, 1883, UT

Retyped by Marci Stay Stringham on November 19, 2002.

⁵² Ancestral File, Olof Anderson Andelin

