

HISTORY
OF
RUBY POTTER VALANTINE 1970.

Dedicated to my children.

Located a few miles west of the Seiver River and in the southern part of Utah was the small town of Richfield. My grandparents had moved there from Dover and Mama with Pearl, Myrtle Ann and Mary M. had come with them. She was the second wife of my father Wallace Edwin Potter, and had come to her parents because of her poverty with him. We called his first wife Aunt Hattie. Grandpa had also married in polygamy. We called her Auntie. He was building her a small house and also adding additions to his which had only two rooms and a shanty in it. They still had children at home; Cordelia and Willard and part of the time Aunt Manda.

Mama took Pearl with her and spent one winter in Provo working for her brother Olof and his wife Mary. Then that fall I was born – 23 September 1892 – and was named Ruby. When I was sixteen months old, Mama left her four children with grandma and went to Salt Lake to work, so she could provide for her family.

Grandma was like a mother to me – I called my own Ollie Mama. I was petted and loved. She sang Swedish songs to me and we played games. I was easy to care for, could sleep anywhere, and scarcely ever was sick. Grandpa had made a sofa with slats that could be pulled out making it into a bed. It was generally mine along with my sisters. I had a little black cat that slept with me and was in my arms while I ate. Uncle Willard would squirt milk in my and my cat's mouth. I always had a mug of warm milk fresh from the cow. My grandfather was a very clean milker. I was a tom-boy climbing even to the ridge pole of the barn and jumping on the hay beneath.

I often went with grandpa and Uncle Herman when they went to the mountains west of town to cut out sandstone blocks. These they slid down chutes to the waiting wagon below. He had a shed out under some trees where he chiseled them to use for the house. I'd sit on the rocks watching him work while I drank milk out of a root beer bottle. Grandpa was a very patient man, otherwise he couldn't have contained himself. My cousins, my sisters and I were always using his nails and shingles to build bridges and wagons. When we took the cows to the pasture, we would hang on their tails while they pulled us through the irrigation ditches and would put crossed pins on the train tracks to be flattened into scissors.

Auntie was mentally ill. Sometimes we would tease her and she would throw manure clods at us. We would run in the house and lock the door. It was very naughty of us and must have been when Grandma was away. She would never have allowed us to do such a thing. One time Auntie was mad because smoke blew over her way and tried to burn our house down. As we were kneeling in prayer she threw a bucket of hot coals on us. Another time she chopped down our outdoor toilet. Part of her trouble was caused by her loneliness—she had no children. We children were afraid of her. Grandma and Grandpa were always good to her.

One time Grandma took me to Salt Lake to visit Mama. To me, the Gilmores where Mama worked were like fairy tale people: gorgeous house, running water in the

house, park-like surroundings. Their boys gave me candy and nickels if I would sing for them.

Grandpa had a little store on Main Street. He sold candy and home made root beer. We cleaned the bottles by putting small pebbles and soapy water in them. One time the tabernacle burned down. Grandma and I ran down to Main Street in time to see the flaming tower crash across the street. Aunt Deal was in the store and saw a tiny spark. By the time she looked up the whole place was in flames.

I remember waking up one Christmas day and seeing a stately Christmas tree covered with cookies, popcorn and candles and underneath for me a beautiful little brass bed complete with bedding. I treasured that bed for years. I remember my first doll, and the red dress and hood that Aunt Manda made me, and also going to school briefly in the old school house. It was located on the northwest corner of the town square (later I taught in that building). We had to walk single file across the square to the eastern side before being excused.

Mama had to part with her sweet Myrtle Ann who had diphtheria. She had been to visit Papa and also Mama on her way home. She was home a week when she died. At that time there was no antitoxin to be had. Mama was there one day before she died. It was a terrible shock to her, also to see her taken from home without a funeral. I was the only one who didn't take the disease. Myrtle was a sweet, lovely child.

When volunteers left for the Spanish American War, we all marched to the depot behind the band playing "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and the "Girl I Left Behind Me." The train was decorated with flags and bunting. It made a big impression on me.

Mama finally decided to return to Papa. He came for us in a wagon. Pearl stayed with Grandma to finish out her eighth grade in school. When she graduated she received the highest marks of anyone in Sevier County. We went to Midway located in a valley after traveling through Provo Canyon. Papa had a small home for us – on large room and a shanty. He had his blacksmith shop in the same yard. It was such a fascinating place for me. Aunt Hattie lived two blocks away at the foot of a small sound. There were old lime kilns around one side where we played – my halvesisters and I. I can't recall how I felt meeting my father for the first time. There were curious mineral mounds called hot pots a ways out of town. Hot mineral water had built them up. We went swimming there.

In April, a little sister came to our home. Mama named her Myreel. I went to school for a while. Later in the summer we moved to Provo where Pearl could go to the B.Y.A. Mama rented a small place for \$5.00 a month and got her furniture on trust. That winter she took boarders. I didn't go to school as there was a smallpox epidemic and Mama didn't want me vaccinated.

My sister Mary died that fall in October from diabetes. Mama didn't realize she was ill. Mama was down six weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. I sued to go almost

across town to get a home made remedy for her. That was the beginning of her heart trouble.

It must have been in the summer of 1901 when we all went to Richfield for a reunion. All the children and grandchildren were there. Grandpa had finished the lower part of the house – the upstairs was not completely done. We all thought it was a magnificent home.

The fall of 1901 we moved to a house on 2nd East and 67th North. Mama had boarders there also. Uncle Willard and Joe McAllister both were singers and Wilford McAllister studied piano. We had many others, too, both girls and boys. The house was U-shaped—the one prong was two large rooms, the middle one was the kitchen, a pantry and a small bedroom, and the bottom prong was two rooms and the open space should have been a porch. There were two pianos and an organ in the house. We had music always and most of it was practicing so I became used to it and enjoyed it. The boarders ate in the kitchen and there was always fun and laughter around the dinner table.

I started school that fall in the second grade and went to the B.Y.A. training school. There were two grades in one room. Because of my spelling ability, I was put in the third grade. I loved my schooling there, gained a sound foundation in religion, and enjoyed the many up-to-date ways of teaching that was given there. Many of my practice teachers became noted in the church. Some of my teachers were Serena Broadbent, Susa Talmadge, Henriette Smart.

At home I cleaned the boarders' rooms and kept the many lamps clean and full. I also tended Myreel. As soon as I could I began working for the neighbors doing dishes, baby sitting, etc. I saved my money and on Mama's birthday I gave her a five dollar gold piece. Sometimes Papa would take us to Midway to see Aunt Hattie. He loved horses and he had no fear even on the narrowest dugways or fording streams. Our childhood games were perg (a marble game), Anti-hi-over-ginny and various ball games. I herded our cow on Temple Hill where I found white and purple violets, many other flowers, and wild berries. I loved to read under the bushes and trees. Later we took the cow to a community pasture. I had five other cows to take and received 10 ¢ a week for each. It was hard on me for the big boys would tease me. We went three blocks south of the railroad station. When the cows were let out at night I was full of fear – all of them bellowing. I would get my cows out and then the long journey home.

Papa moved Aunt Hattie down to Provo. They rented the building on 5th and Academy Avenue and took boarders. I helped my sisters clean it. When we would all be together, Pearl would chord on the organ, Papa would play his violin, and we children would dance and sing.

I began picking berries and vegetables for Uncle Olof. I loved his home. It was white and the hedged lane leading to it, the springs where we ate watercress in the spring, the roses, and the fun we had playing in the tall corn or tunneling in his hay stacks, I loved also. I ate dinner with them – there was graham bread, butter, honey, strawberries,

vegetables, everything luscious, food I didn't get at home. We played games around a blazing fire at night in the meadow.

Wilford McAllister gave me piano lessons but I practiced so little I didn't learn much. I was out of school a great deal and one whole year when my brother Wallace was born in 1902. At that time Mama gave up her boarders and took in washing and ironing – one of the most disagreeable tasks in the world. The two front rooms were rented to another family. Pearl had no place for friends.

There was a big mining boom around 1906-7. Uncle Olof bought heavily. We even took our meager money and bought shares. He wanted to go to see Knightsville and Eureka and I went with him – there was a big celebration for the opening of Knight Smelter. We stayed with my half-sister Rosetta. Well, the bubble burst – in the panic of 1907, everything was lost. He had intended buying Mama a home if he had sold in time.

In 1906 my sister Lenore was born had very thick, black hair. She looked strange lying by Mama with her red hair. Papa had a lady to help Mama but I took over after school. I had gone to the public school (Parker) that winter as Mama could not pay tuition at the Y. Brother Jones was my teacher. I received very good grades, met many friends. The school went on a trip to Maple Flat...such a wonderful day. Papa had a donkey for Crystal (my half sister) and me to ride but it didn't even have a sursingle on. We either fell off his head or tail so gave up. Brother Bosshard was our music teacher. He asked me to join the 5th ward choir, also the Tabernacle choir. We moved to 911 East Center the summer of 1907 – the rent was cheaper. Mama was still doing washing and ironing. I went every day for milk to Uncle Olof's, as we had no cow. It was a long trip. I worked every chance I got. During one Christmas vacation I worked for Sister Maw who lived near our old place. I got \$1.75 a week – did everything. There was a N.E.A. Convention and I was in a group that was to sing. I told her but she didn't realize what it meant. I went to the session she wanted to hear. When I returned, she bawled me out and sent me home. It was night, snowing, cold and I had about 18 blocks to walk, crying all the way. It took me a long time to forget.

I had my eighth grade at Maeser school. I had a very fine teacher and learned much. There was fun in class songs, basketball games, and yells. I met Arlene McMurrin, Erma Fletcher (sister of Dr. Fletcher) and spent many days at their home, and Irene Anderson. She and I went to choir rehearsal together. We would sing all the way home to keep from being afraid. When I graduated I got the highest average of all the Provo graduates. I had my cousin's white dress on when I graduated.

Papa had gone back to Vernal with his other family. He died there of a heart attack on 30 September 1909. Mama was too poor to attend the funeral.

The stake sent the choir to Provo Canyon for two weeks. A fun trip. Sometimes we had canyon trips with friends. When there were excursions I would go to Richfield. I wasn't very popular with the boys as I wouldn't allow necking as the other girls did.

I entered the B.Y.U. in the fall, taking a normal course. I worked in the library for two hours daily to pay for my tuition. I could eat my sandwich behind the stacks. I left about 7:30 a.m. and got home after five. Generally I went to sleep while studying. We were harder up than ever then so our food was skimpy. While going to school I enjoyed many cultural advantages: light operettas, lyceums, chatauquas, musicals, all costing very little. Our 1912 class challenged the class of 1911 to a tug of war over the mill race. Our boys won and we had a big dance that night. The class became quite cocky. I knew practically every one in school and all were friendly. I enjoyed the Devotionals and thought Pres. Brimhall the greatest. During my second year I also cleaned the art rooms (where Aunt Hattie had lived) to pay my lab fees. I loved the girls I met there and enjoyed having Bro. Eastmond as my art teacher.

Lenore and Myreel had severe cases of measles. Both suffered loss of hearing in one ear because of it.

Pearl was planning to get married and wouldn't be able to help Mama. So I was told I must stop school and help her. It was a hard blow on me as I dearly loved my school work. Pearl had been teaching in Lakeside, Arizona, and I was offered the school. So in June of 1910 I left Provo, my dearest mother and the family. Although I had ridden on the trains many times, I still felt scared going so far. I was cautioned against speaking to anyone, even though some were friendly and meant no harm I know. I went on the D & R. G. – which took me into Colorado and then to La Junta where I stayed overnight and took the Santa Fe through New Mexico and then into Arizona. The scenery was varied and beautiful, especially the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas with its spectacular beauty. I was car sick and couldn't eat. When I reached Holbrook I was tired and hungry. Pearl and Chase (Pearl's future husband) met me. Holbrook at that time was a dusty and small town, near the Little Colorado river. I stayed there for three days taking the State Teachers examination, then Chase took us up to Snowflake, 30 miles south. It was a peaceful, tree-shaded Mormon town where the people were very friendly.

Pearl was staying in Snowflake and I met Ellen Larson. I was a guest in her home many times. I learned to like salt rising bread and foundered on the fresh fruit and vegetables. Ellen's brother Evan was a big tease. I went up to Lakeside where Aunt Manda lived for the big stake Sunday School outing. The pines near the lake were dotted with tents, wagons, fires and innumerable children and parents. There were sessions in the bowery, big dinners, boat riding, ice cream and root beer at Aunt Manda's (she made it). One of Chase's friends was my partner. I returned to Snowflake for the 4th, then back to Lakeside where I proceeded to Study. I had failed my examinations and had to take them again in September.

Lakeside was situated in the white pine forest and close to the lake. Many of the people had taken up homesteads as Uncle Joseph had. Some had been there for years and the majority were Hansens. To distinguish them, we called them Aunt and Uncle so-and-so. The people here were friendly and kind. We had meetings in the bowery, also many dances. When it was winter we met in the school house. I helped Aunt Manda with the

work, also with my first month's salary I bought her a range for cooking. Their home was just a shell—all open inside. I also bought Pearl a stove.

Pearl was there, too, and we slept on the floor. The bed bugs were so bad we moved our bed to the attic in the granary, where we got rained on. With my second month's salary I bought Pearl a range. I received \$65.00 a month for a six month long school. I was on horses almost as soon as I got to Aunt Manda's. From then on, one of my greatest pleasures was riding.

In Sept., I returned to Holbrook to take the exams again. I had to start to teach before I heard from them. Luckily, I passed. I taught in one half of Neils Hansen's root cellar—had about eighteen students. The room had one window, scarred double desks and a big stove. I made it very pleasant with drawings, mottoes, flowers, a sand box and other improvements. I ordered teachers magazines, good books and studied everything. I was very timid at first, but as my students (many of them only a few months younger than I) were so understanding and good, I soon felt much better. I played with them and I studied every lesson at home before I gave it.

Pearl and Chase were married that fall in Salt Lake and they brought my brother Wallace back with them. He was eight years old.

There was a big flood that fall and Billy Creek became a raging torrent. As we lived on the opposite side of it, I couldn't get over to teach so we had a vacation of a week. During that time Arley and Aunt Manda lathed one room. We would all dress in it—burning when we were next to the stove, freezing on our backs. Aunt Manda, bundled up like an Eskimo, brought frozen food in from the kitchen to thaw it on the stove. We had knee boots and generally waded the Creek. When it was too high, Aunt Manda would ferry us over one at a time on Old Maud. There were four Peterson children who were in my ungraded school.

Just before Christmas I went to Teachers Institute held at Flagstaff, a city up in the mountains and forest. We all stayed at the dormitory of the Northern Arizona Normal School. Besides interesting lectures, we had fun dancing and other things. Jesse Smith took me everywhere, even though I had to borrow Pearl's clothes to have something decent to wear. Back in Snowflake he took me to dances, home theatricles and we went to big dinners at various homes every day.

I went back to Lakeside on the mail stage – it was bitterly cold and the ground was covered with snow. We arrived at Showlow at midnight. I didn't know where to go, so went to Bis Owens home. They took me in, and next morning gave me breakfast and sent me on my way. I got to Lakeside about ten so there was no school that day.

I was with Pearl in Snowflake that summer. Mama was much worse in her health so moved out to Arizona to be with me. After an arduous trip because of wrecks, traveling on narrow gage railways etc., she, Lenore and Myreel arrived July 24th.

There were no houses to rent in Lakeside, so a tent was purchased and Mohonri Fish let us put it on his lot. Before leaving for Lakeside all of us went with Chase and his brother Roy to Paradise Valley in the mountains south of us and by the cold, swift White River. I had purchased an Indian pony, named her Maladi. Wallace rode her and got saddle sores but wouldn't complain. It was my first glimpse of the sylvan beauty of that great country with its streams, knee high grass, and every kind of trees and flowers. It was such a delightful trip, sleeping under the stars, eating food cooked in a dutch oven, fishing and hiking.

Our tent was boarded to the eaves, had two windows, a door and a fly over it. Later an addition was built in front for the cook stove, luggage, etc. We had two double beds, a table, chairs, shelves for food, dishes and clothes. The snow came on us through the cracks, the winds would blow soot all over, and once blew the stove pipe down filling the room with snow. On the whole it was comfortable and warm. I milked on of Fish's cows, chopped wood unless some of my students did it for me. That fall at Thanksgiving, Flagstaff was playing basketball with Snowflake. I left Lenore and Wallace with Aunt Manda and rode Old Maud down to Snowflake. Mama was already there. It was bitterly cold. I stopped briefly at Ellsworths and got to Snowflake around five—almost frozen. I found that Pearl had given birth to a baby boy who had been buried that day. It was a sad occasion. Mama was there, Myreel had been there all winter. Because of this my trip was a sad one, even the dance wasn't fun. I returned Sunday, a beautiful day.

I had met the Ellsworths of Showlow, a very fine family. The girls were my friends and I went out with Elwin and Wallace. I was there over the weekends many times or Elwin would ride up to Lakeside to see me. Jack Fish was also my date many times.

Our teachers institute was held in Prescott, a lovely mile-high city in the forests and mountains. I always had fun when I was at these institutes, even though I went to this one with only a sweater to wear. We were with Pearl at Christmas. Chase drove us back to Lakeside, very snowy and cold and we got lost, arriving home about midnight.

The M.I.A. gave a big dance in Showlow one night. When it was over it had snowed so much we couldn't get back. We stayed until Sunday at Bis Owens, where we ate, played and sang and came home in a sleigh with bells on the horses' heads – exhilarating!

I was teacher in Sunday School, M.I.A., was chorister and secretary. I enjoyed walking to school through the pines, listening to the chattering of squirrels and singing of birds. My school was moved to the Rhoton store at Christmas. There was more room there.

Grandpa died May 1912 from an operation for stones in the bladder. Grandma wanted Mama to return to Richfield to live with her. Grandpa had sold the big house to Uncle Herman and had begun a smaller one in the corner. Mama could have the property

if she would finish the house. Before leaving everyone came to our tent and gave Mama a party. It gave her so much happiness. She had enjoyed being there, had found friends and had regained her health. Nearly every Sunday people came to see us, and we would all eat together and then go to afternoon meeting. We also had a day's outing out in the Indian reservation, where we rode horses and saw some wild beautiful country.

Chase took us to Holbrook by way of the Petrified Forest. It was sultry and hot, our water had been lost and there were no buildings there at that time. In Holbrook we stayed overnight. Next day Mama, Lenore and Wallace went back to Utah, Myreel stayed.

I was at Lakeside the next year – my salary was then \$75.00. I had more students that year. I was with Aunt Manda again and slept in the tent which had been moved down there. That year I dismissed the eighth grade students at 11 a.m. and kept them one hour longer at night so I could give them extra help. When those students went to Snowflake to high school they did as well or better than others.

Mama wanted me to teach in Richfield the next year so I prepared to leave that spring. I was very surprised when everyone for miles around gave me a party. Frances Hansen wrote this poem about me and I think I'll include it:

“Only a baby with eyes of brown and nothing at all to do, But eat, sleep, kick, and grow, And smile and laugh and goo. Only a child with winning ways and a red mouth made to smile, Growing and happy in childish glee—and busy all the while.

Only a scholar with lessons to get and an aim in the future too, of being a teacher, a good one at that, one of the chosen few. Later a maiden of eighteen years from home and mother away, Seeking employment, with sister dear and Aunt and Uncle to stay, Frail, young and a stranger too, far off in a strange land. What did this little maiden do? Did she sit with folded hands? Ah no, for the friendships she has made are as true as trusted steel, They are friends in poverty, And in pain, and friends in wealth and weel. She has found a friend in every home, in every place and nook. Friends she knows are tried and true by their every word and deed. Will we miss her more in rooms of school or in the mutual work? She's been a ready helper there, never known to stop or shirk. Will we miss her more in Sunday School where she raised her grateful voice, to the Father above, the God of us all, till these old pines would rejoice? We will miss her here, we will miss her there in sunshine and rain, We are glad for the mother who waits to greet her loving girl again.

She may come again in fall or spring—there will always be a place, for her helping hand, loving heart and lovely smiling face. We have found her a jewel of priceless worth, of these there are none to spare, A model of modesty, virtue and truth; a priceless Ruby rare.”

In order to teach in Richfield I had to have summer school. I entered the U. of U. –stayed with Aunt Rosella Lord three weeks and Aunt Eliza Ann Worthen three weeks. The boys in each home took me to dances and up to the celebration on the fourth to Emmigration Canyon. The National Education Convention was held that fall, and I went

to most of the sessions where they were held in the Hotel Utah. I met many of my friends from school. It was all uplifting. I took the State examinations before going home—passed with an average of 88%. As Uncle Joseph was then Co. School Supt. Of Mavajo Co., I took the exams there just for fun before leaving. I passed with 100% and was foolish not to get my certificate to keep as a memento.

It was wonderful to be home again with Mama, grandma and the children. As the house was unfinished, Mama was working hard to get it finished. I had sent half or more of my salary to her but didn't have work in the summers, so it wasn't much that I could do as my salary was so low. She, Lenore and Myreel, when she wasn't with Pearl, did every kind of work. Little by little the house was taking shape. Later a room was added for grandma, also a small kitchen and a bedroom so Mama rented the front part.

At first my salary was \$52.50 a month—it was raised to \$62 after Christmas. I had one hundred students in the 2nd grade in double sessions. I liked my Principal, Mr. Peterson—we made daily and weekly plans and had faculty meetings once a week. We also had a Primary supervisor—Miss Allred—and a music supervisor, Brother Hood. Both helped me immensely.

I joined the choir—a sewing club and had new friends, Pearl Christensen (now Miner), Mae Green Wood, Irene Orrocks—some boy friends. One a returned missionary—Bert Bigler. Mama was very anxious that I could really like him. I was put on the Stake board of the M.I.A. and also the Stake Sunday School Board. We traveled all over the country—gave talks and for the M.I.A. also had dances. We visited them at night. I was in a double mixed quartette; we often sang—one time in the movie that was a benefit performance. At school we had to visit the parents of each of our students. I met many fine people that way, was invited out to dinners, and it improved my relationships with my students.

Uncle Willard and family were with us once for five months spring of 1914, so I had no place to entertain my friends (they slept in the living room). I could find no work in Richfield so hired out to Uncle Willard for the summer at \$3 a week. They left first—I was to bring the baby Jack and the older boy Clark up by train. What a trip that was. They were with Aunt Arvilla's sister, Mrs. Speckart. I helped her with all the work and had full charge of baby Jack. During the M.I.A. conference I was able to get to a meeting, to a dance and to spend an afternoon at Wandamere Park with Andrew Brimhall where our happy day ended by our falling in a lake. I saw Pinafore played on the stage in Wandamere—U. Willard—A. Arvilla both in it. It was such a lovely event.

I took the examinations again before going home. Small as my salary was, I only received half of it. The rest went to Mama for the house. I saw Karl West as he was returning from his mission—one of those I had dated in Lakeside.

That winter I had the 4th grade. Still busy with church activities. I did go with Mae Greenwood and her friend to Provo. There his friend met us—we took in the sights

of Provo and also Salt Lake. I saw Aubrey Andelin who had returned from his mission to England.

I was making such little money there in Richfield that I decided to return to Arizona. I had offers from several places, also from Richfield. I went back to Snowflake where I was to receive \$85 a month. It was hard again to leave Mama, but I would be more help to her if I went.

That June I left for Snowflake again, first going to Linden where Chase had a ranch. Silas Bushman wanted me to come to St. Joe for the 4th. I went with Roxie Smith in a driving rain. Had a fine time. I also took the examination again, that good one of mine had run out. I had the 1st grade, fifteen pupils. Mr. Haynes was our Principal. Pearl was teaching that year. I lived in the room over the cellar. Pearl left her piano in there.

All the boys were returning from their missions and asking me to marry them. I had thought a little seriously about Karl West—so glad he got married. I met Sue Lionbaryer and Nellie Van Alta—non Mormons. Sue joined later. We were the elite of the town, everyone followed what we did. We always had dances, movies, riding horses, home dramas. However I didn't neglect school—it came first. We had tremendous floods that year. My room was a favorite meeting place on account of the piano. We spent happy hours singing around it.

We had Teachers Institute in Phoenix. I went with Pearl, Aunt Manda and Uncle Joseph. It was the first time I had seen semi-tropical scenery and that I had been able to pick oranges and grapefruit from the trees. As usual the trip was pleasant and instructive. It was a fair time so we saw part of it.

New Years of 1916 we girls took our dates to the dance in a sleigh. Great fun! We had a big May day celebration—we all braided the May pole. We had a school exhibit in the spring. I was very proud of the work of my students.

I was going to Flagstaff for summer school. Before leaving, I went to St. Joseph to help Lyman and Karl Bushman with their reading, also to do housework--\$20 a month. While there I worked on Bee Hive projects. The program was new and had no age limit. Curt Bushman took me out. One day I went with the McLaws out to an Indian agents home. We lost our way so got there late and stayed that night to see an Indian dance and sing. It was something one dreams about—a great yellow moon, dark rims of trees, teepees—barking dogs, crying children, and the curious dance. All were charming and spectacular. We were late getting back.

From there I went to Flagstaff—I lived at the dorm and found it fascinating. We all ate in the dining room and had grace before meals, also danced there. Hiked around the city with a boy from school and climbed to the Lowell observatory. The school had planned trips for us at a nominal expense. One trip was to an extinct volcano—Sunset Mountain, past acres of lava beds. I climbed to the top of it. I saw the ancient cliff

dwellings in Walnut Canyon and saw the bottomless pit. I visited with big lumber mills and enjoyed the Chataugua lectures. I went with some of the girls to the Grand Canyon when school was over. It had been raining—the canyon was filled with rosy mist—floating out into the air. We hiked up and down the Rim, stayed at Bright Angel Hotel—saw the Indian Dances at the Hopi House.

Pearl didn't teach that year. Leora and Arley rented her house—I was still in my room. A group of forest rangers had their headquarters in Snowflake. One, Paul Roberts was my date that winter. He was handsome and clean in every way, but had no interest in the church. He gave Nellie and me a big birthday party—our birthdays were a week apart. We had trips, horse back riding, dances, and other fun times. He had flowers sent me from Albuquerque for Easter. At New Years 1917 we danced at our place until morning. I left that spring to be at home.

I had an ingrown mole on my back and had it taken out when I got home. My friend, Pearl, had married Mel Miner and was down at Marysvale. She wanted me to come down for the 4th and meet Mel's friend Val Valentine. I did meet him with my hair down—my arm hurt yet so I couldn't put it up—and wearing a pink house dress. Later, when Mel asked him if he liked me, he said, "I like pink." We had such fun that day. I found him charming and full of humor. I did not hear from him until I got a card from Ft. Devon in Mass. He had enlisted in the 25th engineers. Later, I heard from him from France, and we corresponded until he got home.

Our Nation had declared war on Germany and the axis because of the many things they had done in sinking ships and we couldn't stay neutral.

I was back in Snowflake that fall—at \$100 a month. Grandma had come with me to visit Aunt Manda. Mama, with the girls, were with Pearl in Linden. I had 39 students in double sessions, as my room was so small. All the boys were either volunteering or being drafted for the war. We had a big party for them and went with them to Holbrook to see them off on the train. I was living in Pearl's home that winter with Alice Sabin (Nevin). We canned fruit and many neighbors gave us vegetables. Those boys who hadn't left yet came to our place often to have oyster stew with us. That was their favorite food. Bige Rogers—a very nice boy—was there most of the time. We had another party when he and more left.

I took part in our home theatricals, several times as the leading lady. Alice and I went ice skating on Flakes reservoir, and I learned to skate after a fashion. One of the teachers, Edna, had purchased a used car and we were all going to Chicago in it. First she wanted to see her brother in Phoenix. After school was over, we all packed up and made ready to leave. (Before that we had gone on trips to Linda where Edna was hurt in an accident with the car, and had gone other places.) We were always doing such crazy things that we were constantly finding our escapades written up in the weekly paper. We had trouble from the beginning. We left in a terrific windstorm, the bearings burned out, we were towed into Holbrook, barely crawled into Winslow. We stopped at Flag and stayed at the school dorm with Velma Heywood. Had more trouble, and some knights of

the road helped us into the Grand Canyon, where we camped. The next day we walked down the trail to the last plateau—we got extremely tired coming back, but it was well worth it. It was magnificent. The other girls were going with Edna to Phoenix. I returned to Flagstaff. The car gave up entirely and was left at Prescott—that was the end of our Chicago trip.

Velma Heywood, her sister Ella and their mother were going to San Diego to be with some of their relatives who would soon be called overseas in the war. I had long wanted to learn typing so that I could find work in the summer, and I decided to go to San Diego with them and go to business school. I had saved enough money, as I thought, to see me through. As soon as I arrived, I enrolled in a school and liked it very much. All of us lived together and shared expenses. The place was alive with servicemen, Navy, Marine, and G.I.'s. All very exciting. The atmosphere of the place was gay with no thought of the horrors of war. I went with Sister Heywood to teach reading to some of the boys from the south and would help them write letters. We flirted innocently with some of them. It was beautiful in Balboa Park. Soon my money was almost gone as was most of the others. Sister Heywood got a job as head of the dishwashing dept. of the Coronada Hotel in Coronado and took all of the Mormon wives and sweethearts of the boys with her. I also decided to go. We were paid \$30 a month, room and board. It was all very strange and interesting to see the back part of a big hotel. We spent our time off swimming in the ocean and in a pool in Tent City. I learned how to swim after a fashion. In the fall, all went back, as most of the boys had gone to France. Before they left, we had visited Camp Kearney and other camps.

I had been offered schools, both in Richfield and in Snowflake. However, as I had not been able to keep on with my business work, I decided to stay and bring Myreel down to take the course. I paid her fare, her tuition and bought her some clothes. She then worked for her board and room and did a marvelous job in school.

I had been given work in the pantry at \$35 a month. The work was very interesting and I learned more of the workings of a big hotel. I had to see that everything on the menu was brought up from the basement—milk, cream, buttermilk, bread, cereals, hot breads, juices, fruits, desserts, coffee, tea, etc. I saw how the breads were made and baked, the chickens roasted, and the delicious bakery goods made. Everyone called me Jewel, and I was given anything in the big kitchen even though, I was to eat in the help's dining room.

I met a very fine family in San Diego—the Crellers and their daughter, Ethel. She and Myreel became good friends. Ethel and I went to dances held on the roof garden of the San Diego Hotel where we danced with servicemen, and we were all well chaperoned. I also met Wiley Scruggs, a friend of the Crellers—he was in the Air Force. We would gather at the Crellers and sing around the piano—go to dances and have games and fun. I had only met him when he said he was going to marry me—that takes two—and he wasn't what I wanted.

That fall the flu epidemic hit the entire country—no shows, no meetings, the servicemen were quarantined. Wiley phoned me everyday. Armistice day, Nov. 11 was one of rejoicing and big celebrations. The next Easter, Myreel and I went with the Crellers out into the mountains, a delightful trip.

A Mrs. Cook was head of all the culinary dept. Under her I worked a straight eight hours shift so had my afternoons free. She wanted me to go into the hotel business and to go with her to Yosemite Park. As I didn't want to stay longer and thought I would like to see Yosemite Park, I left for there. I went with some of the girls from the hotel as far as Los Angeles. We took the boat up. Myreel stayed. She had graduated and was working for \$100 a month. Soon after, she went back home.

In Los Angeles, I went with my friends over to Catalina. Back in L.A. I took in a show at night. I left Los Angeles next morning and took the train to Merced. It was a long, hot trip. It was beautiful through the Merced Canyon, to El Portal, the gateway of the Park. From there, I went by bus to the Sentinel Hotel where I worked. The hotel was by the Merced river, about a mile away was Camp Curry. With the girls at the hotel, we all hiked over on our time off. A couple of boys went with us. One, Jack Summer, became my shadow. I hiked to the top of Yosemite Falls, Vernal, Nevada Falls, to Inspiration Point, Mirrow Lake, Happy Isles, to Bridal Veil Falls, Camp Curry and elsewhere.

I had been corresponding with Val and we had become quite close together. I was anxious to get home, as he was finally coming back after those long months. I left lovely Yosemite and traveled via Sacramento, and by Lake Tahoe, over the Donner Trail, across the Lucien Cutoff over Salt Lake and finally home July 12.

I met Val at Pearl Miners and found him as charming as when I first met him. I was terribly upset when I realized he wasn't a member of the Church and didn't believe in anything. When he proposed I told him I couldn't marry him because of his belief. He said he would try to study and learn the truth. On that promise, we became engaged. I was deliciously happy even with that worry hanging over me. We had a calm peaceful time. He had no money, but we went to some movies, took long walks and talked. We even went to the Monroe Hot Springs to swim.

Aunt Manda had died in August. Grandma wanted to go out to be with the family. As I had signed up to teach, I left with her the day after we received the word. Val had left town in a huff so I didn't get to see him, nor did I hear from him until late November.

Aunt Manda had died from typhoid fever and left a large family. Wanda, about 3 years old, stayed with Pearl until school started. I enjoyed seeing my friends and going out with them. I went with Bige just as a friend. He had asked me to marry him. I told him about Val, and he said he would like to take me around just as a friend. I really liked him a lot but it wasn't love. Jack Summers was in Winslow and came up often. He had

written me special delivery letters all during the summer and had followed me to Snowflake. I finally got rid of him.

When Val finally wrote he wanted me to come home at Christmas, but I couldn't do that. I felt reticent about asking him if he was studying the gospel. I wasn't courageous as I should have been.

Pearl was in Snowflake and had a baby boy in December. I was living in the room over the cellar. Again my friends met there often to sing around the piano.

There was another big leap year dance Jan. 1920, and later I went with the teachers to Winslow for our institute. I stayed with Nellie who had married and was living there. It was strange weather—dense fog and cold. I guess I got chilled at the dance and came back to Snowflake with the flu. Pearl couldn't help me—her baby was too young. I was alone, no one to do for me. So I had Uncle Joseph and Brother Fish administer to me, and I got up and went to school the next day. I could scarcely crawl to school and was weak and no good. I had no inclination to do anything but stay home. Later in the spring I did go with my friends on trips.

The Bishop called me to do a genealogical survey of Snowflake. I became very interested in it, and it has been my life's work since then.

School was out April 16. Pearl gave me a bridal shower, and I received some pretty little gifts. Before I left, Pearl and I went to St. Johns to meet our cousin Mary Richey. Although we knew about her for a long time, it had not been possible to get over there before. Such a sweet woman with a large and lovely family.

I left May 3rd. I stopped in Lund as Val came over from Cedar City to see me. We made plans to be married June 20th and then go to Provo where he would attend the Telluride Convention. I still lacked the courage to ask him if he had been studying the gospel.

I bought material in Salt Lake, then down to Richfield to be with my family and sew. Grandma had made me four quilts and four feather pillows.

Val, his mother, Irma, Jesse and John Gunn came over on the 19th. I liked the family and loved his Mother. It had been a hard trip over as the road was being repaired in Clear Creek Canyon and was full of rocks. His Mother stayed, the others left that evening. We were married the next day, Sunday, June 20, by Bishop Hansen. Only the family were present except three friends, Irene Orrock, Ione Christensen and Sadie Curtis. Mama served chicken sandwiches, ice cream and punch. I had a dress I had made in San Diego, and Val had brought me white roses to carry. It was simple but lovely, a solemn occasion. I had prayed that Val might come into the church, and when he didn't I was racked with uncertainty and doubt wondering if I had done right. My happiness was tinged with a deep sorrow.

Aunt Nisha had given me a shower for my friends there. Mama and the children gave me a dozen community knives and forks; Val's Mother, six grapefruit spoons; Ethel, a cut glass bowl. I had received a few small presents from others. Those were our gifts.

We left for Provo next day—Mother Valentine going with us—from Provo she took the train to Milford and a bus to Beaver. We had a hotel room and went out to eat. He went to his meetings and in the evening we would wander around the town. I was sick so didn't feel like doing much. We went to Salt Lake one day and stayed in the New House Hotel. That was our honeymoon.

Val had to go back to work—I stayed a week longer visiting with friends and Aunt Mary. Then back to Richfield to pack for Cedar City. I left without letting Val know. We also had a difficult time going through Clear Creek Canyon and arrived in Cedar City at midnight. I went to the hotel and located him the next day. Was he surprised!

He rented two rooms in Cannons home--\$12 a month. He had bought an iron, a sewing machine and washer for me on the installment plan. We bought dishes and cooking utensils. Val worked for the Dixie Power Company as manager at \$125 a month. I met Pearl Edwards and other people, joined a bridge club (never learned to play well) and we visited some, saw some movies. Val didn't like to dance—I missed that very much. Later we moved to Miss Jensen's home, as the Cannon place was torn down. We had two rooms there. Val wanted me to go to the B A C—Pearl Edwards and I both attended. I took mostly oil and china painting. I worked as Bee Hive teacher that winter. I took my embroidery work to the fair and received a few ribbons for them. I also started a correspondence course in sewing. I went to Beaver and Richfield, if I could find a ride, had some miserable trips through the canyon. I was there when Val phoned me that he had been baptized. My prayers had been answered.

Grandma died the spring of 1921 from a heart attack. Mama was visiting me so Alva Curtis came and took us to Richfield for her funeral. She had always been so dear. I missed her more than I can say. I know she was happy when Val got baptized. She had grieved over that. Val was out in floods to repair poles and wires—repaired everything, worked at the office many nights, put in the underground street lights—made a garden. He always kept wood chopped and the water buckets filled. He helped me wash.

Our first child came December 10th, 1921. Lora Virginia. She was taken with instruments and my health was poor for many years. We idolized her and I know spoiled her. I learned much from her only it was the hard way.

Val was now making \$135 a month. We planned on going to the Temple. The Stake President was to send our recommend to Salt Lake—we went up but it didn't come. It was a disappointment. We had a hotel room and had Lora sleep in a bureau drawer.

In August, Val suffered a severe electrical shock—he had suffered one in Richfield and others not as bad and decided to quit. We tried to sell what furniture we had. What we couldn't was taken to Beaver where the folks gradually sold it. We kept the sewing machine, record player, our bedding, dishes and things like that. I took Lora and went to Richfield to be with Mama—Val went first to Calif, then up and down in Utah and into Idaho but couldn't find work. He was frantic. Myreel was married and lived in the front of our home, I was with Mama in the rear. In January Val was in Salt Lake and we went again up there, this time with our recommend and we were sealed in the Temple and our darling child also. My happiness was complete. We had been able to save some money while in Cedar City and Val used it trying to find work. I lived with mama and it didn't cost me much. She had the cow and chickens and vegetables. He finally got a position in Los Angeles as a meter reader. That meant another move.

When Val found a place for us, I prepared to move, going first to Beaver for a visit with the Valentines there. Lora captured their hearts, so sweet and cute. She loved the little chicks, the sheep and all the other animals.

We had a two room apartment on So. Catalina St.—it wasn't at all what we wanted. Through Ethel we found a furnished four room home north and east of town—116 W. Ave. 43--\$45 a month. Ethel and her son Clyde lived with us and shared the rent. The summer was hot—I spent most of the afternoons in Sycamore Park with Lora. She had her problems—was covered with fleas from a sick dog and once wandered across Pasadena Ave. in heavy traffic. There was a big boom in real estate and prices were very reasonable—if only we had some money! I had a hundred dollar bond purchased during the war that was used as a down payment on a lot in the canyon by the Southwest Museum. The lot cost \$795. Val thought it a good buy but it proved costly.

The owners of the house where we lived—Packards—were coming home and we had to move. So again we lived, or I did, in a tent, with furniture from second hand stores—a bed, crib, table, chairs, built in shelves, etc; also a wardrobe trunk Ethel gave us. At first we had an outdoor toilet, later had a cesspool and a small four foot square cubby hole built against the house for a toilet. Val later built a closet for clothes, suitcases, etc. The roof was always leaking. Shopping was difficult—taking Lora in the buggy down the canyon, under the R.R.—through the tunnel—to Ave. 43; then the long walk home loaded down. Later the trips for groceries were made with all the children, which made it more difficult. A Mrs. Seiffert lived across the street. She worked in a restaurant and sometimes brought day-old bread and bakery things to us, always appreciated. Other neighbors, Lavells, lived close. We became good friends. We visited the Miners in Long Beach and Fishes who lived near. We tried to have a happy home life.

Lenore was very ill with typhoid and Mama needed help. I was unable to go as I was expecting a baby. Pearl left her family in Arizona and went, and she stayed six weeks. Lenore was finally over it because of the faith and prayers exercised for her. Also during these worried weeks, Myreel gave birth to twins—one born dead, the other died soon after. Our dear second daughter came to us Jan. 1, 1924. I was in the General

Hospital, Mrs. Packard had helped me to get there. Aunt Nisha took little Lora. We named our second girl Helen Lela—a sweet little bundle of joy. I was so happy to be home once more and have my little forsaken Lora back with me. Wallace married that December.

Pearl and Chase came to visit us after she left Richfield. While there Lora followed the milkman down to his truck and was knocked down when he drove off. She was badly bruised but, thank goodness, no broken bones. The company gave us \$200 and Val put it on the lot. That helped him to get it paid for sooner. Later, he put it back in the bank for her. We had other visitors too—Lenore, Leore, Bobby Potter—very difficult.

In July I went to Utah with the children, stopped at Beaver, Richfield, then on to Salt Lake. On our return we met Val at Barstowe and went to Snowflake and spent two weeks with Pearl. We visited relatives, I saw all my friends, went to Lakeside and up into the mountains. Our trip home was a nightmare—hot, crowded train etc. So glad to be home again. Mama and Lenore moved to Salt Lake, later sold the house at a big loss.

Our tent began to leak—we had pans on the bed and floor. The girls enjoyed standing on the wardrobe trunk, looking out the window and seeing the rushing flood waters roar down the street. We had heavy rains.

Val's Mother had suffered for years with a deterioration of the hip bone, no doubt from lack of calcium. She came to be with us to see a doctor. We had a sanitary couch and she slept on that. I hired my neighbor to take us to the White Memorial Clinic. After many tests, she was put in a cast from her breast to her hips and down one leg. It was on for 6 weeks, and her hip bone was immobilized us. She was with us six months. We loved her very much for her patience, sweetness and lovely character. She even sewed for me doing all by hand.

My mother had a nervous breakdown and her heart was bad. She had to get to a lower altitude. She came to see me, and Val let us go to Venice beach for two weeks. She became so much better she was able to go in the surf. She was with us the remainder of the summer.

The lot was finally paid for, the tent torn down, and we moved to Eagan's home while they were on vacation. Val mortgaged the lot for \$500, purchased lumber, and a friend from Beaver helped him put up our house. When we moved in, there were no partitions, the windows just set in—also the front door. Val put up quilts and old boards to at least seal off the kitchen. We had the cold water tap in—nothing else—but had a tin tub to bathe in—had lamps and other inconveniences, but it was our home, and we were happy.

Lora and Helen came down with measles. That was fun—caring for them in that open house. Lora had started kindergarten. The school was on top of Mt. Washington—a long, hard climb. She was very timid and I had to take her most of the time—also Helen, who was never afraid. Lora didn't go back until after the holidays.

The next spring our house was wired for electricity. In the fall it was plastered. For the next eight years, the house was being built around us.

In 1927, the city put in a big storm drain and later, the street and sidewalk was paved. It was harder than ever to get our groceries. That August, Pearl, Joe, Dece and Andelin Peterson came to visit us. Pearl came to see a doctor. Val again let us go to Venice for two weeks. When we returned, Andelin and Joe went back to Arizona. Pearl and Dece stayed on for another two months. The street was now paved. It cost us \$500.

I was Primary Chorister and Sea Gull teacher that winter. I had been unable to take any position in the church. I did see that the girls got to Primary and we went to Sunday School. However, I substituted almost every Sunday in Sunday School.

Our house wasn't finished, but we had constant company—both Val's and my folks. It was hard to keep going. Both Val and I were saving and frugal. I made the children's clothes from things given me, and I wore clothes passed on to me. I had the sewing machine out constantly, mending, making over, using every scrap to make presents. I did make many attractive ones, and our family always remembered each other. I sewed for others too so that the girls could take dancing and music lessons. I even gave piano lessons. All of this made confusion in the home. The rooms were small, no storage space.

We had many pleasures even so—saw some good movies with the children, often went to the beach, climbed over all the hills, visited all the city parks. Val was with us. We went to the Park on hot days where the girls played under the trees. We read books at night and I sang songs to them.

I had hoped I might get credit for my years of teaching and perhaps only take a couple of years in college so that I might teach. I couldn't get credit for what I had done—that dream was shattered.

I had been taking care of a little boy—with the money earned I got a washbowl for the bathroom. I was also expecting a baby. The house was unfinished so Val wanted me to go to Salt Lake to be with Mama. We went on the train; stopped for a while in Beaver, then on to Salt Lake. There I found Helen had whooping Cough—had got it from the boy I tended. The children weren't able to play with their cousins for awhile. Val's cousin Lela took us to Pocatello, Idaho for a week. There Lora got it so bad, I was relieved to get back. We were with Lenore and Clayton. They were so good to us. We shared the food bill but the house was opened to us. Pearl and family came from Arizona, and they stayed on for several years. Mama was with Lenore also.

We all went over to Arthur one Sunday, and my half-brother Jim took us through the smelter. It was too much for me I guess for the next day, Labor Day, I had to go to the hospital. The family went on to their picnic. When they returned, the girls found a new baby brother. It was a thrill to them, and Val was in 7th Heaven when he heard about

it. I had a rugged time for a few days. The girls could come to see me—I saved all my goodies for them. We named him Vernon Edwin. He was born 3 Sept. 1928. Lenore had suffered a miscarriage before my baby was born. It was very hard on Mama to care for two.

Lora went to school for a couple of months. We visited around, had a big Hallowe'en party for the cousins and went through the Keeley Ice Cream and candy factory. We left our loved ones there November 4th and returned to our beloved daddy.

I took care of another boy for \$10 a month. Grandma had given me her piano. Lenore bought it and, with the money, I got one here. Also we got a second hand washer. Before that, I had done the washing by hand, and Val had helped me with it. When Mama sold her house, she sent me \$100 so that was put on a new sewing machine.

In April, the 12th, 1930, I had another little boy—Roy Russell. Sister Holcomb took care of the family while I was away. Roy was a beautiful baby, dark blue eyes and our little Teddy's (Vernon) eyes were brown.

This was a difficult time for Val—he worked so hard, his pay was small. He felt he was getting nowhere. He didn't want to visit our friends nor go with us anywhere. He became silent and withdrawn and very nervous. Too much company. He left us and went to Ethel's for three weeks. We were alone over Christmas. It was terrible, the children and I were desolate. It surely was a happy time when he was home again.

Roy became very ill with fevers, eczema and boils. We would have him administered to and he would recover, then get bad again. Finally, he got erysipelas and was very ill. Again he was given a wonderful blessing and the Lord heard all of us. The swelling in his leg went down, the infection gathered and broke and my baby was well. He had been ill three months. My kind neighbor, Mrs. Kirkham had little Teddy with her most of the time. George Valantine was with us too, helping Val with the cement work for the garage.

We had experienced several very disastrous floods. Now, in March of 1933, there was a tremendous earthquake. It was centered in Long Beach, Bellflower and Compton. Teddy was very ill with measles and wondered why the room was whirling around. We didn't suffer any damage. Quakes kept coming all night. Val was so sweet—he calmed the girls so they could go to sleep.

We went to the beach again the next summer. Our rent was \$35 for a month, so we didn't spend much more than we did at home. Val came down every weekend. This was our fourth trip to the beach. It was such a happy vacation for us.

I was expecting another child. Our house was almost finished but too small for someone to stay there while I was in the hospital. So again, the decision was made to go to Salt Lake. We left in January after the mid term in school was over. I rented a house around the corner from Lenore's and the family all found furniture of sorts to let me use.

I paid \$15 a month rent. The children started school—Teddy in kindergarten. His teacher was Miss Allred, who had been my Primary supervisor in Richfield. The girls became very popular and did very well in school. I saw Mama every day.

I went to the Holy Cross Hospital for the baby—a sweet little girl. The birth was long as the cord was around her neck twice. She was tiny and needed good care. My milk left me and I gave her S.M.A. which built her up. We named her Saralyn and was born 19 Feb. 1934.

Val was very sick after I left. I wanted to return but he wouldn't hear of it.

(I forgot to say that the winter before we left, I had Rex Rogers with me for five months. He was there to have his hand fixed after a tragic accident.)

Mama didn't have the strength to care for me, so I hired a young girl for \$15 a month. She went home over the weekends. When I got stronger I did genealogical searching and making out sheets, hunted up every relative I had and Val's too. We had a big party for Mama to honor her for her sweetness and her courage in the privations in her life and also because it had been 50 years since she married Papa. I gave Roy a birthday Party, April 12. The girls were in operettas and special musical events given by all the city schools. I enjoyed so much being with Mama and all the relatives. She and Lenore really had a struggle. The depression hit them hard, they lived mostly on pancakes. I remember so much seeing Mama make them, and they were very good tasting.

After school was over, we said goodbye to dear Mother and others and started back to be again with our beloved Daddy. He met us in Beaver where we stayed for two weeks with his folks—and then home. The trip home was a nightmare—no wonder Val didn't like to travel.

In November, my only brother Wallace, died from an appendectomy and pneumonia. I made a quick trip to Salt Lake for the funeral. Mama was failing—I could see it more all the time.

Our house was finally finished and was lovely. I had made blue velour drapes for the living room and glass curtains. I had helped paint it; the kitchen was cheerful with gray and orange, the bedrooms also painted. We had new white furniture for ours, pretty curtains at the windows, linoleum on the floor; a big bed and two cribs. I had made blinds and curtains for the girls' room and they had new furniture. We had a double garage and the roof was just the place for the children to play—all the walls and steps were finished. Val had even made a place for a sandpile and a little pool. We had lovely trees and flowers planted. But it was too small!

We had experienced hard work, sorrow and frustrations there, also much happiness. It brought a bang to me to think we had to leave.

After much hunting, I found a big house on So. Ave. 60. It was near our ward, the park, library and shopping center. It was priced there at \$2,000. Val wasn't happy about buying it for it needed repairs. Nevertheless, we bought it. It also had a \$500 assessment against it.

Lora finished her eighth grade at Mt. Washington; Helen had gone to Burbank for Junior High since the fall term. I had been quite active in P.T.A. and had attended the programs the school had given.

Lora and Teddy had had accidents there in the canyon; also Roy, all had survived them. Helen had taken ours and other children all over the hills in treasure hunts and had held them spell bound with the stories she told them. So there were many fond recollections of our stay there in the hills.

We moved just before Christmas of 1935. Val had received \$1500 as a bonus for his war service. He borrowed from Ethel and also his insurance and was able to pay off the house when we bought it. It was very dirty and we moved in before we had it all cleaned. Our few pieces of furniture were lost in it. There were six rooms, a pantry, bath, a toilet downstairs, a wide hall on the first floor, a hall upstairs, a porch on two sides of the house and a small back porch, a two-car garage, a large lot full of weeds, cans and trash. Val immediately began to repair it, without any enthusiasm, putting in light switches, more outlets, and conduit on exposed wires, besides other repairs. Little by little it began to look better.

The next spring Mama took to her bed. I took Saralyn and went to Salt Lake during Easter vacation to help her as Lenore was working. When I returned home, Lenore had to put her in the hospital. There she died peacefully in her sleep, May 15, 1936, her overworked heart stopped. I went again to Salt Lake for the funeral and to say goodbye to one of the loveliest and sweetest of women.

Ethel and Roy were divorced, so we bought Ethel's furniture. It certainly made our home more attractive. We still had much company.

That summer we went to Arizona. Pearl had lost her new home and was in a rented one. The girls stayed with her, I went to Lakeside and rented a small house. Things had changed there, yet it was pleasant to be back and visit with friends and relatives. Ted enjoyed riding his cousins' horses. The girls were a big hit in Snowflake and also in Lakeside where they came for awhile. Elwood Peterson was Bishop there. We went to one big party out on the reservation—a beautiful night.

Back in Snowflake, I was invited to go with the missionaries out to the Indian Country and to see the Snake dance. I went with Marsh and Mel Flake. We traveled up to Flagstaff, then north. We went through Tuba City, Moencope, and on to Polacca. We slept on the ground, our food cooked on the camp fire. The scenery was varied and spectacular—from desert to mountains—to deserts again with all its changing aspects. We camped at the foot of the Polacca Mesa. Hundreds were camped there, singing and

talking. The next morning, a L.D.S. Indian came down for us in a wagon. It was weird hearing his Indian chant at 4:00 in the morning. Mel and I, having slacks on, rode horse back, the others went in the wagon. We arrived at the top in time to see the twelve year old boys finish their twenty-five mile race. The winner got there just as the sun arose. We saw workmen making jewelry and other handicraft and had breakfast with an Indian family. There were two villages on the mesa, the snake dance was at the farthest one. Indian maidens sprinkled sacred cornmeal all around, then the dance started. There was a buffalo dancer by each snake dancer. He kept a feather on the snake's mouth so he couldn't bite. The dancer had the snake in his mouth about four inches back from its mouth. It was exciting and fantastic. The crowd would surge back against the wire fence as the dancers came near; if the fence had broken they would have fallen down the cliff. We were sitting on a porch so had no need to worry. Too soon it was over. Only the priests do this dance. We left as soon as we could. Their dance paid off. It rained hard but we beat it home.

Pearl gave us a big party at Flakes Reservoir. One day we spent at Flakes ranch where everyone but Saralyn rode horses to their hearts content. Poor Lora always got such a miserable horse she had no fun.

It was good to be home again. Mother Valentine came to visit us. Her leg was well enough so she walked without crutches. We quilted three quilts which she had pieced. After she returned, she was never well enough to visit us again.

I had been a Relief Society Visiting Teacher several years in the canyon, doing my district alone and taking the boys with me as we climbed over the hills. I also visited from Ave. 60—my partner and I walked for years. Finally we went by car. I had P.T.A. meetings to attend, first Washington, then Garvanza, Luther Burbank, and Franklin. I was room mother several times. I attended every Open House and was rewarded by hearing fine reports of the children. I took a sewing class given at Garvanza taking Saralyn until she started to school. I did quite well in sewing, making the girls' dresses, formals, casual coats; the boys' shirts, pants and jackets.

The children all had music lessons, but because of poor teachers didn't advance as they should. Lora stopped taking, which I have always regretted; for she could have become very good on the piano. February 1939, she graduated from high school.

There was a city wide musical program put on by the combined city schools. Only the best were chosen. Roy and Ted were taken from Garvanza both playing violins. I went with them to their practices. It was worth it. The concert was given at the Shrine and was exceptionally good. They also went to Pomona.

We fixed up the side porch with canvas curtains. Lora slept there one year. She had started City College, had joined the Deseret club, later the Lambda Delta Sigma, also the Athenian Club. She was Sweetheart of the club and also Stake Queen of the Gold and Green Ball. Was later Woman's Pres. of the L.D.S. club and went to Salt Lake for their convention. She began dating Conrad Hawkins. He lived so far away he often stayed at

night and slept on the porch. He and later, Helen's date, were there every Sunday and would have dinner with us.

Helen graduated in the spring of 1941—she then went to City College—was Homecoming Queen and also in the L.D.S. club. She also served as Pres. of the club. It sponsored many fine trips; to the mountains, the beach—and they gave big teas. Both girls were very active. They both worked to help them with school expenses. Helen was Gold and Green Queen of the Garvanza ward. Later, when Ted was in college, he also was Pres. of the mens' chapter of the L.D.S. Mormon club and went to Salt Lake once for their convention.

We had been renting our Museum Drive house for \$12 a month, then \$15. Val didn't like being a landlord so he sold it for \$2200 and it had cost over \$4500, even with him doing most of the work. It was during the depression. Had we waited, we could have made on it. I spent a year tasting recipes for the Sperry Flour Co. Also, we finally got a refrigerator and said goodbye to our old ice box.

It was a proud day for me when our boys became Deacons and could pass the Sacrament and watch their growth upward in the Priesthood. They both enjoyed the scouting program but didn't advance very far. There were no good leaders.

With Edna Olney, I made a genealogy survey of the ward, helping each family make a Pedigree and Family group sheet. I did the same thing another time. In 1939, I began teaching Social Science in Relief Society. Also began working outside the home, first for Miss Morrison, my neighbor. I was suffering from stomach trouble. From tests I took, I found I had no ulcers or gall bladder trouble. Decided it was nervousness that caused it as I was always busy. Both Val and I working hard.

In Feb. 1941, ground was broken for a new chapel. We had been able to attend all our meetings since living on Ave. 60. I thoroughly enjoyed that.

Helen's friend, Jesse Stay, had joined the Air Force. Was there in camp when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. Also in June 1941, the combined Singing Mothers of four stakes gave a musical festival in Huntington Park. As I was singing with our group, I was there. It was such a beautiful affair. As I love to sing, it thrilled me to sing such lovely songs—to meet old friends in fellowship.

In May, Lora and Conrad became engaged. We were happy for her. Also I had my appendix out. It was badly scarred—no doubt I had suffered previous attacks. I got along fine, and my health was better. Roy started to deliver the Shopping News and the News Heralds—he earned so little he quit. We had a big Armistice Day parade November 11. I usually took the children to all our big parades. Sometimes Val went. Later we had a grand showing of every phase of our war effort. It was held in Exposition Park and was truly enlightening.

We began to realize we were in war; blacking out our windows, people doing plane spotting, subs coming near our shores, air raid alerts. I worked with the neighbors making bandages and filling first aid kits. I took first aid and defense classes at Franklin and was made an air raid warden for our block. We had lots of drills. It brought the war near to us.

We always had happy Christmases, with a tree, and on Christmas Eve, carols and stories about the birth of Jesus. One time was outstanding. Lora played the piano, Helen sang and the boys played their violins—Daddy was especially pleased.

Lora and Conrad got married that spring. She quit school, thinking she could continue later. She financed her reception and her clothes. Conrad's mother and I went to Salt Lake on the Pony Express (cheaper), Lora and Conrad on the Greyhound. They stayed at Myreels before they were married, we stayed at Lenores. They were married in the Temple March 30, 1942. She looked so lovely. There is something about a Temple marriage that makes one look like an angel. Brother Broadbent, who I had known in Provo, took us all through the Temple the next day. What a privilege to see that glorious edifice from top to bottom.

On our return, a reception was given at Conrad's ward for people down there; the following Sunday we had one at our place. I had the house decorated beautifully. Both receptions were lovely. They rented an apt. from Bis. Grant off Vermont. I felt like half the house was gone after she left. What a precious girl she is.

Jesse returned in July as a 2nd Lt. in the Air Force. He and Helen had been corresponding and now they decided to get married. It was very quick as he had to report for duty in ten days. They were married 13 July 1942 by the Bishop of Huntington Park Ward. No time for the Temple and the reception was held there. They left for his base. Now I really felt lost—two daughters gone in four months. Helen was a beautiful bride.

Before the girls left, they had painted the living room, soft yellow walls and a white ceiling. I got new drapes, and what a difference it made having the room so attractive. It was a birthday present for me. That was when the scaffold broke, and Ted fell down and paint was scattered all over.

Jesse was sent to the Pacific to pilot the B-24's. Helen came home to be with us. I was happy for our big house. She paid me board. Later when Lora was with us, she also paid board. I saved it and began to renovate the house, scraping paint, painting other furniture, re-upholstering our davenport and chair, put new chair cushions on, bought new furniture, had Venetian blinds throughout, made drapes. Val filled up holes in the plastered walls and helped with the painting inside and outside. The outside was most lovely—I had planted trees and shrubs as well as many flowers. Finally there was dicondra lawns all over. Val and the boys spaded up the ground, we had a garden every year. One year I received a \$50 bond from my garden display at the Broadway store. I studied all aspects of gardening and went often to a garden class way out toward Hollywood. I canned fruit every year. One year I bottled more than 900 quarts of soups,

meats, pickles, beans, corn and all kinds of fruit and jam. Our garden was prolific—the children had their fill of squash and turnip soup. It gives them a chance to tease me about those days. I was also interested in diets as I wanted the very best for my family. Some of them were quite strange, but the same could be said of many that are around now. Anyway it gives the family things to tease me about.

Our first grandson—Curtis Claude was born to Lora and Conrad Jan 23, 1943. I went down most of every day to help her as much as possible. Roy went down every other day to wash diapers. Sharon Lee, our first granddaughter, born 15 May 1943 to Helen while Jesse was overseas. I sent with her to the hospital. Conrad joined the Navy and Lora with baby came to live with us, and Helen went to live with girl friends. Val's father died and Ethel went to live with Mother V. Lora became ill with an extracted tooth, then down with phlebitis. Lela, Val's cousin and her husband were with us a month. Lenore was there for two weeks. Lora got sick again, and I was so busy I couldn't care for her properly and the baby, who also had a bad cold. Lela left the day before Christmas, and the day after Christmas Lora was in the hospital with pneumonia. Ted went to the mountains and two days after he returned had to go to the hospital with pneumonia. Soon I got it, and a week later I was in the hospital. Helen left Sharon with Sis. Stay to come and take care of Daddy. Conrad's mother took Curtis. I was very near death; but from the administration of Bishop Hoegland and partner and extra care from the doctor, as well as fasting, prayers, and my name in the Temple, I recovered. Ted also, though he coughed for several weeks. Saralyn also was ill.

When I was well, Lora came back. She had been with Conrad's mother. He was now in Hawaii. She had another boy April 8, 1945—named him Denis. I went to the hospital with her. Jesse came home from the war. I went to Salt Lake with them to be sealed in the Temple. Roy broke his leg while playing softball with the church group and was in a cast for three months. In August, Sharon was stricken with polio. We were quarantined for two weeks. She had a wonderful blessing and recovered completely. It had been a year of sickness. It was also the year the war ended in Germany and Japan, so we had much to be thankful for.

For several months, I had gathered clothes and various other necessities and sent them to Germany for our Saints there who lost everything because of the War.

Ted graduated from City College—went on to U.C.L.A., later to Berkeley and became an engineer. Conrad got home—life was beginning to be normal. Later Roy graduated. He was called on a mission to France—left in May of 1950, staying first in New Jersey for 3 months. The Cultural Hall was jammed at his farewell. Ted and Nola Steed got married that spring too. I went to St. George with them to go to the Temple.

Jesse and Helen were living in Arlington; he was working at the Pentagon. In August, I took the train out to see them and the children. I enjoyed the train ride and especially was happy to see Helen. The country was so beautiful with great stands of trees, flowers and green grass everywhere. A week after I came, Lora, Conrad, the boys, and Saralyn arrived. They came by car. We spent a crowded week visiting everything in

Washington D.C. I returned with them. Conrad drove up through New York to Palmyra, the Sacred Grove, the Smith Farm, Hill Cumorah, saw Kirtland, Nauvoo, Carthage Jail and then followed as much as possible the Pioneer Trail home. It was much too hurried.

Saralyn's friend, Bob Brunson, had been drafted and was going to Korea. Yes, another war. They wanted to get married, but she was only 16 so I counseled waiting. However, before he left they went to Yuma, Ariz. and got married. How I wished then that I had permitted them to marry with a nice reception and in the Temple.

Ted and Nola were living in North Sacramento. I went up to be with them a week when baby Valery was born. Before coming home, Ted drove us all through the Mother Lode country.

I had been teaching in Relief Society except while I was sick. Now I stopped and began teaching the Juniors in Sunday School. I was with them for ten years. I really put my heart in it and was very faithful. I had some fine students, yet had other kinds too. It was a challenge. I was still working in genealogy, not only gathering my own records but teaching and helping others. I began writing histories of Val's and my people.

Thanksgiving Day, 1951, was quite a hectic one. Lora had a miscarriage and had to go to the hospital, and Saralyn had to be taken to Camp Pendelton where her first son, Robert, was born. She had continued with her school work and graduated with her class February 1952.

I had begun working for my neighbor several year previous and had gradually done more of it. I had used the money for the trips I took and to pay on the furniture we got and other uses. I worked more for the Jolleys than anyone and became very fond of all of them. One year I worked every day for a lady in South Pasadena and she put me on Social Security. Gene Jolley did also. From that humble beginning I am now receiving the benefit.

Jesse was over the Air Force R.O.T.C. in Provo for four years. Every year they came down to spend Christmas with us. Bob returned from Korea. I went with them to Salt Lake where they were sealed in the temple with baby Robby.

In August I went with Lora, Conrad, his mother LaVina and the boys on an extended trip. We all helped with the finances. We stayed with my folks and his as much as possible to save money. We all went through Arizona, stopping at Mesa, Snowflake, Lakeside, then down to the Petrified Forest into New Mexico and to Shiprock. From there to the Verde National Park, Colo., where we climbed a perpendicular ladder to get to the summit. On then to Provo and Helen's. We climbed up to the Timpanogas Cave. We went to Oregon and Washington and took a boat trip to Victoria in British Colombia. We saw Crater Lake on the way home and drove through the Big Trees. I loved it.

We welcomed Roy home Christmas of 1952. He had a successful mission but was glad to get home for some good food. He went to Provo to stay with Helen, helping her for his board.

There was regional M.I.A. Convention held at the East Los Angeles College. Everything was given here just like it is in Salt Lake. Lora was then Stake President of the Women's Mutual. I took care of the boys. The highlight was the concert given at the Hollywood Bowl and the Sunday morning Conference session there with President McKay speaking.

Roy received his B.A. and I went to Provo to see him graduate. He treated me like his best girl and took me everywhere. We went to Salt Lake to the M.I.A. Conference. He had an old car and we started for L.A. in it. There was trouble every mile; the car heated up so badly that we arrived at Beaver in a cloud of smoke. Roy spoke that night in church. We left the car then and took the bus home. He left soon for Newport, R.I. as he had joined the Cadet Naval Training School there.

Was at Barton Flats one week with Conrad and the boys while Lora chaperoned a group of Bee Hive Girls. Dad and I went with Ted and family to Kernville on the Kern River; we went also with Ted to the desert below Indio for a Sunday trip. I joined the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

Soon after, began to serve as a lesson leader and later became the secretary. I held the post for many years. At present I am serving as Captain. Val, after retiring from his city job, began helping Ted with his new house and also worked as a clerk to care for election returns.

My dear sister, Myreel, died in the fall of 1955—a shock to all. Such a sweet girl. I went to Salt Lake for the funeral, which was the largest I have ever attended, and lovely. Our beautiful Temple out on Santa Monica Blvd. was dedicated March 11, 1956. What a solemn and spiritual occasion it was to attend the dedicatory services, hear the choir from Long Beach and give the Hosanna Shout.

I finally own my high school diploma June 1956. Had gone to school every night that spring. Had a big dinner and program.

Roy had finished at Newport, had been at Pensacola, Fla. for awhile, then transferred to an L.S.T. ship, the U.S.A. Rice County. This ship took tanks and Marines to Okinawa and also to Japan. He had been in a hurricane in Newport and was almost caught in a typhoon near Japan. He was made Ensign, but he never became fond of the Navy or of ship life. He loaned me his car while he was away, and I took driver lessons and Bob also helped me. I felt I was doing quite well, yet I didn't pass the driver's test so gave it up.

I took ten of my Sunday School students to a free trip to the San Diego Zoo, given by the Bishop. These students had 100% attendance. I took Robby with me. We went

on the train. When Roy was in from Japan one time, Saralyn's family and I went to San Diego and spent a pleasant day going over his ship and the harbor.

I was with the girls when their babies were born. While Helen was in Provo, I was with her when her babies were born. It was always a pleasure for me for I loved dearly every child that came into our family. As long as Jesse was with the R.O.T.C. in Provo, the family came down every Christmas and spent the holidays with us. When they were on their way to various posts, they often came to visit us for a few weeks.

Ted was doing advance work in the best route for the water to be brought from the Feather River to Los Angeles. Often he would be gone a week. Nola sometimes would go with him, and I would stay with the children. I was there quite often at the other times also. Nola was in poor health when her babies were born. I was with her as often as I could. Later, he left that division and is now with the Colorado River Board. I was with Lora and Saralyn as well but, generally, for shorter periods.

The Navy had big scale operations with the fleet at Manila and Hawaii. Roy saw these places, but not as thoroughly as he would have liked. He served as a short of Chaplain on his ship.

I resigned my Genealogy work. I was away too much. I served as a juror in Superior Court—it was quite an experience, especially being locked up overnight. I was called two more times—once I was away—next time my health was bad.

When Saralyn's Paula was only a few months old, I went with the family to Sequoia Park. It was indeed an inspiration to see the beauties of this rugged country and the big trees.

Roy had a furlough coming, and we drove out to Lincoln, Neb. to be with Helen for the holidays. Val hadn't felt well for a long time. HE had worked after his retirement as he said we couldn't live on just \$162.50 a month. He finally had to give even that up. We thought when we got to Lincoln, he could be examined at the Veteran's Hospital there and return home to be treated. He really enjoyed the trip out there. He knew every stream, river, and mountain. To see Helen and family again was such a happy time for us all. He was with us on Christmas, then into the hospital and he had to stay there. We had not expected that, so I returned with Roy when he went back, was at home about a week to get everything in shape to leave and returned again. The doctors had found there was a tumor in his bladder which was malignant (cancer). He didn't want to have a colostomy so continued to have tests up from the penis. He was never without pain. Later, he lost one of his kidneys and was filled with infection. He had received good care at the Veteran's Hospital, and Helen had driven me over and back twice a day. He was so anxious to get home that he was given blood and other helps and we took the plane from Omaha home. Roy had an ambulance waiting for him when we arrived in L.A. He was made comfortable in the dining room and, for awhile, seemed to regain his strength. All the children visited him. He saw Lora's little baby, Connie. She had waited thirteen years for the darling child. He was home ten days, then went to the Veteran's Hospital

back at Sawtelle. He was given x-ray treatments which are so very hard to endure, but it was too late. The other kidney became infected and he had to have a colostomy after all. The end came after an agonizing day at the hospital: 29 April 1958.

I will digress briefly and say that Roy drove me to Council Bluffs where I met Leta Harris and her sister, Iva. I went to the library there, and from old newspaper files found that Grandpa Arnold Potter had died there 2 Sept. 1872.

Val still had many friends from the office even though it had been two and a half years since he had retired. He had received cards and messages from them all the time he was sick. His funeral services were beautiful, the chapel was completely filled. He was buried at Valhalla, a cemetery close to Burbank. He told me that when he was able to walk, he went on the porch and looked long at the spire of the Temple. I wonder what his thoughts were? I had prayed long for him to be taken home if it was the Lord's will. Nevertheless, his death left such a big void of loneliness in my heart. Helen came for the funeral, also Pearl and Leora. Everyone was kind. Roy was my comfort all through it.

He had always been true to me, had sacrificed himself for all of us. None of us had wanted that. We would rather have had him go with us on trips. Perhaps had he driven a car, it might have been different. He kept the house in repair, refusing to have it done by others. Every month on the 20th he brought me a rose, a candy bar or a box of candy (how the children loved that) and cute poems. He gave his children the finest type of good example for good citizenship and Church member.

I also planned special meals for those occasions, as well as for every holiday.

Helen and family came in that summer and returned only when school started. I felt that I wanted to leave our home—it was too full of memories. I sold it for \$14,000—not enough considering the expenses that went with selling. The task was tremendous! Clearing out the garage and basement room. The boys took what they could use—also Conrad and Bob. Roy sawed up the worthless wood for me. I purchased a house at 5100 Range View Ave. for \$12,500, which was too much as it needed repairs, new floors on the kitchen and utility room, all the wiring done over, and a new meter, a divider taken out, a door walled up, and other things. The back yard was fenced, there was a double garage, a fireplace, tiled sink and bathroom, and also a shower. I didn't look too closely at other things as I should have done. I gave away gobs of things which I couldn't sell, some the children took. Ted helped me one Sunday, Bob helped, my neighbors a little. Roy was on his honeymoon in Hawaii. He had married Jan Dibble August 23 after a brief courtship and a beautiful reception. After marriage, he taught school for two years, then went to school four years to be a dentist. He's a fine one. Jane taught one year.

I went with Ted for a few days to the mountains. When we returned I went to my new house. What a sight met my eyes. Furniture dumped in the middle of the rooms—no bed, stove or refrigerator. I went to the Blvd and bought milk, fruit and bread, slept on the couch for three weeks, and spent my days working hard, from morning until night so I

wouldn't think. All of the family helped when they could, but I was a long way from all of them. Many had been painting for me before the furniture was moved in.

I had a second mortgage to pay off at \$90 a month. I wanted the house clear. I had given each child \$900 from bonds we had saved—bonds that Val could have used for travel. I wanted to do that in memory of both of us. However, because of that I was having a very difficult time to get money to clear my house. I had about \$1,000.00 that I had saved from working, I had my Social Security and \$50.40 from the Veterans. I also borrowed from Ted. Then the Lord opened the way—I stayed with Fanny Laffoon's children while she was away and received enough so I cleared the home in January. There were many other expenses in buying a home, as I learned. I bought a stove and refrigerator, painted and had tile put down on the floor, cupboards put up. Light switches put in, etc., again with the help of my sweet children and their spouses. Alice Nevin was with me four days and helped so much.

Christmas was slim that year—luckily I had towels, sheets, and pillow cases on hand, also bottled fruit and jellies. So I was able to give to my loved ones after all.

My sister, Lenore, was badly burned in June 1959. Through her grit and determination, also from the Lord's blessings, she lived, but has suffered the effects of it always.

I had a wonderful trip before the Stay family went to Spain. I took the bus to Montgomery, Ala. where they were. I enjoy bus riding for then I can see the mountains, the lakes, the streams, the varied aspects of the countryside, the bustling cities. It was especially breathtaking riding for miles along the Gulf of Mexico—the blue waters, glistening sands, and on the other side, the mansions of the rich with their well-kept landscapes.

I was with Helen and family about a week enjoying life at Ft. Maxwell, then we all went for a week to Florida—we saw so many lovely places, swam every day in that deliciously warm water. Then went with them through northern Florida and up the coast to Washington D.C. and on to New York where they were to take the plane. I took the bus home. I could write reams about our trip if space permitted. It was such a very lovely trip.

Mother Valentine died in June 1959—after that I did not stop in Beaver very often.

Off and on I had boys staying with me and had enjoyed them. Spring of 1961, I rented my bedroom to our missionaries and gave them kitchen privileges. On the whole they were good boys. I left them in the house when I went to Spain that summer to be with Helen. I took the bus to New York and the plane from there. Helen and family met me in Madrid with her two-weeks old baby, Timotea (Timothy Val). Oh, the joy of seeing them once more.

I grew to admire and really like Madrid and all of Spain. Soon we left on a three week camping tour which was something that will be a beautiful memory as long as I live. After returning from it, I left to finish out the tour of some B.Y.U. students. I was with them a week. We went further than when with Jesse—saw Belgium, Holland, more of Switzerland and Germany. Leaving them, I went to England where I located the Valentines. Edith Valentine Grant lived in London. I stayed with her; met George, Annie and Mary. I had boat rides in Venice, Paris, Amsterdam, the Rhine in Germany and the Thames in London. I can't begin to write of the delights of that trip—it would take many pages. I went also to the Temple at Bern and at London.

The yard and house were in rather a mess when I returned, so I let the missionaries go.

Jesse was returned to the states in 1963, so the family were with me that summer. What a happy time that was! Children and parents visiting each other—beach parties and so on. Sharon was to be married in Sept. to Keith Brown and was making her wedding dress. It was a beautiful Temple marriage, and the reception was gorgeous. The family left next day for Virginia as Jesse was to be at the Pentagon.

In October, I suffered a severe coronary occlusion. I was alone and was in such agonizing pain I couldn't even think of calling Ted or Roy. Again the Lord blessed me greatly—I was praying constantly to Him. My life was spared once more. I was in the hospital for three weeks and with Lora three weeks. After that I took care of myself, and dear friends in Church helped me shop. I would take my washing to Lora's when I could; otherwise, I just didn't wash so often. I was most surprised to learn I had heart trouble. Every doctor I had said my heart was fine. I had to pay my complete expenses—about \$1,100 as I had let my insurance lapse.

I didn't do any more active work in the ward—stopped teaching in Relief Society and much of my genealogy work, but did my visiting teaching, took care of the educational work such as looking up students eligible for seminary classes and those who went away to college, making records of such and being to Stake meetings. Helped in various other ways in the ward. Wrote letters to servicemen, still often teach classes, give talks, try to do my part whenever I am asked to serve the Lord.

I visited in Woodbridge with Helen that summer—left a nurse to look after the house. She ran up a bill around \$20 for long distance calls, didn't pay the utilities, and let the ice get in the refrigerator so thick I had to have it fixed. It not only cost me plenty but started the trouble with the box and it isn't good yet. Got nothing back from her.

The next summer I went again to Helen's and took Robby Brunson with me. Except for having ear infection for awhile, he had a marvelous time. Ross went with me the following summer.

The Andelin family has been having reunions lately—Salt Lake twice—here in Southern California and over in Arizona. Now if we can just keep them going.

I was with Saralyn and family to Yellowstone Park when Reed was a baby and another time to Bass Lake and Yosemite Park; Roy and family took me with them to Aspen Grove for a week. I was with Ted and family when they visited the Grand Canyon, Bryces and Zion. Jesse retired from the Air Force in 1967, I think, and went to Hawaii to work in the Church College there. While the family was there, I had a wonderful vacation of nearly two months with them. What an idyllic land!

I have suffered heart pains many times after my attack, yet often I would be free of them. I did everything as usual except excessive walking and felt I was quite well. However, in May I had an attack, not too bad, and the doctor told me I must take it easier. Also, that I had angina pectoris—so, at least, I found out what the trouble was. I was with Helen in the summer at Provo, being lazy and enjoying all of them so much; with Saralyn at Sutter Creek where they had moved; and with Lora. I felt so much better when I was home again, and since then have taken care of myself except shopping. I still have to have help for that.

Roy and family had to pick up Diane at Modesto so came over to Sutter Creek. I came back with them via Santa Cruz, Monterey, Carmel, and travelling down the coast highway. It was such a glorious trip and so much fun being with them. I went to Mesa for a week, not for pleasure but to see Pearl before her operation. She had her breast removed because of cancer and is doing well. I did see many of my Arizona friends and took two sessions at the Temple.

Regardless of our poverty when I was young and also after my marriage, I feel that I have had a full and happy life. There have been countless hours spent in caring for the family when sick, of working away from home to extend our finances, of working in an unfinished house, sewing, mending, repairing, and doing the same in our other house; yet somehow looking back upon it all, there was love and happiness, the reward that comes from work well done, from close association with family and relatives, from living and teaching the Gospel.

It has been my privilege to see much of the beauty of our country and others overseas. Much of that has come because of visiting Helen and Jesse when he was with the Air Force. My heart has been thrilled with the handiwork of our Heavenly Father, the mountains, the oceans, and lakes and streams; the magnificent forests, the many-hued flowers. I shut my eyes and see again the soft coloring of a desert evening, the houses clinging to a mountainside in Spain, the warm, healing waters of the Mediterranean Sea, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Colosseum in Rome, Notre Dame in Paris, our campgrounds, the River Rhine, the Tower of London, and on and on. The magnificent performance of Carmen in the outdoor theatre in Verona, Italy. The beauties of our own dear country will ever be an unending source of delight for me. I now go to Travelogues as often as I can to see more of the beauties of the world.

For many years I have worked on getting mine and Val's family genealogy records and having the ordinance work done for them. I often spent a month in the

library in Salt Lake in the summer. There is still much to be done, so now I am passing it on to Ted and the others in the family. I have been proxy for over twelve hundred endowments. How I wish they were all of our family, but many names given to us in the Temple—just as precious as ours.

When Roy was on his mission and received so few letters from friends back home, I decided that I would write to every missionary from our Ward and family who would write to me. I have received many blessings from doing this. I used to visit the sick when I was able to walk everywhere. Now I keep in touch with phone calls and cards. I remember the lonely women in the Ward with small gifts of food at Christmas—did the same for my neighbors in Ave. 60.

I began teaching in Relief Society in 1939 and continued until I had my heart attack, with the exception of being out when I was ill and when I taught in Sunday School for ten years. I taught in every organization in the Church while in Arizona. I was in the Stake Primary Board in Snowflake and taught what was called Religion Class in school—from 8:45 to 9:00 every day. I still am a visiting teacher for Relief Society and still sing in the Singing Mothers' chorus. We have sung in so many fine programs, concerts in the Stake Center, singing with the choir for conference and special events. Singing with the choir and chorus has always been a joy to me. If only I had been blessed with a good voice.

I have seen so many changes during my lifetime—from the horse and buggy days to spacecrafts in the sky and moon landings. From ironing with irons heated on the stove to electric irons, from washing on a wash board to electric washers and driers, the list could go on and on.

From the humble beginning of our family, all the family have lovely homes, their children have every advantage that can be found. Best of all, all of them are serving our Heavenly father in positions of responsibility. Those married of the grandchildren have made their pledges in our Holy Temples, those old enough have been on missions. How humbly proud I am of my five children and twenty-six grandchildren. I hope the remainder of my grandchildren will do as well as those now married.

During my life I have seen our country involved in five wars—well, six, when we think of the cold war with Russia. First was the Spanish American War, then World War I which was to save the world for democracy, then World War II still trying to save the world, then the Korean War and now, Vietnam. When the last two will be over, no one knows. Our nation was afraid of Russia and didn't dare to push their advantages, which was a pity as we could now have had peace. War is a dreadful thing, but if one must fight, then fight to win.

The children have always been so good to their Daddy and me, giving us presents and helping us over obstacles. They still are doing it.

Another source of help came from my Heavenly Father. He was a constant help to me, blessing the children when asked in prayer or by administration by the Elders. Also when I was tired, overworked and felt very discouraged, I would plead in my prayers that I could do better the next day and not make so many mistakes in discipline. Sometimes I would make the same mistakes. However, little by little, I believe I did improve some. It was constant hope that I could. He blessed me so that I, no matter how tired I was, could arise in the morning and be able to do my day's work.

I want to leave my testimony to my children and grandchildren of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for I know it is the truth and that the Restoration of the Gospel by our Prophet Joseph Smith was under the direct guidance of our Heavenly Father. My wish for my family is that they will always stay true to the Gospel, love one another, meet together often, and keep close family solidarity. One of the happiest days in my life is when all my children and grandchildren meet for Thanksgiving. I also try to keep the memory of our Daddy alive by visiting the cemetery once a year.

I'm grateful for the wonderful people who were my ancestors. I'm grateful for being a citizen of this glorious country, and for all the other blessings which have been given to me.

I forgot to mention the big party that was given me on my 76th birthday. It was over at Ted's and there were all the family except Denis, Curtis and Linda. I think that was all. Everyone said such nice things about me that I was very close to tears and filled with emotion.

Val and I have been blessed with five exceptional children and 26 very wonderful grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Before I finish I want to express my thankfulness to the Lord for sending you, my dear children, to your Dad and me. He was very proud of your achievements and often said so to me and bragged of you to his associates at work. He tried to give you as happy a childhood as possible by letting us go to the beach in the summer and of visiting in Utah and Arizona. I tried to give you pleasure by taking you downtown at Christmas time to visit the toy departments in the big stores, visit Santa, look at the magnificent window displays and eat our lunch in Pershing Park. Occasionally, we would eat at Clifton's Cafeteria.

You had fun in the old house sliding down the banister, building strange things in the back yard, chasing each other through the big sliding doors. I think what you did then has helped you grow into the fine people you are now—often growing up in poverty makes one better. Both of us tried to give you a happy childhood.

My sons and sons-in-law have always served the Lord and His Church as missionaries, High Priest group leaders, Elders Presidents, Scouting, as Bishops and as part of Bishoprics—they have set a good example for their children to follow. My daughters and daughters-in-law have held many positions in the Auxiliaries as teachers

and as executives, have kept their homes bright and cheerful, and have been good wives and mothers. So as Tiny Tim might say, "God bless you every one!"

Retyped by Marci Stay Stringham on October 25, 2002. I have tried to keep the spelling and grammar the same as the original. There were a few places where words were run together that I typed them apart.