

The Life History of

Luella Gordon McMullin Allen

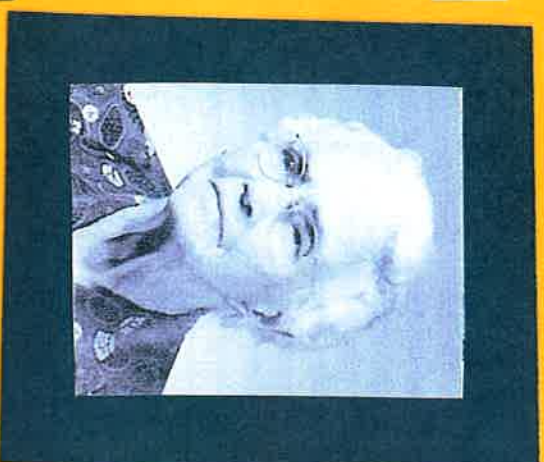


Luella's Parents

**Robert James Gordon & Gertrude Estell
Sherman Gordon**



Luella 5 mos.



Her favorite poem



IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD
ITS HELL TO GROW OLD AND HEAR PEOPLE SAY .
GOOD MORNING OLD MAN, HOW YOU FEELING TODAY.
IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD, HAVE A PAIN HEAR AND THERE
EVERY TIME YOU GET UP, HOLD ON TO YOUR CHAIR,
IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD, EYES DIMMED WITH TEARS,
EGG IN YOUR MUSTACHE, LONG HAIR IN YOUR NOSE EARS.
IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD, SETTLE DOWN WITH THE BLUES
WITH A SHINE ON YOUR TROUSERS, INSTEAD OF YOUR SHOES
IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD, AND LIVE ALL ALONE
NO ONE TO TALK TO, NOT EVEN THE PHONE.
IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD, AND HAVE PEOPLE KNOW IT .
WITH A DROP ON YOUR NOSE AND NO SENCE TO BLOW IT.
IT'S HELL TO GROW OLD .

"MA, MA, HA,"

PERSONAL HISTORY OF:

LUELLA GORDON MCMULLIN ALLEN
As told to her granddaughter
Bernice McMullin Payne

I'm Luella Gordon McMullin Allen. I was born on November 23, 1903, at Huntington, Emery Co. Utah. The first home I remember was an old one room log cabin with a lean-to kitchen on the side. My father was Robert James Gordon. He was born on July 5, 1872 in St. Johns, Tooele County, Utah. My mother was Gertrude Estell Sherman Gordon. She was born on 18 October 1874 in Fountain Green, Sanpete County, Utah. During most of my life, until I got into senior citizen territory, I was a little on the heavy side. My eyes are greenish blue and my hair medium brown. I had lots of hair as a girl. I had 3 brothers, Don, Von, & Ellis. And I had 4 sisters, Pearl, Florence, Corean, & Edna. I was blessed April 3, 1904 by Samuel Rowley.

I had several things that I enjoyed as hobbies. I liked to embroidery, knit, cook, entertain, and playing in the senior citizen band when I got older. I played a wash board. I enjoyed doing work in the church and was an active supporting member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers organization. I served as president of that organization many years. I also liked to collect recipes and poetry. I even memorized a few poems.

My folks moved to Idaho when I was about 6 months old. They had a fire outside in the evenings and the kids were playing. I must have been just starting to walk and I fell into the fire and burned my rear quite bad.

My father was a farm worker in Idaho. That year after the farm crops were harvested, my father became very very ill and we had to send for my grandpa Gordon and Uncle Sam (Dad's brother) to come after us. They came up and put us on the train and shipped us to Price and they brought the wagons and our belongings back down to Huntington. We stayed there 2 or 3 years. After my father recovered from his illness, he became a freighter. He took freight to Duchesne and brought freight back. He also took eggs, butter, chickens and beef up to Hiawatha and Morland to sell to the miners.

In 1911 we got us a farm in Buffalo and went down there to live in the spring and summer to farm and then moved back to Huntington in the winter. Flo & I herded sheep and did the tromping of the hay and things like that to help out. One day all of us kids were going out to tend water. We looked down to the lower end of the field and there stood a wolf. We didn't know what to do because we had heard that a wolf had been killing chickens and we were about 2 blocks from the house. We were afraid for the little kids. So Von thought that he would whistle at it and he did and it went back into the bushes by the creek.



Lue & sister Flo



Grandpa Sherman



Eva Quinn & Luella



My best dress

Let's Garden



We grabbed little Pearl by the arms and ran like lightning to the house. In the fall we moved back to Huntington so we could all go to school.

We were planting a garden one time and Eva Quinn was there with us. She was one of our good friends. We wanted to go some place and dad said, "no, you can't go until you get the onion sets planted." We started out setting the onion plants. We wondered how Eva got rid of her sets so fast. She kept coming back for more before we got ours planted. Come to find out when they came up she had planted a whole hand full in one place. She wanted to get done in a hurry so we could go. She didn't help us plant any more garden. But she stayed with us quite awhile.

I remember one time when I was about 6 years old I came home from school and went into the front room to hang my coat up and I heard a noise. I grabbed my coat and ran up to grandpa's and told mother that there was something in the house. She sent me back with my big sister Corean to see what it was. Corean raised up the blinds so we could see better and there was a little pup in the clothes closet. What a relief.

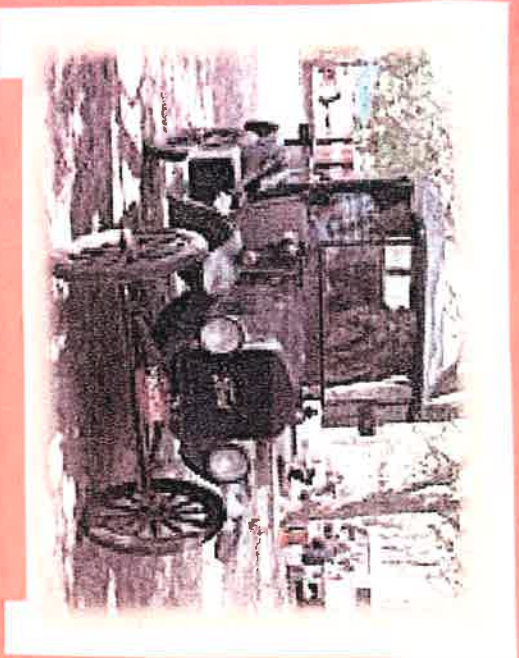
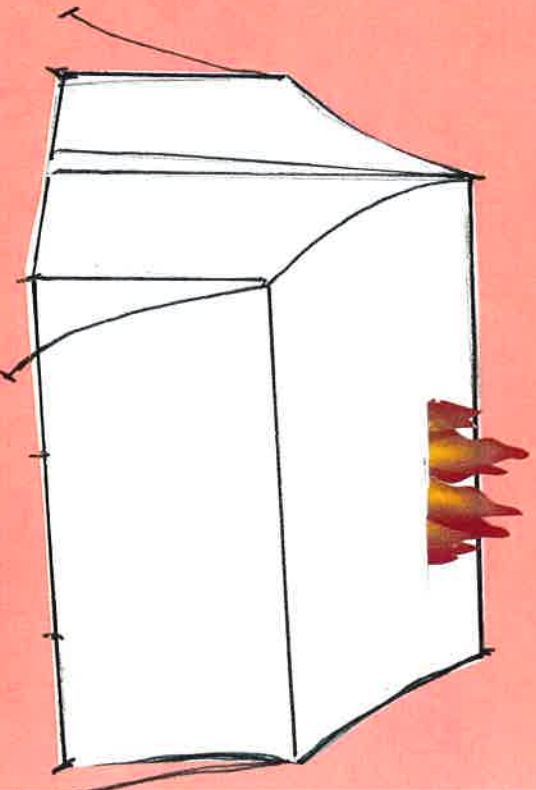
I was baptized when I was ten. On July 6, 1913 by Montel Mangum in the canal above the flour mill in Huntington. And was confirmed the next day by Antone Nielson.

Whenever grandpa Gordon would come over he would have to get me and Flo on this knee and have us sing songs to him. We knew quite a few songs and could sing pretty good. He thought that was pretty grand and would have us sing to him every time he came over. We didn't visit grandpa and grandma Sherman very much. They were to old to be bothered with kids. So mother would go up during the day when we were to school to help. Grandpa Sherman died in 1911 and grandma died a few years after that.

I remember when the Indians used to come to Huntington. One time they came to Huntington, and mother was always so frightened of the Indians that she would just be frantic when she would see them coming. So she stuck 2 of us kids in the flour bin to hide. We had a big old flour bin and she'd put dish towels over the flour and sit us in there. The Indians would come and knock and knock. All we had for a lock on the door was just a board standing up under the knob. We thought he was going to break down the door before he decided to leave. Mother really put the scare in us. Whenever we saw Indians we would take off running. Grandpa Sherman was an interpreter for the Indians. He did the interpreting for the Indians for the whole town of Huntington. If anybody wanted to do any business with the Indians, they would come and get grandpa to tell them what the Indians were saying.

For a about 2 years, we lived with Grandpa Gordon. That home was over across the creek about 1 1/2 miles north of town. It was a 3 room cabin. We had 2 rooms and grandpa had the other room. We had a 1-horse buggy then and we'd hook up old Flint and she would pull us to school. We would tie her up there at

That mean tree swing



Model "T" Ford Truck



Luella at about 16 or 17

school. When school was out, she would take us home again. About twice a week, we'd get to take eggs to swap for candy at the store.

While we lived with grandpa Gordon, we would get to go down to the creek to swim. Dad and mother and all of us would go to the water. But the minute mother stepped into the water, she would start to gasp as if she was going to drowned. She was so frightened of the water. I believe she got her knees almost wet a few times, but that was about all. I never did learn to swim.

When we moved from grandpa Gordon's, we went to manage the Millerton Ranch. Dad worked there for a guy named Jim Kaddis, an Italian man. Dad would take us to Huntington every Monday morning for school and come and get us on Fridays. We lived with Ida and France Brasher during the week for a couple of years. Grandpa Gordon got remarried to a lady by the name of Mary Ann Brown. (We called her "aunt Mary Ann".) We stayed with them after that during the week.

While we were living at the ranch, Von & Clee (my uncle Joe's son) was up with us. We had a swing in a big tree. The 2 boys were swinging Flo and I didn't see and ran right in front of the swing. The swing board caught me just above the eye and knocked me cold. I was out for about 12 hours. I came too early the next morning.

We moved from the ranch at Millerton to Wattis. A small mining community. We lived in two boarded up tents across the wash from the boarding house. Florence and I waited tables at the boarding house for the cook, Mr. Rumsey. We had quite a time learning how to wait tables and cope with the men. We were only about 10 and 12 at the time.

In the summer and fall the flies were terrible. One day while mom was away from home, we couldn't stand the flies any longer. They were just thick on the insides of the tent walls. So we took a rolled up paper and set it on fire and tried to shoo them out. But the tent caught on fire. I ran out screaming help, help!! Flo grabbed the dipper in the bucket of water and splashed it on the burning spots and put the fire out. I was still calling help.

The year of 1918 was the year of the big flu. We had recently moved back to Buffalo (farming area East of Lawrence) to live and work on the farm again. Dad wouldn't let us go any place. Not to the show, or to Huntington, or even to school. We had to stay right at home. I said one day, "Dad, I am going to town!" And he replied, "Oh no you aren't. You do, and you don't need to come home!" So I stayed home. When the flu was over, dad used to take us to Huntington every Saturday night to the show. They were continued shows. A couple of reels each week and boy, we could hardly wait until the next week to see what happened. We all piled in the old model "T" Ford truck that we had and took a couple of quilts with us to wrap up in on the way



**My sisters
Corean, Flo, Pearl
Edna & Luella**



Luella & Lee



Lue & Flo

home. Then we moved back to Huntington when I was about 15.

Flo and I went out one night walking around after mutual and saw Annie Cook out by her gate. We stopped to talk to her and she said, "lets take dad's car and go for a ride." So we decided to go. Annie said she didn't know how to drive and so I would have to. (I had driven dad's old Ford a little bit when I'd have to drive mother to down sometimes. I would always park it down the road a ways from the store so that the men that always congregated south of the store, wouldn't see me when I had to crank it to get it to go again.) So any way, we took the car and drove it around for about 1/2 hour, singing and having a good time then we brought it back and Annie's parents never knew it had left the yard. Guess they didn't have good gas gauges like they do now days on the cars.

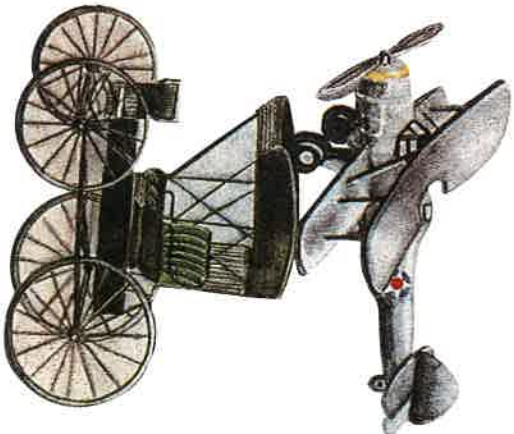
One time we were on our way home and we noticed an airplane coming toward us. The faster we went the straighter the plane came toward us. It looked like it was coming right for us and I could feel the wheels of the plane just touch the top of the car. I felt my hair stand on end. I was so scared. The plane flew over the top of us and just flew away. Later a friend of Maynard Allred's told him about coming over the top of a hill and hitting an air pocket that wouldn't let him go up. He tried to pull the plane up but it just wouldn't go. He said that he came so close to hitting a car that he had to pass that it nearly scared him to death. Then after passing the car, the plane was able to regain altitude.

On the 24th of July, Von and Flo and I took the younger kids up to Huntington to the festivities. We got a chance to go for a ride with Floyd Anderson and his brother Artie. Flo and I rode around with them for awhile and then they took us home. Boy, did we get a good scolding. No body knew where the little kids were. But dad's sister, Aunt Hanner had found them and taken them home with her.

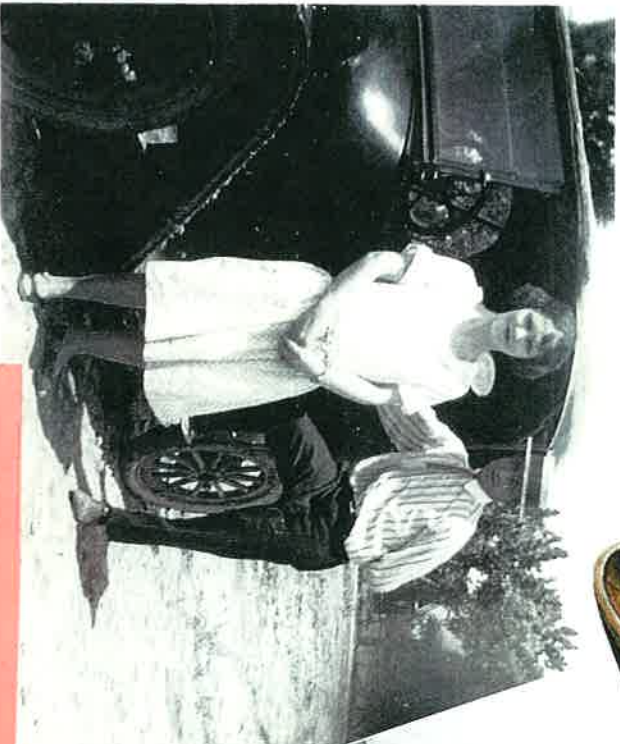
After Flo and I finished the 8th grade, we got a job working at the boarding house in Morhland. I waited tables and washed dishes for a couple of years. I was working with a girl named Dora Stultz. One day I looked out of the door and saw a man walking up the line and I said "well, who is that little cock of the walk?" She replied, "haven't you heard of Doug McMullin?" "No," I said. "well, he has just returned from the service and is staying with his sister, Hyla and Mel Sherfick, while he is working at the mine." "Next time he comes around, I will make you acquainted with him." And that is how I met Doug. We went together for close to a year, and then we got married in May, in Castle Dale. His sister Florence made my dress. It was a pretty white dress. We went to Cleveland and had a dinner at Doug's mothers. We moved from Morhland over to Peerless and got a place there and set up housekeeping. I can remember he went down to the store one night. They had a little room off the back where they played cards. He didn't come and didn't come home and so I



Luella and brother Von



**Doug just home
From the service**



What a handsome couple



Newly Weds



got a little vexed and locked him out. When he finally came back, he had to plead like the dickens to get in because I wasn't going to let him in. We weren't there too long when a mine foreman came and wanted Doug to go to Peerless to work. There was a house by the tipple we could live in. It was a 4 room house. Two upstairs and two down. It was terribly noisy and dirty. I got so homesick, I went on the train to Morhland and came home with my brother-in-law to mothers. I had a good crying spell and dad and I talked and the brothers and sisters came and after a few days I felt better and went back.

Doug and I went one night to Price and when we came back the door to the house was open. We had left it shut. I called upstairs, "who's up there?" It was very late at night. Someone said, "It's me". I wondered who in the hell was me. It turned out to be mother and Leah. They got up and came down stairs to visit for an hour and then we went to bed. It was a long ways in those days in a team and wagon. We had very few visitors.

Our first child, a little girl we named Ramona, was born in Peerless on 30 October 1921. However, she was premature and only lived two days. I can't remember her even crying once. When Ramona was born, Leah, Doug's half sister came to say with us. So did Hyla and her little girl. They came up on the train. The three of them decided to walk up to the next coal camp up the line a ways. It was called Storps. I guess they got bored. They were supposed to be helping me with the baby. They had an uncle up there they wanted to see. But when they got back that night, the baby had died. A Dr. from the Storps camp came to help me when she was born. I think he was a German doctor. I don't think he was very good. I was only 17 and it was a hard time. A lady and her two little girls came to help me. I think her name was Edna. She made the little dress to bury her in.

Doug had his ~~half~~ brother, Sam Bryson come and help him bless the baby. We knew she wasn't doing well. While Leah and Hyla were gone to Storps, Doug went in to check on the baby and found that she was not doing well. He ran over to the neighbors for help. She came over and they sent for the Dr. and when he came he said she had passed away. Maybe her heart was not good as she was about 2 months premature. She should have been born between Christmas and New Years. So then Doug and Sam took her to Cleveland to bury her as he was from there and still had his mother and other family there.

A few days later, Leah said let's make a lemon pie. That sounded good, so I made the crust while Leah made the filling. We couldn't remember if it had a top crust or not, so we came to the conclusion that it did. So we put a top crust on it and baked it. When Doug came home he nearly died laughing to think that us two fools didn't know better than to put a top crust on a lemon pie and then put it in the oven and bake it.

A few years later, we moved to Morhland where Doug got a job in the mine there as a motorman. In 1925 our second child, a boy



Doug

Newly Married



Child Lost

*It breaks my heart to lose you, but you don't go alone.
A million times I've missed you, a million times I've home.
If my love could have saved you, you never would have died.
I'd walk a path to heaven and heartache could make a lane,
If tears could build a stairway and bring you back again.*



Lee as a baby



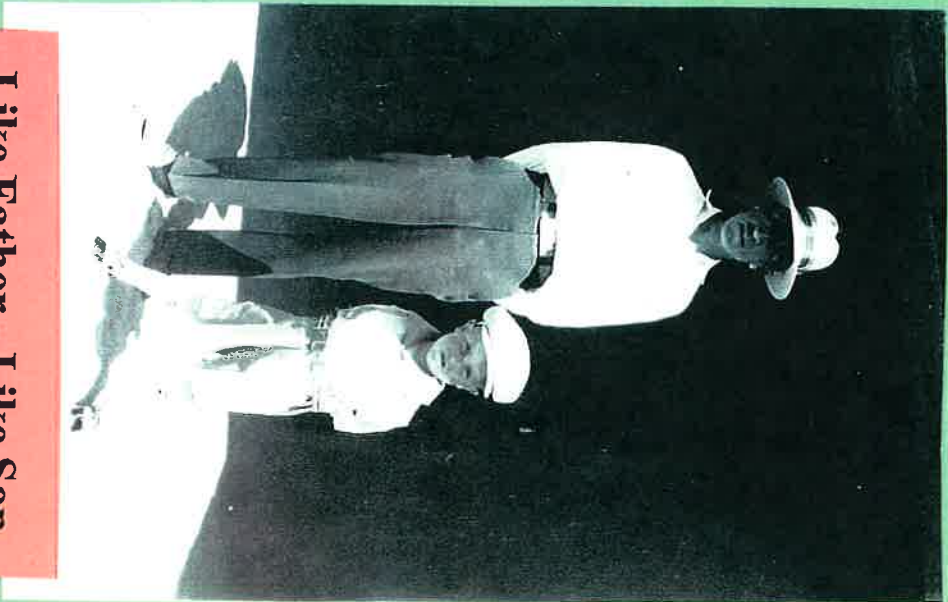
Lee was born here. While in Morhland, my brother Don got hurt in the mine. While they were trying to get him to Salt Lake City for further care he died. When Lee was about 2 or 3 years old, the mine shut down for a while and so we decided to go to California with some friends of ours. While we were there Lee got the German measles. We had fun anyway and fished and dug clams on the beach at a little place called Yahatch. The men caught a big salmon. It was so big that they had to cut off big steaks. It was wonderful. But Floss made some clam chowder and it was the most terrible stuff I had ever tasted. Still don't like it.

While we were touring the coast, we decided to stay in Washington for awhile and Doug barbered there. After about 4 months, he decided he didn't like it any more and so we borrowed \$20.00 from Hyla and Mel and returned to Kenilworth, another mining town close to where we had been before.

He worked for only two or three weeks when a big slab of coal came loose and fell from the roof of the mine onto him and the motor. Breaking his back and denting his forehead in and injuring his right eye. He was off work for 11 months. During that time, we scrounged for months to get enough coal to keep us warm and to cook on. Our \$65.00 a month didn't quite reach. When he was better and went back to work, we found out that they would have GIVEN us all the coal we wanted while he was off. He went back to work at the mine again.

In February of 1930, we moved to Cleveland and bought a farm owned by Lamphs. We were getting \$8.00 a month from the government, because of Doug getting wounded in the war. We lived on that and what eggs & milk & cream we could sell. It was a mile west of the center of town. The house had an upstairs with three rooms and three rooms downstairs. We slept in the first room upstairs. We could hear the frogs and crickets and it would loll you off to sleep. One week while Doug was up to the mines working, Edna and her little boy came to stay with us. She woke up in the night and thought she heard someone coming up the stairs. She could hear the steps creaking and just knew someone was coming up the stairs. Pretty soon she hollered at me. I was in the next room. I asked her what was wrong and she said someone in coming up the stairs. So I hurried and lit a lamp and went to her room and we looked down the stairs, but there was no one there. I said, "shall we go down stairs to check it out?" "Oh no", she said. She was just a petrified. So I said I would go down. She said, "you aren't going down alone. I'll go with you." We crept down the stairs and went through all the rooms down there and even in the little back shanty. And looked as much as we could outside. But we couldn't find any one. She still talks about it. She was so afraid. She said she just knew someone was coming up to choke me.

Cleveland is located near the desert. This particular desert with its many hiding places making it close, yet far was very



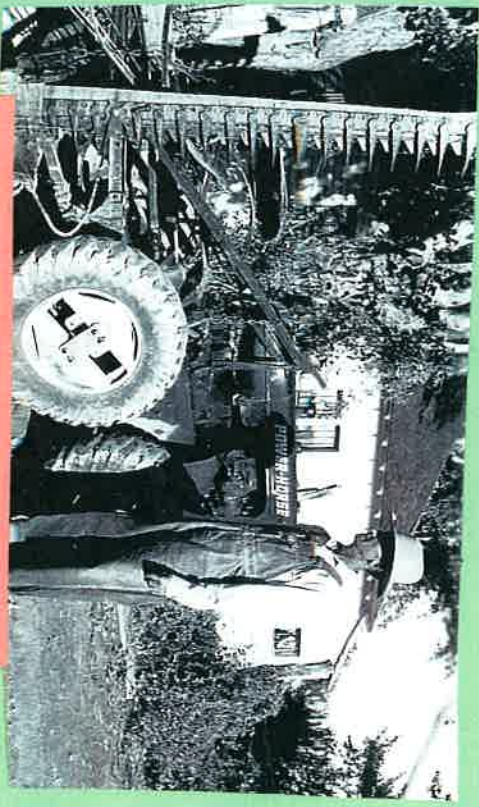
Like Father - Like Son



Doug & Lee loved to fish



Mel & Arvil - Lee & Doug



Doug & His Powerhorse



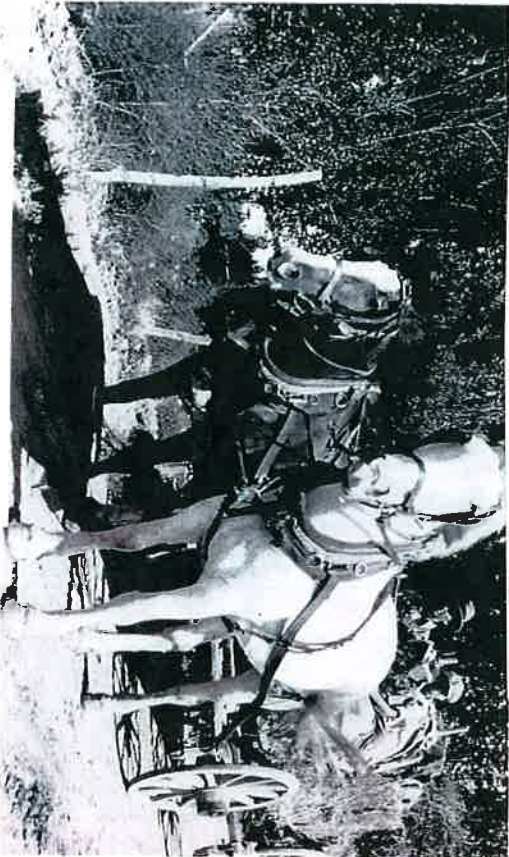
Lee & Horse

appealing for Butch Cassidy and his gang of outlaws. It was not too unusual, yet still awesome, for a Cleveland resident to make contact with Butch Cassidy himself or a member of his gang. Doug's mother had a hotel just down over the hill but on main street. Butch and the gang stopped many times to stay at the McMullin Hotel. Mrs. McMullin was a widow lady she said they were always very polite and generous with their tips. I don't think any one knew that Butch's Uncle was a McMullin. (Brigham Young McMullin) He probably felt safe with family--even extended. Uncle Rob Whitehead was sent to town several times to buy supplies for the gang and was always given plenty of money to fetch whatever supplies the gang needed. Sometimes they stayed with Bp. Lars Peter Oveson. When shocked towns people asked him how he dared to house and befriend such a group. He replied, "How would I dare to refuse them?"

The next fall Barney and Flo and their girl came to stay with us. Dad and Barney farmed that summer together. Barney couldn't figure out how Doug could farm and not get all tired out and sweaty. So when he finally asked Doug about it. Barney said, "Doug, I puff like a Dixie lizard after one round. You look like you could go all day." So he told him, I let the horse pull the plow. I don't push. I just hold it upright so the horse can pull it."

When Lee was about 5 he said, "Dad I really put the horse through it today." Dad asked him what he did and he said, "I made him trot good and hard." When he started school, he would ride him down to school and then he would turn him loose and he would go home. Then the dog would go down to school when it was over and take him his skates. He put a little rope around the dog and it would pull him home. I asked him one day, "what would you do if you came to a cow pile in the road." "I'd just jump over it," he said. Lee had a terrible time with hay fever. He would get to coughing so bad that he would throw up his food. He got looking really poorly. He was only about 6. He sounded like he had the whooping cough. When ever we would go any where, and he would cough, people would look at us and clear away. Finally we got someone to do our chores and took him up the canyon. He could breath just fine up there. So in the summer when he would get bad, we would have to find a ol' sheepherder or a fisherman that we could send him up the canyon with. George White and his brother took him for several years. One time he stayed for a week with a sheepherder and all the guy had was pork & beans. He later said he never wanted to see another can of pork & beans. We took him over to Dr. Nixon in Castle Dale and he found that Lee was allergic to about 22 things. He gave him a shot for all those things but by the time we got to Huntington we had to stop at mother's he was doing so bad. He looked pale and could hardly breathe. It was so scary. I thought he was going to die. But after a couple of years he kind of got used to them and they helped a little. But he had a terrible time staying down in the

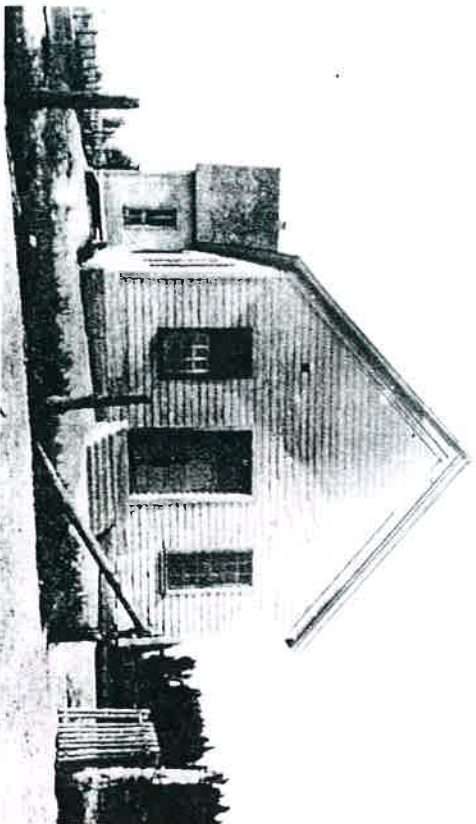
Going to Huntington Canyon



Doug, Erma, & Lee



Erma Lue, Lee & Brownie

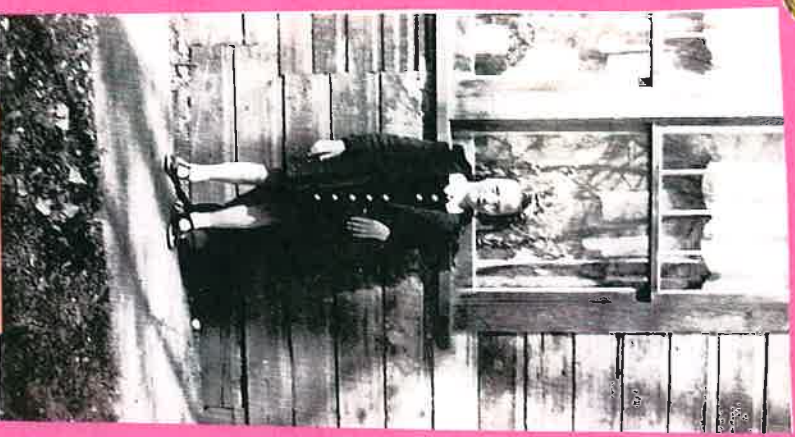


Cleveland Ward Frame Building.

Burned 1938



Erma Lue on her horse



Erma Lue



valley during the summer.

Our third child, a girl we named Erma Lue, was born in 1932 in Cleveland. Dr. Nixon came and helped and so did Doug's mother. She helped the Dr. a lot in Cleveland. She came up every morning and helped me with her bath. Doug continued to work in the mine in Kenilworth.

He would go up on Monday morning and come home on Friday. He would farm in the summer and work at the mine during the winter. Lee and I had the chores. Two hundred chickens, 6 cows to milk and beef cattle, and some horses and pigs. Boy, what a lot of work. And we had a lot of snow in those days. Sometimes as much as 4 feet. Wading in that and doing chores was hard. Lots of people had chickens. We raised them in a large room in the upstairs until they got big enough to go out in the coop.

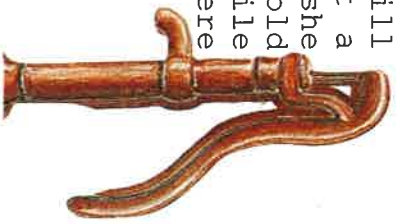
Lee had to wake up early to milk those cows and we had to separate and feed the calves before he left for school at 8:00.

When Erma Lue got old enough her part of the chores was to get in the coal & wood, feed and water the chickens. With all those chickens there were lots of eggs to clean every day. They were gathered in a very large wire basket and every night she had to buff and clean all those eggs for 5 cents a basket full.

Doug always had the car so when we wanted to go any where we had to hook up the horse to an old two wheeled cart we had. That's how we got around.

One night, 14 April 1938 we decided to go down to the show at the church building in the middle of town. There was a silent moving picture showing. These moving picture machines illuminated the picture onto the wall by the means of a candle. This particular night, the candle overheated the machine, catching the film on fire and then spreading to the church. The fire caused chaos! The doors were jammed tight with people trying to get out, many of them children. As the doors and the movie projector were in the east end of the church, some people became desperate enough to jump out of the windows. Lee remembers throwing many children out of the window to someone below to catch. His own sister Erma Lue was one of these. She was only 5 years old. There was a hard, terrific wind blowing, and it only took about 20 minutes for the entire building to burn to the ground. In spite of the pandemonium that broke loose, everyone got out of the church all right, and no one was hurt.

We didn't have any power up to the farm until about '36. Our water came from a big cistern behind the house. We had a bucket we could attach to a leather strap and buckle it, then lower it into the cistern and flip it so it would tilt and fill with water. That's how we had our water to use. We had to fill a big tub on the stove and heat it to wash with. For about a year I sent my wash up to my mother to do in Wattis. Then she would bring it down and we would have to iron it with the old stove irons. One would sit on the old coal stove to heat while you used the other one, and then you would trade. They were





All dressed up and nowhere to go



Doug just before moving to town



Pearl, Edna, Luella & Flo



Edna Pearl Flo & Lue



Home in town

quite heavy.

Doug and Iv's husband Rob Whitehead went hunting one year. They didn't have to wear bright clothing then. Uncle Rob had a white hanky hanging out of his back pocket. Doug thought it was a deer's tail and shot it. It was a horrible thing. Rob survived, but walked with a limp the rest of his life.

One night Lee decided to sneak out his window and go with his friends. I guess I didn't want him to go so he went to bed in his suit without me knowing it. Erma Lue saw him and came to ask me what Lee was doing in bed with his suit on. So needless to say, he was found out. Erma Lou said she figured he would have like to have killed her for telling on him.

One time I came home from Price. Lee was home with one of his cousins, Lou Whimpey, and they were trying to make rhubarb wine. They had been running it through my wringer washer wringing and smashing all the juice out of it into my wash tubs. They drank the juice, but it took me a whole day to get that red juice out of my washer tubs and the wringers. I should have made him scrub it himself.

In 1943 Lee went into the service and Doug had to quit the mine and come home and help take care of things. Lee was in New Guinea and that area. Lee came back in January of 1946 and he and Doug built a beer parlor and pool hall in the center of town. We ran that for years besides the farm. Lee went to work up in the coal camps to help pay for the pool hall. Doug would run it in the day and Lee would run it at night. It was a nice place. We fried hamburgers and fixed lunches there for people. The kids could play pool in the day when the men weren't there. Erma Lue had the responsibility of fixing supper for Dad so he could eat when he came home to do the chores while mother also took her turn running the pool hall.

In August of 1946 Lee married Hazel McKee from Huntington, and after their first girl Bernice was born a year later, Lee wanted to buy the Thordersen Store. So we bought his portion of the pool hall so he could have money to buy the store.

Doug and I were to Price one night and Pete came in to see Erma Lue. He talked her into taking the car to Elmo to pick him up for a girl's choice dance. She went around a turn between Cleveland and Elmo a little too fast and laid the car over on it's side in the bar pit. Neither her or Pete got over that for a long time. Erma Lue married Arlin Duane Jones (Pete) on 4 June 1949. They live in Elmo and have 6 children. Shortly after they were married, I had a cooker that I thought the Ottestroms down on washboard flats wanted to buy. Erma Lue and I got in the black Studebaker car and went down to their place. We parked the car and crossed the canal on two planks put there for a bridge. We hadn't gone far when 5 big dogs came toward us from Ottestroms, running, barking and growling. We immediately decided to keep the cooker and ran for the car.

Doug was put in as mayor of Cleveland in January of 1950.



Lee



Brother & sister



Duane & Erma's Wedding



Erma as a Senior





All dressed up and nowhere to go



Doug just before moving to town



Pearl, Edna, Luella & Flo



Edna Pearl Flo & Lue



Home in town

He remained in that office for 12 years, until 4 January 1962. He and his board were responsible for putting in water meters, oiled roads and 6 street lights. They also put in side walks, a tennis court and moved the canal to the back street and helped to get the telephone and television into Cleveland.

Doug and I had a good life. We have lived close enough to enjoy our grandkids. We had many good times especially on Christmas Eve. We all got together and opened a present and had a good meal. We usually had Thanksgiving here together.

I have lived from horse and buggy time to seeing astronauts on the moon.

Doug got sick with cancer after we moved from the farm to the house closer to town.

We went through the Manti temple and were sealed in 1964.

Doug died the 13th of Nov. 1966. After Doug died, I kept busy with church callings and working in the DUP and senior citizen activities.

About 7 years after Doug died, I married Lewis LaMont Allen on November 10, 1973. We were married for time in the Provo Temple. He had driven the Cleveland school bus for many years and all the children loved him. He was well liked by all the people who knew him. A short 7 months later, he became suddenly ill and passed away on 5 June, 1974. We had bought a travel trailer and had made lots of plans for a good time together. It all ended before we could do any of the things we had planned on. He has many wonder children that have been very good to me.

In October of 1988, my family surprised me with an 85th birthday celebration. It was very nice. Many many people came to see me and wish me well from all over the place. It was a real surprise. So nice to have so many good friends.

She lived until she was about 90 by herself, taking care of her needs. Dad would check on her often as he went to the farm every morning past her place. Grandma spent a year at the Trunquist Retirement Center in Elmo after she got so it was hard to be alone. She fell down one day and while she was in the hospital they found out she had cancer.

She had a short stay in the hospital, then to mom and dad's for just a few weeks and died on Jan 13, 1994 at the age of 91.



April 24-64 Manti's Temple



Luella & Doug on temple day



Nov. 17th 1966
Buried Doug



Mont & Luella

