

Recollections of Estella Ungerman Geary Guymon

Relatives

I had a locket on the chain. A pretty little locket. It had a picture of Dad on one side and Aunt Maria on the other. I lost the locket, and all I have left is the chain. It's heavy, and I think it's probably real gold. This was Grandma Ashworth's ring. Mother's ring we buried on her. She made the request that we not take it off. This was Grandma Ashworth's. She gave it to me when I was a little girl, and I still have it.

Dad's picture was in the living room. You remember where the stove was, the chimney, the stovepipe going up. On this side of the wall was Aunt Maria's picture and on this side Dad's. All my life till I got to be a big girl I wanted to get rid of those old-fashioned pictures and old-fashioned frames, and Mother finally let me take them down. All those years, Mother had had Dad's first wife's picture up there in the living room in a prominent place. I remember asking her if she didn't feel jealous, having to share Dad, and she said, "Not with that lovely woman." She thought Aunt Maria was about—we always called her Aunt Maria. None of us knew her, see. Mother loved her. And of course she was the first wife, Aunt Maria was. She was a Larsen. I think she was a sister, or maybe a niece, to C. G. Larsen. Then of course C. G. Larsen also married Dad's aunt.

Grandpa Olsen had a sawmill business over in Spring City. And it's peculiar, he went by Olsen in Spring City and his children went by Ungerman. I don't think Ungerman is a Danish name. More of a German name.

I told you, didn't I, about this picture taken on the day of Grandpa Olsen's funeral? I'm just sure the old man in the picture is Frederick Olsen. Uncle Nad's family claim that it is Bishop Pulsipher from Huntington, but it doesn't look a bit like Bishop Pulsipher's pictures. Frederick Olsen is the one who baptized Grandpa, converted him to the Church and baptized him over in Denmark. His wife was a Justesen, a sister to my grandmother, Sidsel. Both Grandpa and Frederick lost their wives on the way to Utah. Both of them lived in Spring City, and Frederick Olsen was called to go to Ferron as the bishop about the same time as Grandpa was called as bishop of Castle Dale. Then he spoke at Grandpa's funeral, and it just stands to reason that he would have been there with the family.

Lynn Guymon's grandfather, his mother's father, was a Behunin, and he and Dad were good friends. In fact, I think Lynn's grandmother was a Justesen, so they would have been cousins. What was Mr. Behunin's name? Neil Behunin, and he was a carpenter, and he lived just north of Aunt Dee Jensen. And whenever Aunt Dee baked bread or anything, she sent some over to Brother Behunin. He was a widower and lived alone there. Uncle Ray and Aunt Dee were awfully good to him. I remember going over with Bonnie to take a bowl of soup. But before Dad died, he used to come up home and visit with Dad. He was a little older than Dad. I'm sure his wife was a Justesen.

I wondered why Grandpa had married a girl four years older than he. Maybe that wouldn't have been unusual in Denmark.

I was in high school before the one we called Grandma died. I remember whenever I went down to Aunt Mal's it was a must that I go in to say hello to Grandma. That was one thing Mother insisted, that I go in to say hello to Grandma. She would just sit there in her rocker, and she had this little black cape. And then if she went anywhere she had this cute little black bonnet, a little Danish bonnet that she wore on her head. Vera says they loaned those for costumes and lost all of them. But for every birthday, she would walk up that hill. From Aunt Mal's she would walk up over the hill, and I would watch for her and when I could see her coming I would run to meet her, always with a silver dollar in her pocket for a birthday present. And then when she'd get up there she always wanted Maxie to play the piano—first the organ, then we got a piano. She always requested “Sweet Hour of Prayer.” That was a family favorite. They sang it at all of the family funerals. She was cute. I wish I had all of the silver dollars now that she gave me. I'll tell you, a silver dollar in those days, that was a lot of money. And I don't think Grandma had that much. She did get a pension from Grandpa's service in the Black Hawk War. She did get a widow's pension, but I'm sure she didn't have much money. But Aunt Mal and Uncle Carl were awfully good to her. She had the bedroom—they had the living room and the dining room and kitchen and the bedroom, and she had the bedroom and Uncle Carl and Aunt Mal slept in a tiny room off the kitchen. She had the nice bedroom all her life until she died.

Uncle Carl and Aunt Mal lived just a block north of that house Grandpa built. And I imagine he would have helped build their house. He was a brick mason and rock mason and all, and I'll bet he would have built their house. Of course, Uncle Carl was Danish too. And I remember their dooryard. I don't know how they got the dirt so packed. It was like cement, and always swept and so clean. Aunt Mal was such a good cook. I'll never forget her dumpling, her chicken soup and dumpling. And her homemade whole wheat bread. You could slice it just like this without it getting crumbly or anything. She had a big family of girls and just one boy, and Mother had a big family of boys and just one girl. Their boy—I guess maybe Arnold was the second in the family—went away from home when he was—oh, I don't know whether he was even graduated from high school. You know how kids did in those days. Some did and some didn't. He was just a young boy when he left home, supposedly to get work. And they didn't hear anything from him for years and years. And then one day he just walked in the door, just unannounced or anything. Aunt Mal fainted. And from then on he kept in touch. He'd gone to California. He and Van Acord were about the same age and real good friends. They'd gone to California together and got jobs as painters. They worked as painters and did a lot of things in California. Both married girls down there.

Atlanta was the oldest, and then I think Arnold, then Vera (you know Vera Duzett), then Leone, the one who still lives in Salt Lake, then Mal. Mal was about right in the middle—well, Mal and Cora and Uwin, so she was really toward the other end. And I don't think they buried any children. Vera was a school teacher when she was young, I think, and Mal was a school teacher—she taught me in the fourth grade—and Leone was a nurse.

Cora was crippled. She had polio while Uncle Carl was on a mission to Denmark and had to walk with crutches. But she made her own living, doing office work. Uwin was just a year older than me. Mother named her. Mother had read a book with this name in it and thought it was such a pretty name and such a nice character, so Aunt Mal let her name her. I was always glad she was born before me. She was actually a year and three months older. Her birthday is in January. She married a man named Fred, and they named one of their daughters Fredwin.

Grandpa Acord had long white hair that curled and hung to his shoulders. And not a beard but a stubble—just not clean-shaven, but not a beard. I remember him. He had blue eyes. In fact they always said I looked a little bit like Grandpa Acord and Uncle Art. A nice-looking man, not too tall, not too large of a man, but he may have been when he was younger. He was considered one of the best judges of horses—I remember Uncle Don telling me that. I remember Uncle Don Wakefield telling me he was the best judge of horseflesh of anyone he had ever known. When he first came to Castle Dale from Oklahoma, after his second wife died, Grandpa Acord lived in a brick house on the west side of town. But when I remember him he lived in a little place east of the elementary school. He would get up very early in the morning and walk up to our place and knock on the door with his cane, and shout, “Daughter! Daughter! Get up and fix me some coffee.” Mother would get very irritated, and she was an early riser, too, but not as early as Grandpa Acord.

A couple of years before he died, Mother and some of his other children took him to the temple to be sealed to their mother. Mother said he looked very impressive in his white temple clothes and his long white hair. The temple workers made quite a fuss over him. And then he started going to church regularly. He had a long overcoat that he wore wherever he went, winter and summer, and it was fastened at the top by a big silver safety pin. He would come into church and march right up to the stand and sit with the bishopric. Nobody ever said anything to him about it.

Grandpa Acord came to Spring City with his brother Abram. They both had livestock. Abram was a sheepman, and Grandpa ran cattle and horses. They had married sisters, Frosis, so their children were double cousins. I guess Abram was a little more inclined to be active in the Church than Grandpa was. Abram remained in Spring City and married plural wives and was quite prominent. Some of his descendants still live in Spring City.

Mother’s mother died when Mother was just a few months old. They said it was spotted fever. Grandpa was out on the range with his herds, and they had to send someone out to find him with the news. By the time he got home, his dark hair had turned white. He was so badly broken up that he couldn’t stay in Spring City. He took older daughters with him out to the range and left the younger ones, Aunt Molly, Uncle Voll, and Mother, with the Ashworth family. A year or so later, he married a Petersen girl who was not much older than his eldest daughter, Aunt Ida, and they took Molly and Voll to live with them, but they just never took Mother. Maybe she was too much attached to Grandma Ashworth by that time. Grandpa Ashworth died when Mother was about eight and left Grandma Ashworth a widow. I think her children—let’s see, Aunt Sis was nine years older than

Mother, and she was the youngest. Grandma also raised some nieces and nephews or grandchildren, I don't know which—some Lunds. I know they used to come and see us, and their name was Lund. So there were younger children than Aunt Sis (we used to call her, her name was Sarah). Grandma Ashworth was an English lady with an English brogue, and I think she was quite strict, but Mother loved her. And she was much closer to Aunt Sis than she was to her own sisters because she wasn't raised with them. Grandma Ashworth was very poor, and Grandpa Acord was a man of means, but he never contributed anything towards Mother's support. In the summers, she would go out and stay with her family at the ranch on the Sevier River and would come back to start school without so much as a new pair of shoes. Mother was quite bitter about that.

Grandma Ashworth came to visit us—I can just barely remember her coming to our home and staying for a while. But then we'd visit her in Salt Lake when Mother went in to Conference. (She was the secretary of the stake relief society, and the Church paid her way.) Grandma Ashworth was such a cute little aristocratic-looking English lady. Always looked so tidy in her little black dresses and her white collars. Sometimes she'd wear a neat little white apron. Quite a pretty little lady, but I think she was quite strict. As Mother told me about her growing up, I got the impression that Grandma was quite strict. Of course she was the only mother that Mother ever knew.

Grandpa Acord moved his herds to Arizona and then to Oklahoma. That is where his second wife died. Mother's stepsister Aunt Dora came to live with Mother and Dad in Castle Dale after her mother died, and she stayed with them until she married Hyrum Larsen, one of C. G. Larsen's sons. So Mother and Aunt Dora became quite close. Then Grandpa Acord moved to Castle Dale with his younger children, likely because Mother and Uncle Voll were living there. Mother's half-sister Adelia—Aunt Dee—married Ray Jensen and lived in Castle Dale, but she and Mother were never very close.

Uncle Voll was a gentle man, had such a gentle voice. His son Van was a lot like him. As far as I know maybe Van is still alive. He's the one we went to see a couple of times in Lancaster. Lorin and Rilla went with us once, and then Grant and I went alone another time and visited with Van. He was eighty, eighty-one, and he came running out to show us which road to take into the trailer park. Running like a youngster.

The kids were pretty well grown when they moved to Castle Gate—well, Duane wasn't, but the others were. There were Earl and Hazel and Alta and Van and Vera and Duane—six. And Ross. I forgot Ross. Seven. Duane was about Lorin's age. Uncle Voll was killed in the big Castle Gate mine explosion in 1924. Uncle Voll's children were all small, the girls and the boys. None of them were large people. Their mother must have been small, and then Uncle Voll wasn't too large. I imagine maybe like Lorin, or a little taller. But they kind of came up home. Mother was kind of a second mother to them. And Earl, especially, always made a fuss over Mother. He was awfully good to her. I remember when he and Delpha—they lived in Castle Gate, and they came down on Sundays and of course they always came to our place. It was almost like having one of my brothers come home.

Aunt Ida was a very scholarly woman. She knew her literature. She was quite a thinker and artist. She and Aunt Emma were both good artists. I've got two of Aunt Ida's pictures. The one upstairs of the dog she gave to me, and then the one in the bedroom she gave to Mother, and Mother gave it to Leon, and after Leon died Vera gave it to me. Aunt Emma didn't ever have any children of her own, and neither did Aunt Ida. Aunt Ida had a stepson that she raised from a young boy. He was killed in the Castle Gate explosion, too. Aunt Becky married a Gledhill, and Aunt Molly married a Zufeldt. She had a big family, and I think she raised her family over the mountain in Sanpete or Sevier, but I've lost track. I don't think Aunt Molly had any girls. She had some boys, and some of her grandsons became quite famous jockeys. Raced at Santa Anita. They were small people too. She lived in Sigurd, and I remember when we made that little trip to Fish Lake the summer after Dad died. Earl look Mother and me to Fish Lake, and we visited Aunt Molly on the way. Then we went down to Richfield and visited with Hazel She married Milt Olsen from Emery. He had a garage, and they had a nice home in Richfield. From Richfield we went up to Fish Lake and stayed over night. We went out on the lake and Mother caught a fish and got so excited she nearly tipped the boat over. Caught a great big fish.

We found Uncle Art's picture that time we went to Denver and visited Buffalo Bill's grave. There was a big picture of Buffalo Bill and several members of his show, and you could spot Uncle Art. We asked if we could take a picture of it. They gave us permission, but it was too dark in there. It would have been quite interesting to have that picture.

I don't know anything about Dad's life growing up in Spring City. They had a sawmill up in the mountains, and if I understood the story correctly, when Grandpa decided to move to Castle Valley, Dad stayed there and operated the sawmill. Then when Grandpa got established and got a sawmill here, Dad and Mother moved over. When Dad was a young boy, he stood guard in the Black Hawk war. He was too young to fight, but he had some kind of guard duty. For some reason, Aunt Mary didn't go with the family when they moved to Castle Valley. She stayed in Spring City and lived with Dad and Mother, so Mother got quite close to Aunt Mary.

Home and Family

Zurt was born in Spring City. I don't know whether Alma was born in Spring City or not. He was two years old when he died, and they were living in Castle Dale. Joseph I know was born here. I don't know whether Mother had one or two children when they came to Castle Dale. They lived just a block south of the old ballpark, and the Leamasters lived across the street. They were neighbors and friends when the kids were little. I know Mother and Milly Leamaster were close because they were neighbors and had children together. Mart and Leon were about the same age. Then the Leamasters moved to the mining camps.

Mother's later friends were women she worked in the Relief Society with. She worked with Mrs. Seely. That was Hugh Seely's mother. I think she was president and Mother was secretary. She was good friends to Sarah Larsen. She was a girl over in Spring City with Mother. Hannah Livingston was another good friend from Spring City.

The friend Mother talked about the most from her childhood was Jane Aiken. Jane married a Thomander and they came to Castle Dale. And Jane died in childbirth with her first or second child. Then when I grew up, Mother had this card club. Mrs. Hickman—of course Mrs. Hickman had lived on the Bench, in the place where Henzis lived that burned down. Mrs. Dickson was another one in the club, and Zepha Jensen, and oh! they had more fun. They played Five Hundred and Casine—they called it *Casine*. I can hear those women laughing. They'd just have such a good time. I hated cards all my life. But they'd meet once a week and take turns fixing a dinner. Lindon or Lorin would gather Mother and her friends, the ones that had to walk the farthest, and take them where they had to go, and then go and pick them up and take them home so patiently.

Mother had a baby every two years. That's the way they did it in those days. Zurr was first, then Alma (he died when he was two years old, of pneumonia). And then Joseph, so Joseph was buried before Alma. He died within a few hours—probably a premie. Then Leon, and Lindon, and Max, and Sam, and Theo, and Lorin. Lorin was premature. He was real tiny, but he lived. And then Afton just died—he was the one that was three years older than me, two years younger than Lorin. After I got married, Elmo thought I should have some life insurance, so I went to Doctor Hill for a physical, and I had to give him the ages of all my family. When he saw there were five years between Lorin and me, he said, "Sounds like somebody must have been on a mission."

Joseph and Leon and Lindon were all born when Mother and Dad lived down in town. Then they had a chance to buy the house that was owned by Pete Frandsen on the Bench, and they were so tickled to get up there. I think there were just three rooms. Dad built that part on the back that was the kitchen when I was little, and later became Mother's bedroom. And of course they had the land there, and I think Dad planted all the fruit trees.

Max was the first baby born on the Bench. The neighbors even wanted to name him Bench. They tell a story about Max when he was a baby. We had a dog named Old Flint. This was before my time. And they said Max was still in long clothes because they wore long clothes for a couple of years. But he had toddled out and had got out by the seep ditch and was leaning over—and would have tumbled in. But they tell the story like this—Old Flint sat there with his teeth holding Max's dresses so that he couldn't fall in the water. Now Old Flint was Earl Acord's dog, and his mother wouldn't let him keep a dog, so he brought it up to Mother and wanted to know if he could keep the dog there. So Old Flint was really Earl's, but everybody talked about how smart Old Flint was.

I think Max was Mother's favorite. He was the favorite of all the old ladies in town. He was tall and good-looking with wavy hair and brown eyes, and lots of charm. But Mother used to talk about how clumsy he was as a young boy. He would come home from school with his clothes dirty and torn and tell her he had fallen down while he was playing at recess. It wasn't until many years later, when we visited Max and Lollie at their home in Potter Valley, that I learned the truth. What really happened is that Lindon would set him up with fights against the other boys after school. He told Mother that he had fallen down so that he wouldn't get in trouble for fighting.

When I was a little girl, we had a dog named Rags. It was one of those shaggy dogs—cattle dogs, you know, where you couldn't see their eyes. Then we had Old Bally. That was Max's dog when he was in high school. Once when they were practicing for an opera at the high school, Max and his friends dressed Bally up in some girls' clothes that

they took out of the girls' dressing room, and brought him out on stage. When the music started up, he raised up his head and howled. I think Max got expelled for that. But I can remember Old Bally—just barely remember him. We always had pets, and I always had cats. I'd dress them up in my doll clothes and wheel them round in my buggy. And Mother had Old Fluffy, her favorite cat. Fluffy would lounge around the house all day, and then Mother would put her outside for the night. She would never let her stay in the house overnight.

I was born with two teeth, and that was quite a sensation. It was even mentioned in the local newspaper. One tooth went yellow when I was real young. I remember that little yellow tooth that fell out when I was about in the first grade. I must have been a terrible nuisance as a baby. That's why my brothers used to tell me they wanted to put me in the seep ditch. I guess I was a boob and always wanted my mother. And then she went so long before weaning me. One time when she was at choir practice, I was howling for my mother and my brothers couldn't quiet me down, so they finally had to go get Mother out of choir practice to come and take care of me. I guess I was spoiled.

When I misbehaved, Dad or Mother would send one of the boys to the orchard for a willow. If Lorin went, he would always come back with a real sting-y one. But if Sam went, he'd bring back a little, soft willow about this long. Then he'd stand there real nervous and say, "Gee, do you have to spank her? I don't think she'll do it again." He was so tender-hearted.

When Sam had appendicitis they operated on him up at Henzis'. Mrs. Henzi nursed him for a few days before he came home. I was only about five or six. Sam was in high school. He was sure glad to get home. It wasn't very clean up there. I can just barely remember Sam's appendicitis. And then every time I'd get a pain in my side from running, Sam would just have a fit. He was scared to death I was getting appendicitis. He'd say, "Now are you sure the pain isn't right here? Cause he'd been so sick with it. He was such a nurturing, tender, loving person anyway.

Lorin broke his shoulder and he was in a cast, and I don't know what I did, but I did something. And he was chasing me around and round and round the house. And he slipped on the ice and fell, and oh, I felt so bad cause I was afraid he'd hurt him. And I went back to pick him up, and he caught me and just pounded me. Then another time, Dad had a grinder that he used to grind feed for the animals. He'd grind corn and stuff for the chickens. And we were told not to play with that grinder, that it was dangerous. And one day Lorin and I were grinding sticks, putting sticks down the grinder. Well, we got stuff caught in it, and he went down with his finger to get it out. And he said, "Now don't you turn that handle." But he got his hand down there, and I thought I would see what would happen if I turned the handle. So I turned the handle and it chewed his fingers.

Lorin and I were nearest in age, see, so we were the ones who fought. All the rest of my brothers babied me and gave in to me. But then when I went to BYU it was Lorin that kept me there as long as he could keep me. He was working, and he was willing to send me to school. Then when he lost his job I couldn't go anymore.

I had imaginary friends named Jack and Jane, and they were twins. I can't remember whether they were my little brother and sister—I kind of think they were. I had more fun with Jack and Jane when I was a little kid, playing with them by the hour. They were good playmates because they'd do just what I wanted them to.

I can remember the end of the First World War. I guess the reason I remember it is because we had this big parade, and they dragged “Kaiser Bill” through the streets—a big dummy—and burned him at the stake. I guess it was spectacular enough that it stayed with me.

Dad built that back room as a washroom. He was going to add on some more and never did get it done, and they made that the kitchen. Then we’d have to run from the kitchen door out on that little walkway into the dining room, and after dark oh, I’d be so scared to go that little distance. I was always scared that somebody was going to grab me around the neck or something. It took all the courage I could muster after dark to go from the kitchen to the dining room.

We ate in the kitchen. I was maybe in junior high before she made that other kitchen into a bedroom. The little room was Mother and Dad’s bedroom. Then when Dad died I moved in with Mother and it was our room. And she didn’t have the bathroom till after I was married. The outhouse always seemed to be a whole block away from the house. That was another scary thing—to go to the cranny after dark. My job on washday was to take the last remaining suds and go out to the outhouse and scrub the seat down. I guess you couldn’t waste any of it. You had to clean something. Then we were always glad when we got the new catalog because then we could take the old catalog out to the toilet.

We always had eggs for breakfast. And then when we killed a pig for a little while you’d have fresh side meat, and you’d have sausage. Mother would always grind sausage. Then we’d clean the small intestines. They had a little thing they’d use to turn hem wrong side out, and then scrape them and scrape them and wash them and clean them, and let them soak in salt water overnight. Then they used that for casing. Then they’d take a horn from an animal and make kind of a funnel out of it, and they’d put that in the end of the casing and stuff it full of ground sausage that was all seasoned nice, to make those nice big links. And oh, they were good. We always had a big breakfast. We had cereal, but we always had eggs. I don’t think we ever had breakfast without eggs. Then our big meal was always in the middle of the day. The men would come in from the fields, and they’d always be hungry and we’d have potatoes and gravy. We’d always have potatoes and gravy in the summertime. If you had vegetables, you’d have vegetables. We didn’t always have meat because we had no way of keeping meat. I remember when I was a little girl we had the smokehouse, and I can remember my father out there smoking hams and things. But the after he died I don’t remember us ever using the smokehouse. We’d kill a pork, and we’d have to use it right up. Mother would bottle meat. Of course we always had a cow, and chickens, and geese. Then for supper you’d have bread and butter and a dish of fruit. The boys would have bread and milk. I remember, and I’d have bread and butter and milk. I didn’t like bread and milk unless I could have sugar on it. Of course we always had plenty of homemade bread. Can’t you remember Mother always used to say, “You’ve got to eat bread with it”? You had to have bread with everything you ate. That was how Mother stretched out the food. So we always ate bread, and awfully good butter. And I remember the good cottage cheese that Mother used to make. She’d have pans of milk on the very back part of the stove. Then you’d lift the whey off real carefully and not stir it a lot or you’d make the curd tough. Then after you’d get all the whey drained off, then she’d mix it all up and put fresh cream on it and salt and pepper. That was good. And I can remember the good buttermilk. Mother would leave little chunks of butter in it.

I remember Mother making pancakes quite a bit. And when she needed bread for dinner, she'd hurry and fry—we called them flapjacks. She made them bigger than you'd make scones. But I don't suppose we ate very fancy. We didn't have the stores of food that I'd see up to Johansens'. In their storehouse they'd have sacks of sugar, sacks of flour, sacks of rice and beans and all that kind of stuff. It looked rich to me.¹ But we always had a big garden, always raised a lot of stuff in our garden. Of course we always bottled a lot of stuff. And Mother always had a big flower garden. She loved her flowers.

We didn't have power up home till I was in high school. We had a nice big gaslight, and it really made a nice light. So I was in high school before we got electric power. And I remember the old washing machine. We'd have to push like this—the dolly was on the lid—and we'd have to push like this to get that old dolly to move back and forth to stir the clothes. That was my job—*push* the dolly, *push* the dolly. You had to turn the crank of the ringer to wring the clothes through. You washed all the clothes in the same water, so by the time you got down to the overalls and the socks it was pretty dirty. When I was a little girl we had a cistern. Then when I got older we got piped-in water. But when I was little we had a cistern. And it was good water, but it was irrigation water you'd run in there to settle. We didn't ever have a pump on our cistern. We'd have to throw a bucket down and pull up a bucket of water. And I remember I was always told I could never go near the cistern. Uncle Nad had a cistern too, on the north side of their house, but it had cement up above. I don't remember Johansens ever having a cistern, so they must have had piped-in water. I'm sure I'd remember if they had a cistern because I was up there so much of the time. We kept a bucket of water in the house. It was always cool and nice. Then when you ran out, you'd go dip another bucket from the cistern.

We always had to wash our hands and face first thing in the morning, and to this day I can't stand myself in the morning till I get my face washed. And if Mother ever caught you washing in somebody else's water, if they hadn't thrown it out, then you got scolded. You washed in clean water. Then you threw out the water and left the basin looking clean for the next person. That was my job, to keep the wash basin and the wash stand clean. Then underneath it was curtained where we'd put our winter boots and things.

Originally, the north room was our bedroom, and the kitchen was back behind in the separate room Dad had built as a washroom. I was grown up before Mother made that into a bedroom and the bedroom into the kitchen. I slept on a cot in the dining room, and the boys slept upstairs. We had a heating stove in the living room and a stove in the kitchen.

There was a grape arbor on the south side. The peonies were south of the porch. And every year the bluebirds came and nested in our porch. Mother never would let us bother them or anything. Now you never see a bluebird down here in the valley. The pond was in the back part, that became Leon's farm. It just filled from the drainage from the irrigation water. We used to see lots of pretty blue herons. We thought it was a pretty place, with cattails and all.

¹ Peter Johansen ("Pete Jo"), the Ungermans' nearest neighbor to the north, employed several herders for his livestock. The large stock of provisions was likely maintained to supply them.

I think I was about a year old when Zurr left home and went to Colorado. And I think he found a job right soon with the railroad. So I grew up without really knowing him. And I don't think he came home until I was about six. My first recollection of him was when I was about six, coming home with his good-looking wife. Maud was very pretty, very striking. And then when he started coming home, I think he got to a point in his job where he got free passes. Then he came home about every two years. When Sherman came, I thought I was going to be able to tend my little nephew, and he was just like a wild deer. I remember going up to Uncle Nad's ranch for a day or two while Sherman was here. Zurr was a good-looking guy. I think he was every bit as good-looking as Max—dark, with big brown eyes and a big dimple in his chin.

When I was a little girl, we owned that farm out about where the power plant is now. And the boys would go out there in the morning to work all day, and oh, if I could go to the farm with them, that was a lot of fun. So I'd get my dolls and playthings and get into the wagon and go out there and stay all day long. And I remember an old granary. There was a little log house, but the granary fascinated me because it was two-story, and I'd spend hours and hours in that old granary, going up and down the steps and playing in the bins. Then we'd go home at night after the boys had worked all day long. We'd have a jam sandwich for lunch. Lorin says we lived out at the farm in the summer, but I don't remember that, only traveling out and back each day.

Dad and Mother had mortgaged the farm with Miller and Viele, and when I was a little girl they had to repossess it.² And I grew up hating the name of Miller and Viele. I didn't know who it was or what it was, but I knew it had caused my mother and father a lot of anxiety and sadness, and so I hated the name of Miller and Viele. But they mortgaged it and then repossessed it.

Dad died just before I was nine, so I don't have that many memories of him, but I think the nicest memory I have of him was his bread and milk at night. He'd put this little enamel bowl on the stove. I remember that little enamel pan. I can still see it. It was kind of a yellow enamel. He'd put it on the stove every night and heat up milk in it. Then he'd put bread in it, and lots of sugar on it. Then I'd sit on his lap, and he and I would have our bowl of bread and milk.

On the slope that goes the other way, up by Johansens, was gooseberries and currants. A big currant and gooseberry patch. Mother sold lots of currants, red cherry currants, you know, and gooseberries. I remember going over there early in the morning—I didn't pick very many. What I picked went into my tummy. But I remember Mother and some of the older boys going over there and picking currants and gooseberries early in the morning. Then all the part east of the house was orchard. In fact, it surrounded the house. It went to the street. We sold lots of apples. We had a real good business from the camps. They would come on Saturdays and Sundays.

Another memory I have of my dad, we had a big cellar. Well, it was east of the house quite a little ways. It was like a long hall with bins on each side. And I remember Dad being down there sorting and polishing the apples, sorting the culls out and polishing the others to get them ready to sell. And I'd always want a "speckled apple," whatever speckled was, but that was always my favorite, and he'd always pick out a pretty

² This would have been in the years following the end of World War I when prices for agricultural products collapsed and many farmers lost their land.

speckled apple for me. But I can still smell that old cellar. We had apples for years, until Utah Valley started producing fruit. Then the peddlers started coming to the camps, and that took our business.

My father—and I don't remember this—but he was a butcher. And he and Andrew Johansen had a meat market. I had a picture of him once, he and Andrew Johansen out in front of the meat market with their butcher aprons on. Mother said so many people got in debt to them—you know, they'd come and charge and then wouldn't pay—till they finally had to close the meat market. Then Dad just farmed after that. We didn't have much money. We always had enough food, but we didn't ever have much money. But then I guess that's the way it was with most people in those days. Only all the people I knew in town who were Republicans were rich. The Crawford's had the bank, and the Kellers had the store—they were Republicans—and Uncle Ray Jensen. He was a sheepman, and I thought he had a lot of money, and he was a Republican. So when I was a little girl I sure wanted to be a Republican so I could be rich. Now I'm a Republican, and I'm not rich. We were Democrats, and I thought Democrats were the poor people.

Dad was a prospector. I guess Theo inherited that from him. In fact, one of the Fillmore boys told me he knew of a claim Dad had staked. I know he liked to tramp down around the desert. He had quite a collection of rocks and things. Of course, that's where he was when he died. Nothing ever came of his prospecting, but it was something he liked to do. He was along the river when he died. He had a spell and fell into the water, and actually died from drowning. He was with a Magnussen. So he wasn't too far below town when that happened. He was along the river somewhere.³ He began having those spells about a year or two before he died. That picture we have of Dad and Uncle Nad was taken out on our front lawn the day Uncle Nad was going with him to Provo to see if the doctor could find out what was causing the seizures he'd started having. I don't know whether they ever diagnosed anything or not. And then later Mother went to Salt Lake when Uncle George Sears was ill. She went in and stayed with Aunt Sis for a while. And he was having some kind of kidney problem and he was having some spells. And Mother thought—the odor and everything was so much like Dad's—she decided that Dad had had the same thing. I think he had about three spells before he died.

Mother always worked in the Relief Society, and for years she was secretary of the stake Relief Society. I remember we couldn't use the dining room table for days in January because she was working on the reports. She had everything spread out there. She wrote with her left hand, and she wasn't a pretty penman, but the reports always looked so neat and carefully done. She took a lot of pride in those reports. And then every fall, I think it was, they'd go in to general conference. That was when Louisa Y. Robinson was the general president, and Mother thought so much of her. The stake would pay their way, and it kind of seems to me like they went twice a year. But I know they went in the fall because I remember being in school.

Dad would go to church, but I don't remember him ever having an office in the Church.

³ The report of Louis's death in the local newspaper indicated that he died in Lost Springs Wash, which is a good 30 miles from Castle Dale and not near the San Rafael River. He suffered a seizure and fell face-down in the soft sand and suffocated.

Mother was on the committee that had to go wash and lay out the dead. I remember how horrifying that seemed to me, all those dead bodies. But that was just how they did it. The women took care of the women, and the men took care of men in those days. And then they'd sit up with them at night and keep ice packs and cloths dipped in formaldehyde on their faces. I can remember the smell of formaldehyde at funerals. They'd use somebody's open pickup and drape it in white to carry the casket. Then they'd always drape the windows in the church house. It just made it look a little nicer, I guess. And of course caskets were always white, the homemade caskets. A Mr. Petersen, who was a carpenter, made most of the caskets.

We had a gander that thought it was Mother's bodyguard. I was scared to death of the thing. Dad died in January. Then about three weeks after he died, Mother was going out of the house to go up to Johansens, and she slipped on the ice and broke her leg. And of course she was right down with that broken leg for a long time. Then when she finally got out in the spring on her crutches—I was just about nine then, and I thought I should go along and help her. But so did our old gander think he should go along and help her. Everywhere Mother went, here was this old gander, wack-wack, wack-wack, wack-wack. And he wouldn't let me within gunshot of Mother. He'd come after me with his old neck out and, you know, hissing away, and I was scared to death of him. I was just terrified, and I'd run for cover. Once in a while he got hold of me, and it hurt. But he was Mother's bodyguard. Mother never went anywhere but what that gander was right at her heels. He was her protector. He was cute, as cute as he could be, but I sure would have wrung his neck if I could have caught him.

We had geese for quite a few years. We had goose for Thanksgiving dinner and goose for Christmas, and I got so I couldn't stand it. I don't like gamney meat, but Mother liked it and we had roast goose for Christmas. Then when I was a little bit older, we had an old duck that must have hurt its back. It walked around almost straight up, so it looked like it was real proud. Of course they have their chests out anyway. I remember Sam and I named him Napoleon. The old yellow duck was a pet for a long time, and he was cute. He walked different from other ducks because he'd hurt his back—almost straight up. That's the only duck I remember, but we always had geese. We had chickens, and we always had a milk cow and we always had pigs. Everybody did. That was the way they lived. Mother made butter. She was a good butter-maker. That was another job of mine, to get up early in the morning, and Mother would pack this pound of butter in nice wet cloths and put it in a little metal bucket, and I had to hurry down to Sister Miller's with that butter before it could get soft. Then Sister Miller would always give me a piece of chocolate candy for bringing the butter down. We delivered butter to her for years and years. She was an older lady who lived there in town—well, lived where Marshann lives now. That was the Miller home.

Leon kind of took the place of Dad after Dad died, just assumed the responsibility. I remember Mother telling about—she fell, and, let's see, Dad died in January, and then Mother fell and broke her leg about three weeks afterward. Of course we took care of them at home at that time. You didn't go to the hospital. She said she remembers moaning with pain one night, and she dreamed that Dad was stroking her head, and when she woke up it was Leon. And she said from then on Leon just took Dad's place, took the responsibility of the younger kids. Of course, Lindon was nearly as old as Leon, but he was kind of the father. He used to spat me and make me behave when I'd get naughty.

But he was a sweet, gentle person. He used to slap my hands and say, “Aaght! Cut that out!”

Then he and Lindon both went to herd sheep. I think they made seventy-five dollars a month. Of course, they got board and room, so everything they made was clear. Go out and stay at those lonely sheep camps. But, boy we just didn’t have much money in those days. You just didn’t have money to spend for gum or candy or things that we thought were important. We’d gather eggs and take eggs and butter to the store to get—I remember Mother would send us down for a soup bone. We didn’t have our own beef. We had no way of taking care of a beef if we’d had it. So a soup bone was quite important.

My big brothers kind of took the place of my dad, I guess, in making me toe the mark. Whoever was home, I’d have to account for where I was going and who I was going with and when I’d be home. One would think my dress was too short, and another would think it was too long, and one would think Mother should cut my hair and one would think it ought to be shorter. We had a hard time pleasing them. They all had their ideas.

Joe Biddlecome used to tell me he’d catch me and cut my ears off. I used to be scared to death of him. He’d get his pocketknife out. And I had stick-out ears, and “I’ll ketch you, and I ketch you and cut yer ears off”—and I was scared to death of him. He was kind of a funny guy anyway. Uneducated—smart enough, but uneducated.

Everybody had a lot of fun with Joe Biddlecome, but he’d come up home with Theo, and he always told me he was going to cut my ears off. Then when Sam—Sam had to cut my hair when I was a little girl. He was our barber. He’d come up with the clippers and go around my ears. We had the little Dutch cuts, and I’d be bawling because I was afraid he was going to snip my ears. I could have lost part of my ears and still had enough. But Sam was the barber.

When I was a little girl, when we’d really be dressed up for something nice, they’d always put our hair up in rag curls. They’d wet our hair and then roll it in a few rags and tie the rags all over our head. Then when you’d done your best, some of the locks didn’t get in and some were real curly. But we were all frizzled out here, and we really thought we were pretty. I remember getting those rag curls in my hair.

I remember sewing my own dresses when I was just a little girl because Mother never made them to fit me. I was a skinny kid, and she always made them loose on me so I wouldn’t look so skinny, and I couldn’t stand clothes that didn’t fit. So I started making my own clothes, and I remember making a dress for myself when I was in the fifth grade and wearing it to school. I won’t guarantee how it looked, but it fit. So I started sewing real young.

Sam was a real good business student. The year he was a senior in high school, they needed some help at the Emery County Bank. And I think Mr. Johansen had something to do with it. He knew Mother was a widow and needed help, and he was a director of the bank. He asked Sam if he’d be interested in working at the bank, and Sam said he would. So he got a job, and he’d go down after school and work. And when he graduated, he worked there full time. Jobs were really scarce in those days. And then, bless his heart, when I’d see all these things at the store that the other girls had, about all I had to do was whisper in Sam’s ear. He spoiled me with so many things. He was always so sweet to me. And then Lindon, when he was herding sheep—my passion was for new shoes. I used to scrounge around and get new clothes by sewing, but you couldn’t make

shoes. And so when he'd come from sheepherding, he'd always have some money, and he'd always buy me some new shoes. I remember how important they were, even when I was in high school.

Max went to California after he graduated from high school. He lived at a boarding house run by a Mrs. Beavers. She was a German lady, and she was so cute. After Max got established in California, he had Sam come down and live with him. They worked at the Tonk Manufacturing Company. Max was kind of a manager. They made small like cedar chests and benches. And then Sam got a job in the Federal Reserve Bank.

When I was about twelve years old, Sam and Max paid our way on the train to come down to California, to come down and stay for a month. Max and Sam had this house for the summer in South Gate. Mrs. Bell was on a world tour, and she wanted Max to live in her home and take care of it. So that was an ideal time for them to send for Mother to come down, so they sent us a train ticket. We were there for about a month. I had to take some of my lessons along with me and do a certain amount of studying while I was there. We really had a ball. Aunt Emma lived there, and Aunt Ida lived in San Diego. Uncle Art took us down to see Aunt Ida, and that was quite an excursion.⁴ I remember we stopped in Capistrano and visited that old mission, and we went and visited with Aunt Ida and stayed overnight with her. Mother went to the zoo, but I didn't see the zoo. I must have done something else. And then Aunt Emma took Mother—Aunt Emma was a doer. She was a lot of fun. She took us out on some kind of a boat trip where we went out and looked at land. We went to Catalina Island with Aunt Emma. She was married to some veteran—Aunt Emma always had a husband. But I remember she maneuvered around and got us on quite a few different jaunts.

Then Mrs. Beaver took us out on these real estate trips. Mrs. Beaver was so cute. Lolly was still living with her. She'd take Mother out on these real estate tours. They'd take you out on the boat and show you all this land and try to sell it to you. We got more nice trips. They'd give you a nice dinner. Mrs. Beaver really spoke with a German accent, and I remember one time a high-pressure salesman really had Mother cornered, and Mrs. Beaver said, "Now she's my sister and she's here visiting, and she's got to go." And here's Mother speaks English, and Mrs. Beaver with her strong German accent. But I remember some of the pretty places—these beautiful hills that were called Granada or something—and if we could have afforded to have bought land at that time . . . We went to Gay's Lion Farm. We went to the beach quite a few times.

The house was in South Gate. There was a big veranda around two sides of it—a big frame home with a big veranda around it, and there was a little store just up on the corner where I'd go to buy candy. I don't know how Max got acquainted with Mrs. Bell, but she wanted him to marry her granddaughter, Ramona. But he already had his eye on Lollie, and they got married later that year after we came back home.

I remember Uncle Art coming there a time or two and visiting with us. Then we got out to his home, which was out in Westwood or somewhere. They had a ranch house out there, and I remember they had a great big German police dog that I was scared of. But we went out there and stayed for a weekend with Uncle Art and Louise Lorraine. She let me try on some of her clothes, and I thought that was so exciting. She was a small,

⁴ Ida and Emma were Minnie's elder sisters. Art Accord was her younger half-brother and a movie star in Western films.

dark Spanish lady. She was Jane in the *Tarzan* movies. I remember Aunt Emma took us out to see a show Uncle Art was in. He threw daggers at a gal, all the way around. It was part of his show. Then he did some rope tricks. Afterwards Aunt Emma took us back to his dressing room. I could smell the alcohol on his breath, and I was sure glad he hadn't been throwing daggers at me.

I remember Harry Carey. He came with Uncle Art to our house once and stayed over night when I was a little girl. He was older than Uncle Art, but they were good friends.

We went to California again when I was about eighteen. Mother hadn't been well, and they wanted her to come down to see some doctors. Lollie took us down to Twentieth Century Fox studios, and I saw Shirley Temple. And we were in this dining room having lunch, and Will Rogers was sitting at the next table. And Mother wanted to go shake hands with him, and I wouldn't let her. She never did forgive me for that, and you know he probably would have been just as gracious. But I was at a silly age, and I was afraid that she would embarrass us.

Max met Lollie at Mrs. Beaver's. She walked into the room when he was playing the piano, and she remembered thinking, "That's the most conceited man I've ever seen." And then the first thing she knew she was dating him. I must have been in about the seventh or eighth grade, or maybe I was a freshman in high school, but I remember the pretty Christmas dress Max and Lollie sent me. Lollie had had it made, and it fit me perfectly. Whether on the quiet Mother had sent her measurements or not, I don't know, but it was a perfect fit. It was what we called "changeable taffeta," and it was so pretty, trimmed with a blue velvet sash, kind of like. I remember I was so tickled over that dress. I didn't have that many real pretty things when I was a little girl.

Then there was Lollie's sister Mabel. Every few months, Mabel would send me a big box of clothes, lovely material. She was shorter than me and a little plumper, so I had to alter things. But boy, I had some pretty clothes when I was in high school. And did I ever appreciate those boxes of clothes. Sometimes I'd even get dresses she'd never worn. She'd take material to a dressmaker and then decide she didn't like it, so she'd send it to me. She didn't know me when she first started sending me things. She'd always send a big box of Christmas presents, a nice gift for Mother and a gift for me. She was very fond of Mother. When Mother would go out to California to visit with Max and Lollie, she made quite a fuss over her. She was younger than Lollie. Lollie was three or four years older than Max. She was a cute lady, though. She was sweet. They were always awfully good to Mother.⁵

An older sister of Lollie's had two children, Jean and Bobby, and they lived a lot with Max and Lollie. I remember one summer Max had to go somewhere on business, and he asked Mother if she would take care of Jean and Bobby. They came and stayed with us, and did they have a ball! They were cute kids.

Sam met his wife in California too. She was a girl from the Bear Lake area. Her older brother had gone ahead of her, and he thought she could come down and get work. So that's where Sam met her. I was a freshman in high school when Sam and Erna came

⁵ Mabel's husband, Fred Beetson, was an executive at one of the Hollywood studios. The movies were one of the few industries that prospered during the Great Depression. The Beetsons lived in Beverly Hills and also had a beach house at Malibu.

home. I don't remember how long they'd been married, but he brought his bride home when I was a freshman in high school. Erna was a cute, cute gal. Sam had a job in the Federal Reserve Bank. He worked there for quite a while—I think he was working there while he raised his family. And then after Erna died, he lived for a while longer in South Gate. Then Ramona, his second wife—her family had property out in Camarillo, and they moved out there and Sam got a job working in the state hospital as a business manager.

I was in the eighth grade when Theo got pneumonia. He'd been sitting in the cellar cutting potato starts, and I guess he'd got chilled. I'd stayed with Selma overnight, because Mother would let me do that while she was in Salt Lake for conference. I remember coming home and meeting Uncle Nad. He was just coming down from upstairs, and he said, "You've got a mighty sick brother up there."

Well, Theo always got his friend Ever Gregerson to take his car and meet the train, and no one was there to meet the train for Mother. I don't remember how she got home. But Uncle Nad had come over, and he heard Theo upstairs kind of moaning and had gone up and taken care of him. And boy, did he have pneumonia! He was sure a sick boy. Dr. Hubbard came over from Price and helped Dr. Nixon operate on him, and they put drain tubes in his side. I remember we had him on a couch there in the dining room, and his temperature didn't go down. His temperature didn't drop. And one day or night he coughed, and those tubes came spurting out and that bed was just wet with pus. Those tubes had got clogged and weren't draining. Then after that he started getting well. He lost all his hair from the temperature. I can remember him all that summer sitting out under the trees, under those shade trees south of the house. I remember one day a bird flew over and left a dropping on his head, and he said, "Gosh, I'm sure glad cows can't fly." I can remember he looked like a little old man. He'd lost so much weight, and bald-headed and everything. Then when his hair came in, it came in curly. He'd always been the one member of the family that had straight hair.

I remember Mother kept a day and night vigil with him. And then I missed school a lot that spring because Mother had to have someone to run to the store for medicine and for this and that, and I was the runner. But I remember Mr. Nielsen told her not to worry. I was far along enough in school that if she needed me at home it was all right.

As we grew up, Theo was kind of the handyman around the house. The other boys would go out and get work, and they'd leave Theo home to take care of the place and take care of Mother. And when Mother was sick, it was always Theo she wanted. He was always so tender with her. He could always make her feel better than anybody else could. So she really depended on Theo a lot.

Then Theo got married, and then Lindon and Lorin were—that was about the time, I guess, when they bought that farm from Vern Petersen, out by Wilbergs'. Well, they didn't get that place till after I was married. When one or the other of them would take animals up to the stockyards, Mother would ride with them in the truck. That was an outing for her, and the other one would stay home and take care of things. Then after Lindon died, Mother went with Lorin a lot because he was so lonely. It was awfully hard on Lorin when Lindon died. That's before he started going with Orilla.

I remember how tickled I was when Marjorie was born cause that was the first other little girl in the family after all those boys, after me not having any little sisters. She was that little sister I'd waited all my life for, and I just adored her. I was fourteen when she was born, and I just took her over as my baby. I tended her, and I dressed her, and I'd

doll her up and take her downtown. Beth and I played with her, and she was the cutest little thing. And then their mother got ill. After Dale was born, she was in the hospital and out of the hospital. So we practically raised those kids. Marjorie probably remembers as much about being in our home as she does her own mother's and dad's home.

School

We always had to walk to school, of course. And Mother made—you always had about three new school dresses made out of calico or gingham or percale, and oh, you just felt so dressed up when you put on those pretty new dresses for the first day of school. I remember my very first day, I undid my lunch and ate it at recess. And I remember Emma Dickson—she was about five or six years older than me—making fun of me. That's my first recollection of her, laughing at me because I was eating my lunch at recess. I didn't know any better, I guess.

We used to have to line up and mark time, each by grades, out there in front of the schoolhouse. We had to line up every time we went into the building. That is how they got order before you got into the building. The little first graders and second graders, so they could keep even, would have to hold hands. My partner was Sheldon Van Buren, and I really liked him. I think he was my first beau. But he had warts all over his hands, and I didn't want to hold hands with him. Mrs. Nielsen was my first grade teacher, and I can remember learning to read. I can still see, up on the blackboard, "Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard to get her poor dog a bone." I can still remember—that's how we learned to read, by using the nursery rhymes. It was always fun in the first grade.

Then my second year I had—they called it walking typhoid. I don't know what they'd call it now. I ran a low-grade temperature most of the year, at least from Christmas time on. I'd think I was better. Mother would send me to school in the morning, and then, before noon even, I would just be so sick and so weak and all. So then they'd release me to go home, and then I'd have to walk up that great big long dugway. I missed quite a bit of school in second grade, whatever it was I had. That was the year we had Mrs. Macbeth. She was a married woman with a little boy. The only teacher I can remember not being real fond of. Maybe she had worries and things that made her—I remember she had red hair that she pulled back in a tight knot at the back of her neck. She wasn't a very fun teacher.

And then Dora Seely was my third-grade teacher. That was the year my dad died. My fourth-grade teacher was Vera Johnson. She came from Salem or someplace up there, and oh, the kids just loved her. We all just loved her. I think she only taught there one year. The fifth grade teacher was Della Jorgensen. Della Seely she was then. She's the one that introduced us to *Anne of Green Gables*. Sixth grade teacher was Mal Berg, my cousin. Seventh grade teacher was Ona Dickson. And all my grade school I was scared to death of Mr. Neilsen—he was our principal. All the kids were. You just feared that guy. He had perfect control over the kids. I just knew I'd be scared to death to be in his class, and he was the best teacher. When you got into his class you didn't feel that fear. He was a good teacher. And math—arithmetic—had always been hard for me. I just didn't comprehend the story problems. And when I got in his class, he was a good math teacher, and he made it clear to me. And I got the highest in the county test in math that year. He was as proud as I was. I remember Mr. Nuttall came and gave the test, like he did to all

the eighth grades.⁶ You were given so many problems to be done in a length of time, and I got the highest score in the county, and there I had been a poor math student. But Mr. Nielsen was a good teacher. And that was the last year he was in the elementary school. They moved him to the high school for a teacher, so then I had him all through my four years of high school too. He taught English and art in high school.

As long as I can remember, they had that house up above us. Archer Willey, who taught at the Emery Stake Academy, built that home.⁷ Mr. Nielsen came—I'm sure he came—I know he was principal when Theo and Lorin were going to school, and I don't know about any of the older boys. He came from Fountain Green, and he married a Jorgensen girl. She taught too until they wouldn't let married couples both teach. She was my first grade teacher, and he was principal and eighth grade teacher. Now I don't know. I think Lorin said—but Lyman Larsen, I think, was only a teacher. I don't think he was ever principal.

On May Day we always had a special program in school. I think this was when I was in the first grade too. Our costumes were always paper dresses, crepe paper. They'd put little ruffles and things and sew them onto your underslip, and of course they were pretty fragile. But oh, you felt so glamorous in those paper dresses. I remember I had this pretty pink crepe paper dress. We had to do a little takeoff from braiding the maypole. Some of the little boys were little Negro boys and had to sing a song. And Sheldon Van Buren was my partner in this too. Of course they had black on their faces and their hands and their arms. And he had to put his hands on my shoulders and do a little dance around, and he got my pink crepe paper dress dirty, and I was so mad at him. But we always had a nice program in the spring out in front of the schoolhouse, kind of a May Day, braiding the Maypole, and the kids doing poems. I remember Drannan Seeley. They had him read a poem he had written, and that was my first recollection of Drannan Seeley cause he was older than me.⁸

Then when I was about in fourth grade, Mother had made me a pretty new Christmas dress. It was kind of a peacock blue wool serge, and the skirt was split up the sides, and then it had bloomers to match. And the bloomers were really part of the outfit. And I wore it to the Christmas dance, and Lorin and Theo were in the little school band. Lorin played the drums. And they were just dancing around, and I was just flipping and having such a good time, and every time I'd go past where the orchestra was Lorin would frown and pull faces at me. And I knew I was dancing good. I was just flipping around, dancing my little heart out and having such a good time with the boys. You took hold of the boy's hand, you know, and you twisted and you turned and you flipped. When I got home, he was so upset. He said I was flipping around showing my bloomers. He was mortified to death. I was *supposed* to show my bloomers. He was the one who had to keep me strait-laced, I'll tell you, when we were growing up.

⁶ James Nuttall was the county superintendent of schools.

⁷ The Archer/Nielsen home is still standing in remodeled form across the street east from the Emery County High School, 15 E. 1000 North. It is presently occupied by Craig Johansen and his family.

⁸ Drannan Seeley was later the bishop of Estella's ward in Huntington.

At recess we would play jacks on those old stone things that came out on each side of the steps. That was an ideal place to play jacks, so we got to be good jack-players. And then we had teeter-totters. We played the teeter-totter. We played pop-the-whip. And then we had that giant stride that they'd made. You hung onto a thing and get some big heavy person to pull it around, and you'd really fly out there. A lot of kids got hurt. Quite a few kids got hurt on the teeter-totter because the bell would ring and the one that was on the bottom would jump off and leave the other one up in the air, you know, and they'd come down with a bang. So kids got hurt on those teeter-totters. The giant stride was a big wheel up here, and then there were these chains with a bar that you'd hold onto. If you could get some big person to get it going fast, you'd really swing out there. You were just suspended by the strength of your hands, and sometimes you weren't strong enough. There was a Levi Peterson. He was quite a husky guy, quite a bit older. Well, I think he was around Lyle's age—probably just two or three years older.⁹ But he was husky, and we'd always get him to take one of those chains because he could run around and get it really going.

And then when I was a little kid, we used to go over and play around that old opera house that was where the park is now. That was an old opera house, and I remember going there when I was a little girl for what they called a Chautauqua. And I know there were black-faced people, dressed, and there was a lot of music. I don't know what a Chautauqua is. It must be a musical. But I remember, I don't think I was more than five when I went to that program. Then when I was—I don't remember how old I was—they had a program at the high school. I remember I had to sing a solo. Mother had made me a dress. The top of it was blue with white stars and the skirt was red and white. And I had to sing "America." I was just a little kid, and I had to sing a solo. I remember I wasn't feeling very well that night, and I came home and came down with one of the diseases—cause I had them all—chicken pox or something. But I can remember that program.

And then the high school would always have matinees of their plays and things, and of course we'd go up there as little kids to the matinee. And I remember one time I put my dime in my mouth and swallowed it. They let me in anyway. And Max—when I was a little kid Max usually had one of the leading parts in the plays, so I was extra proud.

Valentine was kind of a big day when I was in school. They'd have this big box, and they'd call out your names for valentines. Dick Johnson sent me a great big pretty valentine when I was in the first grade. They used to make these pretty ones that unfolded with the cupids and things. They were really ornate, pretty valentines. I wish I'd kept some of them. We don't know what pretty valentines are today. They'd always unfold and have two or three different levels.

Neighbors

When I was a little girl, I liked to go over to Olsens' and see if they would let me sleep with Crystal or Wanda. I don't remember sleeping with Wanda so much. She got

⁹ Lyle Wickman Lister later became Estella's close friend when they both lived in Huntington.

married when I was quite young. But I remember sleeping with Crystal up in the upstairs, and I thought that was just big stuff. Some of the older ones would stay down home and kind of keep things going there while the others went up to Joe's Valley in the summers. I don't remember Crystal going up. That's probably when I slept with her because she was alone over there. She'd have me come over and keep her company. And the others would go up and take care of the ranch because they raised hay and everything up there. They had alfalfa planted, and I think grain. And they'd take their cattle up, their cows. They had a small herd of Herefords, I think. Then their milk cows and stuff up there through the summer. They had an old house there by the big spring. I guess it's still there. That's where they lived. That was before they built the lodge. They didn't build the lodge till I was grown up. Uncle Nad and I don't think Uncle Nad did. Delon must have built the lodge. But the old home was up there, right by that great big pretty spring. And they had a great big swing, fastened up in two big tall pine trees. They had to push you up with a rope, and, boy! You'd just go right up in the clouds. I think I've got a picture somewhere of me in that swing, and Sherman. That was always a fun thing to do—go up to Uncle Nad's and spend a few days. That was just like going to New York. And it was prettier then than it is now. It had a lot more trees and things. They got some kind of beetle or something that destroyed a lot of the trees. So it isn't as pretty a place as it was. It was beautiful. You'd come down that old dugway, and if it had been raining, oh! Slick! The wagon and horses would slip all over. It seems like it was steeper then, unless I just don't remember. They may have changed it now so that it was steeper then.

I went up there to stay—it was the summer after Dad died, and I went up there with Uncle Carl and Aunt Mal and Uwin and Cora and them. Then they had two city cousins on the Berg side who came, and we all stayed up there for a few days. It was fun. I remember I had a quarrel or something with Uwin, and Aunt Han let me come and sleep with her. I guess maybe I was missing my mother or something. She had me come and sleep in the bedroom with her.

The reason why Uncle Nad's home was built way back from the road, he thought they were going to build a road straight north from the academy and that he'd be right on the road. When he went on his mission, he had Chasty and the twins. Orange and Henning, and Aunt Han was pregnant with Hazel. He brought a little Samoan boy home with him, and they partly raised him too. Uncle Nad lived across the road all the time I can remember. In fact I think most of their family was born up there. George was the one nearest my age, and he was a cute big cousin. I remember them telling about the time George fell in the cistern. We all had water cisterns. And he, I guess, was looking over—they had a built-up thing above the hole—he was looking in and toppled over, fell in. But as he fell, the air came under his—he was still in dresses—and made a parachute-like, and he floated on top of the water till they could get a ladder and get down and rescue that little kid. I don't remember this, but I remember them telling about it.

I do remember our great-aunt who lived around with all the different families. She was my father's father's sister, Johanna, I think her name was. We called her Aunt Tanta. She lived with her sister who was a plural wife of Christian Larsen. Then after her sister died, she lived around with her nieces and nephews. I think I can remember her living with us—maybe it's just because they told me about it so much, how she'd tend me and fuss over me. When I was learning to walk, she would spread pillows all over the floor to

catch me when I fell. She was living with Uncle Nad and Aunt Han when she died, and I do remember her dying—kind of the excitement in the neighborhood.

I'd go over to Aunt Han's, and of course she had all these big girls and I loved to sit around and watch them dress up. Aunt Han was always cute with me. I'd say, "Aunt Han, your floor is sure dirty." And she'd say, "Okay, honey, you can sweep it." That's what I wanted to do, see, was take the broom and sweep it, so I'd tell her the floor was dirty. I remember she crocheted me a little doily, and I had it for years and years. I remember when she died. And I remember most of them getting married from there. Not the oldest ones, but from Wanda on I remember them getting married, bringing their babies home.

Then of course to the north there's the Johansen house. In between Johansens' and us were the yellow and black currant bushes, and I think I spent half my time in those bushes eating yellow currants. They were so good. Then they also had a good—we had a real sour cherry tree and they had a sweeter cherry, and I remember spending a lot of time in their cherry tree. Mr. Johansen—people called him "Pete Jo"—was always good to me. I'd go up there when they had the threshers and play in the big wagons of wheat with my bare feet, and oh! that was fun. And then I remember going up and sitting on the corral fence when they were branding. We didn't have cattle at our place, not big herds like they did. He was awfully nice to me. I kind of belonged to the neighborhood.

Johansens' home was built not long before I was born. When I was a baby, Mrs. Johansen was dying from cancer. Mother would take me up there, and Mrs. Johansen would say, "Oh, put the baby in bed with me." Then she'd have me smuggle in bed with her so she could pat me and love me. So she didn't really get to enjoy her new home. Later on, Pete Jo married a widow from over in Sanpete, and she is the one I remember when I was growing up. She and Mother were good friends. They both had pretty singing voices and often sang duets in church meetings and programs. Mr. and Mrs. Johansen always watched out for Mother because she was a widow. I remember them picking her up for picture shows and other things—of course, we didn't have a car. And you'd always hear Mrs. Johansen reading the subtitles out loud in the picture shows. Pete Jo was a smart man and a very successful stockman, but I guess he had never learned to read real well, so you would always hear Mrs. Johansen reading the subtitles out loud.

When I was a little girl, I liked to go up to Johansens' and dress up in Nola's clothes. She let me play dress-up. I never did have my own clothes on when I was a little kid. I was always togged up—I guess I've always loved clothes because I was always togged up in something. That's why I liked to go over to Olsens' or up to Johansens', cause I didn't have any big sisters' clothes to dress up in. Nola'd let me dress up in hers, and the Olsen girls would let me dress up in theirs.

Nola was the youngest one in the family. She must have been about six years older than me. She was older than Lorin—maybe about Theo's age. She married Alton Blackburn and had two children, then died of pneumonia, I believe. I'd tag her around the house, wherever she'd go—upstairs and had to clean those bedrooms. They had homemade, hand-loomed carpets. You remember those old carpets that they used to tack down? They'd dust some kind of oily powder on it and sweep it, and she'd have to do that. Room after room upstairs, and I liked to go up there and watch her do all that.

Then there was By—he was always there—By was older when he got married. Merrill was too. By had a couple of dogs. He named one Barney and the other Google,

after the comic strip. You could hear him down at our place when he came out of the door singing, “Barn-e-y Google with the goo-goo-googly eyes,” and those dogs would come running, both of them. Cattle dogs, you know.

When Pete Jo died, they asked me sing at his funeral, but I turned them down. I could not have controlled my emotions enough to sing. I was very fond of that old man.

Then north of Johansen’s there was Nielsen’s home, and then across the street were the Dyches and Henzi houses. And that was all up there. Of course there was the Wilberg subdivision farther south. Millers and Bouldens and Moffits and Jensens and the two Wilberg families lived there, and Leon and Ann lived there too.

When I was a little girl I used to play up to Henzis’. There were no girls my age up on the bench, so I played with the Henzi kids quite a bit. They were younger, but I’d go up and play with them. That’s how I got acquainted with Mr. Henzi—Doctor Henzi. I remember when he first came to Castle Dale he had a car. Not too many people had cars then, and sometimes he’d let me ride with him on some of his visits. I couldn’t have been very old then. It was during the flu epidemic. He was a good doctor. He saved lots of lives. Then after the flu epidemic was over, they took his license away from him again. I guess he had lost his license before for some reason, maybe drugs. Then in the epidemic when they needed doctors they gave it back to him if he would move to Castle Dale. Then they took it away again. I don’t know why. He was surely smart enough. A lot of people still went to him. Of course he couldn’t charge. You just gave him what you wanted to, or didn’t give him anything, or whatever. But he still had a lot of people come to his home.

He played the zither. Henzis had a pet pigeon named Timmy, the prettiest little pigeon. It would come from near and far. It had the run of their house. Of course you had your windows open in warm weather, and no screens on them, and it had the run of the house. You would see little white droppings on the furniture and the floor. And it would sit on his shoulder and coo and coo while he played on that zither. He could start playing, and that bird could be outside, and it would fly in and perch on his shoulder. It was the cutest thing. It sure liked his music, and he got some mighty pretty music out of that zither. When I was just a little girl, he’d come—and I don’t remember whether Mary was with him—she was quite a bit younger than me—but he’d come and take me riding in his car. That was quite a novelty because there weren’t that many cars at that time. Mrs. Henzi came along too most of the time; she was his nurse. I think he was of German parentage. He talked with an accent. He had a sister that lived in Salt Lake. For all of their birthdays she sent a beautifully decorated bakery cake. That was really something to see for us kids. We weren’t used to seeing cakes decorated like that.

I would guess that the Henzis came in about 1918, and they lived in the Hickman place. Mr. Hickman built that home. He was the principal of the Emery Stake Academy. It was a two-story house. The Hickmans rented out the upstairs rooms to the single women teachers at the Academy. Then it got out that one of the boarders, Miss Palmer, was actually married to Mr. Hickman as a polygamous wife. Mrs. Hickman didn’t know, and when it came out she separated from her husband and of course he lost his job at the Academy. Mrs. Hickman and her children moved down town into the little row of apartments that people called “the incubator”—because it looked like a chicken coop and because the young married teachers who lived there had new babies every year.

So then the Henzis, when they came, rented the Hickman house. They just lived on the bottom floor. One reason why I liked to go up to Henzis was that I was trying to find the babies. I always wanted a baby sister, and when I would ask Mother if we could get one she said that she didn't think Doctor Henzi had one for us in his little black bag. So I knew that doctors brought the babies, and somewhere there had to be a roomful of babies, and if I could find it I could go in there and play with them. I'd ask Mrs. Henzi if we could go upstairs to play, and she'd say, "Yes, if you want to. There's nothing up there." There wasn't anything but big empty rooms and dead flies on the floor. But there was one door that was locked, and it led to the attic stair. I could never get in that door, and I knew that was where the babies were. I didn't ever dare ask Mrs. Henzi where they kept the babies or tell her why I wanted to go upstairs. So you know I was quite young and innocent at that time.

Later, it was Lucille Snow that helped me figure out where babies came from. Of course in those days people didn't ever talk about pregnancy. Women would hide their tummies for as long as they could, and when they got too big to hide they would stay home, not go out to church or other public gatherings. Lucille was my first girl friend near my own age. She was Mrs. Hickman's granddaughter, and of course Mrs. Hickman was a good friend of my mother. That is probably why I played with Lucille so much because the Snows were not close neighbors. They lived clear down at the bottom end of town.

Of course I was the youngest child in my family, and Lucille was the oldest in hers. Mrs. Snow had a new baby every year or two, and I was so envious of Lucille with those little sisters and brothers. One time, though—I don't know how old I was but maybe I was getting a little more observant. Anyway, I noticed that Mrs. Snow's shape was changing, and I kept watching her every time I went down to their place to play. Then they got a new baby, and soon Mrs. Snow wasn't fat anymore. I thought maybe this would be good information for Mother to have, since she didn't know how to get another baby. So one day, right out of the blue, I said, "I know where babies come from."

Mother was working in the kitchen, and she just stopped and looked at me. Then she said, "You get up to Johansens' right now and get me a start of yeast."

Doctor Henzi raised chickens to get some additional income. Or I should say Mrs. Henzi raised them. She did all of the housekeeping and tended the garden and the chickens. Doctor Henzi thought that physical work was beneath him. But anyway, they were brooding some baby chickens in one of the rooms in their house, and the brooder heater set the house on fire and it burned down. After the fire, they lived in their cellar while they rebuilt the home as a single story.

I remember when people had certain sicknesses Doctor Henzi would have them eat Limberger cheese. He'd say, "I want you to eat the mold." See, that was penicillin before we knew about penicillin. But I remember he wanted people to eat moldy cheese. And when I had—I guess I had hepatitis. We called it yellow jaundice. My eyes were yellow. I remember he had Mother buy canned grapefruit. That was the first time I tasted canned grapefruit. We couldn't get fresh. He doctored quite a bit with food and things. Of course he couldn't write prescriptions.

When Sam had appendicitis, they operated on him up at Henzi's. They made the kitchen table into an operating table, and Doctor Nixon did the operation and Doctor Henzi and Mrs. Henzi assisted. Doctor Nixon was practicing in Castle Dale by this time.

Afterward, Sam had to stay at Henzi's for several days. He couldn't have anything to eat or drink. I remember how glad he was to come home. Mrs. Henzi wasn't a very clean housekeeper. After that, whenever I had a stomachache, Sam would get very anxious. "Does it hurt right here?" he would ask, pointing to my lower right abdomen. He didn't want me to have to go through what he went through.

Doctor Henzi was a very moody man. When he was in a good mood, he talked and laughed and played on the zither. But sometimes he was very gloomy and silent. I remember him pacing the floor, walking back and forth, back and forth, with his hands folded behind his back and his head down. Mrs. Henzi and Mary and Lucille would stay away from him when he was in those moods. Mary was terrified of him. But he was always kind to me. One day when I was going up to Henzi's I heard a lot of shouting and screaming coming from inside. When I went in (I always went in without knocking—it was the way we did it then), Doctor Henzi had Mrs. Henzi by her hair and was jerking her back and forth. She was crying and screaming, and the girls were huddled in the corner, begging him to stop. There was a big book lying on the table, and I picked it up and hit Dr. Henzi with it, hard. And he let go of his wife and backed away, kind of startled. I don't know why I did that. I had never hit a grownup before. I didn't even think about it. But I wasn't afraid of him. Thinking back, I wasn't afraid of anybody, physically (the ghosts at the cemetery were a different matter), maybe because I had a lot of big brothers as my protectors.

Other Townspeople

I remember O. J. Anderson. He was a dignified-looking old man, his long, white, dignified pointed beard and white moustache, and kind of long hair. He looked like the pictures of Joseph F. Smith. Always dressed up. I don't remember ever seeing him in anything but a—you never saw him in bib overalls like the other men, always in a dress suit, with his cane. And he always had a funny Norwegian story. He was quite a storyteller, quite a sense of humor. He lived there on the corner on Main Street. They ran the hotel. I don't think O. J. ever worked. I think his wives supported him, Kathinka and Nathalia—they were sisters, Carl Wilberg's sisters. Kathinka was the first wife, and O. J. lived with her in the hotel. Nathalia lived on the other corner of the block, where the museum is now. She was Rose's grandmother, and when she died she left her house to Theo and Rose because Theo had been so good to her.

Then of course I remember the dentist, Paul Christensen. To me he seemed like an old man. He smoked a pipe, and he used that old treadle drill. His office was just east of the hotel. The building's still there. His original home was the house north of the old academy building, our church house. Then he moved down to where he had his dental practice. And he was a good dentist. When he got the filling in, it stayed. He was a rough dentist, and I guess you'd say rough because of the rough equipment they had to use. He put a gold inlay in for me when I was a girl, and when I was grown up, working in the store, he'd meet me on the street and I'd have to open my mouth and show him that gold inlay. He was proud of that. I'd be standing there on the street with my mouth open while he looked to see if it was still there, if it was all right. Sometimes he would take his equipment over to Huntington and work in the hotel there. Lucinda Brasher (her parents owned the hotel in Huntington) said that one day while he was working on a patient he

excused himself to go out back to the privy. Then he came back and put his hands in the patient's mouth again without washing them.

And of course I remember Pete Jo. I don't remember when I didn't know Pete Jo. He was part of my life all of my life, almost. I'd go up to Johansens', and he always kind of made a fuss over me. I guess I was the little kid in the neighborhood, and his kids were pretty much grown up. I never called him Mr. Johansen, always called him Pete Jo.

James and Annie Petersen were good friends of my parents. He built the brick store on Main Street that was later the Co-op when I was a little girl. Petersens lived just below the bench, a block east of the school. They had a nice, big yard with fruit trees and things. James had come from Denmark, like my dad, and they were good friends. I remember my parents taking me down there when I was little and making a bed for me to sleep in on the sofa while they played games and visited. When my dad died out on the desert, the sheriff brought Annie Petersen with him to our house to tell Mother.

Lars Christensen was another older man in town that was always nice and friendly to me. He lived up just north of Uncle Carl and Aunt Mal. He was one of the men that had taken a polygamous wife long after polygamy was supposed to be over. He married James Petersen's oldest daughter and they had two or three girls. But then she wasn't living with him when I knew him. He was still with his first wife. He had a family of boys by his first wife. He was a good friend of Len Huntington's, and he'd sit down there at Len's and visit.

John Y. Jensen was a favorite old man of mine. He had been the bishop, but he was our Sunday school superintendent when I was an older girl. I was the secretary to the Sunday school. He always liked to start on time. He'd start Sunday school at ten o'clock whether anybody was there or not. I can still see him. He'd get up there, and he had a habit of kind of rubbing his hands together this way. "Well," he'd say, "it's time to start meeting. We don't have anyone here to play the piano yet, but we'll just have to make do." And I'll tell you, before long he had everybody on time for Sunday school.

Od Man Gilbert would stop by our place about once a week, going to or from the store, and visit with Dad. They had a white-topped buggy and lived on the side of the hill north of Wilbergs. Then I remember Old Man Higbee and Mrs. Higbee. They lived out south of town. I think the Utah Power and Light plant is where their old home was. I remember we went out there once when I was just a little girl, in a wagon, Mother and Dad and I, to get a turkey for Thanksgiving. I'll bet I wasn't more than five or six years old. I don't remember anything but one room, and I remember all these big hats with feathers and flowers and things on them, hanging on the wall. She didn't have anyplace to store them, I guess.

I remember Wellington Seely. He had eyes that kind of turned down in the middle and were always watery. He used to give talks in patriotic programs and things. I don't remember the old Orange Seely. I remember Orange Seely, Junior. He was a big, full-chested man like his father. He was married to Aunt Maria Ungerman's sister, Treeny Seely. She was a sweet little lady. The first Orange was old enough to have been my mother's father because his daughter Emma Larsen was Mother's friend. I think she was a little older than Mother. Then of course Uncle Nad's wife, Aunt Han, was also a daughter of Orange Seely, Senior.

Old Mr. Baker smoked a pipe. They weren't Mormons. But they used to think that if someone blew tobacco smoke in your ears when you had an earache it would help the

pain in your ear. So people would have him come and puff on that pipe and blow in their kids' ears. He never came to our house, but I've heard the kids tell that the worst part of having an earache was having Mr. Baker come and blow smoke in your ear. His wife played the piano. She was a very accomplished pianist. Then their daughter, whose husband had a stroke or something that left him an invalid, came and lived with them. Her name was Mrs. Robinson, and she taught piano, and she was good. She was better than her mother on the piano. But they were different from the Mormons. They came from a different world. They didn't dress like them, or act like them. I remember she was one of the judges when I had to try out for the opera when I was a freshman.

Friends

When I was a little girl, my best friend—I think before I started school—was Ila Kofford. She was a year older than me, and how we ever got to be best friends I don't know because I lived clear up on the Bench and she lived in the very last house in town before you went over the bridge. But we were best friends when we were little kids. I'd wheel my doll buggy—my doll was too big for it; it always hung over—from clear up home clear down to her place, and we'd play all day long. Sometimes I'd even get to stay over night with her. I can remember sleeping over night quite a bit. Then I'd wheel that doll buggy and my doll home. She was quite a domestic gal. We'd sew. She'd show me how to make doll dresses, and we'd sew for our dolls. And we'd have play dinners, and we really enjoyed each other for a few years till she outgrew me cause she was older. They lived in Moab after she got married, but she was my first, the first recollection I have of being a best little friend.

Her mother was an immaculate housekeeper, her dooryard and everything was so clean. I remember the gypsies and the Indians used to always stop there. They'd often stop at our place too. But as they came through each year going to Fish Lake with their white-topped buggies, they'd always stop at Kofford's because that was the last house going out of town, and beg for food or whatever. And I remember Mrs. Kofford, her floor, her kitchen floor was always so clean and shiny you could have eaten off it. I remember this old squaw came in and wanted a drink of water. And Mrs. Kofford gave her a drink of water, and she drank what she wanted and threw the rest on the floor. I remember how shocked I was to think she would do that.

The gypsies used to come through too, and when I'd see them coming, if I'd be walking home from school, I'd be scared to death. I had all these strange notions of being stolen by the gypsies. There seemed to be a plan, each summer, that they'd come through. I guess the gypsies were going to Fish Lake too. I know the Indians did, coming from the Uinta Basin. And I don't know where the gypsies were from. They used to just travel through and steal and trade people out of things. They always had horses, quite a few horses trailing along with their buggies. I don't remember them ever setting up camps close around. They probably did.

It was fun when Mother would let me go and sleep with Uwin Berg over night. Of course I just didn't have any little girls my age up on the Bench, so if I was going to play I had to go down town to play. If there was a program or something at night, sometimes she'd let me stay down with Uwin over night. Or I'd stay sometimes with Lucille Snow over night and then come home the next morning.

Selma Larsen lived over here with her grandmother. Her mother had died, so she came over here and spent the winters going to school in our younger days. They lived in the west part of town. You know where the Dickson home was, the Dickson corner? It was a block west of there. In the summer she would go back to Cleveland and live with her father. She and I sang duets from the time we were little kids. We'd fight over who could sing the harmony part and who'd have to sing the lead, but most of the time I sang the lead and she sang the alto because she had a pretty alto voice. I remember we sang, "Does Your Mother Know You're Out, Cecilia?" One night I'd get to stay with Selma down at Grandma and Grandpa Oveson's, and then she'd come up home and stay with us. I remember one night her grandparents had gone to a meeting or somewhere, and we were there alone. Selma and I were there alone, and these stories had gone around about Cain. Cain was supposed to be wandering the earth, and people had seen him and things, you know. I remember we were playing in the kitchen and a knock came to their dining room door. It was kind of like their living room. They saved the parlor for special occasions. And we went to the door, and there stood this big, tall man. It was Aaron Oman, but we were both scared. We thought it was Cain. We knew him too, but I guess the big man standing there on the porch in the dark—we thought sure that was Cain.

I think it was about the spring I was a freshman in high school that Beth Crawford and I started being good friends. She was two years ahead of me in school, but we got to be real close friends. I spent lots of happy times down at her house, and she spent a lot of time at my house too. Her father was the manager of the bank and had a lot of sheep herds besides, and they lived in the big house just north of Main Street. But even though Beth had a lot more than I had, she never made you feel like what you had wasn't as good as what she had. She just never did. Crawfords always made me feel welcome.

Then when I was a freshman, Delores Shiner and I were good friends. She lived just down at the bottom of the cemetery and over in that house that Millers lived in when I was a little girl. They lived there that winter—well, they lived there for a few years.

Then they moved out to the reservation, and Delores wanted to finish school, so she lived the rest of the year down at her grandmother Jensen's. But we were good friends too, and I thought a lot of Delores. She got married real young, married a schoolteacher, I think, who was quite a lot older. She didn't have a very happy life.

And then when I got older, Beatrice Moffitt and I got to be real close friends. Oh, and Geniel Singleton and I were real good friends, I still hear from her every once in a while. I had lots of good friends.

Events

Our spring vacation from school was always a trip to the Breaks. If we could go down to the Breaks that was really something. And then the ward used to go down there for their Easter outing. We'd go in a wagon and spend a day and roll our eggs and have picnics. The men would have ball games and horseshoe pitching, and there'd be races and things for the kids. It was always fun to go down to the Breaks. Now when I go down there it doesn't look like it did to me then. It looked like a real fairyland then. The river ran through and there were cliffs on both sides, and I just thought it was so beautiful.

One of the trips we always made from school was to visit the mill. And then we'd usually go down in the thicket by the creek to have our lunch. I can remember the miller,

Mr. Lowry, a tall, dignified-looking old man. It was called the Eagle Roller Mill, and the flour bags had a picture of a big eagle printed on them. People would use the empty bags for dish towels and things. Sometimes they would sew them into underwear. I remember the boys watching the girls while they played on the tricky bars at recess, and saying, "I seen the eagle on your underpants!"

I remember missionary farewells when I was a kid. There'd always be a program and a dance, and people would give money to the missionary.

The Fourth of July used to be fun. We'd always get new clothes from the skin out —new panties, new undershirt, new underslip, and a new dress. And you'd either get a new little umbrella—a new parasol—it was made of paper—or a new hat. There was a lady in town who made hats, and you'd have a little hat made to match your dress. And you'd keep all these pretty new clothes a secret—except maybe to your dearest and closest friend—and then the morning of the Fourth you'd get up early—they'd always have a cannon go off to wake you up. I don't remember having a band over home too much like they did in Huntington. Maybe they did sometimes—I can remember Lorin and Theo being in the band. We'd go down town then in our pretty new clothes, and I walked along that dusty road, and I'd walk a little ways and dust off my shoes. I know I had the cleanest shoes in town, but I probably had the dirtiest hanky. And there'd be the parade. They always had the Goddess of Liberty, with a costume that looked like the flag. The Goddess of Liberty always had her torch. And they always had Uncle Sam. And then those people always had a part on the program. They gave a talk or sang or something. There were lots of pretty floats, and they always had a float for the Primary kids to get on. And then after the parade there was always the program in the auditorium, and it was always hot. They'd have the doors open. The kids outside would be shooting off firecrackers and spit devils and popping their squawking balloons that came with the—we used to buy popcorn in a kind of little formed shape, kind of a rectangle, and then there'd always be a balloon clipped in it. You blew up the balloon and when the air came out it squawked. So you'd hear those squawking balloons. And Seth Allen always gave the rousing talk of the day, always a patriotic talk. He had kind of a high, funny, squinty voice, but he was an intelligent man. He always gave a good talk, but it always went on, and on, and on—for little kids. I'm sure the older people enjoyed it, but for little kids it went on and on. And he'd try to be heard among all those squawking balloons and firecrackers. Then in the afternoon it was games and races. You'd run races and you'd get an orange or a sack of peanuts, or sometimes you'd get a dime. And then they always had a children's dance in the afternoon. That was ten cents. But in between you'd go home and have dinner. It was our aim to have our first green peas on the Fourth of July. You were doing real good if you had that. And then Mother always made a big freezer of ice cream and sugar cookies, and oh, that was fun. And then before I was a big enough girl to care about evening dances that was the end of the day. But oh, that was a big day.

And then, of course, we repeated just about the same thing on the Twenty-fourth, only there you had your pioneers and Miss Utah, and a pioneer program. You always had cowboys and Indians on the Twenty-fourth of July. And those were the two big days. Then you had to wait till Christmas to get anything else new. No one would have thought of going to the canyon in those days and missing the Fourth and Twenty-fourth. Good heavens, that was the big thing.

Oh, we had the county fair when I was a little girl, too, in the fall, down where—well, they've still got a ballpark and stuff down there in Castle Dale. And I remember when I was just a little girl, they had a great big exhibition. It was a closed-in building. That's when we had our orchard, and I remember Dad polishing apples and peaches and fixing nice exhibits to take down to the fair. People would bring their bouquets of dahlias and pretty fall flowers, and of course get ribbons on them. And oh! the ferris wheel! They really used to bring the concessions and things in. I remember kewpie dolls, booths with kewpie dolls in. My brothers, one of them, hit something and won me a kewpie doll that I treasured. It had all feathers and things around it. And then I remember a man that came with his bear, and the bear's name was Katrina. He made the bear do tricks. It wrestled with him and did a lot of tricks. I must have been only six or seven. And a few years later, performing somewhere, that bear killed that man. We had high-wire walkers, high-rope walkers in front of the stage. We had that big grandstand. Then of course they always had horse races and the bucking horses. My memory goes back to George Magnussen and one of the Nordell boys. They rode the bucking horses.

George Magnussen would have been in his late twenties when I first remember him. He was always a good horseman. And then Trumans' horse, Old Kelton, they used to bring their racehorse over, and it was a good racehorse, I remember that. Of course people used to bring their horses from all over to race. We had more of a turnout in those days. Everybody came to whatever was going on. Well, they didn't have cars.

I think the fair lasted two or three days; I'm sure it did. Then later on they got so many other interests that they did away with the fair. I remember sawdust at the bottom and all these tables around that had the exhibits on. This goes back to when my father was still alive, and he died before I was nine. If I got a dime to spend—and then when I was bigger I got a whole quarter to spend—and then you could go into the drug store and sit around those little tables with the little metal legs, you know, and metal chains, and order a sundae for fifteen cents, and you just felt so grown-up. I never did spend all my money. I always brought a little bit home because I knew there would be another day I'd want something good. I was a saver from the time I was a little kid.

But it was fun. Of course all your girlfriends had a new dress. Sometimes you and your best friend had a dress just alike. That was fun, too. Then when I was about eight we had a gang of girls, eight or ten of us that went together. We all had dresses alike that year.

And then we'd pick currants. Just down below us, where all those houses are now, that was a big currant patch. Irv Wimber owned it. Of course the currants were ripe just about the first part of July. You'd get a job picking currants to earn money for the Fourth and Twenty-fourth.

I remember our Christmases. That was another important time. You just about lived from the Twenty-fourth of July to Christmas. We always got something nice and new to wear at Christmas. I can remember the programs we had in the old church. It had the rising choir seats in one corner. I remember our Primary class being dressed in little white cheesecloth dresses with garlands in our hair, and wings. We had wings then. Angels could have wings. And all these garlands, and oh, I remember feeling so glamorous in that white cheesecloth dress, singing some songs. And then you'd be so excited because Santa Claus was coming that night. You'd go to bed so Santa could come. And then when I got older—our high school principal, Mr. Rowe, kind of started

this, I think—we had big bonfires in the city park, great big bonfires. They'd haul wood in, and they'd have community singing, and then Santa Claus would come and treat all of the kids. That was fun.

At Christmas time we would go bobsleigh riding. We'd go Christmas caroling in a bobsleigh. The boys would always try to cut a sharp corner so the sleigh would tip over and turn us all out. Ice skating—I never did learn to ice skate. We'd put skates on our shoes, and the boys would try to hold me up, but I never could master it. I didn't do much sleighriding either. I just didn't enjoy the cold that much, I guess. I got enough of that walking to and from school.

And then the Walter Stock Company; they used to come through every summer and put up a big tent. Well, when I was younger they had it in the school auditorium. But part of the time they'd put up a big tent in the public square, and they'd stay for almost a week—maybe four or five days and have a different play every night with the same actors, you know, taking different parts. And, oh, everybody turned out for that. The Walter Stock Company, it was a favorite of everybody. Some of the older players, when they'd come on everybody would clap because they responded to them. And they put on—they were old melodramas, really old tearjerkers. Whether you had any money to eat or not, you had to go to the Walter Stock Company. They'd have concessions, candy and popcorn and stuff. Every summer they came through. There might have been others, but the Walter Stock Company was the main one I remember.

Then we had the show house from the time I was a little girl. Johnsons ran the show. And somehow or other you could get money to go to the show whether you could do anything else or not. I think I got into the show for ten cents. Maybe it was a quarter for adults, I don't remember. It wasn't very much. And it was the only recreation we had. We didn't have TVs and things then. So you'd go to the shows, and they used to have—Mrs. Lowry when I was a little girl—well, first it was Mrs. Baker, I think, when I was a little tiny girl. They'd always send music that came with the show, so they'd have all these—if it was exciting it would be fast, and if it was dramatic it would be soft. Mrs. Baker played, and then the Lowrys played after she did. Now that was a couple. I can't think of Mr. Lowry's name. He played the violin and she played the piano, and they were very good. They'd play for all the shows. Of course it was a silent picture, so you had to read what was—and if people sat by someone who couldn't read they'd read everything to them out loud. We sure thought they had a lot of good shows.

The picture show was in that two-story brick building that is still standing. At first they had the shows upstairs. You'd go up a rickety staircase and the screen was at the south end. Then later they moved it downstairs and it was just the reverse. You went in on the south end, and the screen was on the north. I don't remember anybody but Johnsons ever running the show. Sam Johnson. They had a show every Sunday night and every Wednesday night. Wednesday night they'd usually have a serial. I can remember *The Green Archer* with Ralph Bellamy. You couldn't miss a Wednesday night show, or you'd miss part of *The Green Archer*. For years it was the only picture show in the county. Then when I was a sophomore they started a showhouse in Ferron. That's where I saw my first talky. I went with Hugh Seely to see *Flying Down to Rio*. And oh, that was an experience, to see a talky. Of course it was a musical. Then I think the second one I saw was *Hit the Deck*. I went to Price with Bruce Wakefield that night.

They would really try to get the westerns that had Uncle Art in them. That was a big thing because everybody would come out to see him. I remember going down to Cleveland and staying with Selma in the summertime. That was my summer vacation, to go down and stay with Selma. And they had one of Uncle Art's pictures down there, and boy, was I the belle of the ball because that was my uncle. Ernie Davis had the show house down in Cleveland. Uncle Art had a horse that did lots of tricks. I remember him playing a time or two with Harry Carey being another character in the movie. Uncle Art had a real soft, pleasant speaking voice. They called him "the soft-voiced westerner." It was almost a melodious speaking voice. He was good-looking and romantic. It's too bad that the bottle got the best of that guy. They never did ever decide what happened, whether he was killed in Mexico. They never did solve the mystery of his death.

The old Academy building became our church house after they built the new Academy on the hill. It had one big room downstairs with a stove on the north and a stove on the south that they'd fire up for meetings. The people who sat close to them would just about burn up, and the ones over in the middle would freeze. There was a stairway went up on each side, on the northwest corner and the southwest corner, and there were four rooms upstairs, and a little room in the tower where they'd go to ring the bell. So there were actually five classrooms upstairs. Then some of the adult classes would stay downstairs. Some of the Sunday School classes would go down to the stake offices on the corner of the block.

We had the co-op store all the time I was a little girl, and Wilberg's Market. Then when I was in high school—well, when I was a little girl Bowers had the building that later became Huntington's store. Then when I was in high school, the Huntingtons, an Orangeville family, came down and fixed up that store. And they always had a good market, a good store. They sold lots of shoes. They had good shoes. And then I worked there for a couple of years. We sold lots of cowboy hats, those big felt hats, and they had a good grocery business. The store was busy. I worked there for two years then got a job at the post office.

When I was a little kid and we'd have our parties, our candy pulls and different things at different homes, then all the boys would have to walk home with me. Not one boy dared walk home alone with me past the cemetery. So all of these little boys would walk home with me after the parties. We'd all hurry past that cemetery, none of us very brave.

Theo, when I got older and was going to the dances and programs and things, then Theo, bless his heart, would take me and stand outside and wait patiently till the very end to walk me home. I had to stay for the very last dance. I couldn't quit until it was all over. And I never once heard him complain. Of course, the boys used to do that, stand around outside the dance halls, shoot the bull. So he wasn't standing out there alone. But he was probably the only one that was waiting for a little sister. Then he'd walk me home cause I didn't ever dare to walk home alone.

And George Olsen was cute. He was a cute big cousin. Lots of times he'd take me home, even if he had a date. He'd say, "Come on and ride with us." He took a girl from Orangeville all the time—Jean, the one he married. And he was good to take me home. You didn't have—well, you had a date, only the boys didn't have cars to take you. So they'd come on the school bus, and that was your date for the evening. But then they had to go home on the school bus.

I had a lot of fun in high school. I had the lead in the operetta when I was a freshman. Morris Johnson was a junior, and he came and asked me if I would try out with him, and I didn't think I dared. We had to try out in pairs, and we tried out and we got the lead. It was *Purple Towers*. Stan Johnson (he was a friend of Elmo's from Huntington, but he was living in Castle Dale that year) had a part in it, and Morris Wall. And we thought it was big stuff, that operetta we'd do every year. It was the major production of the school. We called them operas, but they were really operettas. Mr. Brady was the music teacher, and he taught all of the choral numbers. Every year we had our operetta and our school play. We'd have one-act plays and things, but we always had a good three-act play. Mrs. Noble, the principal's wife, did the drama. She was really good at that. She took me under her wing when I was a sophomore and had me do dramatic readings. I had to go to quite a few of the PTAs and other programs and give dramatic readings. That was fun because Mrs. Noble was good. She taught me a lot.

I was in all of the school plays, but not as the lead, until I was a senior. Barbara Reid was supposed to have the lead, but she got sick and couldn't, and it was time to put it on, the end of school. Mr. Nielsen, he was the principal then, came to me and asked if I could learn the part. He let me out of classes all day long, and I memorized the part and had the lead in the play that night. It was easy for me to memorize in those days.

And then we had—it was a Mutual thing where professionals came through, and for a price they'd put on a play. They'd direct it and everything. The local Mutuals would pick the players, and they'd work with you for three or four days and then put on the plays. Of course they would get a percentage of the take. I had the lead in one of those. That was kind of fun. I remember Sydonia Kofford was president of the Mutual and came and wanted me to do the lead part. I think I was out of high school when I did this.

Our idea of fun when I was in high school was to steal chickens and go for a chicken roast. Any of our parents would have given us chickens willingly, but that wasn't any fun. We had to go steal somebody's. I remember one night we waited for Johansens to go to the picture show, which they always did on Wednesday night. They'd pick up Mother and go to the show. We got in their coop and got us a hen, and we went up on the hill where the subdivision is now, west of the high school. That was kind of a common place to have our weenie roasts and things. First we had to clean that chicken. Then we cooked, and we cooked, and we cooked. It was an old tough setting hen. We never did get that chicken so we could eat it. But that's what we thought was fun, to steal chickens and have chicken roasts.

There was quite a gang of us. In the summer time we didn't really date. We just had a bunch that went. Then in the fall the boys would get a buckboard and team, and we'd go up in the cedars and pines and gather pinenuts. That was always a fall ritual. Then at Easter the boys would get their team and wagon and stuff and we'd go down on the desert. That was just the pattern.

Orangeville and Castle Dale kids spent more time together than any of the other towns because they were so closely situated. It was almost like an extended town. So we spent a lot of time together, going to school together and all. Orangeville kids and Castle Dale kids got real close. The Orangeville girls always had a lot of pretty clothes, always

High School and After

did. They used to say the Orangeville people put it on their backs and the Castle Dale people put it in their stomachs. We never could dress as nice as the Orangeville girls. Orangeville people were real close-knit. Where in Castle Dale we would speak of Mr. So-and-so or Sister So-and-so, in Orangeville it was Uncle This and Aunt That. And I guess they really were mostly related. At school elections, the Orangeville kids voted as a bloc, so they usually had most of the school officers.

We started the S.A. Club when I was a sophomore in high school. I was one of the founders. There was another girls' club that was real selective and would not admit the younger classes. So some girls from Orangeville and I organized the S.A. Club. It was a secret club, and we promised never to reveal what the letters stood for. It got to be real popular. The other club soon disbanded, but the S.A. Club stayed active until they closed Central High School in 1943. I remember they let us go to Price once to advertise a dance. Several of the girls played ukuleles, and we sang, and we went over to Carbon High School and had a lot of fun. Competition was keen between schools. In athletics and everything we did, we were real competitive. But we had lots of friends in the other schools.

Then we always used to make a big deal out of the Gold and Green Balls. Each ward would have their Gold and Green Ball and always put on a floorshow. And then the stake would have a Gold and Green Ball and each of the wards would participate in the floorshow. I was stake dance director for quite a long time.

Of course our Junior Proms were always a big thing. They'd let the juniors out of school, part of the day, for most of the week to go down and decorate. We always had our proms down the hill in the new auditorium they'd built at the elementary school because the auditorium on the top floor of the high school was condemned for dances and things. It wasn't big enough anyway, so we used the new auditorium down in town. And of course our proms were so crowded that there just wasn't hardly any room to dance. But you always went to all three proms in the county. And then they had the Senior Hop, and that was almost as big. And we always had dance programs, and I've still got mine, a whole bunch of them, up here in a box. You danced the first dance with the boy who brought you, and probably the dance after intermission and the last dance before going home, but all the rest of the dances you were just free to dance with anybody you wanted to. Of course each school would try to have a prettier decoration than the other schools. At least we'd think it was prettier.

I had a case on Mr. Juda when I was a junior, until he got married when I was a senior. The girls all had a crush on Mr. Juda, this cute young coach out of college. He taught us physiology—that was the class he taught me—early in the morning. And he danced with me. I was the only student he danced with, but I could always depend on having at least one dance with Mr. Juda before the night was over. The girls were kind of envious. Then he married in the spring of my junior year. Then the year I was a senior I had all my classes pretty much. I didn't have to take any classes, so they had me as a secretary. I was secretary to the principal, and then the teachers would have me sometimes mark their report cards from their roll books. And I remember Mr. Juda up there kidding with me. He was a cute guy. That was the only teacher I had a crush on.

You entered the high school building from the south. There was a stairway that went up from there, but the first room on your left as you faced north and went in was the chemistry room. Then back behind that the hallway came in a kind of T-shape. Back

behind that was the domestic art room. We always called it “domestic art” or “domestic science.” That was the sewing and the cooking. Then over in this corner was the band room, the northeast corner. And the first room on the right as you came in was room 10, where we had physiology. Then you went upstairs, and the principal’s office was on the right. The northeast corner was where we had our math classes. The girls’ restroom was on the east and the boys’ restroom was on the west. There were four classrooms there too. Then you went upstairs again, and the first room on your right was the chorus room. Then the big auditorium across the back, and then on the southwest corner was a classroom or they used it for a dressing room for plays and things. We always had our matinee dances and our chorus practices and things up there, but by the time I was in high school all our big dances were down in the auditorium at the elementary school. So it was just the smaller functions we had up in that auditorium. It was condemned for basketball and that kind of thing. Oh, how I loved that old building! Every room of it, I loved. I felt so bad the day it burned down. I remember standing out there on the woodpile in our back yard in Huntington and watching the smoke. Your dad came home from somewhere and said, “What’s the fire?” I said it was the old high school burning down, and he felt as bad as I did because that’s where he started his teaching career.

Our Christmas time was always fun. It was dances almost every night. We’d go to Ferron, and we’d go to Orangeville and Castle Dale and Huntington. That’s what we did for recreation. We always had good music. I remember going over to Price with Jay Sandberg. I believe it was the Silver Moon over there—wasn’t it the Silver Moon? And they had a floor—a spring floor—and oh, it was nice. I remember going over there at Christmas a time or two. But my fondest memory of dancing is sure Wilberg’s.

Sixty years ago tonight was the opening night out to Wilberg’s, and oh, it was so exciting, so much fun. We’d been up to Provo, a group of us girls, picking strawberries. We’d just got home. We’d all earned enough money to buy a new dress, and we wore our new dresses and went out to Wilberg’s to the dance. That was the beginning of all those good dances, every Saturday night and every holiday out to Wilberg’s. We’d dance until late into the fall—they’d even have to have a bonfire. They built a kind of cement thing in the middle of the floor and had a big bonfire, and we had watermelons, and people came from all over Carbon County and all over Emery County. It was just the fun spot of the two counties. I guess it kept open until the war. I think when so many of the young people were gone to war they didn’t have enough people to patronize it so they closed. They always had good music. Elmo played in the orchestra out there a good share of the time. And then Ralph Miglaccio’s orchestra from Price. They always had good music, and that big cement floor would be just packed with people. And they had a pretty park there, lots of pretty trees and grass, and they had a big concessions stand. They had a swimming pool. Oh, every third and fourth of July I want to go to Wilberg’s to the dance.

Old Mr. Wilberg was a tree-planter, and those trees were good-sized by the time he opened the dance hall. Of course his boys were all grown and married too when he started the dance hall. Rufus may not have been married, but the others were. I’m sure he planted those trees as a young man. Mr. Wilberg was a man who liked to acquire land. People would complain about having to share irrigation water with him—you know what I mean? Some people had a hard time letting the irrigation water run through their place and on to somebody else’s. But he was quite a builder, the old guy was—all those trees he

planted. He had a temper. He'd shake his fist and get mad at the commissioners, and shake his fist and carry on.

Carl Wilberg may have owned land on the Bench. He had two sons that had homes there. Cyrus and Eyan lived on the Bench, and Eyan was the one that had the little meat market and grocery store where I took my boiled eggs to trade for candy at recess. Then when his family was almost grown, he moved to Orem and got a market there. But Cyrus's home is still there. But I don't remember Mr. Wilberg ever living anywhere but out on the farm. They lived in an older house up near the dance hall for years, then they built that newer home on the rim of the hill. Rose's grandmother was a Wilberg, Carl's sister. I think Mrs. Wilberg came from Emery. They were always nice to me, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberg, always real nice to me.

The spring of my sophomore year I started going with Hugh Seely. He was the son of Dave and Elva. They lived in the big white house on the corner of Main and Center streets. Dave was the youngest son of old Orange Seely, and he had a large sheep operation. Elva's father was Sam Singleton who had land and cattle and owned a store in Ferron. So they were kind of Emery County aristocrats. Hugh was a senior, and I can remember I was on my way home from school, and we met there in front of Dennisons' and he asked me for a date to Junior Prom. I about fainted. I went with him all that spring to the junior proms and the senior hops. Then he made up with Louise. He and Louise Brady were high school sweethearts, and they'd had a tiff. Then he made up with Louise, and that was the end of that romance. The next year he was away to college, but we went together when he came home for the holidays. And if Mother could have picked my husband, it would have been Hugh. He had an outgoing personality, and he'd kid with Mother when he came up, and Mother thought the world of him. He was a cute boy. He treated me nice. He always drove a nice car. We'd usually double-date with Stan Huntington and Emma Dickson.

Seelys lived next door to my friend Beth Crawford, and when you were at Crawfords' you were at Seelys'. It was just one big happy family. It was just such a close family relationship because their mothers were sisters, Singletons. I think Elva Seely was the oldest, then Beth's mother, Thurnelda, then Morris, then Cecil (she married a Crawford, too), then Fawn. Fawn was the youngest in the Singleton family. She was Max's sweetheart in high school. Years later when Max was living in the retirement home in Salt Lake, my friend Sam Singleton arranged for Fawn and Max to meet. She looked at him for a while then said, "Oh, Max, you used to have such beautiful hair."

Then Beth and I were such good friends, and Geneil and I were good friends, so I was in their homes a lot. Roma and Geneil were from Morris Singleton's first wife, and their mother died when they were just little girls and their grandmother raised them. I don't know how Geneil and I got to be such good friends. Well, I do too. Mrs. Singleton came over and lived in Elva's house for a year, and Elva lived in Ferron and ran the Singleton store. Roma was a freshman in high school, and Geneil was in the eighth grade, and we got to be real good friends. And we stayed good friends even though she moved back to Ferron. We wrote to each other clear up to the time she died a few years ago. I still have a box of letters from Geneil. I think I will burn them before I die. There are things in them that Geneil didn't want other people to know. Roma wasn't very nice to Geneil. If a boy showed any interest in Geneil, Roma would play up to him and take him away from her sister. In high school, Roma Singleton was the glamour girl of the county.

Elmo had a terrible crush on her, and so did Orson Peterson and a lot of other boys. She married Bruce Wakefield, but it wasn't a very happy marriage. She was killed in a car accident only a few months after her marriage.

I remember in all my growing up years, Castle Dale didn't like Huntington because Huntington—I can't even remember the story now, something to do with the schools. Then when I got over here, for the rest of my life I heard the Huntington side of the story, how they didn't like Castle Dale. Oh, Huntington had a seminary real early, and they took that away when they opened the stake academy in Castle Dale. It was an old feud that went on for years.

All these years I had a crush on Huntington boys. I don't know why, but I never did get interested in Ferron boys as I did in Huntington boys. We all thought Huntington had all the cute boys. They did have some cute boys. I remember the first time I ever saw Bruce Wakefield. I was in the eighth grade, and it was conference. I think that's what you went to conference for, to see the cute boys. And I guess the boys went to see the girls. I remember, probably at noon hour, or maybe when we should have been listening to the speakers, we were outside goofing off, and I remember Bruce Wakefield. I thought he was so cute. He was a dreamboat. I dated Bruce a little bit.

I went with June Sandberg for quite a while. It was Christmas holidays of the year I went to BYU, and I remember dancing with June and he asked me for a date, and I went with him for the rest of that holiday. Then when he came home in the spring he took me to Wilberg's and everything, and I went with him for all the Christmas holidays and all the summers from then till—I think he was a senior in college before he fell in love with Vera. When I hear “Winter Wonderland” it sure reminds me of him because that was popular when I was going with him.

Elmo was usually in the crowd, if not in the car with us. So we were friends through all those years, but I never, never thought about dating him. Then when he came over to high school to teach, I remember how surprised I was that he wasn't teaching music. He was teaching business and drama. I didn't go with him till in the spring. I remember I was working in Huntingtons' store, and he called up and asked if I would like to go to Ferron to the senior hop. I thought that sounded like fun, so we went to Ferron, and then he took me to all the rest of the things that went on that spring, high school programs, band concerts, and things. He kind of gave me the rush. And then that summer he went up to—Fawn and Ray had a garage in Pleasant Grove and he went up to stay with them. I don't know whether he was going to sell cars or what, but anyway he thought he was going to work. I remember him writing me a few times from up there, and then he came home and we went on that trip up to the mountains. Then he was back to school in Castle Dale, and we dated on and off. Kind of a stormy courtship. I remember he was sick. He missed school for about a week, and I remember I was working in the post office then. I went down to the drugstore and got an *Esquire* magazine and rolled it up and delivered it to him, and he got the mail, and I guess I'd enclosed a little note in it. I don't remember. He said afterwards that he told his mother he guessed that was the gal he'd probably be marrying. That's how he broke it to her. That was probably in January, and we were married in March. When he told his granddad he was going to get married, he said, “Well, good. Now maybe you'll amount to something.”