

INEZ ISABELL MC NEIL JORGENSEN

I, Inez Isabell Mc Neil Jorgensen was born of goodly parents of Scottish lineage, in Logan, Cache County, Utah, May 1, 1900. My paternal grandparents had come to Utah as a young married couple, having joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They spent over six weeks on the ocean and then traveled by wagon and oxen to Utah. Grandmother Isabell Smith Mc Neil, whom I was named for gave birth to her first child, a baby boy enroute. In a frantic rush to escape an Indian company of braves, the wagon overturned on top of her and the baby. The baby wasn't hurt but Grandmother was an invalid from a back injury the rest of her life

Grandfather had been a coal miner and hated the work in the dark and low-ceiling mines and was so happy and successful with a good farm in fertile Cache Valley, where he lived to be 84 years old.

I was a favorite grandchild, because of my name and I adored Grandmother as all the grandchildren did.

When I was about a year old, my Father, Mother, older sister, Myrtle, five years of age, and my brother, Will, eleven years old left Logan to seek our fortunes near La Grande, Oregon, with Uncle Jim Adams, his wife Aunt Agnes, Mother's half-sister and their four children. Mother had two other sisters near, and a brother.

We settled on farms and may have made it our permanent home in that beautiful valley but death hit the small community, in the form of typhoid fever, killing several people, among them my sister Myrtle. My brother Will, was seriously ill. So heartbroken and discouraged, my parents, brother, and I returned to Logan with a small casket, holding the little daughter who looked so like Mother.

Father bought Grandfather's fertile farm as Grandfather had taken the supervising of the Logan Temple; the heating, seating, etc. that he did for many years and so enjoyed the time he spent working there.

Some of my earliest memories are of the hours spent in the home of my grandparents, a large, two-story framed-house with many large windows, looking out on a beautiful flower garden. Grandmother had been confined to her bed since her injury while crossing the plains, she was riding in a wagon after the birth of her tiny son, when a box came loose and hit her in the back. She got better for a time but when they reached Cache Valley, she became worse and finally, she couldn't walk as her legs seemed paralyzed. Her baby boy died soon after she was injured and was buried somewhere along the trail. She spent most of her life in a large wooden bed which was the center of all our lives. She gave birth to eleven children and raised seven of them to maturity; also a grandson, whose Mother died soon, after his birth. Grandmother taught her children manners, the reward

of work, and the gospel that she so loved. She must have had dark gloomy days in this large beautiful house that Grandfather had built. She could only see this one room and the small part of the outside world from the large windows. Grandfather had planted trees, a rose garden and other flowers so she could enjoy them from her bed.

As children, we always went to see Grandmother; after school, after Sunday School and always to show her our new dress, shoes, or a doll at Christmas time.

When we were small and living on the farm, my Father would hitch the team to the two-seated surrey with the fringe on top and take us to the beautiful parades Logan always had on the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July. Besides all the beautiful floats to look at, we were always so excited about the tribe of Indians that always came to help us celebrate. The men wore the beautiful long headdresses and their war paint. They rode their spotted ponies and looked so fierce. The women tagged along in long colored dresses that drug on the ground and they would sit on the steps of the bank and nurse their black-haired babies. They would also come to our house and ask for sugar and flour.

Another exciting event was the threshing machine driven by horse power, many men and their teams would be at our place and we would watch the horses being driven around and around and hear the whip snap and for days after they left we would play the threshing crew and all vie for the position of driver to snap the whip.

While I was still small, an immigrant from Denmark came to live with us. We loved Hans and he used his spare time whittling animals for us from wood and bone.

Father was appointed guardian for a family from North Logan whose Father had died and left his wife with a farm and many small children to care for. Father brought Wesley to live with us for a while and he was so much company, as he was 1 year older than I.

When my brother Will went to UAC, he was on the main basketball team and he brought Dean Peterson to live with him. Dean was a student from Scipio and became one of the family, even after he graduated he was like a brother and we never lost contact with him.

We had a one seated buggy and a spirited mare that Mother used to drive. She would put baskets of eggs and the children into the buggy and drive to Anderson's Store, the meat shop and also the bank down town. We liked going to the meat shop, there was sawdust on the floor and the beef hung on huge hooks from the ceiling. The butcher in a white apron would take one down and cut off the amount we wanted. We always enjoyed going to town because we always had a treat.

An electric street car was brought to Logan. It ran from the Oregon Shortline Depot west of Logan along Main Street to 4th North and then East to the foot of the college hill.

Our horse resented this noisy thing that she couldn't understand and whenever we were going the same way as the street car, she would prick up her ears and dash at a gallop to race the car. Men would dash out, thinking it was a runaway but Mother remained calm, told us to hang on tightly and with a firm grip on the reins, soon had everything under control and we all giggled about our race horse.

We, also went to see the two large and exciting(Barnum and Bailey--Ringling Bros.) circus parades that came to Logan, every summer. We would be awakened at dawn by the calling and cries of the caged wild animals. Will, my brother and his friend Calvin always got up early to go to the circus grounds to help water the animals and get a free ticket to the circus under the big tent. I could never understand as a child why I couldn't tag along and see the sights that they talked about for days afterward. Father always took me and the family to the parade and circus but I always felt bad that I couldn't go with the boys at daylight. We would spend the next few weeks playing "circus" and reliving the acts of the big tent.

Father always found time from his farming to take the family to Bear Lake for a vacation. Mother would bake and prepare food and we would travel through beautiful Logan Canyon, excited to see the first glimpse of the blue, blue Bear Lake. We had good times there with other relatives from Logan, bathing and boating on the lake.

When I was a teenager, Father used to take me with him to conference in the Logan Tabernacle when Mother was unable to go. We would sometimes sit in the balcony, and I felt so thrilled and proud to be with him.

Father, also, took me to see the state capitol in Salt Lake City, when it was new. He knew Mr. Crockett, Secretary of State and he took us all through the beautiful building. I'll never forget standing high on the stair case and looking down into the rotunda.

I, also had fun as I grew older, going with the Hansens to Randolph and Bear Lake when they visited their sister and later Lucille and I went to visit La Reve when she married and moved near the lake.

I was named Isabell after my Grandmother but my brother liked his first grade teacher so much that he would come home and call me Inez, her name was Inez Maughn. My sister just older than I, Myrtle, liked it so much that she always called me "Inez." When she died of typhoid, my family decided I should be called "Inez" instead of Isabell as it made her seem closer to them and helped the ache in their hearts to see the tiny grave in the cemetery. When I was baptized at eight years of age, the name was given me and I have always been called by it. As I grew older, it wasn't so easy to say, the others in the family shortened it to "Nez" and that has been my family name.

When I was very small, before I went to school, I would recite poems for Mr. Cronquist, our neighbor (the wealthy one) and he would give me a quarter for each poem, and a pat on the head.

Mother said when a new baby was born in the family, the first thing the new mothers did was to take it to Grandmothers and she would fondle it and love it and give it her blessing.

At her funeral services, Apostle Ballard (a cousin) said she was one of the sweetest spirits that had lived, on this earth.

I grew up in a good family, well provided for in a comfortable home with an older brother, two younger sisters and a younger brother. I can barely remember the first part of our home, the old shanty, we cooked in and ate out meals in during the summer, to keep the rest of the house cool. We carried water from the pump that also supplied water for the animals. We had a pantry on the north side of the kitchen and it had a window and in this window there was a large bottle of cod-liver oil that I had to take every morning, a large spoonful of it that I hated. Grandmother sent a bottle to our house every fall and a quilted pad that I had to wear all winter a I had a weak chest and always had bronchitis every year. After another girl had died in infancy, every precaution was taken to keep the other members of the family alive.

Father added a new part to the original rooms which were a large brick room, a kitchen, and a pantry. He added a large living room (parlor) and a bedroom, with a bath, and a stairway that led to two upstairs bedrooms and a large hall. Water was piped into the house and to the corral from a spring east of our place. (where the stadium now stands) This made a very large and pleasant home. There were large trees (poplars) to shade it and a huge lawn in front of the house. Mother had a flower garden and there was also an orchard, raspberry plants, grapes, and a very productive garden. We were all taught to work hard as Father had a farm and milked cows, and sold the milk to the Agricultural College.

Our farmhouse still stands and is just the same as we left it, with its painted window and front porch, and the big old barn stands, weather-beaten where we had fun playing and swinging on the derrick rope. New homes now surround the home on both sides and the big new stadium of Utah State is across the street east of it.

When I was a child, we didn't have close neighbors, the Bergensens lived over a block away, north of us and the Cronquists, a mile away and the Schaub's, Mosers and Datwylers about the same distance south of us. We were a united group of children, perhaps it was because we had so far to go to school and enjoyed each other's company. We had many birthday, Halloween, and surprise parties at each others homes.

We had to walk six blocks to a one-room school house. Many times I trudged with the neighbor kids through faint tracks in the snow, arriving at the school house nearly frozen. Our sweet teacher would take off our big coats, caps, overshoes, and put our red hands in a basin of cold water and then take us near the big red-hot stove to get us warm so we could learn our lessons.

We all loved her dearly as she taught us many things besides A. B. C. We, also, had to go way out in the back of the yard to the toilets.

At Christmas time, we had a huge tree at school, decorated with the Santa Claus we had made, paper trees and tinsel and real small wax candles. We had our parents to the program and the candles were lighted and we danced around the tree. Suddenly, a draft spread the flame from the candles to a piece of tinsel and havoc followed. Our wise teacher and our parents soon extinguished the blaze and we had a glorious party with refreshments our mothers had made. Miss Skeen was a wonderful person and teacher but her teaching career was very short as she became blind.

After the first grade, the kids of the neighborhood walked 12 blocks to the Whittier School. We were very close friends, almost like family, that old "gang of mine." I still get cards from some of them at Christmas. We went through all the grades, together and in the autumn, we often stopped at Grandmother Izatt's (who lived "kitty-corner" from the school.) She would always give us apples or something to eat on our long walk home. Often, we stopped at Grandfather's, six blocks nearer home on Ninth North to eat potawatami and blue plums. He had planted a row of plum trees on his two fence lines and everyone in the ward was welcome to get all the plums they could use. It is strange that we never got sick but we did get our hands and clothes stained blue.

The students who brought their lunch (No school Lunch, you either went home for lunch or brought your lunch) had an exciting project across the school yard and the Boulevard---this street rambled from Main street around the hill above the island near Logan River---finally merging into 4th North just below the college. There was a rather steep bank with only 2 good roads and a trail down to the island and at noon we would go down this bank where we built a cave that went far back under the Boulevard. We had many rooms, also a fort and shared this exciting place with hundreds of busy swallows. It is strange that there weren't any cave ins or accidents but we played there until our interests led us to other amusements.

We had one of the first telephones in Logan, a large box fastened to the wall on the side of the dining room door that opened on to the front porch. All the neighbors were welcome to use it and I can remember the night that Brother Bergensen came to call the doctor. His wife had seen seriously ill for months and she died later that night.

Before the telephone Mother and Aunt Lizie Olsen who lived about half a mile West of our farm had a unique communication of their own. Aunt Lizie was probably a distant relative but we were as close as family. When Mother wanted her to come to our

house, either to help in case of sickness or to eat something special she had cooked, Mother would hang her red tablecloth on the tree by the kitchen door and Aunt Lizie and her kids would stop everything and hurry to our place. If Aunt Lizie hung her red tablecloth on her tree, Mother would quickly gather her children and we would go through the fields, climbing through or under the barbed wire fences. I always caught my dress on the barbs and had to be rescued.

I use to take the cow herd to the pasture but had to go about six blacks to get there and our dog Rover, would help me. One morning, one of the cows was rubbing her head in a small hill and opened a yellow jacket nest and we all made a speedy retreat but didn't escape the angry insects and got stung.

When my youngest sister, Millie was five years old, she got pneumonia. There were no miracle drugs to fight it, just mustard plasters and cold packs to take down the high fever. Anointed oil was used by the Priesthood and a blessing given to her. The doctors did everything they could but as she had the disease in both lungs and was so weak and they told Father and Mother there was no hope to save her. Having lost two other small daughters, Myrtle five years old and Mary, and infant, my parents were grief-stricken. Father called all the members of the family to kneel in a circle and pray for her. We knelt in the dining room, broken-hearted and asked for her life. Our prayers were answered and she lived. It took many months for her to recover as she didn't have an appetite. All her blond curly hair fell out and the new hair grew in but was dark. The doctor suggested we spend the hot summer days in Logan Canyon where she might regain her appetite from the mountain air. We had a lot about eight miles up Logan Canyon. We lived in a tent with a board floor. Uncle Will and Aunt Jeanie stayed at our farm home and Father traveled back and forth to do the farming. It was a big sacrifice for our parents but the kids had a ball as other families were camped nearby. Millie recovered and was able to survive the next cold winter in Logan.

When we were in the sixth grade, Logan City changed its educational plans, built a Junior High School one block East from the post office. Somehow to get the program started, they said all the students in the sixth grade that had high grades could skip that grade and go to the new school. I was eligible to do this but the rest of the gang either didn't have grades high enough or didn't want to enter, so they all decided to stay home a half year and then finish the sixth grade. I didn't want to go alone so I followed the gang. We thought it would be a lark, the best holiday ever, but by the end of the second week Mother and I were both frantic and bored. I spent more time practicing my piano lessons. (I walked two miles to take lessons from Mr. Fogelbergs on Main Street. He was a wonderful German musician and he and his family played the violin and piano, very well.)

I learned during this special holiday that I wanted to go to school, high school and maybe college. Logan City didn't have a public high school but the L.D.S. Church had the Brigham Young College, an excellent high school and two years of college located between second and third West of Main Street.

When we finished and were graduated from the eighth grade, the boys decided to go to work and the girls remained at home until they married at a very early age.

I was so alone that fall and wished I hadn't gone to the BYC. But it wasn't long until I made new friends, the Hansens La Reeve, and Lucille, and their family from Beaver Dam, also Norma Smith. We still send each other cards on special occasions. I still hear from Margaret Schwartz Hansen, and Louise Mc Murdie, who belonged to the early gang and I introduced Margaret to her future husband.

About this time, a Mr. Cannon, a polygamist, bought the land adjoining us on the south side. He built a huge, three-story house and brought his second family, who had lived in Mexico, to live there. Jasmine, the youngest daughter, (we called her Jack) a year or so younger than I became good friends and had lots of exciting times together. She was beautiful but had a buzz-saw temper and you could hear her screaming at her brothers from our place. She, also went to school so we walked the long distance together.

Her mother was so sweet and very well-educated and had a wonderful library. She loaned me many of her books and helped me choose them. I gained a great love for reading. I read all the popular girl's books but I also, read "War and Peace."

She had college boys and girls board at her house and they used to tease "Jack" and me. One night when Jack (Father said she could yell louder than anyone) and I had been to Bee Hive Meeting we were walking, talking and giggling and it was very dark. Our hearts always beat faster as we came to the road that was near her house and it also led to the Cemetery. We looked up that way and to our horror, there were 3 or 4 ghosts dashing toward us. We broke into a desperate run and reached their front door as they caught us. Of course, the night lock was on---Jack began screaming and I quietly sank to the porch floor in a heap. Mrs. Cannon came rushing to the door and needless to say---it was a question who was the most frightened.

These same students built a huge toboggan sled that could hold a dozen people and they would take us sleigh riding. We would fly down the North College Hill (we called it Gigan's as they lived at the top in a stone house.) There would be so many big fellows on the schooner, we went like the wind. One night, we were out sleigh riding and instead of going straight North for blocks the guider of the sled turned the corner and went down Ninth North.

An electric train had been added to Logan's comfort and convenience. The tracks followed along the side of the canal. We called it the Interurban and it ran from Logan to Greenville (now North Logan.) About two blocks down that street was the Logan Canal (of course it was frozen over) but just on the other side of it, the interurban tracks were laid and just as we came close, we could see the lights and hear the bang of its wheels. The fellow yelled, "Everybody off," and we all rolled into the cold frosty snow banks and

the sled went on and into the canal as the car pounded by on its way, lights flashing. No one was hurt but all were terribly frightened.

My Father's health was bad. He had terrible attacks of gallstones so he decided to sell the farm and buy Grandmother's (Izatt) house on fourth East. Jetta, my next sister had a bad heart, Clyde was not strong and had rheumatism, and Millie had never fully regained her health from the bout with pneumonia, so they couldn't walk to school the way my brother Will and I had done, and Mother was not able to feed and milk the cows and do all the chores. We sold the farmhouse and land around it and Father managed the fields of hay and grain; and part of the cow herd, when we moved into the big house, three stories made of large cement blocks. My grandfather Izatt had built the house, having been a Mason by trade. Grandmother was old and couldn't live alone.

This house was much closer to the Brigham Young College and I met a new friend, who lived across the street--Lorraine Wennergren and family.

High school was fun as well as a challenge to study hard. Norma Smith and I were buddies all the years and when we were graduated, our graduation dresses were made alike--long dresses with full ruffles all down the skirt and a pink ribbon sash. Our mothers had made the dresses and they were very pretty. We often exchanged dresses during these school days as we could wear each others clothes.

World War I was in progress. During the flu epidemic, everything was closed, even school and we wore hot, white gauze masks if we went down town. We played Rook at our homes, especially at the Wennergrens, as they had a family of young people. Luckily, no one got the flu in our families or in the crowd. My brother was terribly sick with it but he was in the army as a Dentist in San Diego, California.

Teachers were scarce as so many men were in the Army and Norma and I were both offered a teaching position in the Woodland, Summit County, Elementary School.

We Thought it would be a lark and we did enjoy parts of it, especially the association of the students. I have never been so cold; we traveled with the mailman in a small horse-drawn sleigh to Park City at Christmas and returned after the holidays. We took the train from Park City to Logan. We nearly froze, especially our feet.

We lived in a small frame house, not far from the upper Provo River and we enjoyed the music from it. The house had belonged to my Grandfather's sister. She was a tiny woman and the chairs, table, etc. were all cut short to her size. It was almost like a doll house. I wish I had bought the place because it is in such a pretty setting and a very popular summer retreat now.

Norma and I each taught two grades, she the first two grades, and I had the third and fourth, and the principal, the fifth and sixth. The rooms each had a big round stove

for heat and the lavatories were out in the back yard. By spring, we were very happy to go home and continue our education as our parents had planned.

We enrolled at Utah Agricultural College and it was war time. Logan had street dances for celebrations and we met some soldiers, especially those who had been wounded and were being sent to school by the government.

I met John Rencher, as his family and Norma's were good friends. We had fun but he was older and began to get serious and I wanted to continue college.

We had many fun parties and had a gang when Norma and I were Freshies. Most of the others were older. We hiked to the mountains in good weather and had home parties and went to dances. I had pneumonia in February and missed a month of school, but I felt worse about missing The Military Ball, that I had a date for. My teachers let me make up my lessons so I got all my credits.

After two years of college I decided I didn't want to spend four years in graduating so I went to summer school one year. Then by taking a heavy course the last year I was graduated in three years and a summer session. Norma decided to stay the full time so our ways parted and she had one more year to go.

My Uncle Angus Izatt, who was principal at Castle Dale, Central High School, offered me a job. There was an opening at Malad, Idaho too but fate must have taken me to Castle Dale in September 1923. I have lived most of my married life on the hill in Castle Dale since that September..

Father and Mother brought me to Castle Dale in our Buick (with shade curtains.) I stayed with Angus and Leora in Dr. Christensen's apartment until I found lodging at A.E. Wall's home. Ida and I became room mates while her husband, Glen Snow was on a mission.

There were many young girls, teaching school in the elementary grades and Miss Burnham and I in high school. I met the "Jorgensens" Esther, Florence, teachers, Elmer and Cleo, also and Lucile was a Jr. in high school. I had met their brothers, Lester and Vern but I didn't meet Floyd until February at a dance after a ball game in the old Central High School Gym. When the crowd danced, the floor used to sway, but there were many dances held there and so many good times that when it burned we were all in tears.

It must have been love at first sight with Floyd and me because we dated whenever he was in town. We went horseback riding, walking near the creek and dancing and to picture shows held in the top of the old building where Wanda Jones lives.

On a spring evening in early April, near Cottonwood Creek, we decided to spend the rest of our lives together. School dismissed for summer vacation in April but we (the school marins") decided to come back to Castle Dale that summer. We took a trip with

our fiancées to upper Joe's Valley..... Della and Les, Melba and Bob, Esther and Dorral, (they didn't marry), Leola and Brad, and Floyd and I. We had a wonderful time and the men played the old trick of "Snape" hunting and we fell for it and were laughed at.

Floyd and I decided to get married at Thanksgiving time. He took me home to Logan after the trip and met the family. Floyd was ordained an Elder in early November and we traveled to Logan for the holiday and were married in the Logan Temple by President Joseph Shepherd, on Friday November 28, 1924. There were several couples married that day and we were all in a circle and our folks seated around the room and each couple was called out and married so we witnessed the marriage of all the couples.

We returned immediately to Castle Dale and stayed with his folks as Floyd had to herd the sheep part of the time, that winter.

One night, soon afterward, a gang came to shivaree us but we hid and they went home. They returned the next night and caught us and took us to the Jorgensen Farm. They killed some of Grandmother's chickens and we had tough chicken and also some food they had brought.

I taught school until school was dismissed for Christmas vacation and Floyd was still on the desert so I decided to go home to Logan. It was the coldest year. Della and I went to Price with the Millers (music teacher and his wife.) We stayed in the hotel by the railroad and caught the morning train. I didn't get to Logan until late that night and I was nearly frozen. It was 30 below zero.

I hurried back to Castle Dale and Floyd was home so we spent our first Christmas holidays together. I taught school until April but didn't feel very well as I was pregnant and so miserably sick. I didn't teach the next year because they didn't allow women to teach if they were married.

We moved to the ranch that spring and stayed until August. Floyd and I went to Logan and I stayed with my folks and he worked in Idaho. Norma was born after two days of labor and anxious waiting September 28, 1925. I had a slow delivery and Dr. Eliason gave me an injection of a drug to hurry the birth, which it did but it also gave me hepatitis. He was treating another woman who had it and died from it. We had a nurse in the daytime, Mrs. Quinney, and she was so good to me. I suffered excruciating pain and my skin turned yellow, even the whites of my eyes.

Floyd did the night shift and carried Norma in one arm and a hot towel pack in the other for me all night long for two or three weeks.

Norma grew, even under the conditions and was a darling baby that everyone adored. She was blessed and named NORMA by Bishop John Q. Adams. He gave her one blessing as Norman and then had to repeat the name and blessing.

We decided to return to Castle Dale and came back before winter in early November. Se stayed one night enroute with Aunt Jen and Uncle Will Beers in Salt Lake City. Norma, crying with colic and the new radio (with ear phones and the kids listening) kept everyone awake all that night.

We moved into President Overson's three-room house and I was left alone most of the winter with a new baby while Floyd was herding sheep. I didn't feel very well and tired easily. I had learned to care for Norma with my left hand as my right side still bothered me.

There wasn't a bathroom in the house and it was heated by two coal stoves that I had to build fires and keep burning to keep us warm. Gwen Boulden spent hours with me and kept me company and helped me.

Brother and Sister Oveson were so good to me. She would come up to the house and invite me to dinner and when I hesitated; she would pick up Norma, wrap her with a shawl, and start for her home, saying, "I know you will come now."

Brother Oveson would stop in every morning and night as he went to milk his cow to see if we were all right.

We moved down into Dr. Christensen's apartment (the same place I had stayed when I first came to Castle Dale.) Then we went to the farm, again, and the next winter that apartment was rented so we moved into Hyrum Jensen's home just under the hill from our present home and it didn't have a bathroom.

We were expecting another baby so we went to Logan as medical help wasn't very good in Castle Dale.

Norma and I stayed with my family and Floyd worked in Idaho near Weston on the Beers' ranch.

My Father had been working for The Amalgamated Sugar Company as inspector of the sugar beets. He would be gone during the week and come home from Idaho for the weekend.

My brother, Clyde, was also working in Idaho and during the Labor Day weekend, Father was home and how he did enjoy Norma. After dinner he had just gone out and got in the Buick to go downtown to trade for a new car. (the stores didn't close for the holiday like now) He was struck by a terrific pain and we rushed him to the hospital just two blocks away but he died three days later from peritonitis.

It was a sudden blow to everyone and Floyd and I moved into the three-roomed house next door on the north that had belonged to Grandmother Izatt and Father had

acquired it from her when he bought the big house. Floyd went back to work in Idaho until Christmas time when he came home to be with us when our second child was born. James Dee was born December 31, 1927, five weeks premature but a healthy and lovely boy that thrilled everybody. He had a tiny soft lump on top of his head that worried my but Dr. Mc Gee said it would disappear and it did.

That spring we moved to a two-roomed house in Weston, Idaho. It didn't have a bathroom but we were near the place that Floyd worked and he could be home for meals and nights. When Jim was about six months old, he had Erysipelas and was in such pain. We took him to the Dr. in Preston, Idaho and he lanced the abscess on the back of his head. He felt so much better and recovered quickly. Mother, Jetta and Millie were in Chicago visiting Will, Lillian, and family.

Floyd didn't like working for wages so we came back to Emery County and the sheep herding life.

The next summer when Dee was about 18 months old, Floyd and George Mathis trailed the sheep to Cisco, Utah and shipped them to Gunnison Colorado, and then trailed them to the heights of the Rockies. They summered the flock on the Umcompahgre Forest way above timber line on a grassy area.

After a visit to Logan, I took Norma about four years old, and Dee, about 18 months old, on the train, riding the narrow gauge from Grand Junction to Ouray, Colorado. Floyd met us with the pack string and ponies in Ouray. We stayed there over night in a hotel. (Swiss-like town of the Alps) The slats on the wooden bed came out and let us down on the floor in the middle of the night.

The next morning Floyd and I mounted our ponies. I was riding Sheik, the Arabian favorite pony from the Jorgensen farm. Floyd rode a bay mare and we each carried a child in front of us on a pillow and Floyd led the pack strings of mules with our supplies, clothes and salt for the sheep.

We rode on the Million Dollar Hi-Way for a distance and then climbed through gorgeous scenery of pines and wild flowers and gushing springs to the top of the Rockies. We were above timberline and in the clouds in our mountain home of two canvas tents, one for the family to sleep in and the cook tent where the Mathis boys slept. Clyde 12, and Bud 15 years old.

It rained everyday except four during that summer and we could stand above the clouds and look down on the valleys and the clouds rising up in the canyons.

The atmosphere was so thin and we were so high, 12,000 feet that the horses as well as we could only move slowly. That was the first time I didn't need to worry about Norma getting lost as it slowed her to a walk.

The men had to go down to timberline and drag wood (logs) for the stove fire and it was a half a mile down to the forest. We took several rides through beautiful scenery and country. The waterfalls were gorgeous. There was, also, a huge snow-drift that never melted and we always wore sweaters.

One day Floyd went riding and exploring at a mine not too distant from our camp. He saw so bright shiny rocks and thought it might be gold, but it was "fool's gold and his dreams of being rich were dashed again.

We saw a pack string of mules, 12 of them that were fastened together and carried lumber to the mine and returned to town with silver and gold ore. The pack saddles on the mules were built high so that the lumber could be tied one end on a mule and the other end on the next mule, so that the lumber could stay in place while the mules zigzagged up the steep trails.

The children and I were taken back to Ouray and came to Castle Dale by train, the two Mathis boys went home for school. George Mathis hired a Mexican sheep herder to trail the sheep back to Utah in the fall. Floyd was supposed to boss the outfit and move the sheep camp but he did a lot of sheep herding as the herder wasn't on the job very well and kept losing sheep.

In the late fall of 1930--Floyd and I had struggled through the depression, having enough to eat but no money. Even food wasn't plentiful. We raised what we could. We had made over clothes and some that others had given us. I made all the children's clothes. Grandfather Jorgensen gave us a 100 lb sack of sugar that we divided with Les and Della. We hated being separated more than the poverty when Floyd was gone with the sheep.

Grandfather gave us the lot on the bench and between farming, Floyd, Vern and Grandfather overseeing it, they built us a three room house, twelve feet wide. We had hoped to get in it for Christmas but farm work and sheep were always pressing.

On December 13, 1930 on Sunday, the two children and I walked up on the hill to see what the house looked like and that extra exercise started the labor pains. I had been having problems all along, even a bad hemorrhage at the farm one time. How I wished I had gone to Logan, again. We called Dr. Nixon and when I told him, it was too soon--he said I had just miscarried. We were living at the farm but couldn't go back after I got sick. Grandmother Jorgensen was ailing and hardly able to get around so Les and Della took me up to their place and gave me their bed while they went up stairs to sleep.

Just before midnight, another boy (blond) was born; weighing 6 1/2 lbs and to everyone's surprise, especially the doctors; a 6 lb girl arrived just after midnight but he put the birth dates the same day December 14, 1930. Everyone was so excited and interested and they put the babies in baskets by the front room stove to keep them warm. John had to sleep in the same room as he had to be kept warm because he had a bad cold.

The twins did well for about a week and then Beverly, blessed by Richard Miller, took seriously ill one night, she fought hard but was too premature to make it. Three days later, Berkeley, blessed by George Jorgensen, died without much of a struggle. We felt terrible---two tiny caskets with two beautiful babies buried in the snow. Our cemetery lot was the first one bought by the Jorgensens.

Our house on the hill was finished in January 1931 and we moved in to it and have lived there since but we moved thirteen times before making our permanent residence. I have always liked it except for the heat and carrying the babies and groceries up the hill. I loved the view of the mountains, town and desert. We planted fruit trees, lawn, shrubs and flowers. We started out with three rooms but have added on to it, three bedrooms, a bathroom, a basement, and a modern kitchen. Floyd built most of the house except the kitchen which Dorral Jensen helped him and Hyrum Jensen did the basement.

The summer after the death of the twins; Floyd took the sheep to Colorado, again, up near Cranford , above Grand Junction. It was much easier to get to this summer range. It wasn't as high and Norma, Dee and I rode out there with Quince Crawford in his truck, Udella Miller Peterson went part way to be with her husband.

We had our summer camp under the aspens and near a stream of clear water. We spent a delightful summer. Floyd's Father, Mother, Eugene, Lucile, Vern, and Carol came out to see us. They had great fun fishing for trout in Crystal Creek. The fish were not very large but so delicious, taken from the cold stream and immediately cooked. Everyone could catch fish and we enjoyed them all summer.

Another source of pleasure was watching the beaver colony that was just around the bend from camp. They didn't seem very afraid of us and the children and I delighted watching the young beavers go down the slippery slide and splash into the water.

We had neighbors, also and the children rode the old pony to a ranch for fresh milk which we enjoyed.

Down the creek was another shepherd and his young family from Colorado and they used to visit us often. We made ice cream, cake, had fried mutton, sour dough biscuits and canned vegetables, as well as canned fruits, but that summer on Crystal Creek, with fresh milk and trout, we lived like kings (as far as good food.)

There were masses of wild flowers until the sheep would graze over them. This calm summer spent with Floyd in the peace of the mountains helped me to recover from the loss of the twins and we thoroughly enjoyed it but when we returned to Castle Dale that fall we were saddened by the death of Grandmother Jorgensen, who had been ailing the last year. We felt a great loss. She had been good to me and we had cooked for the threshers the fall before. We had carried water for them to wash in from the wash. We laughed at our clumsiness. I had been so large with the twins and she wasn't well. We

missed her and I'm sure if she had been well and could have helped with the twins, they probably would have survived because she had twelve children and saved them.

The next time, we spent at the sheep herd was on Valentine Ridge in Huntington Canyon. Eugene, Vern, and Lucile came up to the camp and stayed awhile with us and we had fun. That was the year there was a big forest fire in Huntington Canyon and we could see it from camp and the devastation it caused has been visible for many years but the vegetation is growing and covering the scars.

The next year brought more sadness to the family. Vern, who was very close to Floyd and a dear person, died of pneumonia in February and then in May Grandpa Jorgensen died. We missed him so much because he was always so cheerful and he used to ride Sheik up the hill to visit us real often. He had carved a rocking horse for Dee out of wood. I wish we had saved it as it was very good and the kids had so much enjoyment from it.

On February 17, 1934 Phil Mc was born in the north part of the front room, originally a bedroom. We had a good doctor, Dr. Hill from Huntington. He was a lovely blonde boy and had the reddest lips. I watched him constantly and if he sneezed, I was so afraid that he would die like the twins had. Mother came to see us and said he looked healthy. He grew well for five or six months and was so adorable and good that we all loved him, and it helped fill the empty space that the twins dying had left. When he was about six months old, he had a bad siege of diharrea. We finally checked it but for the rest of his early childhood he had trouble with it. He had fair skin that burned so easily and even in the shade, his cheeks and nose would get red. When ever I took him out in the sunstine, I had to cover his face.

On May 24, 1936, Bill Floyd was born in our present bedroom. He was a husky dark complexioned boy (10 lbs) and everyone was so delighted at his birth except Norma who was disappointed because she wanted a sister so badly. He grew and was well and a very good baby until he was about nine months old and wanting to walk. He had a very bad hernia that used to strangulate and hurt him so, and nearly frightened me to death. One day Vern Boulden rushed him and me to Huntington to the Doctor to get it put back in. (Floyd was out with the sheep) The Doctor thought it would have to be operated on but we got a pad (brace) that he wore constantly and the opening healed itself and so far hasn't bothered him.

The four children had all the childhood diseases as there weren't any inoculations for them except diphtheria. For some reason, that didn't help and they all had diphtheria. Norma and Dee weren't too sick but as usual Phil took everything harder than the others and two nurses and the doctor stayed with him one night when his fever was so high.

That was a terrible winter, for sickness. Besides, Bill's hernia, everyone of them had red measles, chicken pox and diphtheria. We were quarantined with a flag on the house (with the name of the disease) and no one could come in or we couldn't go out of

the yard. Uncle Gil Winkler, (Grandmother's brother from Cleveland) on jury duty called on us but he didn't want to come in the house when he knew we had measles. Floyd was with the sheep most of the time and I had day and night duty with sick children.

We had built an addition on the house that year, the basement, the bathroom, unfinished, and a kitchen over the basement. The kitchen had built-in cupboards, a sink, a new coal range with a hot water tank but we still bathed in a round tub on the kitchen floor and poured the water out the sink drain and went outside to the Roosevelt Monument(toilet.)

We had a large porch, with built-in windows and it was warm enough for Phil and Dee sleep in. Bill slept in a single bed where the bathtub is now. Norma had the little room until she went to college in the fall of 1942. Then Bill had the small bedroom.

The kitchen cupboards hadn't been painted after all that sickness when I became ill. I had been having gall bladder attacks regularly ever since the bout with hepatitis. Floyd and the kids were hauling some sheep to Mud- water and I went out to turn the water on the garden when a terrific pain struck me. I tried to call Gertie but I couldn't make her hear across the hollow. I got back into the house and put a cold pack on my side but the pain didn't stop. After a long time, Floyd finally came and called the doctor.

As soon as Dr. Hill arrived, he gave me a shot of morphine for the pain and he took Floyd and me to the Price Hospital in his car. Gertie took care of our family and George and Virginia went to Castle Dale the next morning and got Phil, four years old and Bill not quite two. Dr. Hubbard said it was an emergency and operated immediately. He told Floyd to stay at the hospital all night because I might not live until morning, but I improved and then after three or four days of drifting I decided to get well and the doctor put a bandage on me that would let them dress the wound. I had a tube down my throat, one with oxygen in my nose, two in my incision and one in my bowels to drain off the poison.

I spent over two weeks in the hospital and the doctor wanted me to stay longer. When Elmer Nielsen brought the boys, Floyd and me home from Price, Bill said as we turned at the corner (by the cemetery) "Now, I'm going to my own home." He would stand at the foot of the bed but wouldn't come near me.

George and Virginia were always close to those two boys after that long stay at their home. Virginia delighted in telling how excited Phil would get when they took them for a ride at night and a dinosaur (in lights) would blink on and off. He said, "The crazy thing never stays still."

That summer was a drag at the Jorgensen ranch. I was so weak that Floyd and the children did most of the work.

When Norma went to Central High School and the other kids to grade school, they did lots of sleigh riding down the hill in the winters. They made bonfires to keep warm and sometimes came in by our small stove to get thawed out.

Norma was a good student and active in school programs. She carried the school banner and marched in the band and wore a gold costume. The fall after she was graduated from Central (the last class to graduate) we all went with her to Logan so she could stay with Grandmother McNeil while she attended Utah State. She was terribly lonely and later moved into another place with girls.

The Second World War was taking so many men into the service. Melrose Luke asked me to teach so I taught the fifth and sixth grades in Castle Dale. I never enjoyed teaching elementary school.

Central High School had burned down and there was much scandal about who had started the fire. The Castle dale students had to go to South Emery High School, Dee among them. They didn't like it and I was transferred to Ferron to teach the seventh grade. We rode an old, small bus, rarely warm and it only went up the Center Street to where the high school now stands and back down town, stopping at Dennison's corner and the Huntington Store. The kids had to run to catch it from all over Castle Dale.

I taught two more years in Ferron but I taught English, Shorthand and Type in the high school which I liked much better, Brad Jensen, was the principal. The school board bought a larger and better bus.

After two years the family decided they would rather have me stay home. The sheep were doing better and we were financially the best we had ever been. We had a comfortable home, a Chevy truck for the farm work and a Buick car to drive.

Norma only went to Utah State one year and then she attended Brigham Young University. She left school in March 1947 to marry Leonard Wallace in the Salt Lake Temple. They lived for a short time in Castle dale at the mortuary while Leonard heard his father in the mortuary business.

It was wonderful to have them near and then Kathleen was born in the Price Hospital October 18, 1948. This filled us with great joy. She was such a darling and we loved her so much.

That same fall we had the coal furnace installed and it made our house so much more comfortable.

In 1950, Norma, Leonard and Kathy moved to Price and Connie was born January 3, 1951 in the Price Hospital. She was another darling and we enjoyed those two little girls as much as if they were our own. When Leonard died in 1952 and left Norma

heartbroken, they came to live with us and Norma re-entered B. Y. U. and received her degree the next spring. The girls stayed with us.

At this time the Korean War was on and James Dee was called into service. He trained in Georgia and visited his cousin, Carma, her husband, two girls and boy. When he was ready for overseas duty, we saw him off on the troop train to Germany. We were so worried and heartbroken that he had to go but he and we were so thankful and felt that he was blessed that he didn't have to fight in Korea but could serve his duty in Germany driving a supply truck. He didn't like Army life but saw some beautiful country and visited Richard (Dick) Jorgensen and his wife, Evelyn, in Munich Germany where he bought the Cuckoo clock he sent to us.

He returned home on a stormy sea that forced the soldiers to stay below deck and they were very sick must of the way home. Later he went to work at Ogden at Hill Field Air Force Base.

Norma Married Mont Cox and Richard was born in Richfield, October 24, 1954.

The marriage was annulled and Norma and family lived with us until she obtained a teaching position in Vernal. Floyd and I took her and the three little children to Vernal and helped her get located. The parting from those little ones was the hardest trial we had had since the death of the twins.

She found a new companion and married La Vern Powers, October 13, 1956.

They lived in Vernal, then Rifle and Meeker Colorado and back to Vernal living in several places before they purchased the home they now live in. There are six children:

Kathleen, (Kathie) a graduate of B. Y. U. and married to Randall O. Christensen, in the Manti Temple, September 3 1970. She has four children, Laurel, born in Provo, October 12, 1971, Kirsten Marie, born in Cedar City, July 15, 1973, Jeff Ryan born in Cedar City, June 25, 1977 and Lynsie.

Connie married to Richard M. Moore, December 1967. She has 2 children, Wayne born , and Richard L. born September 26, 1975.

Richard Wallace, born October 24, 1954, a student at the University of Utah hoping to graduate in 1978. He married Olivia Soward in the Salt Lake Temple. Their son, James Michael was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on September 21, 1976.

Holly born December 16, 1957. She married Stuart Wilkins December 21, 1976.

Robert Powers born January 26, 1960. He will graduate from Uintah High School in May 1978.

Dawn, born August 3, 1964, is a student in the eighth grade at Vernal Jr. High.

Dee's name was changed to James while he was in the service and he now uses it instead of Dee. While he was working in Ogden, he met and married Bonnie Behunnin, from McKinnon, Wyoming, December 8, 1956. They moved to Seattle to live while Jim (James) worked for Boeing Aircraft Company.

James Jorgensen Jr., was born in Seattle, Washington, March 31, 1958. He was a special child and the doctor didn't think he would live but a short time but by special and loving care of his parents; he lived to be a stalwart man of 19, when he died suddenly of Pneumonia in the Evanston, Wyoming Hospital, November 6 and was buried in a lonely sagebrush cemetery near Mc Kinnon Wyoming near the other Behunnin relatives, his grandfather, etc.

Phil and Bill were high school students at Ferron. They both played on the high school Basketball team, having school sweaters, lots of fun, bruises and ball trips way down to Blanding and over the mountains to the Uintah Basin. Bill was younger than most of the players but he and Phil always were good buddies and their differences didn't last long but occasionally one had a knob on his head when they had a fight. They and their families are still very close---especially Susan and Julie and Kent and Eric.

Phil was graduated from South Emery High School and then attended the University of Utah but he transferred to B.Y.U. and was graduated from there. He married Valynn Anderson November 10, 1955 in the Manti Temple. They went to Los Angeles where Phil had a job. Jeff was born there. Phil returned to work in Utah for Hercules while Jeff was still small. They have three children:

Jeffrey Lyn born in California January 29, 1957, a student at Rick's College when he was called to fill a mission in Bolivia, and four months left to complete it.

Susan born August 29, 1959 in Salt Lake City. A student at B.Y.U.

Eric born in Salt Lake August 15, 1963. A student at West Jordan Jr. High.

Bill was graduated from South Emery High School in May 1954. He married May Behunnin on June 14, 1954. That fall they went to Logan to attend Utah State University but he also transferred to B.Y.U. and was graduated. He returned to Castle Dale and they made their home while he taught school in Ferron until the new high school was built in Castle Dale and he has taught there since that time. Their family has four girls and two boys.

Peggy born June 1, 1955, a student at B.Y.U. She married Garth Johnson, February 20, 1976 in the Manti Temple. They have a baby daughter, Melissa born December 22, 1976 and a new baby is expected in July.

Julie born in Price March 7, 1958, a student at C.E.U. and B.Y.U.

Jacqueline born in Price June , 1961, a student at Emery County High School. (Junior) and such an ambitious girl.

Kent B. born in Price February 8, 1963, a student at San Rafael Jr. High.

Annette born in Price August 26, 1965, a student at San Rafael Jr. High

Steven F. born in Price on his mother's birthday February 19, 1970 a student in the second grade at Castle Dale Elementary.

Our greatest joy and possession has been our family---six children--two died in infancy--16 grandchildren, Jimmie died November, 6 1977.-----7 great grandchildren, and a new one expected in July.

We have always worked hard and never became rich in worldly possessions but we have been privileged to spend not only our young days and our middle years, but also we have had the companionship and joy of each other in our older years to make up for the time of separation during the days when Floyd was with the sheep.

We celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary at our home on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1974, with all members of the family in attendance. We received presents, flowers, and a beautiful wedding cake. We have an album filled with pictures taken on that happy day!

Floyd and I have attended graduations, programs, ball games, birthdays, rodeos, and especially the very special times we have gone to the Temples to see our children and grandchildren married, and the wedding receptions afterward.

Three of our children have been married in the Temples, and all the grandchildren who have married have been married in the Temples in Utah. Jeff went to the Salt Lake Temple and the Provo Temple prior to going on his mission to Bolivia.

We hope and pray that the other grandchildren will all choose companions who will go to the Temple to be married.

Floyd and I have taken some wonderful trips and have seen considerable of the United States. We haven't been in the far South or New England States.

When Phil and Bill were teenagers, we took a trip in the car to see the Northwest. We visited the capitals of Montana, Idaho and Washington. It was a pleasant trip. We went through the large pine forests and watched them make lumber from logs, etc.

We enjoyed the trip through Glacier National Park and its majestic beauty. Then we dropped down to the coast and had our first sight of the Pacific Ocean. We traveled

along the sea coast and came back to Utah on the Columbia Highway which was beautiful, but the boys were glad to return to Utah.

In 1947, Leonard and Norma took Floyd, Phil, Bill and me in their car to Yellowstone Park. It was the summer before Kathy was born. It was a grand drive and the boys enjoyed the animals, especially the bears. We all enjoyed the scenery and the huge rivers and waterfalls. We returned through Idaho and saw the beautiful Temple and surroundings in Idaho Falls.

In the fall of 1954, Phil stayed with the sheep on the summer range, Bill tended the farm and Floyd and I rode the California Zephyr to Chicago, enjoying the sights through the Rockies. We arrived there on Labor Day and it was so hot that the beaches were crowded with people bathing and trying to get cool near Lake Michigan. Will and Lillian met us and we spent three days with them. They showed us the sights of Chicago---the marks on the store fronts that bordered on the lake that the great winds made as it blew the water in freezing weather. We saw the stadium, the zoo, the elevated trains, the shopping districts, and the great fountains, etc.

Floyd and I took a bus one evening and rode all night to Flint, Michigan where we picked up our yellow Buick from the assembly line. We had ordered the car through Ashtons in Provo. We drove back to Chicago around Lake Michigan and the scenery was spectacular. We wished we could have a summer home at St. Joseph.

We stayed another night with Will and Lillian. Their married son lived next door so we became acquainted with them and their family. We took Route 30 for Utah and the mountains. We came through Greeley, Colorado, and stopped to see Erv and Birdie Wimber, some old friends who had lived in Castle Dale.

We came through Estes Park, and over the high Rockies and Rocky Mountain Park. It was a wonderful trip and we found Phil, Bill and everything O.K. at home.

The summer before Rick was born, Norma, Kathy, Connie, Phil, Floyd, and I took another trip to Colorado. We went over high passes, the Monarch for one. We saw some beautiful scenery, but Connie got tired of riding and said, "Uncle Phil, I'm tired of Christmas trees, Let's go home." He was driving.

Norma and the girls moved to Richfield, soon after and Rick was born there.

Floyd and I went to Seattle to see Jim, Bonnie, and the new baby. He was a cute little boy. They lived downtown in Seattle. It was the summer of the earthquake in Yellowstone park. We were sleeping near Caldwell, Idaho and we could feel it.

The year of 1957, at Christmas time, Floyd, Bill, May, Peggy and I went to Los Angeles to visit Phil and Valynn. It was only a few weeks before Jeff was born. They took us sight seeing to see Hollywood, the prints of the star's feet in the cement, the

beautiful homes of the movie stars, Pasadena, and the rose parade decorations(we didn't stay for the parade; the beaches, Long Beach, etc. the observatory, Disney Land and etc. We saw all the lights in Las Vegas and the decorations. I put a quarter in a slot machine where we ate and it hit the jack-pot and enough quarters rolled out to pay for our meal.

On our way home Peggy was so tired of riding and when we stopped for gas, she started running out into the desert; with Dad after her.

The year of the World's Fair in Seattle, Floyd and I took Kathy, Connie, and Ricky to visit it. We went through Delta, Utah, and stayed at Frenchman's Creek Motel in Nevada, then around Lake Tahoe to San Francisco. We crossed over the famous Golden Gate Bridge and stayed at San Rafael. The next morning, we got an early start but something went wrong with the car and it couldn't be fixed at the station so we had to return to San Francisco at the Buick repair shop. We spent most of the day waiting for the car. We walked in a park and watched the trolley cars travel up the hills and the kids rode up and down on the elevator in the shop.

We finally got the car and crossed the Golden Gate Bridge the third time. The rest of the trip was wonderful along the coast Route 101. We visited the forest of big Redwood trees, Sea Lion Caves, saw the ocean and the exciting seashore with the beautiful light houses. The sailing vessels were interesting at Coos Bay.

We finally reached Seattle and stayed with Jim, Bonnie, and Jimmie at their home. We went to the Fair the next morning and saw many wonders but we were disappointed that we couldn't get up in the Space Needle as there were so many people waiting in line. We spent all that day seeing sights but the kids liked the little cars they rode in and guided.

No one wanted to return the next day so Jim drove the car and we went down to get on the ferry to go to Victoria but it had gone so we drove up the coast to Anacortes and boarded a huge ferry that took us to Sidney.(the car too) It was a beautiful ride and the kids loved it. We saw many islands where people lived and the most beautiful scenery and it was fun on the ferry.

We drove from Sidney to Victoria and spent the day in its picturesque setting. We visited the Butchart Sunken Gardens with the most beautiful flowers. We enjoyed its beauty the quaint homes and shops near by. We took a larger ferry on the return trip and got into rough waters. The ferries hauled truck loads of produce. We were glad to get to Jim's place that night as it was after midnight. We came home on the Columbia Highway and saw great fields of grain, also forests of pine.

We made one more trip to Seattle, taking Peggy and Kathy. We went to Vernal and then to Rock Springs for the night. We didn't get any sleep as the Shrimers were having a convention.

The girls enjoyed Yellowstone Park, especially the geysers and the bears. They took pictures of them and Kathy got so close to the bears.

It was a hot trip as we didn't have an air conditioner in the car. We were so glad when we reached Moses Lake so the girls could go swimming and we could cool off.

We stayed at Kent, Washington as Jim had moved. We visited them and then went out across the Columbia River to visit the unusual and beautiful town of Astoria (where the Columbia River empties into the ocean.) It was still hot on our return trip home. We stopped in Pocatello over night with Jetta and Ira and came back through Logan. That was our fourth and probably final trip to Seattle. The girls were anxious to get home to see the final installment of a show on T.V.

We have taken short trips to Fish Lake, Capital Reef, Moab, Dead Horse Point, to Zions Park, Bryce Canyon, Mesa Verde, Lake Powell and etc.

One fall day when Floyd and I were going to Salina in the truck for grain, we met a large herd of sheep going down the canyon. The road wasn't a highway but just two lanes. The sheep were strung across the road and the several tourists' cars could not get passed and were poking along and the people were so frustrated; the herders didn't try to move the sheep.

Floyd, knowing the habits of sheep, soon came to the rescue. He revved up the truck engine which made a peculiar noise that frightened the sheep and they immediately got off the road and we and the other cars went merrily on our way.

The tourists waved thanks to us and one man from California slowed down and thanked Floyd graciously, saying he had been held back for sometime.

We have had such delightful family reunions. When we herded sheep in Huntington Canyon, the families of Grandpa Jorgensen used to bring their camp and lots of good food up to the Forks. We would put a good mutton the mule and Floyd, and the kids and I would ride the ponies down to their camp where we had a feast and fun and much visiting. One time John, May and family came for Vernal.

The summer of 1976, our immediate family had a delightful reunion in Thistle Flat (up Joe's valley on the road to Ephriam.) There were over thirty present, all except Jeff, who was in the Mission Home in Provo and also Jim and his family. We had taken the horses and bikes so the kids had fun. Phil also had his canoe. We had much fun until it began to rain and the roads were impassable to Castle Dale for the trailers. We had to go over the mountain to Ephraim, leaving our trailer there to be picked up later. Vern and Dick got stuck with their horse trailers but we had such a good time and arrived home, safely.

We get together as a family at Thanksgiving, taking turns at our homes. There are so many now, that it is hard to serve everyone in a home. We had Thanksgiving at our home in Castle Dale, November 1977. Jim and Bonnie didn't come and Peggy, Garth and

Melissa were at the Johnson home for dinner but came later to visit. Jamie and Melissa, the two youngest great-grandchildren got acquainted. We missed Jeff but nearly everyone wrote him a Christmas card to send to Bolivia.

In September 1974, Floyd and I flew East on the United Air Lines to see Millie and Vince. We changed planes in Chicago and were amazed at the crowds of people and planes landing and leaving Chicago. We took a smaller plane and flew in the clouds to Pittsburgh and were met by Millie and Vince who took us in their car to Wheeling. We had a delightful visit with them and Bob and family. They took us sight-seeing in the daytime and Bob and Janet gave us a wonderful tour down the Ohio River. It has smoke stacks, factories, and buildings on its banks and isn't the beautiful river of the famous song.

West Virginia is a beautiful state, so many gorgeous trees, shrubs and rolling hills and lawns. We will never forget it and the green vegetation.

We took the bus back to Pittsburgh and then to Washington, D.C. Enroute, we saw such beautiful country around "Ike's" country but the high light was the new L.D.S. Temple, nearing completion. It was an inspiring sight to see it, suddenly on the green landscape.

We had reservations at a Holiday Inn in Washington but our bags were put on one bus and we went on another so we had to wait in the bus station for them. That was the biggest crowd, hardly standing room. One partially drunk man offered me his seat (he was waiting for his bus to Texas.) When our bags arrived, and I got up to go, he said, "Thanks, lady for keeping my seat."

We, also, saw a police officer make an arrest of a black man and handcuff him and take him out. The next morning, we took a bus tour of the Capitol, seeing the famous monuments of Lincoln and Washington. We saw the Capitol building, the White House, and grounds, many other government buildings; the Potomac River, that we crossed, the Smithsonian Institute, with new and ancient handicrafts, American means of travel from the earliest days to the space ship, and models of American First Ladies and many inventions, etc.

We also went to Arlington Cemetery and saw President Kennedy's grave but were disappointed in the "eternal flame". The cemetery was breath-taking with its rows and rows of white head stones and the bronze statue of the soldiers taking "Two Jima".

The city of Washington D.C. has many interesting statues of famous men on horses(life size). We, also saw a group protesting a Greek problem near the White House and so many law officers on bikes and in Patrol cars had surrounded the fence enclosing the White House so we took a route and saw more of the city in order to get back to our motel.

It was a wonderful trip and we enjoyed the flight (no changing of planes) but we flew directly from Washington to Salt Lake, only stopping once at Chicago to let passengers leave. It was so good to see the mountains, again and to pick out familiar spots like Flaming Gorge and to come home to Utah. It is a different world!

We have taken two trips back to Colorado, one with Randy and Kathy just before Laurel was born. We went by way of Moab, Monticello, Cortez, and Durango. All of us enjoyed the gorgeous scenery and ride along the Million Dollar Highway, to Ouray in it's picturesque setting and the old atmosphere of the early mining days at Silverton. It is quite different to travel along this highway in a modern car than to ride horseback and carry a child.

We have enjoyed the trips to the temples, seeing our children and grandchildren married in such beautiful settings. The grounds are so beautiful around each one, The Salt Lake Temple, Logan, Provo, and Manti. We visited the St. George Temple but haven't been through it. While in St. George, we visited Brigham Young's summer home. We have also seen the Los Angeles Temple, Idaho Falls Temple, and the Washington Temple.

With family the size of ours----four living children and their spouses,----15 grandchildren---seven great-grandchildren and the expectations of the new one due in July---plus our church and Temple sessions and the genealogy class we were called to take; our life has been filled with joy and thankfulness for our many blessings and a favorite grandson on a mission and his letters to us, make each morning a joy to look forward to and a new day to count our blessings. We await each morning to the news and happiness of our family and share in their disappointments and problems, too. We, also marvel at the change that has come to our Castle Dale, and county these last years, some of it is good and some not so desirable.

This history was written by Mom in 1977.

MEMORIES OF MOM

By Phil

Life with Mom as I remember-----

There was the Monday wash day ritual, Saturday baths in the old tub in the middle of the second kitchen we had in the house, canning sessions, soap making, meat curing and butter churning. What Mother didn't do she saw that we did do.

Mom and Dad's house in Castle Dale grew in sections. Three rooms, then an addition that put a new kitchen and a room for a bathroom that did not become one for several years. An enclosed porch that Jim and I slept in (it was a cold place in the winter). A new living room was added (before this, one outside wall of the kitchen was just rough boards, there was an entry door right where the little corner table sits), somewhere along the way the bathroom became a bathroom, then we took the porch off and built a kitchen for the third and last time. Dad and us kids did most of the work except the last kitchen which was done by Darrell Jensen.

When I was quite young I remember Mom and Norma feeding the thresher crews from the little house at the farm. Every time it seemed that Mom would say to Dad that it takes more chickens to feed them than we get grain to raise the chickens.

Mom had a hard life in many ways. I remember the whole family spent the summer at the sheep camp in Huntington Canyon. She had to feed us and bed us in a tent. I don't remember where we all slept. I was small enough that I rode our milk cow up to the camp. Many winter months she took care of us alone while Dad was with the sheep. Mom worked hard all the time. It seemed if anyone was sick (and in those days we were sick quite often), she was so attentive. There were times when it seemed all us kids were sick and Dad was with the sheep, leaving her to do all the work; feed animals, milking, getting wood and coal, cooking, washing, cleaning, and waiting on us.

Mom was always the first one up. When she was teaching she would be up early to do homework and have breakfast ready for us. She would be at the little table in the corner when we went to bed and be back there when we got up.

I ended up doing a lot of housework when she was teaching. She taught when any of the kids were in college and her salary went mostly to keep us going. Thanks to her drive three of us made it through. I think we stayed with it so as not to disappoint her. I also remember doing her hair in pin curls before I could go to bed. Even in those days she had quite short hair and it was thin.

We didn't see much of Mom's family. I remember only two trips to Logan; one to visit Grandma (I don't remember if it was a special occasion), that was the only time I saw Grandma alive. The other time was to attend her funeral. I don't know that Grandmother ever came to Castle Dale. That was the only time I remember seeing Aunt Millie and her

family. We saw Aunt Jetta and her family the most, Clyde's a few times, and Will's very little until they moved to Utah on retiring. Mom and her family always wrote regularly. All the family enjoyed those letters very much.

We only had that little blue truck until 1948. We had a canvas top we put on it like a covered wagon. It seems like it took two days to go to Logan and we would stay with other relatives along the way. It worked good except one time when it rained and it sure did get wet back there. We made other trips to Salt Lake. I vaguely remember we went to the 64 Dollar Question (radio show) with Aunt Jetta and her family. Dad had the ticket number called for the next contestant. He would not go up so Aunt Jetta did. I think the question had to do with the Chicago fire and she missed it.

One thing she was never too busy to forget and that was to see that we got our daily dose of "Cod Liver Oil". Oh, how I hated that stuff. She would swear on a stack of bibles that it was the reason all her children had such good teeth. When Jim went into the Army he did not have one cavity.

During the 40's Bill and I were in the chicken business. Mother never let us miss feeding them, lining the nests with straw, cleaning the coop, nor cleaning the eggs, putting up and taking down window covers in cold weather, etc.

One of the big joys in her life has been her yard and flowers. Even to last years of her life it was one of her big concerns that she could not keep things up the way she did all her life. Another joy was the club she belonged to. She enjoyed the friendships of all. Those in the club were Ida Snow, Crystal Rosenberg, Cora Seely Bohleen, Wanda Jones, Myrtle Larsen, Merle Johansen, Eliza Wilberg, Lylas Wilberg, Berti Wimber, Della Jorgensen, Alice Day, and Dora Otestrom. They were her social life outside of the family. Once or twice a year they would make their husbands go to a club party. I remember Dad always trying to find a way out.