

LIFE - AS I LIVED IT



By Margaret Reid Wagner

Progenitors of Frederick Walter Cox, Sr. (numbered as they appear on the picture)

1. Emeline Whiting Cox (wife) (Mother of Harriet Emore & Siblings ~~\*\*\*~~)
2. Jerminna Bosse Cox (wife)
3. Cordelia Morley Cox (wife)
4. Lydia Jossee Cox (wife)
5. Frederick Walter Cox, Jr. ~~\*\*\*~~
6. William Arthur Cox ~~\*\*\*~~
7. Rosalia Cox Driggs ~~\*\*\*~~
8. Janina Cox Van Buren
9. Adelaide Cox Reid
10. Edwin Cox ~~\*\*\*~~
11. Emorette Cox Clark
12. Byron Cox
13. Sarah Ann C. Anderson
14. Ester Cox Snow
15. Emily Cox Tuttle ~~\*\*\*~~
16. Francis M. Cox
17. Harriet Cox Reid ~~\*\*\*~~
18. Alvira Cox Alder
19. Charles Cox
20. Sylvester Mullett Cox ~~\*\*\*~~
21. Palista Cordelia Cox Crawford
22. Amanda Cox Tuttle
23. Lenora Cox Peacock
24. Fucia Isabelle Cox Tuttle ~~\*\*\*~~
25. Arletta Cox Tuttle
26. Alice C. Tennant Hardy
27. Evelyn Cox Moffett

Frederick Walter Cox, Sr.



Grandma Peir

1863



Harriet Kempe Coe  
Birth: 6 Feb 1859  
Death: 2 Dec 1941



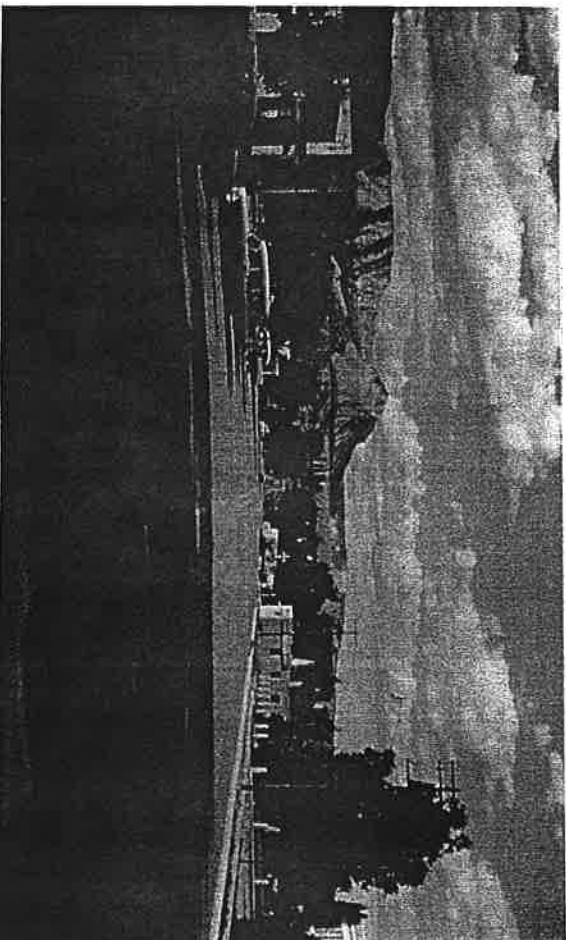
Henry McEwan Reid  
13 18 Dec 1853.  
Edinburgh, Midlothian,  
Scotland.  
Died 10 Feb 1926 Married 31 Jan 1874 SK

Several years ago my second son, Charles, reminded me I should get started on my life's story with the statement, "You had such an interesting childhood; I'd like you to write it down so I could read it." So since Chuck was somewhat my inspiration, I am getting started and I think I'll kinda' dedicate this story to the three boys--Reid, the oldest who has always been our sunshine boy--a happy, cheerful, joyous soul; Charles, the boy who has always loved cowboys, tales of yesteryears, pioneers, Indians, and wondered if he hadn't been born in the wrong century; and Darryl, the youngest who has always been known as "B.B. Darryl," the boy who has always just loved California and wonders how come he happened to settle in the snow and ice of Utah, the one who heads for home every chance he gets, and how we love and welcome him for his California affections and visits.

As I have just finished typing the experiences of my grandparents' years in early Orangeville, Utah, I wonder really how much we had progressed from their time to mine as a child living in this sleepy little town of six hundred people. I, too, remember soap being made in tin #3 tubs from saved grease and lye; and the black-bottom residue being used to scrub porches, the soap so strong it even bleached the wood. I remember riding in a wagon covered with a canvas held up by bows over the wagon box; going to the sawmill in the summer and riding down those steep, dirt covered roads--White Dugway, the Three Switchbacks, Straight Canyon--on a load of lumber behind our horses, Bill and Ted, with our dog, Ring, following behind, in front of, wildly chasing a rabbit; and sleepy, nodding heads trying hard to stay awake in the mid-day sunshine.

But I am getting ahead of my story:

Orangeville--a rather unique name for a rather unique town of its size--no oranges, just miles and miles of swamp grass, flat cactus, alkali, numerous washes, strange looking rolling foothills that looked as if they were imported from outer space, creeks, canals to swim in, ditches to wade in, farms, asparagus in the springtime, mountains so beautiful standing majestically in the distance, a store or two, a schoolhouse with a patch we skated on--the only cement in town, a church, my home, Grandmother Reid's house, friendly wonderful people, a Father whom I loved dearly, a Mother, one brother, two half-brothers, assorted cousins, aunts and uncles, friends, a Grandfather, and a Grandmother whom I adored and whose place was my second home.



The following three incidents stand out in my young memory: (I was between the ages of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  - 5.)

The first—I remember Grandmother Peacock. (She died 30 Sept. 1928.) She was a tall, slender woman and always wore a straw-high-topped hat. I was named after her. At the time I was given five dollars which Mom and Dad put into a bank account in Price for me. Grandfather Peacock must have given it to them because of my name. Now on with my story. Mom and I were visiting down at her home. Grandmother and I were walking about her yard when a big turkey gobbler chased us into the outhouse. How frightened I was. This was a bad habit that old bird had. We had to stay inside until the gobbler went away.

The unusual thing I remember most about Grandmother Margaret C. Peacock was her hat. It could only be described as a straw-brimmed-pyramid-shaped hat, and she wore it outside all the time.

I remember Grandmother Peacock being very sick and lying in her bed. Two native-herb pills (a high-powered laxative) were on the stand by her bed. Thinking no one would see me, I quickly put them into my mouth, chewed them up and swallowed them. I'm sure I thought they were candy; I was always a great one for putting articles in my mouth—rocks, pieces of glass, etc. I don't remember the results of this episode, just a real sick Grandmother and a worried Mom. Shortly after, Grandmother died with breast cancer. At this time, I was four years old.



Dean Peacock, Jean  
Huntington, Ralph P.,  
Grandmth. Peacock

The second: My cousin, Thelma Peacock, drowned while crawling on a culvert across the canal that was near their home. She was playing with her brother, Garth. I remember going down to Uncle Dean's and Aunt Louise's with Mom and Dad. They had placed Thelma on a slab table out on a cool, screened-in porch; her body was packed all around with ice put into Mason

HUSBAND Darryl Brad WAGNER

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BIRTH: 25 Mar 1956 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah B: 18 Apr 1964  
 CHR.: 6 May 1956 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah F: 25 Jul 1975 LANGE  
 MAR.: 3 Aug 1978 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Utah SS: 3 Aug 1978 SLAKE  
 DEATH: PLACE: SP: BIC  
 BURIAL: PLACE: Parent Link Type: (B)  
 FATHER: Henry Zet WAGNER MOTHER: Margaret Reid WAGNER  
 OTHER WIVES:

WIFE Julie Deann KING

BIRTH: 18 Jul 1956 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah B: 31 Jul 1965  
 CHR.: PLACE: F: 1 Aug 1978 SLAKE  
 DEATH: PLACE: SP:  
 BURIAL: PLACE: Parent Link Type: ( )  
 FATHER: MOTHER:  
 OTHER HUSBANDS:

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Linsey Deann WAGNER

Parent Link Type: (B)

BIRTH: 11 Dec 1981 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah B: 6 Jan 1990  
 CHR.: 7 Feb 1982 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah F:  
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:  
 DEATH: PLACE: SP: BIC  
 BURIAL: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE:

2. NAME: Marissa Virginia WAGNER

Parent Link Type: (B)

BIRTH: 26 Oct 1983 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah B: 2 Nov 1991  
 CHR.: 4 Dec 1983 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah F:  
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:  
 DEATH: PLACE: SP: BIC  
 BURIAL: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE:

3. NAME: Megan LeAnn WAGNER

Parent Link Type: (B)

BIRTH: 19 May 1987 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah B: 3 Jun 1995  
 CHR.: 7 Jun 1987 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah F:  
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:  
 DEATH: PLACE: SP: BIC  
 BURIAL: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE:

4. NAME: Lillian Daryl WAGNER

Parent Link Type: (B)

BIRTH: 7 Aug 1991 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah B: 25 Sep 1999  
 CHR.: 2 Nov 1991 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah F:  
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:  
 DEATH: PLACE: SP: BIC  
 BURIAL: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE:

HUSBAND Darryl Brad WAGNER

WIFE Julie Deann KING

CHILD 1 Linsey Deann WAGNER

CHILD 2 Marissa Virginia WAGNER

CHILD 3 Megan LeAnn WAGNER

CHILD 4 Lillian Daryl WAGNER

Records of: Margaret Reid Wagner  
 180 N 1100 E #104  
 Washington  
 Utah 84780  
 USA 435 628 6330

Parent Link Types: (B)=Biological, (A)=Adopted, (G)=Guardian, (S)=Sealing, (C)=Challenged, (D)=Disprov



jar bottles in order to preserve it until she was buried.

The third: I remember Grandfather Peacock bringing us some grapes; and having seldom tasted anything that good, I really ate them down--seeds and all even sneaking into the cupboard to get more. Sometime later I remember having a terrible stomach ache; my parents became alarmed and sent for Doctor Nixon to come to the house. I was so very sick; they took me to the Price City Hospital around 2:00 a.m. in the Dr's car. I had a ruptured appendix.

I remember nights of fever, delirium, nightmares of Dr's with knives coming at my stomach, crying when they changed the dressings, nurses and doctors pinching my nose playfully and my nose bleeding profusely, another operation where the infectious matter formed between two layers of skin instead of coursing through my body which would have killed me. An interesting note: Grandfather Peacock was with me during this second operation and was allowed to watch. (These were the days of unknown antibiotics, and a ruptured appendix was usually fatal.)

As young as I was, I remember kind Elders from the Church coming to give me blessings, Mother never leaving my bedside, my Father coming to see me--tears in his eyes. When I was better (after about 6 weeks hospitalization) a relative of Mom's let us stay at their house in Price, so I would be close to the doctors and the hospital. The doctors and nurses always gave me money so I wouldn't cry when they changed the bandages. When I left to go home, I had enough to buy a big doll.

I realize now it was indeed a miracle that I lived, and for this blessing I've always been grateful to my Heavenly Father. In fact, years later one summer I was visiting home with Reid; and I had a kidney stone attack necessitating my going once again to the Price Hospital. When Dr. Hubbard, the Dr. who operated on me when I was 5 (he was a non-Mormon) heard I was a patient in the hospital came to my room to see me. He told me he well remembered my illness; he had always considered me his miracle patient. He had even wanted Mother to bring me to his home in Price to recuperate from the operation.

I remember coming home and having Mom and Dad kneel by my bedside in family prayer. This was a very unusual happening in my home. I was in bed weeks after coming home from Price. Mother would get me out of bed, hold me up with her hands under my armpits and have me walk across my bed. She was afraid I would forget how to walk. Dad even gave up smoking and eventually went to the Bishop and asked for advancement in the Priesthood but was turned down. He was such a proud man and this hurt him deeply. After such a faith-promoting incident our family had recently had, he felt he was ready to do a turn around. From then on his church attendance was very sporadic, and he again went back to smoking. He was such a good man, honest, fair, loved by all the townspeople; but no longer do I remember having family prayer or attending Church with my family.

About three months before I had appendicitis, Mom and Dad decided it was time we should have our tonsils out (Edward's and mine). They

made an appointment with Dr. Nixon, and he agreed to come to our house for the operation. Walter wanted his taken out too; and at this time, he was a man in his late twenties. He was dating a local girl, Ardith Taylor. Walter lived just across the street with his Grandmother Huntington. Ardith was over there waiting for him to come through the operation. About this time, I remember getting rather frightened for I had been waiting outside for my turn. I ran across the street crying and hid behind Ardith's skirt. Find me they did, and my tonsils were taken out also. The operating table was our big kitchen table. I remember how I fought the ether mask. I kicked and screamed so hard; Dad had to hold me in his lap until the ether took effect. I remember waking up on the foot of Mom's and Dad's bed. Edward was there on the bed also. The Dr. was gone, and I had a terrible sore throat. Later that evening Mom fed me some gruel which was a fine germade mush.

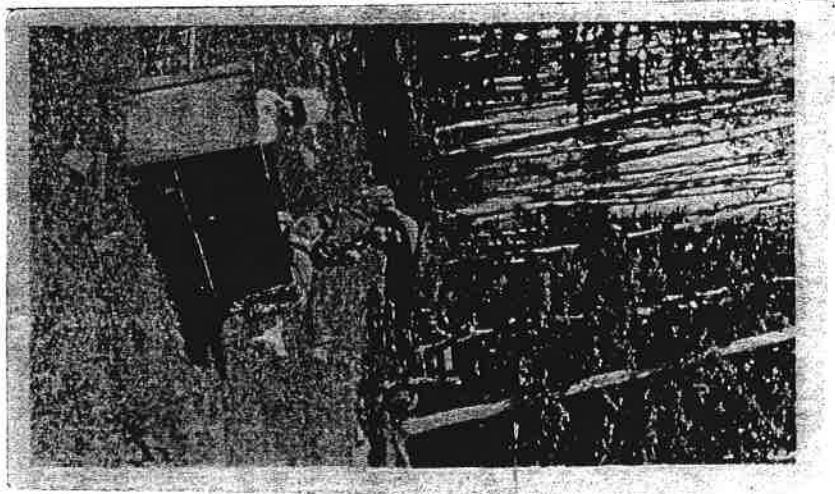
My father was a farmer, a miner, worked on the State and County roads, sheared sheep in the springtime, worked on and owned a threshing machine, and was part-owner of a sawmill with Henry Davis.



Forest  
Reid Henry Davis

How well I remember summers spent at Reeder's Sawmill up by the Clay-bank Mountain. To reach the mill, we would travel the road up Straight Canyon, The Switchbacks, and the White Dugway. Eventually we would come to the tall pines and the Quakenasp trees. Here we turned right passing through beautiful grassy meadows filled with wild flowers--columbine, blue-bell, and etc. The road took us past Jewkes's sawmill, Lost Lake, and on into forest so thick with trees and undergrowth that the sun had a hard time sending its rays through. We would come to an old log-cabin built by the clearest water spring bubbling out from the ground. A strange thing always happened when we reached this cabin--our horses would prick up their ears as if startled and shy away. In fact, the riding horses would sometimes even buck and have to be restrained. It was almost as if they felt or saw a presence that we as humans missed. As a result, we children always felt skittish approaching this place in the road and seldom if ever played around the cabin. I remember being sent down to the spring to bring home pails of water for drinking; and while filling the pail, keeping such an anxious eye on the surrounding forest. It was here the wild strawberries grew, and how sweet they tasted. The road then wound up a hill and into the clearing that was the site of the mill.

My earlier days, and I have a picture to attest to this, was spent in a Folger tea box (my playpen) where I could barely look out. Walter told me he thought I would never get out of that box.



Our home here consisted of a cabin with one room, 2 beds, a rough-hewn table with two benches, a cupboard, and a cooking stove. In back there was a foundation built of lumber with a floor and sides. A canvas top was used to cover this. It was here the older boys, Walter and Richard, slept.

As I grow older and look back in retrospect, my mountain days are remembered with such fondness—days full of fun and adventure for a child that had such an imagination as I.

As soon as school was out in May, Mom and Dad loaded up the wagon—a wagon covered as I have earlier described it—the boys starting ahead early in the morning riding horses and driving the milk cows. Edward and I rode with Mom and Dad in the wagon. How Mom must have worked to prepare for that move of three months as there was no running to any store for something you may have forgotten. The mill site was 24 miles from Orangeville, an all-day journey with Ted and Bill, the horses. The families (Davis, Dean Peacock, Russell Snow) would meet for lunch at the second Switchback. There was running water, a trough for the horses to drink from, and a large enough turn-out for the wagons. We would eat our lunch and let the horses rest before the long, arduous climb (and what a climb it was) to the top of the mountain. It would be almost dark when we arrived at the mill site. We just had time to make the beds, have a bowl of bread and milk, and then to bed and fast asleep. How tired we all were; it had been such a long, long day.

For the children, mountain living was a carefree time—such gaiety. We made dishes from the clay that lined the mill ditches, ate Grandmother Davis's homemade cheese, had a bonfire on Saturday nights, went after horses with our Dad in the early morning hours bringing them back from their pastures where they had grazed the night, walked three miles through the forest and back on a Sunday morning with Dad to go visit the Jewkes's sawmill, gathered wild-flowers, played such games as "Kick-the-Can," "Run, My Sheepy, Run," "Hide-and-Seek," and etc.

Now the Jewkes's sawmill was quite a drawing card for the townspeople and for our dating-young men from the Reeder sawmill. They had a lake, and people from all over our county came to camp there in the summertime. The

Lake offered swimming, boating, fishing, and etc. Walter, Richard, Ed, and Leland Davis always went over on a Saturday night to visit. Of course, there was an added attraction—the Jewkes girls—beautiful girls and four in one family of an eligible age. I still remember hearing the boys coming home through the forest very late at night on horses, singing and laughing. Sometimes instead of riding they would walk.

We younger children spent Saturday building a log cabin from the rough wood slabs in the middle of our mill site square. At night the adults would gather with us, and we would light the bonfire cabin. From here, we children played our favorite games running to the edge of the forest but not venturing too far within the dark trees. We would listen to spooky stories, the adults as they talked, laughed, joked, and sang. What enjoyable evenings. Our Moms shared goodies, and we loved every minute of it until the embers burned out; and we had to go to bed.

Our playmates and companions of the forest camp were the children of Ernest Davis—Marva, Vaughn, and Colleen. Occasionally cousins would come to camp with us in the summertime. I think of the story Ed Davis would tell Colleen and I—teasing naturally—how we better be careful because bears would only eat young meat, and we two were the youngest ones in camp. I remember how relieved I was when Uncle Fred Huntington brought his family, because Ruth was younger than I; and if the bears were to do any eating that week, it would be Ruth and not me. (Selfish, wasn't I?)

One day my father and Ed Davis heard about some stray sheep being lost from their herd and were told if they could find them, they could have a mutton for camp meat. They took their trusty rifles and went to search for them. They had been seen down in what we called the Horse Pasture area—a place where the horses always grazed because of the heavy grass cover. Of recent nights, the horses had started coming up to the mill site around 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. in the early morning hours—something that was very unusual for them to do. What a racket they made with their feet hobbled and bells on their necks—waking up the whole mill camp. My father said that something must be frightening them—a wild animal such as a panther or a bear. (We oft times heard panthers screaming through the forest during the night.) My Dad and Ed found the reason for the horses' erratic behavior. While they were hunting the sheep, Ed screamed, "Ern, a bear!" Dad turned and fired, and Ed fired also killing the bear. Two startled, frightened men returned to camp, and later towards evening we all went down to the Horse Pasture while they skinned and buried the bear—skin and all. Dad and Ed did not know what laws pertained to the killing of a bear and were afraid they could be subject to arrest. When the ranger came by, as visit he often did, Ranger Anderson told them "no way did they break any law;" but by that time, the skin was badly decomposed. I still

Forest Camp Friends  
Marva, Margaret, Ed,  
Colleen, and Vaughn



remember the creepy feeling I had as the mill camp people all gathered together after work that day and went down to see the bear. I'll never forget the sight of the dead bear (a big brown bear), the awful, awful smell of the bear, and my father's telling about the scare they had.

When the last of August arrived and school days beckoned, once again we loaded up all our supplies and this time loaded on top of a load of lumber. If you want an exciting adventure, I would heartily recommend coming down the White Dugway on top of a load of lumber in a wagon with wooden brake shoes carved to fit the iron tread of the wheel. My Mother didn't enjoy it at all. I remember Dad having us get off to walk if the roads happened to be a little wet from a previous day's rain, or if it were raining. The horses always had to help hold back the load because of the wooden brake shoes and the steep incline of the road. Funny how I still remember their bracing themselves against the load of the wagon going down hill. Their backsides would really wobble from side to side. Dad had to hold the handle that controlled the brake all the way down the mountain so that it wouldn't slip. Ted and Bill, the horses I remembered the best, knew the road so well that Dad would oftentimes fall asleep and they would just keep plodding along even turning out to the right for a passing car--and they did have cars in those days; we just didn't happen to be one of the lucky owners.

I remember the story told of Mr. Henry Davis's team going over the side of the dugway. Mr. Davis jumped off, but the horses were killed, the wagon destroyed. I guess the brake shoes broke. I remember how frightened we were when we came to this precarious place in the road. As we got older, Edward and I would get off the wagon and walk down the dugway. The mountains were always so beautiful--a kaleidoscope of color with wild flowers, tall, stately pines, changing colors of leaves of the Quakenasp trees and the wild brush by the roadside.

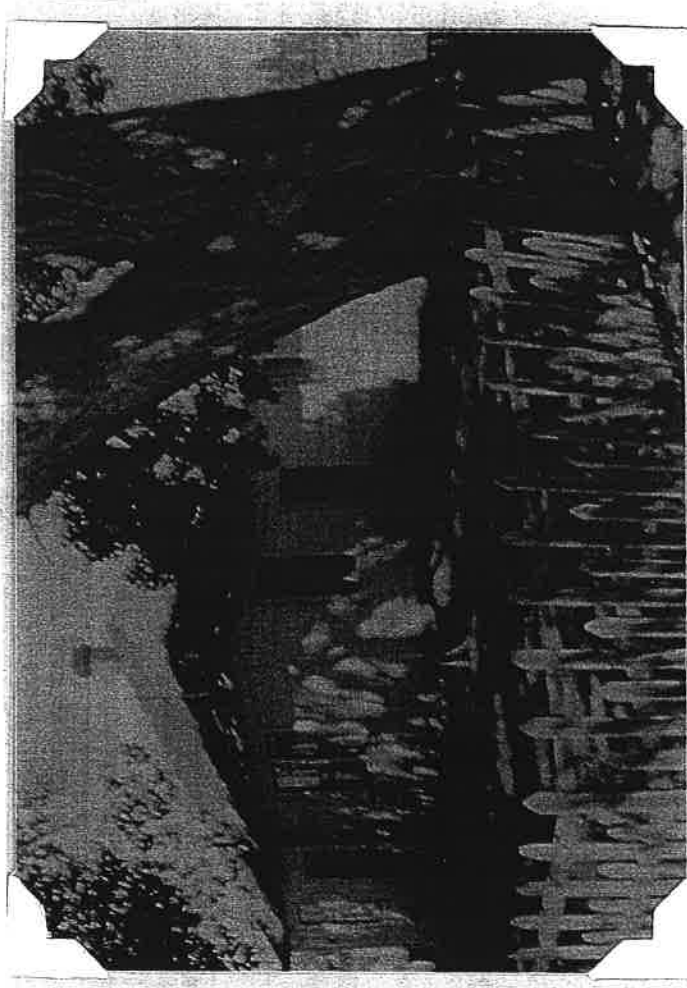
Our mill was moved from Reeder's to a new site about the year 1935-36. We took the same road to the top of the mountain but instead of turning right to Reeder's Ridge, we kept going on the road that eventually went over the top of the mountain to Ephraim. We would then turn left to go to the new mill site. Walter and Reva Scow were married about this time (8 June 1936). He built them the cutest cabin not too far from ours. The granery that is now on his lot was this cabin. I remember the little porch on the front of the cabin.

I remember, too, one dark and very rainy night how sick Reva got. They had to get Uncle Dean Peacock with his truck to take her and Walter down the mountain. The roads were just dirt--not even graveled. How sick they must have been going down the White Dugway in the rain. Reva was taken to the hospital and operated on for appendicitis.

I had the most fantastic swing at this site. Dad made it for the mill children, and it was right in front of our house. I would get people to push me, and it would seem that I was flying; I went so high. I think most of all though we missed the ditch at the old mill site. The banks were lined with clay mud from the mountain in back of our camp. We would spend hours modeling clay dishes, clay dolls, clay wagons, etc. and etc.; and then sit them out in the sun to dry. We even made little lids for our clay pots. Such happy, carefree days.

How well I remember coming home to get ready for school. Not having been home for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  months, how changed the place seemed to me. What fun to be home, to jump off the wagon and run through the grass and all those tall, tall weeds---almost a different homesite it seemed to me. How hot and sticky the weather seemed to be---we had been living in altitudes around 8,000 and suddenly here the latter part of August we were back down to 4,500 feet.

My home was situated on the second block west of the main street. It was the typical style---two eyes and a nose look. A white picket fence surrounded the house and yard. A stately, tall cottonwood overshadowed the front yard. The house was composed of three unfinished portions---a bedroom downstairs, an upstairs bedroom, and a bathroom, a large kitchen, a dining room, and a living room. As long as we children were at home, we lived in the kitchen, dining room, and the living room was our bedroom. As Edward grew older, he and Dad built the stairway and finished the upstairs somewhat and there is where he slept. Richard always slept in the unfinished bedroom downstairs. What a dark, dreary place that was. I never understood why Dad being the builder and lumberman he was didn't finish the house. Years later, when we had all left home, Dad finished the bedroom and put in a flush toilet but not a shower or bathtub. We had beautiful old fashioned chairs, and two tables in that house---a leather overstuffed sofa and chair that Dad bought from Ed Cox. The chair was Dad's favorite, and he spent many a winter night in that rocking chair in front of the wood burning heater. Mom's favorite chair was the rocker that was a small oak one. I always sought the rug behind the wood-burning stove---a very poor place as for as lighting goes to read and do my lessons.



Now to get back to school. When we returned from the mountains, we usually had just one week to get ready for school. Clothes were such a

problem for we had very little money. Aunt Jenny Kelly always sent us a box of clothing—Uncle Lincoln's clothes for Dad and Kathryn's for me. How we looked forward to receiving that box—I remember two dresses especially. One was a red and white checked blouse and skirt another was a red chiffon blouse with a plaid skirt. When I was a 5th or 6th grader, a box came that contained two pair of shoes—one brown, one navy blue oxford style that had two inch heels. Imagine if you can, an elementary school girl wearing 2" heels and trying to fit them onto roller skates—the clamp-on type. Well I did, and I skated; but the shoes did not stay within the clamps too long at a time.

Christmas was always an exciting time for us. Sometimes we would go out with dad up the canyons just above Orangeville and get a Christmas tree. Most of the time it was Edward and Dad who chose the tree and brought it home. It was usually a cedar scrub, but how well I remember the pungent odor as it permeated our whole house. We always put our tree up on Christmas Eve. We had ropes that were as soft and furry as a kitten—green and red that we draped on the tree; icicles of shiny gold, green, blue, red, and silver that were metallic not like the plastic ones we have today; two paper cone decorations—one for Edward and one for me that held a choice tidbit such as a chocolate; and candles. We would place the candles on the very tip of the branches so they did not touch another branch and cause a fire. We could only light them once or twice during the season. How thrilled we were one year when Dad bought a set of electric lights—there must have been all of eight or nine on the string. We always placed our stocking by the living room stove on the dividing archway between the two rooms. After the tree was decorated, we headed for the townsquare with all the townspeople gathered to await the arrival of Santa Claus. A big bonfire was lit, carols were sung and soon Santa came in his sleigh—bells ringing out across the snow and a treat for all the children. As I look back and remember, I do believe his reindeer had a look of horses with reindeer horns tied to their heads; but as a small child, they were really reindeer so caught up in the excitement of the evening were we.

Christmas was always the time of the year when we could count on finding an orange tucked into the toe of our stocking, a chocolate or two, hard tack candy, and some nuts to crack. It was that time of year we anxiously awaited when Peacock's Cash Store's second floor turned into a virtual fairyland of toys. This floor was only used at Christmas time; and we were allowed to wander through gazing and dreaming for a doll—some of them even opened and closed their eyes, a set of dishes, an electric iron, a pair of skates, erector sets, a train, etc. and etc. Actually, Christmas brought us very little—a doll one year which was supposed to be my last one for a keep-sake, but I decided I wanted skates more and had to exchange the doll for skates; an electric iron; and one year I actually got two gifts—Richard gave Edward and I a checker board to share along with our Santa Claus gift. Edward and I always pooled our money and bought gifts for Mom and Dad, Ruth and Reed Huntington, each other, and Grandmother Reid. The sugar and creamer stored on my what-not-shelf was one of the gifts we bought for Grandmother Reid.

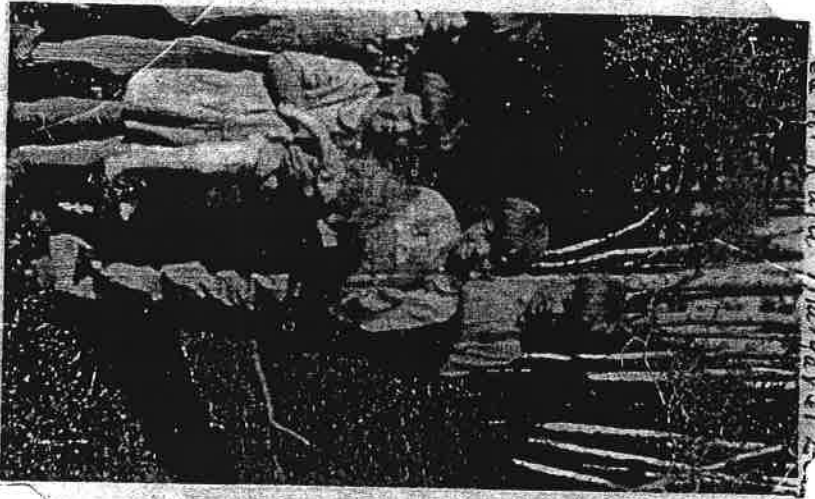
Our favorite sport Christmas morning was to see which cousin couple (Ruth and Reed Huntington, or Edward and I) could win getting to the other's house first to see what Santa had left and to exchange our gifts. One morning Reed and Ruth were at our house before 5:00 a.m.

One year as Christmas season was approaching, my father went to Price for shopping; and he was to buy me a new dress and a pair of shoes. He came home with a tunic polka-dotted blue dress (old woman style), and what I tearfully called old-maid styled shoes one full size too small. He wondered why I cried so hard when it came time to go to the Christmas matinee dance. Tears and all, I went to the dance trying hard to hide my hurting feet underneath the chair so no one could see my "awful" shoes. Reva felt sorry for me and took a pair of her shoes (white sandals, one-inch low-heeled shoes, dyed them black) and gave them to me. I remember when Walter married red-headed Reva she had about 19 pairs of shoes—black velvet pumps, white high-heeled sandals and etc.—what an array of shoes. She would let Ruth and I try them on and walk about her house. To this day I'm fascinated with shoes and have about 19 pairs myself.

I remember another Christmas, having no new dress for the Christmas season, my Mother took her one good blue dress that she wore to dances with my Father and had Ida Page make the dress over for me. What a sacrifice that must have been for her, but how I enjoyed my dress.

We always had matinee dances every holiday season in the auditorium of the elementary school house. I loved to dance. I suppose I came by this naturally. As a young girl, my father would dance with me at the Old Folk's annual party when he was the chairman. These holiday dances were held in the afternoon and were for all the young children. I remember having such a crush on Elwood Snow, a cousin of Marguerite's when I was but a third grader. One time at this holiday dance his mother made him dance with me. What a thrill for me.

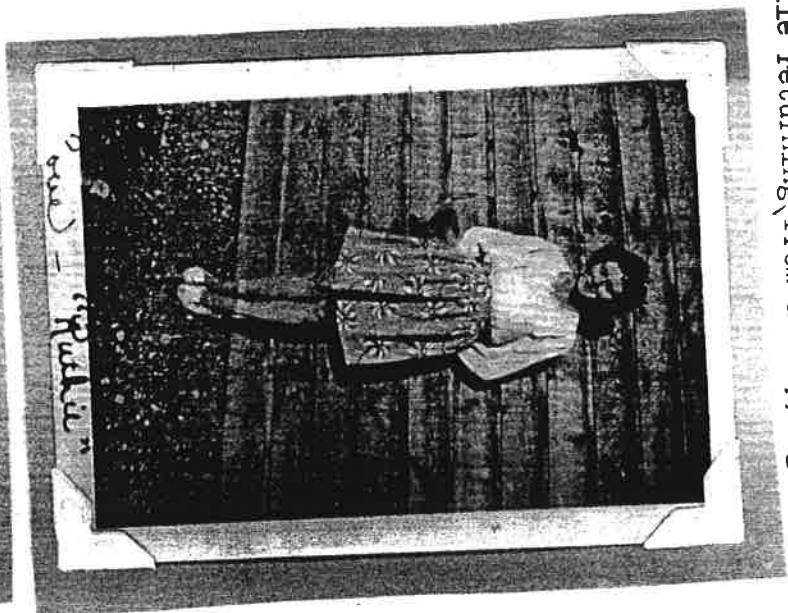
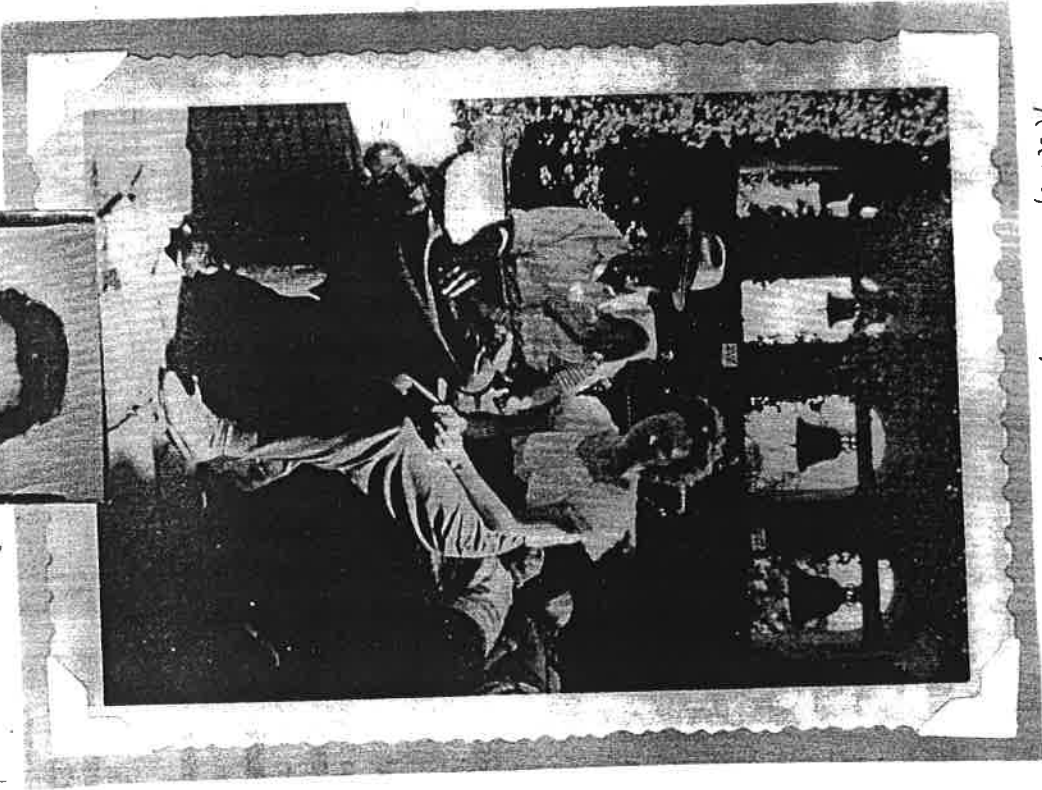
How well I remember my cousins. My earliest memories were of Ruth and Reed Huntington, children of Aunt Myrtle's (Mom's older sister) and Uncle Fred Huntington (Dad's brother-in-law first when he was married to Nettie (Uncle Fred's sister and Walter's mother). They just lived a block south from us, and we were always together—Ruth and I, Edward and Reed. Ruth and I played paper doll day after day. We cut furniture, rugs, dolls, and etc. from the discarded Sears catalog. We played by the hour. When Aunt Myrtle would let us set up our houses with our dolls in her bedroom, we felt it indeed a privilege for not too many people were allowed in her bedroom. Later the funny





papers came out with a series of paper dolls, even boy dolls. Dresses came out each Sunday, and we would patiently cut them out until our dolls had all kinds of outfits. Ruth was two years younger than I, and eventually I started going with girls my own age thus' breaking up our paper doll adventures somewhat. Still Ruth and I were together for many years, sleeping over to Grandmother Reid's, swimming with Jack her dog tagging along up to Uncle Fred's pasture, taking our lunch up to the pasture, going pinut hunting with our families; in fact, one year Uncle Fred took me along with his family camping up at Willow Lake. Ruth married Marcell Feacock from Emery, and they came and visited us in Pico with their young daughter, Susan, who was Reid's age. We took them several places and down to the Capistrano mission. In October 3, 1974, she was killed in a car-truck collision along with her daughter, Penny, and a grandson while returning from a shopping trip to Provo, Utah.

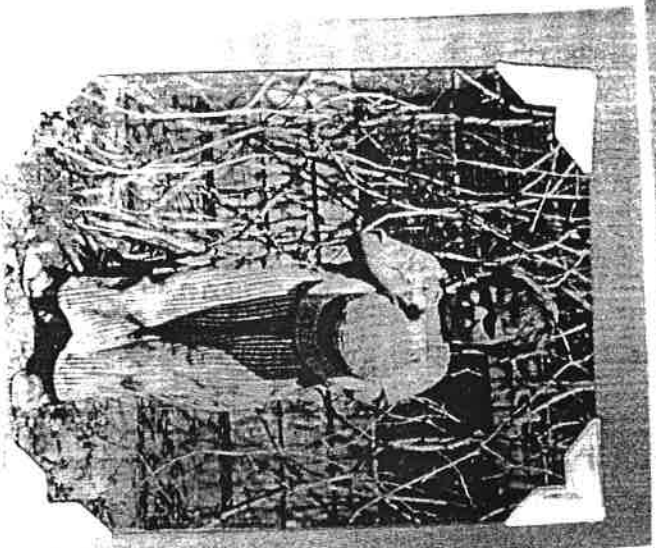
Ruth, Marcell, & Susan Feacock



Susan - Feacock



Ruth Harrington  
1942



Ruth  
age



Reed was always such a favorite cousin of mine. We studied many a night together when we were in high school. We were the same age and had many of the same classes. He was a whiz in math, and I was good in English; so we helped each other. Shortly after graduation, he joined the Marines, and we kinda' lost track of each other until we both returned from the service. He married Elaine Fox, a girl from Orangeville. They visited us a time or two in San Pedro when he came to L.A. on business; and we visited with them in Salt Lake on our vacations. Reed contacted a nerve degenerative disease which he met with extreme courage trying so hard not to become an invalid. Eventually, it took its toll, and he succumbed to its ravages in December 1981. He was really an example of courage. He had such a brilliant mind; and before he died, he wrote his life's story even remembering dates and years of events that had transpired years before. I was privileged to read some of his writings.

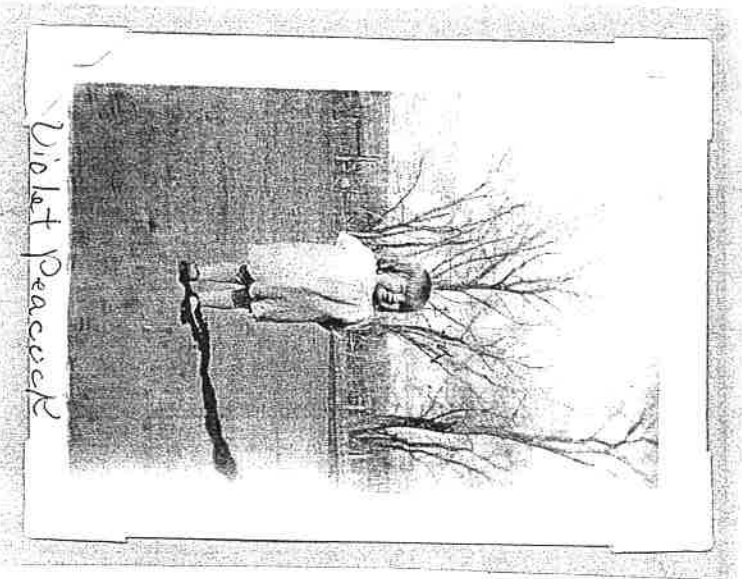


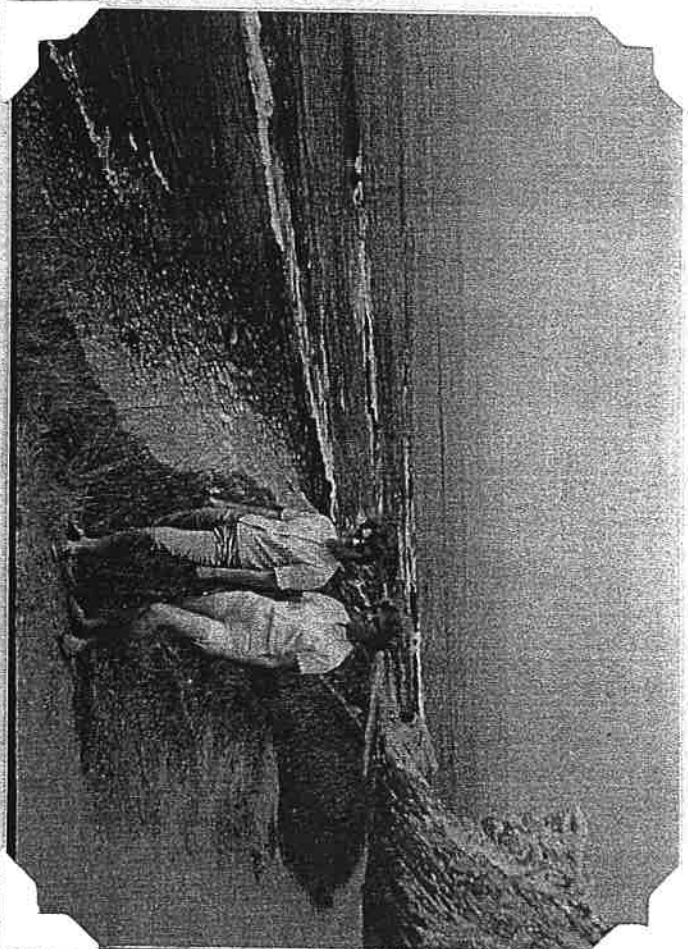
It's rather an eerie feeling whenever Darryl and I have conversation over the telephone for the timbre of his voice and his laugh is so much like Reed's. It's just something about Darryl's quality of sound that takes me back. Strange how characteristics of family members keep coming through in generations.

Garth Peacock was another favorite cousin of mine—a year older than I. He always danced with me at our high school dances. Such a good dancer, and a star basketball player on our Central team. He had such a devilish grin, and He also joined the Marines, and took part in many of the critical battles in World War II. Neither Reed or Garth had much to say about their part in the war. He married Laver Jones, a girl he dated in high school, a girl from Castle Dale. Garth was the son of Uncle Dean and Aunt Louise.



Violet Peacock was a sister of Garth's. She was 4-5 years younger than I, and we really did not play together. Our families had many Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners together. When Garth and I would leave our families to go to the holiday dances, Violet was too young to go. She was a beautiful little girl, such long blonde ringlets. Genevieve, a younger sister, also belonged to this family. I really don't remember her except as a baby; but I did meet her at a recent reunion. She and her husband are really a cute couple and fun to be with.





Helen Miles (Uncle Sam's and Aunt Ella's girl) and I were close cousins also. As youngsters we used to tease her older sister, Jane, and Walter Heiniger, a C.C. boy stationed in Castle Dale, who were courting at the time. Ruth Huntington was also in on this mischief with us. We would "spy" upon them. He called us "pestigates". I'm sure we were just that. Helen married Carl Brown from Huntington. I stayed with her a few days when I returned from the Navy. She had just had a new baby, Miles, and he was having a difficult time with his food. She was living in Grandfather Peacock's old family house at this time. After her husband died, she and the two boys came to visit us in San Pedro.

In September 1930, I started school in Orangeville. I well remember my first day in the first grade. Mrs. Elmer Neilson was my teacher, and Marguerite Humphrey and I used to chase her son, Reese a second grader, around the school yard at recess and noon time. He later died with spinal meningitis when he was about an 8th grader.

The outhouses for our school were in back of the building close by the fence--one for boys and one for girls. How cold it was to traipse out there. A big building to the side of the school housed the school bus which Bill Justesen drove for many years. Later brand new good-smelling lavatories were installed in the basement of the school building. I remember how much we liked to go to the lavatories then; the disinfectant smelled so clean, and how "mod" we thought we were. I was a very shy student, studious but so easily hurt. One day I was painting a picture with crayons, and one of the boys accidentally knocked my arm in passing by my desk. How I cried when the streak ran clear across my page.

Another memory--Edward and I had two lambs, Dash and Dub. They were called "beater lambs" meaning lambs that were rejected by their mother shortly after being born. Grandfather Peacock brought them to us to try and

raise. We kept them in their box by the kitchen woodstove, feeding them milk with a bottle day and night. They survived and got to be fun pets--- Dash was rather a fat, chubby lamb with such a sweet face and was mine; Dub had a skinny, narrow face and was rather on the skinny side and he belonged to Edward. They even went to the mountains with us one summer. One day I was sitting in my school classroom when one of the boys came rushing in to tell me that my lambs were waiting for me outside. How embarrassed I was. I had to get permission to leave school and take my lambs home. Then the kids taunted me unmercifully with, "Margaret had a little lamb who followed her to school." I was mortified.



Marguerite Humphrey and I were always good friends, and I think the competition that developed between the two of us helped us to become the good students that we were. Miss Elva Killian was my 2nd and 3rd grade teacher; Mr. Stanley Huntington my 4th; Mr. Guy Leonard my 5th; and Uncle Fred Reid my 6th. In the 6th grade, we had a contest to see who could read the most books. Marguerite won; I came in 2nd. It was through my younger years I developed a love for reading books especially the following---Zane Grey series, The Bobsey Twin Series, "Little Women," "Joe's Boys," "Withering Heights," and "Jane Eyre." (See my class photo---year 1934.)

When we were in the sixth grade, Uncle Fred Reid decided that his students needed the experience of putting on a school opera, "Aunt Drusilla's Garden." How exciting for us; we all wanted to try out for the different parts. I chose to sing "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" for the song to try out for my part. When the try-outs were over much to my surprise both Ruth Young and I had been selected for the part of Nelda---the lead part. We had to go before the faculty for a final selection, and I was the one selected. Naturally, several people said I got the part because Fred Reid was my uncle. Two days before the night of my big performance, I tripped over a stage wire scraping and bruising my knees. There I was on "my big night" in a short, green taffeta dress and ankle socks with blackened, bruised knees as part of my costume. I needed a special costume for one scene. I was to be a pansy flower. Mom had Mrs. Ida Page make me a beautiful costume from lavender crepe paper with pansy petals framing my face. All the students were different flowers. Kenneth Curtis, acting as Pat the Irish Gardener, was a sunflower. All by myself I sang the song, "Pansies."

Some like the pink,  
Some like the rose  
Some like the blue, modest violet.  
Some like the phlox  
Some hollyhocks  
Others care only for mignonette.  
But I like the pansies with faces so wise,  
For when I'm in trouble, they all sympathize.  
They smile everytime they see tears in my eyes,  
Driving all sorrows away.

Chorus:

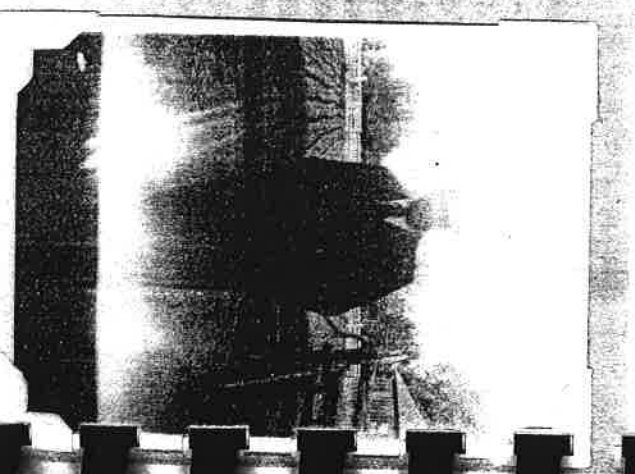
Pansies, pansy faces so quaint and queer  
Pansies, ever smiling to bring good cheer.  
Of all the flowers that I know  
Pansies alone seem to show  
Always to me, deep sympathy.  
Pansies I love most of all.

Flowers so fair,  
Bloom everywhere  
Over the wide world to give delight;  
On every hand; in every land,  
They bring us joy with their colors bright;  
But tho' I should travel the whole world around,  
And view in all countries the flowers that are found,  
I'm sure I should find not that rose from the ground,  
Fairer than pansies at home.

And my closing song:

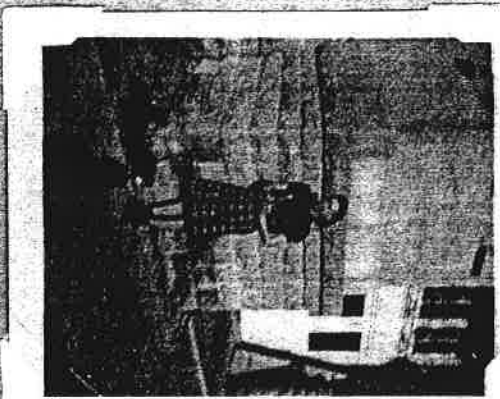
Summers will come, summers will go,  
Fleeting too fleeting our youthful days;  
Shadows may fall o'er one and all,  
Dimming the light of the sun's bright rays;  
But after the clouds comes the sunshine again,  
A rainbow of gladness will follow the rain;  
And joy will replace every sorrow and pain,  
Filling each heart with its cheer.

As I look back in retrospect, I find I  
have much to thank Uncle Fred Reid, Dad's  
brother, for. He was such an educated man,  
such a worker for and with the youth. When  
he found a student eager for learning, he  
gave them that challenge. He would help  
any student eager for learning and others  
as well. He was truly a teacher, a leader,  
an example always for others. He was an  
inspiration for learning. He was a no  
nonsense teacher, and we oftimes felt his  
wrath, but what a teacher!



1936-37 -- Seventh Grade. How exciting to catch the school bus and go to Central High School at Castle Dale. One morning while waiting for the bus at Orangeville Elementary School, Elwood Snow was teasing and accidentally pushed me into the auditorium door. The big plate glass window crashed down to the floor. After school that night we had to face Principal Fred Reid. He told us what the cost of the window would be, and we both paid for our antics of the morning.

I was elected as a class officer. How big the high school seemed, what a large number of students attending—there must have been approximately 340, how green we were, how thrilled we were to sing our school song.



Faithful and true hearted  
We will cheer our dear old high.  
We'll revere her and defend her  
While her colors proudly fly.  
We will stand for her united  
On the track and on the field.  
Her girls the sweetest, her boys the fleetest,  
So here's a cheer for her, for her who ne'r will yield.

Joyous and ever onward  
We will cheer our dear old high  
Let every heart sing, let every voice ring  
We'll defend her, do or die.  
It's every onward, our course pursuing  
May defeat ne'r our ardor cool  
But united we will cheer for her, our old high school.

1937-38 - Eighth Grade. I was elected class officer again this year. One event comes to mind. I was fourteen at the time. From the time I was very small, I remember this sandy haired, sad-brown-eyed dog with a sparkling white ring around his neck following the team of horses to and from the field, to and from the mountains, lying in the shade of the tree in our yard, playing with us, feeding biscuits to him and etc. Gradually, we noticed he didn't always respond when we called his name, and it was getting to be quite a trial for him to move from one spot to another. His eye sight was fading, and in the summer of 1937 my father asked Uncle Fred Huntington if he would take him to the farm and put him out of his misery. Dad just didn't have the heart to do it. So one day when Ring, the dog, was sleeping near the farm house door, Uncle Fred shot him and buried him in the hill on the farm. He was nearly 20 years old by Dad's accounting. I guess we all thought so much of this dog, and one day about a year later I wrote this poem:

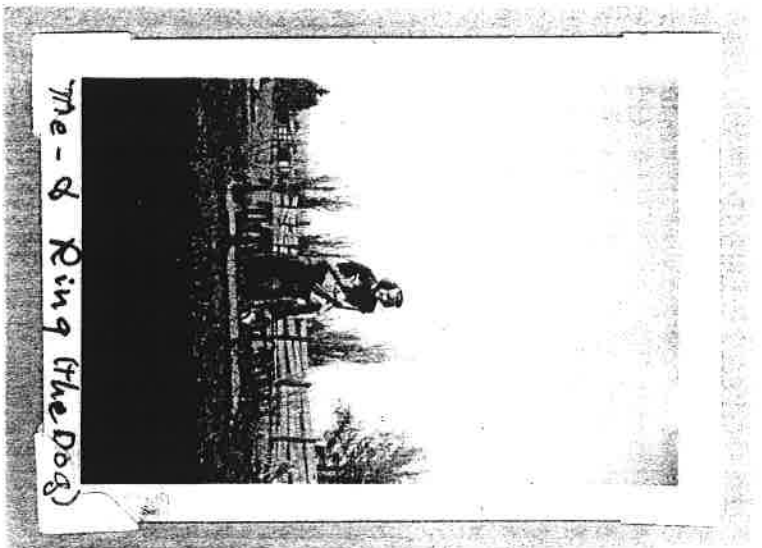
My Pal

Did you ever hear tell  
Of a grander pal  
Than a dog is to a friend,  
And all through life he treats  
you well  
Until his journey's end?

Ever since I was small,  
I had the dearest pal.  
His name was Ring, and at my call,  
He hastened to his Sal.

I loved this pal, this dog o'mine.  
And I wouldn't trade him for  
anything.  
All through the day and at any-  
time,  
A song for him I'd sing.

The years sped on,  
And he grew old.  
His eyesight was nearly gone.  
He growled and acted very bold,  
When people passed the lawn.



One sunny day of spring,  
He followed the horses to the farm.  
The birds in the trees did sing,  
Without knowing the alarm.

Ring was lying on the floor,  
When through the stillness of the day,  
A shot rang out, close by the door  
And sent him on his way.

The end had come for my Old Ring,  
My dearest friend and pal.  
And now no one could ever bring,  
My dog back to his Sal.

They buried him by the hill,  
The place he loved the best.  
And now he lies so still,  
As he slumbers deep in rest.

Now as I pass the place,  
Of the mound close by the hill,  
I oftimes see his face,  
As he lies so peaceful still.

Although he's gone,  
Pleasant memories live.  
And as the years pass on,  
A thought to him I give.

Written 11/12/38  
Margaret Reid - Age 14



1938-39 - Ninth Grade. Freshmen in high school at last! How IMPORANT I felt. We also felt a little timid. It was a tradition in Central High for the upper grade (the Juniors) to initiate the Freshmen. How well I remember anxiously awaiting the day we would find out what was in store for us. For three days we would dress as we were told, wear a bag of smelly concoctions around our neck, and on the last day, Friday; we Freshmen would put on the assembly. Ruth Humphrey, Ruth Page, and I were the three old maids, and we had to dress in old-fashioned dresses. I remember Aunt Kate Fail (my grandmother's (Margaret C. Peacock) sister) let me borrow her beautiful cotton brocade white dress. It had the long mutton-legged sleeves, and I wonder if it wasn't her wedding dress. We sang the "Old Maid Song" in our Freshmen's Assembly. This was also the year for our Freshmen Frolic Dance. (See dance program)

1939-40 - Tenth Grade. My Sophomore year. In January of this year, I started keeping a diary along with my girl friends. It was just the thing to do. I received mine for Christmas.

#### NOTES FROM MY DIARY:

- 01/01/40 - Dear Diary: Today I went riding with Harold Sitterud, Edward, and Royal Fox. Harold let me drive his car and also Marguerite.
- 01/03/40 - I was put on the Advertising Committee for our Sophomore Slide Dance to be held 1/12/40. (See dance program.)
- 01/04/40 - Today Mr. Williams, our Seminary Teacher, had May Ihler, Ruth Page, Marguerite, and I leave Seminary class. (Guess we were acting up; I gave no reason.)
- 01/12/40 - Tonight at the Sophomore Slide I danced with Garth, Zenith Cox, and Donald Guymon. I also got a letter from William Hunt.
- 02/01/40 - Today I rode home on the 1st bus, but it caught on fire. No harm was done, but we had a long walk.
- 02/02/40 - Carbon beat Central 27-26 in basketball. At the Freshie Frolic I danced with Tom Humphrey, Hallie Cox, Jay Guymon, Larry Livingston, Morris Curtis, Leonard Johnson, Lavel Snow, Harry Lewis, and Lyle Poulsen.
- 02/07/40 - I drove Dad's car up under the shed today.
- 03/24/40 - We went out to the field (Rock Canyon Flat) for Easter today—25 in all.



Easter Sunday - Uncle Sam



Easter Sunday

Easter Sunday



Aunt Myrtle - Dad

Easter Sunday



Ruth - Violet - Uncle Dan

- 04/01/40 - Old Clothes Day today at school. I came home from a skating party at Cleveland with Ted Housekeeper. Leah Anderson was with Ted Robertson.
- 04/04/40 - Grandmother Reid came home from Salt Lake—now I will be sleeping at her house.
- 04/29/40 - I bought Daddy a handkerchief and a bag of nuts for his birthday.
- 05/15/40 - Sixteen years old today. I received stationary, polish, dolls, stockings (3 pair), \$1.20, and a comb and roller.
- 05/31/40 - Aunt Jessie gave me a pair of riding breeches; something I have always wanted. Am I thrilled.
- 06/07/40 - Marguerite and I were in a wreck with John Neilson, Jim Sherman, Don Collard, and Gale Kinder. Our car turned over because John took the curve too fast out by the Blue Ridge. No one was hurt, but Marguerite and I were so frightened; we ran all the way home, and I do mean run.
- 06/17/40 - Horseback riding yesterday and swimming today. Boy, am I stiff.
- 07/26/40 - I saw Ruth Humphrey and Marguerite tonight, and they are surely excited about Yellowstone. I wish I were going. (Note: our mutual class was taking a trip to Yellowstone, but because I didn't have the money, I couldn't go.)
- 08/23-24/40 - ECVR (Emery County Vocational Roundup) Days. Dancing Friday and Saturday night.

1940-41 - Eleventh Grade.

09/02-40 - Back to school. I'm taking Algebra, Literature, Home Economics, American History, and Typewriting.

- 09/09/40 - Monday - I went to Marjorie Reid's shower.  
09/12/40 - My cloth for Home Economics came today. It is a blue chenille wool.  
09/19/40 - Thursday - Initiation is in full swing. I'm initiating Ruth Huntington (my cousin). She is Rip Van Winkle.  
10/07/40 - Laddell Bailey bet me 25¢ Roosevelt would get the nomination for President. I'll bet he wins the bet.  
10/08/40 - Tonight we had an electrical storm and what a storm! I sat right by Daddy 'till it was over.  
10/11/40 - Friday - I went to Henry Reid's candy-pull. Gee, did we have fun riding in Morris's car.  
10/23/40 - Wednesday - We worked on the school paper tonight until 7:30 p.m.  
10/29/40 - Tuesday - We had a mutual Halloween party; and after it, we played around town--pulling up bridges, soaping windows, and etc.  
11/05/40 - Tuesday Election Day. What a time! I lose my quarter. Roosevelt won. (Franklin D. Roosevelt)  
11/13/40 - Wednesday - I went to Tommy Reid's and LaVon Jewkes' wedding shower. More fun!  
11/21/40 - Thursday - We had Thanksgiving with Uncle Dean and Aunt Louise. I went to Ferron with Harold Sitterud, his Aunt and Uncle and I got home at twelve.  
11/26/40 - Tuesday - Our Junior class in Mutual is having a banquet next Thursday for our fathers. I am to be toastmistress as I am president of the class.  
11/28/40 - Thursday - Today Dortha Sitterud (editor of our school paper) told me that Ruth Humphrey and I could go to the journalist convention in Provo at the BYU. More fun!  
11/29/40 - Friday - I went and watched people skate tonight down at the Old Hall. The funniest thing happened--Henry Reid fell and tore his pants. (It wasn't funny for him 'tho.)  
12/06/40 - Friday - We leave in the morning at six for Provo. I slept down to Ruth Humphrey's. We got to bed at 10:30 p.m., because we will get up at 4:30 a.m. in the morning.  
12/07/40 - Saturday - We reached Provo at 9:00 a.m. We saw Walker McAllister (Ruth's cousin) and went to two meetings. At noon I met Dean Martin. He's a sophomore. We then went down town shopping. Walker and Dean bought our lunch, and we came back and talked and didn't attend any more meetings.  
12/08/40 - Sunday - We stayed overnight with Bessie and Richard in Heber. We went to church in the morning, and went back to Provo at two. I saw the Deer Creek Dam, parts of Heber City, and met a lot of interesting people. I had a marvelous time. Home at 6:30 p.m.  
12/23/40 - Monday - I helped house clean today getting ready for Christmas. I painted the kitchen an ivory color.  
12/24/40 - Last night Marguerite and I went roller skating. Gee, talk about fun. I decorated the tree tonight.  
12/25/40 - Wednesday - Christmas Day - I went to the dance. I danced with Garth Peacock, Jack Curtis, Kent Stilson, and Morris Curtis. I came home at 1:00 p.m.

Some of the movies I saw during this period were: "Young Mr. Lincoln," "Stanley and Livingston," "Second Fiddle," "Frontier Marshall," "Man About

Town," "The Roaring Twenties," "Our Leading Citizen," "The Starmaker," "Mr. Motto Takes a Vacation," "Four Wives," "Unexpected Father," "Big Town Czar," "House of Fear," "Swanee River," and etc.

- 01/01/41 - Wednesday - New Year's Day. I went riding with Harold Sitterud. New Year's night Ruth Page and I went to the dance with Kenneth Rasmussen and Robert Davis. I was with Robert. More fun! Home at 1:00 p.m.
- 01/16/41 - Thursday - I went on our Junior class ice-skating party. My feet surely got cold. I came home at 11:00 p.m.
- 01/27/41 - Monday - I went to Price today and got me a pair of glasses.
- 02/07/41 - Friday - We beat Ferron in our basketball game. I went to the Sophomore Slide. I danced with Dalas Sitterud, Kenneth Rasmussen, Glendon Guymon, George Curtlis, Lyle Foulsen, Garth Peacock, Milton Young, and others. Surely had fun.
- 02/08/41 - Saturday - I went to the Gold and Green Ball. Mary Humphrey was the queen. I danced with Leonard Wallace, Garth P., Kent Stillson, and others.
- 02/24/41 - Monday - Harold came over to Grandma's tonight and I taught him how to dance.
- 03/01/41 - Saturday - I helped Grandma get ready to go to Salt Lake.
- 03/03/41 - Monday - From decorating starts today. I got out of every class today working on programs.
- 03/06/41 - Thursday - We practiced promenading today for our prom. The theme is, "In Old Hawaii;" Dick Luke is my partner.
- 03/07/41 - Friday - The big event has come, and it doesn't seem possible that we're Juniors. Nine o'clock p.m.—no orchestra showed. We had hired them to come from Salt Lake. We heard later they stopped to eat in Helper, and the orchestra scattered. We called the Jewkes' orchestra to come and play for our dance. The volcano exploded us onto the floor. I did have fun; the only thing my promenade partner was drinking. I went to the dance with Harold Sitterud.
- 03/08/41 - I went to Leah Snow's reception tonight. She married Lloyd Wilberg.
- 03/17/41 - Monday - Today is one of the most happiest St. Patrick's day I have ever had. I received an invitation to join the S.A. Club. I am so glad. Ruth Sitterud, Arline Cox, Maye Ihler, Valoy Anderson, Dora Deane Peterson also received one. We are so thrilled.
- 03/24/41 - Monday - We, the S.A. pledges, gave our banquet to the S.A. girls and became official members of the club. The ceremony was by candle light. We had the banquet at Arlene Cox's. For initiation Wednesday, we wear a black and white stocking, and a black and white shoe. Also we wear a garlic sack around our neck.
- 03/26/41 - Wednesday - Emery County School Typing contest. Ana Lee Neilson, Marguerite, Colleen Davis, and I represented Central High on the Second Year Typing Team. Surprise! I won second place and the accuracy pin. Leonard Johnson is in the hospital with mastoids.
- 03/30/41 - Sunday - We hear Leonard is very bad. I surely hope he gets better. We saw Garth. He really feels bad. He and Leonard are such close buddies.
- 04/01/41 - Tuesday - Mutual and Harry Snow's welcome home party from his mission.

- 04/20/41 - Sunday - I saw Morris Curtis and met Sheldon Childs. Ruth Humphrey, Marguerite, and I went out to the Hermit's, Harry Meilsen, to see his paintings.
- 04/24/41 - Mother and I went to our "Junior Party" in Mutual tonight. Sure had fun.
- 04/27/41 - Sunday - Grandma came home today. When I went over to her place tonight, I noticed the frogs' croaking. It surely seems like "spring."
- 05/04/41 - Sunday - I graduated from Seminary tonight. It was a thrill, and I was glad to get a diploma (first one).
- 05/07/41 - Wednesday - Our Junior and Senior Party. We went up Ferron Canyon. Kenneth Rasmussen and I had a water fight. The party was fun, and there was plenty to eat.
- 05/15/41 - Thursday - For my birthday I received stationary, book ends, comb, slacks, 25¢, and a pen.
- 05/18/41 - Sunday - We spent Sunday getting ready for a temple excursion; but when we got up Monday morning, it was snowing and our trip was canceled.
- 05/24/41 - Saturday - I stayed over to Reva's tending Vaughn.
- 05/29/41 - Thursday - I went to Kenna's and Ward Cox's reception tonight.
- 06/10/41 - Tuesday - Mary Humphrey and Harry Snow were married today.
- 06/15/41 - Sunday - Daddy and I walked six miles today. We took the cows to the pasture.
- 06/19/41 - Thursday - I went in swimming today. First time this year. The water was high and cold, and I do mean cold.
- 06/21/41 - Saturday - Our gang went dancing at Wilberg's tonight.
- 07/04/41 - Friday - Went to the dance. Took Marilyn Stayner (cousin). Really had a marvelous time. Marilyn had fun also.
- 07/20/41 - Sunday - Rhoda Page left for Idaho to marry Bruce Kinder, Ruth Page went to Price; Marguerite is in Salina.
- 07/21/41 - Monday - I arrived in Heber City today. Gee, it was a hot trip. For awhile I was sorta' homesick when I arrived. I'm staying at Richard's and Bessie's.
- 08/02/41 - Saturday - Today I came home on the bus. (From Heber City.) What a thrill! I met Peggy Whiting; and just as I stepped on the bus, Nettie Huntington said, "Hello." I could have fainted. I never expected to see someone I knew let alone from Orangeville.
- 1941-42 - Twelfth Grade - Mighty Seniors.
- 09/08/41 - School once more. My courses this year are: English Literature, Chemistry, Home Economics, Social Living, Gym, and Chorus.
- 09/10/41 - Wednesday - I got on the N.Y.A. (National Youth Assistance Program). I'm thrilled in a way, because now I will be able to earn a little money. It surely means a lot of work--correcting papers and etc. I am editor of the school paper also.
- 09/11/41 - Thursday - I had my first staff meeting. Surely had a lot of students helping on the paper. I had quite a cry tonight about the condition of my home. I know it could be worse; and it's silly to cry, but I feel much better.
- 09/21/41 - Sunday - To Price with Harold. We were in a wreck on Horseshoe Flat. No one was hurt, just the car. However, we are all suffering from stiff, sore necks.
- 09/26/41 - Our paper came out for the first time this year. Sorta' cute, but full of mistakes. It comes out once a month on Friday.

- 10/01/41 - Wednesday - I saw the show, "Million Dollar Baby." Because of a luxury tax, I have to pay 17¢.
- 10/31/41 - Friday - Stayed and decorated for school party. Surely had fun. Marguerite, Del Ora, Delphia, Norma, and Lavon were selected for the S.A. Club.
- 11/08/41 - Saturday - Went to the S.A. banquet tonight. Seemed different from most banquets.
- 11/14/41 - Friday - Paper for soldier boys came out today. Mr. Isbell, teacher, said it was a good paper.
- 11/15/41 - Saturday - Took Harold S. to North Emery's Pep Club Party. Had sorta' a good time. Our Dance Program was a wooden outhouse with a miniature Sear's catalogue attached.
- 11/21/41 - Friday - We decorated for our S.A. party and dance. It's like a ship. Saturday I took Burke Marshall to the party. Gee, I surely had a good time. Burke's a very good dancer. I wore my pink formal that Bessie had purchased for me for the Junior Prom. Before going dancing, I walked over to Grandma's to show her my dress. She is ill and in bed. Very unusual for Grandma. Aunt Jessie is with her.
- 11/28/41 - Friday - I went over and saw Grandma. She surely doesn't look or feel good. I surely hope she gets better, but I'm wondering.
- 12/01/41 - Monday - Mr. Black, teacher, said he would take us to Provo to the Journalist's Convention. We are thrilled.
- 12/02/41 - Tuesday - The most dearest Grandma a girl could ever want passed away tonight at six o'clock. Dad and I were walking by Aunt Myrtle's on our way to see her; when Aunt Jessie came running shouting, "Ernest, come quickly. Something is happening to Mother."
- Description of Grandmother's funeral service---something I always want to remember: Invocation - Dave Tuttle; Song - Relief Society; Talk - C.E. Stilson; Song - Horace Reid; Talk - Lincoln G. Kelly; Song - Double trio by Christy Humphrey, Edra McNeil, Nora Sitterud, Clinty Cox; Remarks - Bishop Taylor; Tribute - Linda Ware; Remarks - Bishop Cox; Song - Relief Society; Prayer - Merrill Anderson; Interment Prayer - Sam Snow. Many beautiful flowers were offered from the family and others. Lunch was served afterwards.
- 12/07/41 - Sunday - The day that will live forever in the minds of those who heard the news, "Pearl Harbor has been attacked by the Japanese." I was supposed to have gone to the Journalist Convention in Provo; but because of my Grandmother's death, I did not go. I saw Ruth Humphrey tonight after she came home from Provo. She brought me some lipstick.
- 12/12/41 - Friday - I went to the Senior Hop tonight. It snowed and we didn't have much of a crowd, but I had fun. Our dance program featured the American Flag, with Class of "42" on the outside. My program tells me I danced with Terry Jewkes, Tom Humphrey, Lyle Foulson, George Curtis, Glendon Guymon, Kenneth Rasmussen, Bruce Reid, and Paul.
- 12/18/41 - Thursday - We finished wallpapering our two front rooms today. (Uncle Fred Reid put up the paper.) Sure looks good! (Later as the paper dried, it started popping and falling off in great big sheets. What a heartbreaking, sad tale. We had spent so much money---money that was so hard to come by.

- 12/25/41 - Thursday Christmas Day - Received many nice gifts. Went to the dance and had lots of fun. Surely missed Garth. (He had recently joined the Marines.)
- 01/09/42 - Friday - Central won their first league game with South Emery (30-25). I danced with George Curtis, Terry Jewkes, and Eldon Wayman, a new boy I met who is Kent Stilson's cousin. He surely has a cute personality. This was the first dance I've been to at Ferron.
- 01/17/42 - Saturday - We girls went to the dance in Orangeville with the old time orchestra playing. What fun we had.
- 01/23/42 - Friday - Our Gold and Green Ball. Selma Sitterud is the queen. I danced the contest dance with Dallas Sitterud as my partner.
- 01/31/42 - Saturday - I went to the show tonight. Bessie, Richard, and Bill came down. They want me to come to Salt Lake after school is out.
- 02/21/42 - Saturday - Lois Livingston, Henry Reid, Dallas Sitterud and I went to the Stake Green and Gold Ball in Ferron. We were the first couples on the floor. Our dance was good. I really had a grand time. I danced with Eldon Wayman, Leonard Wallace, George Curtis, and others. I got home at 1:30.
- 03/13/42 - Friday - Elden phoned me at school today to see if I would go to North Emery Junior Prom. I did and surely had fun. I danced with Hal Guymon, Bruce Reid, Elden, Norman Fillmore, and Kenneth. I saw a lot of kids I knew. On the way home he asked me for a date for our Prom. He certainly is polite and such a cute dancer.
- 03/21/42 - Saturday - I went to the Prom with Elden. I certainly has a perfect time. I danced with Elden, Calvin Campbell, George Curtis, Tom Humphrey, Leonard Wallace, Royal Fox, Reed Peterson, Kenneth Rasmussen, Donald King, and Raymond Huntington.
- 04/04/42 - Saturday - I went to Burke Page's and Leonard Tuttle's farewell party. They are leaving for the army on the ninth. Lyle Poulsen walked me home.
- 04/23/42 - Thursday - The day we had been waiting for arrived. This day they were to have totaled all our points to tell us who would be valedictorian. They placed the names of all honor students on the board, then salutatorian, Ruth Humphrey; and then valedictorian, Margaret Reid. Can you imagine how thrilled I was.
- 04/29/42 - Wednesday - Reva made Daddy a darling birthday cake. We had a family supper.
- 04/30/42 - Thursday - Senior Day at Price. I went over with Bland Tuttle, Selma, Delphia, Ruth Young, and Violet. We visited around the college, and I bought me some new shoes. Elden asked me to come home with him, but we were going to see the show. We came home with Bland Tuttle.
- 05/02/42 - Saturday - Mark Humphrey's farewell party. He is leaving for the army Monday.
- 05/05/42 - Tuesday - I went to Price with Harold to a carnival tonight. We rode the roll-a-plane, ferris wheel, octapus, and the merry-go-round. What fun!
- 05/06/42 - Wednesday - We went on our "Senior Sneak" today up Huntington Canyon. It was one of our most successful parties.
- 05/08/42 - Friday - I read in the paper where Elden went to Ogden.

- 05/12/42 - Tuesday - A letter from Elden today. He is at Salt Lake attending Jordan High. (He was selected as an outstanding student for officer's training. He was valedictorian at South Emery and had to leave before graduation.)
- 05/18/42 - Monday - I sent my commencement card announcements to Marilyn Stayner, Richard, Helen Scoville, Harold Sitterud, Elton Harmon, and Garth. Our Senior Night was at Orangerville. I was a stenographer. It was a cute program.
- 05/21/42 - Thursday - Commencement night has finally arrived. We really had a nice program. I received the scholarship medal. My talk or rather Valedictorian Address was, "Youth Faces a New World." I had fun at the dance, but not as much fun as I've had. It certainly doesn't seem like I should be leaving school. Reed Huntington (cousin) and I went together. I received a year's subscription to the Reader's Digest.
- 06/09/42 - Tuesday - Ruth Humphrey is getting married to Kent Stillson a week from Thursday.
- 06/16/42 - Tuesday - Kenneth Fox came down, and said he was going to Salt Lake; and that I could go with him. Talk about being thrilled and excited, I certainly was. Dad had given me \$10 for graduation, and I had saved that and about \$10 more.
- 06/17/42 - Wednesday - I arrived in Salt Lake, and does it ever look immense. I wonder what I'll ever do in such a large place. Kenneth dropped me off at Richard's and Bessie's place. When I rang the doorbell, there was no one at home. I sat down on the staircase thinking about crying when a little boy from downstairs came up with a comic magazine. He said Bessie and Bill had gone shopping, so I waited.
- 06/29/42 - Monday - Helen Whiting and I went downtown today. I rode my first elevator. I came home alone on the bus.
- 07/06/42 - Monday - Del Ora Guymon and I went downtown looking for work. We applied at several places.
- 07/08/42 - Wednesday - I took my Civil Service examination today. I don't know if I passed. Miss Jensen, my high school teacher, took hers also. Elden was to meet me, but didn't show. I almost got hit by a car. Gee, did I ever feel homesick or something tonight.
- 07/11/42 - Saturday - I got work starting Thursday at the Holy Cross Hospital.
- 07/16/42 - Thursday - I came to work today; as for liking it, I don't. I clean rooms in the morning and run the elevator in the afternoons.
- 07/18/42 - Saturday - Today I got a call from Fort Douglas telling me to come up for an interview Monday. Nettie Huntington took my job at the hospital.
- 07/20/42 - Monday - I finally got work. I went up to the Fort. I signed papers, had my physical examination and went to work. I certainly like it up there. I'm working in Civilian Pay auditing payrolls and etc.
- 07/31/42 - Friday - My first pay day--imagine how rich I feel! I went downtown and bought me some new shoes. I ran into June, Joan, and Walker McAllister. (Cousins of Ruth Humphrey.) I went to the show with Walker.
- 08/01/42 - Saturday - When I got home from work, I found out Del Ora Guymon had moved here to Salt Lake. I went to the show, "This Above All," with Elden. Del Ora is staying with me.



- 08/22/42 - Saturday - I went to Coconut Grove dancing with Elden. He brought me home on the bus.
- 08/27/42 - Thursday - I went to "Gone With The Wind." It really wasn't what I expected it to be. Yesterday I went to Sugar House to see "King's Row" with Virginia Jensen.
- 09/05/42 - Saturday - Home! What a small word to express so much. Anyway that's how I felt when I saw Dad and Mother. Richard brought us down.
- 10/05/42 - Monday - I called up the business college. I've decided finally to go to school. (I.D.S. College)
- 10/30/42 - Virginia Jensen, Mary Twitchell, and I decided we would join the U.S.O. We did and our first dance was quite a bit of fun.
- 12/11/42 - Elden joined the Navy. Before he left, he asked me if I would ever consider wearing his ring. That wasn't for me at this time, and I told him my reasons. He wrote me regularly; and in the last letter I received, he told me he was getting married, but that he would like to keep on writing to me. At that time, I moved. I really meant to write and congratulate him, but I lost his address. That was the end of my first, kinda' serious romance. Parents really influence what you do. I remember really liking and enjoying our friendship. My father had been a juror on the trial of an Uncle of Elden's. In a fit of temper over water rights, he had shot and killed a Mr. Black (a brother-in-law) and also the sheriff. My father had held out for days for a 1st degree murder verdict; but because it was not premeditated, a second degree verdict was handed down. My father always considered this unfair. Before I ever met or knew Elden, I had heard my father's discourse about "bad blood" running in this family. When I brought Elden home to introduce him to my parents, my father gave him a brief greeting and left the room. So when I dated him, I did so without my father's blessing, and I'm sure this made me think twice about any serious relationship in this direction.
- Also, at this time another event happened that really shook me up. I always thought divorces were happenings in books and to other people, but I found out differently. For a long time, Richard seemed to be changing. Finally he told Bessie the reason was another girl. Bessie confided in me, and I guess we cried on each others shoulders. I remember nights when Bessie cried so bitterly, and all I could do was sit in my room listening and wondering what I could possibly do to help. Christmas came, but it wasn't like other Christmases that I remembered. There was no family tree, Christmas Eve Bessie and I sat listening to the radio with the song, White Christmas serenading us. She was so unhappy; and with Elden's approaching marriage, having to find a new place to live, I wasn't feeling so happy myself.
- 12/31/42 - No New Year's celebration for me this year. I'm not even going dancing.
- 01/04/43 - Jo Davis, the neighbor downstairs, has surely been kind to Bessie and I. Her husband died last October.
- 01/06/43 - I have started running around with Emma Osmond, Eugenia Rogers, and Dora Thomas, girls from work. I like them all very much,

especially Emma. They like dancing and quite a few of the things I do. We go to the U.S.O. quite often now. We're cultivating the game of table tennis, and we're not doing too bad at it. About this time, Bessie was expecting her baby. I had planned on taking Bill down to Mother's. One Saturday I went to the dance at Mendover, Utah; and when I came home, I found that Michael had been born. Jo took care of Bill, and Richard and I took care of ourselves. I went to see Bessie, and I still remember how sweet she looked in her white gown. She was so thrilled at the promise that when she returned home, it was to be to a home not just a house. But things did not work out that way. I took Bill to Orangeville riding on the train to Price. Around April 2nd, Bessie told me over breakfast that morning, "Margaret, when you come home tonight, I won't be here. I am leaving." I said goodbye to her, and Jo Davis invited me to stay with her and the three boys, Sidney, Sammy, and Walter, until I could find another place.

05/29/43 - Sunday - My girl friends and I decided to go to the U.S.O. It proved to be quite a boring day, not too much going on. They left to go to a movie, but I stayed because I had broken my glasses; and without glasses, I could not see well enough to enjoy a movie. I had written a letter to Marguerite, and got up from the table to join a group singing around the piano. I noticed this tall soldier with such brown eyes, and a short, short G.I. hair cut. Ever now and again he would wink at me, but then he was also winking at the other girls. I left the group; and when I came back, he was sitting at a table by himself. I walked over and asked him if he were tired of singing or winking. He smiled, and said, "Yes, both!" He reached over and took my letter from my hand and said, "How do you do, Margaret, I'm Bob." He walked home with me that evening (I was living at 664 Second South Street with Emma and Dora at this time. It was just a nice walk from town.), called me the next night, and made a date for the following Tuesday. He was stationed at the Salt Lake Air Base as a B-17 Tail Gunner. He had to be at base every night at 11:30 P.M. We had many dates—fun times together; however, he did not dance. Eventually, he had to leave Salt Lake for a training base in the Southwest before going overseas.

- 04/26/44 - Wednesday - Just finished writing a letter to Bob, wondering where he's at.
- 05/18/44 - Thursday - Today I received a dozen red roses from Bob for my birthday. I was so thrilled!
- 05/19/44 - Friday - A letter from Robert Hebb today stating he was headed for 158 Olean Street, Worcester, Mass. (his hometown) on a furlough.
- 05/23/44 - Tuesday - Cards, pictures of the scenery in Bob's hometown and another dozen red roses arrived for me today.
- 06/11/44 - Sunday - Ruth Page and I went to Ogden, Utah today to visit their U.S.O. We had fun playing ping-pong.
- 06/12/44 - Monday - I received a letter from Bob stating he is being shipped to an overseas B-17 training base. I am sitting in the tub while writing this in my diary.

This was the last notation that I had written in my diary. I don't remember why I stopped writing, because there are plenty of blank pages left.

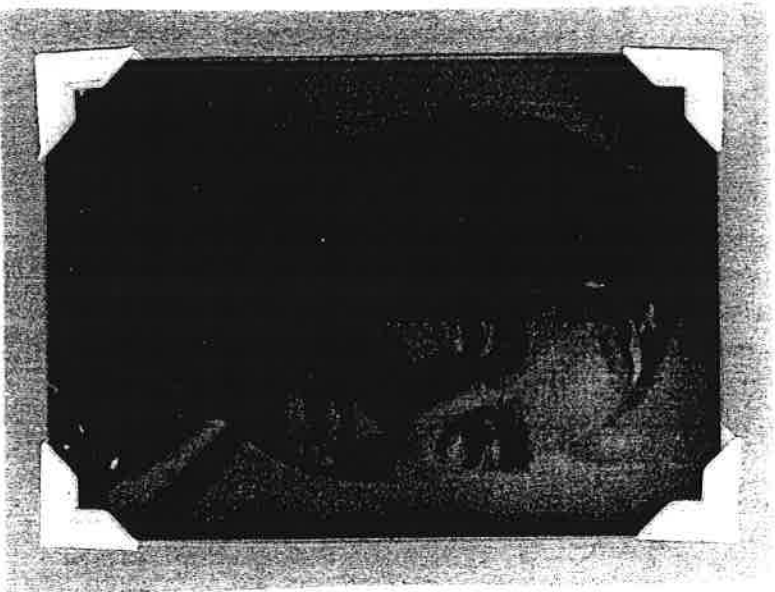
The past few pages have been notations taken from the pages of my diary just to show how exciting??? my growing-up years were, now I'm going back to relate a few more events in detail.

I couldn't tell my story without telling you about a very special person in my life--my Grandmother Harriet Lenore Cox Reid. Ever since I was old enough (possibly 10 years old) and the Reid girls (Marjorie, Enid, and Ruth, cousins and Uncle Fred Reid's daughters) started dating, I was the one to spend nights with Grandmother. Her sons would never let her stay alone at night. Her home became my home. Every night from March until October (she stayed in Salt Lake during the winter months with her daughters, Jenny Kelly, Jessie Snow, and Lenore Stayner) I stayed with her. Sometimes Ruth Huntington would come over and stay with me. When she was there, we would sleep upstairs in the north bedroom, tell spooky stories, and really frighten ourselves; it was such a big, beautiful, creaky, old house. I have such fond memories of those days that I spent there; in fact, it was my second home.

Grandmother made the best bread I have ever eaten--just ask my brother, Edward; he'll say the same thing. Her jams, jellies, and cakes were such treats for us; the bread was cake to us.

At night when the evenings were cool, Grandmother would let us build a fire in her big white-faced fireplace in the dining-sitting room. We would toast our bread on a wire toaster over the fire, spread home-churned butter and jam on it; how we did enjoy those evenings. Grandmother had an old-fashioned organ in the parlor and Aunt Jessie's piano in the dining room. Grandmother loved to sing; she had such a lovely voice even at eighty-two. I played the organ and piano after a fashion. We spent many an evening entertaining ourselves thusly when my lessons were finished. I also enjoyed playing her old phonograph (the wind-up variety with the heavy, old-round records). The records she liked were "Sonny Boy," sung by Al Jolson, "Boy of Mine," "Jeanine, I Dream o' Lillac Time," "Tenting on the Old Camp Grounds," and "Springtime in the Rockies." Her favorite song was "The Last Rose of Summer," and this was sung at her funeral.

Grandmother knew what little money we had, and when she went to Salt Lake she made sure that Aunt Jenny put all the clothes they no longer used in a box for mailing to us. Dad wore Uncle Lincoln's clothes, and I wore



Kathlyn's. Consequently, we two were well-dressed individuals.

Grandmother was so neat and clean with her person and her house. I cleaned for her on Saturdays earning my dime that took me to the Saturday evening movie held in the Old Hall. I remember straight-backed individual chairs, a pot-bellied stove so red that it heated this hall completely, Black-Ace serials, Hop-o-Long Cassidy movies—what a way to spend an evening.

Grandmother's house was fascinating, especially her upstairs. There were three bedrooms—one was never completed and housed beautiful materials, old books, dolls of yester-year, and etc. What a treat to be able to sleep up there in a room I pretended was my own, for I never had my own room at home.

Aunt Jessie had lost her husband, Leonard C. Snow, about 1939 in an automobile accident. She never remarried, and in 1941 she came to make her home with Grandmother. So Grandmother did not go to Salt Lake that year. War clouds were gathering, and I remember Grandmother saying she hoped she did not live to see war declared; because it would involve so many of her Grandsons. She was eighty-six years old at this time. Grandmother just said she was tired one day and went to bed—not really feeling sick. About three weeks later, December 2, 1941, she died and was buried December 5, 1941. World War II was declared on December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day; Grandmother had got her wish. An interesting sideline: Several weeks before Grandmother died, she was sitting before the fireplace tating and all of a sudden she stopped with her fingers suspended mid-air. Aunt Jessie noticing her unusual pose called, "Mother, is something the matter?" Grandmother did not move, and Aunt Jessie questioned her a second time. Grandmother slowly shook her head and said, "Jessie, why did you bother me; I was talking to your father, and he is coming for me soon."

Grandmother made each of her grandchildren a quilt—mine is the pink bear-claw and what a treasure it has been to me. Recently, at a Catholic showing of old quilts a square dancing friend of mine entered it. It won second place.

How well I remember the mints and Double Mint gum Grandmother always carried in the pocket of her apron—treats for us children.

Something I wrote:

Tribute to Grandma

Verse I

Here's a tribute, Grandma dear,  
Whose face is always full of cheer,  
To one whose suffered many hardships  
Through life a smile upon her lips.

Verse II

Although old you're growing,  
Each day blessings you're stowing,  
And when the time comes round,  
Your list of deeds first will be found.

Verse III

Here's a tribute, Grandma, Hear!  
One so old and one so dear,  
May you find your place among the best,  
There you'll go forever more to rest.

By Margaret Reid  
3/8/38 Time 6:30 p.m.

March 29, 1938 - Another big event in the lives of the Reid family. The Reids get a grandson, and Edward and I get a nephew. Vaughn Walter Reid was born this day to Walter and Reva after many hours of anxious waiting. I remember Reva coming over to our house rather early in the morning saying she was not feeling too well. I remember Aunt Nell Cox going over to her place, and shortly afterwards Mom told me that Reva would have a baby sometime today. Today seemed endless, the day wore on and no baby. I went to Mutual and when I came home learned that Vaughn had been born. I could hardly wait to see him. Phyllis Killian came down and took care of Reva, Walter, and the baby. One Saturday when he was about 14 days old, they asked me to come over to stay. I was 14 and felt so proud as I heated up some stew that Phyllis had made for Walter and Reva.

Vaughn grew up, big, brown eyes and all. He had to be the cutest baby or so we thought. Ruth Huntington and I begged Reva to take him one day when he was just a few months old. We had him out on the lawn with us on a pillow under the shade of the big tree. When we took him home to Reva, she noticed that we had let him get sunburned on his face. I remember feeling so bad. Vaughn was always coming over to our place to eat "Grandma Lalta's" breakfast soda biscuits—even as he got older. When he was about four, he wanted to go dating with Edward and Royal. They told him he could not go without a tie. Home he went, and back he came with a tie almost dragging the ground. When they still wouldn't let him go, he really started crying running back home to his mother. Vaughn grew up in spite of all the playing catch (he was the ball) Ed and the boys carried on. He is still quite a favorite of ours. Bill, Richard's and Bessie's boy, was born about the same time, but we were not around him too much until I went to Salt Lake to live with them.

Something else I wrote for an assignment October 30, 1940 entitled:

My Greatest Interests

My life is centered around a great many interests. Some of the most important ones are at home. My parents and other members of the family are one. It is the family which makes up the home. Our home is located a block from the main road. It has a nice location. One of my greatest interest is in keeping the surroundings neat and clean. I think our homes are judged by the appearance of the outside. This is the reason I think our surroundings should be neat. After all people will judge us, if they do not know us, by the way we keep our surroundings. The activities in my home in which I am interested are numerous. Included in this group are: radio entertainment, hobbies doing housework, sewing, and etc.

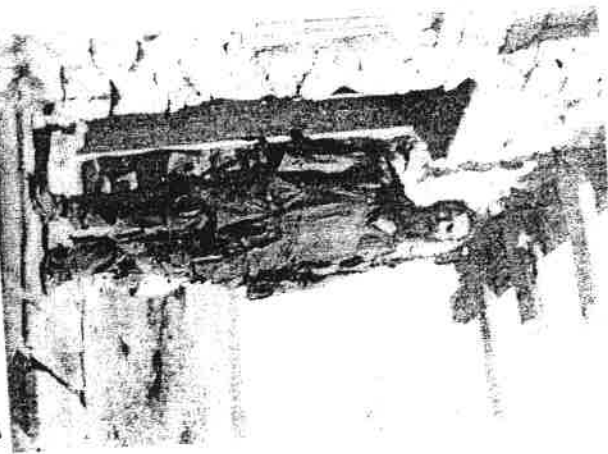
School is another interest of mine. It is at school we go to get an education. Education is a necessity in our present day living. Few positions can be obtained without one. In school we have many activities for all who are interested in them. Some of them are: typing and also typing contests, school dances, school theatres, competitive games such as baseball and basketball, lyceum programs, school assemblies, and etc. Buildings are provided for schools. For our theatre we have stages and equipment. For dances and basketball games we have auditoriums. We are provided with the books and etc. which we need in our school work. Our school surroundings are always neat and well-kept. Another interest of mine is my school friends. Without them school would be very uninteresting. Friends are an essential part in our lives. Everyone should have friends to chum around with.

Without social life, ours would indeed be a very dull world. We need something different in our lives than just work. In the social world there are dances, parties, clubs, the school activities such as: competitive games, lyceum programs, school dances, and etc., also picnics and outings. In school we make friends and these are the ones we usually chum around with in the social world. The towns and schools usually have buildings provided for all these activities. In nearly all towns, they have places for dancing and for theatres, and etc. People go to these places for entertainment and also for a change from their everyday interests.

Another great interest of mine is vacation. This is the time when one likes to relax. In fact, the world seems to be a pretty good place after all at vacation time. In the summer, or most anytime, it seems that people like to travel. This is one of my most greatest interests. I like to see new places, and also new faces. Traveling is very educational as well as being a new experience. It is entertaining as well as are a great number of other things. Another interest is sports. Among this group are: ice-skating, skiing, swimming, horseback riding, tennis, and etc. These items listed above are my greatest interests in the line of sports. I like these for the entertainment I get out of them, and also because they are a change much different than work. Our lives are full of interests which is one thing that makes it interesting.

May 21, 1942 on a Thursday evening at 8:15 p.m. in the Castle Dale Elementary School auditorium we had our graduation exercises. We chose "Dream Road" as our class song, and our Senior Girls Chorus sang "Just a Memory." Thirty mighty seniors were presented with their diplomas by Fred W. Reid, a member of the school board. I remember my feelings that night---anxious to graduate, eager to leave Orangeville, not too much concerned about the road ahead, but a little feeling of sadness leaving such long-time friends. Marguerite was going to Snow College in Salina, Ruth Page was going to be Central's school librarian, and Ruth Humphrey was getting married. I remember the thrill of giving my Valedictory Address, "Youth Faces a New World," and receiving my Scholarship to the University and the Scholarship Medal. However, it was rather a sad time knowing that many of the boys faced service enlistments---in fact, nearly all of the boys went to war. Royal Huntington, one of our favorite classmates, became a casualty of the war.

Before I go on to other parts of my life story I want to relate an interesting happening. As youngsters, we always knew about the hermit that lived in a little stone hut about three miles from Orangeville on Alvin Johnson's farm. One night as teen-agers we had been talking with Morris Curtis, Leonard Johnson, and Garth Peacock and they said, "Let's go visit Harry." We had never been out to his place; and it was now about 10:00 p.m. So out we drove, waking Harry up. He was always happy to visit with people and show them his paintings. I saw the picture entitled, "My Little Sweetheart." He enjoyed Richard's visits, my brother, even loaned him his Spanish-American soldier uniform at one time, and gave him several paintings that I have in my possession still.



In front of his Shack  
on his Farm

Harry Nielson - a  
Hermit From Orangeville

His shack was creepy, and I remember well the stench; and how the little fire burned our eyes as we looked at painting with the light of a kerosene lamp. This was not the only visit we made to his place. This was a frequent happening among the young people in our town.

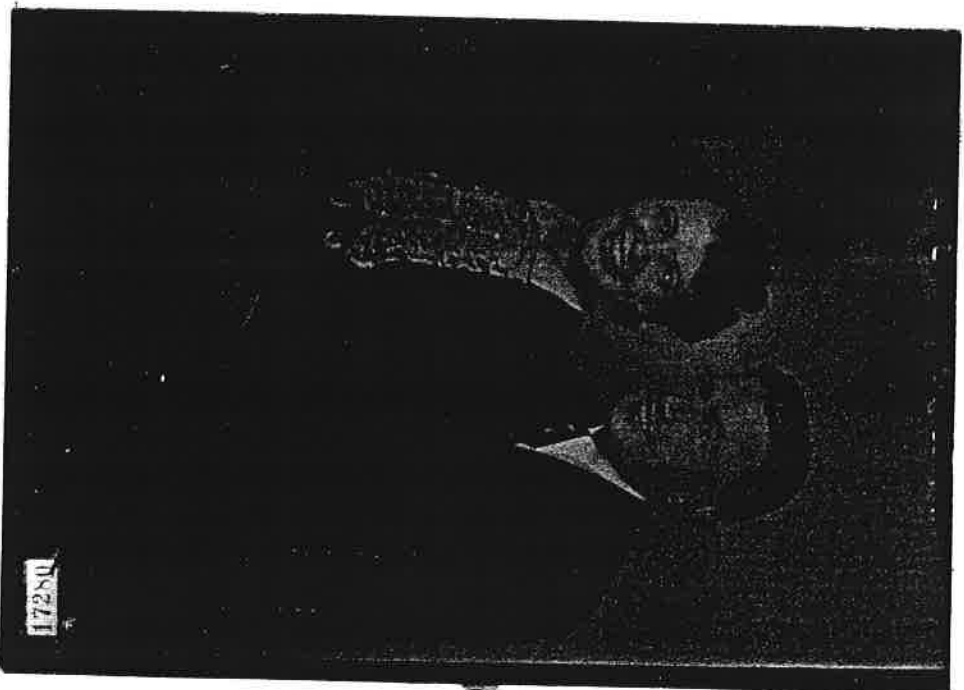
The picture I have of Harry was taken by one of the kids. One time in school in one of our classes, we were learning how to make pictures from negatives. I borrowed someone's negative; and this is the picture I developed in that class. We set up our photography room in Central's basement where the furnace room was located.

The write-up on the next page was taken from the magazine section in either the Deseret News or the Salt Lake Tribune, but I cut it out and saved it and included it with my memories.

I, Margaret Reid, had always planned to somehow, somehow get out of Orangeville, Utah and see a little bit of the world. I knew trains must go someplace, because I had seen one leave Price when I was sixteen. I remembered visiting Bessie and Richard at Heber City, Utah; how exciting that visit was. Throughout my high school years, I was not the most popular one of our group, although I always had plenty of dancing partners. I was determined that other fields beckoned rather than my getting married and settling down in Orangeville or one of the towns in Emery County as some of my friends had done. I just wouldn't let myself get too attached to Harold or Elden because of this deep-seated ambition of mine to leave. So with my twenty dollars, one lousy old battered suitcase, very little to fill it, and a lot of "scared-stiff-kind" of nerve I made it to Salt Lake June 17, 1942 to live with Richard and Bessie.

I really searched for work; I was determined to succeed. I put my applications at Remington Arms, Fort Douglas, Holy Cross Hospital, several stores and cafeterias. July 20, 1942 I started work at Fort Douglas as a Clerk-Typist, CAF-2, \$1200 p/a. I was a good worker, a hard worker, an accurate worker, and soon received a promotion to Clerk, Head of the Bond Department, a CAF-4, \$1800 p/a in the SCU 3967, Finance Office, US Army, Ninth Service Command at Fort Douglas, Utah.

In early 1945, I decided I would like to go to Nurse Cadet training, and I put in my application and was accepted for the fall of '45 at the Holy Cross Hospital. I was also steadily dating a soldier, Gilbert Hall, and had accepted his engagement ring. I thought I was finally in love. However, I did not tell anyone about this ring except Marguerite with whom I was rooming with at 116 "O" Street at this time.



One night Gil and I went apartment hunting, because in May we planned to be married. Whether it was the apartment hunting, or the fact that I would have to tell my parents, I knew upon my return home that night that this marriage was not for me. The war was still on, I was almost 21; the world still beckoned, and I had been no further than Salt Lake. Being shut up in an apartment with a new husband and my "itchy" feet was not what I wanted.



## He Liked People—Did Harry Nielson—but He Liked Nature More. So for Years He Lived Alone in the Desert and Painted Pictures.

By BROOKE TOWERS



Harry Nielson looks over his scrapbook. Beside him stands one of his outstanding paintings.



Harry as he appeared when he was living at a hermit in the

FOR 35 years Harry Nielson lived alone with his paintings, poetry and memories in the desert.

He made his home in a little stone hut about three miles south of Orangeville, Utah. There, surrounded by veritable forests of art brushes; crayons, manuscripts and notebooks, he led his unusual life. Only infrequently did his bearded, somewhat shabby figure pay visits to Orangeville for food and supplies.

His trips to Price, 30 miles away, were even more infrequent. But he had many friends who would visit him. He could tell stories, sing quaint and ancient airs. He would make drawings and paintings and present them to those few persons to whom he felt close. Even now he is Harry to those who know him well.

From time to time he sold a few stories and art pieces, earning enough to eke out a meager existence. His needs were few and his ingenuity devised ways to make over old cloth into wearing apparel. He was not too proud to use even burlap and rags to help keep his feet and legs warm in winter.

HE was a Western counterpart of the countless thousands of struggling artists and writers who have haunted Paris or Greenwich Village. Then one day about five years ago a few state officials paid him a visit and convinced him he should retire.

At that time 65, he was promised he could pursue his creative life in less rigorous surroundings. That's how Harry came to the home for elderly folk at Price. A retired hermit, he calls himself with a sly humor.

Why had he followed the life of a recluse? Harry's answer is impersonal, objective.

"I felt more at home living alone. I have always loved nature and wanted to stay close by her," he says.

HIS PAINTINGS reflect that love. He has drawn rabbits, leaping horses, grapes, scenes of the stillness of the wilderness, portraits. His approach is that of a realist, but the vibrancy in his work lies in his unusual color interpretations: a red horse, bright blue grapes, an orange rabbit.

Harry's history is vague and he is much more inclined to talk about his art and writing than about himself. He will tell you he was born April 3, 1879 in a little English village at the mouth of the Tyne River. He studied the "three R's" and some art there before migrating as a boy to the United States with his mother.

He never married. Asked about young romances

studying, drawing and writing." But among his hundreds of sketches he has one of a girl, perhaps 13, which he entitled "My Little Sweetheart." But Harry changes the subject when you try to discuss it.

IN THIS country he continued his art studies. He also served as a soldier in the Spanish-American War. Later he worked as a free lance writer and artist. He recalls he has written several "good" love stories.

His mother and a brother and sister living in this country died and Harry was left alone. His sensitive nature and personal pride soon led him to seek the seclusion of a hermit's life. But by nature he likes people, loves life; by nature he is no hermit.

One time while living near Orangeville he went nearly two years without paying a visit to town. He lived on boiled wheat, corn, beans, peas and nuts. He got milk from a cow provided for him by Alvin Johnson of Orangeville, who owned the land on which stood Harry's hut.

IN THE home at Price, while many types of people come and go, Harry continues his painting and writing. He has fond but closely guarded memories, and once in a while you can catch a flash from the past in his poems. One is entitled "The End of the Road

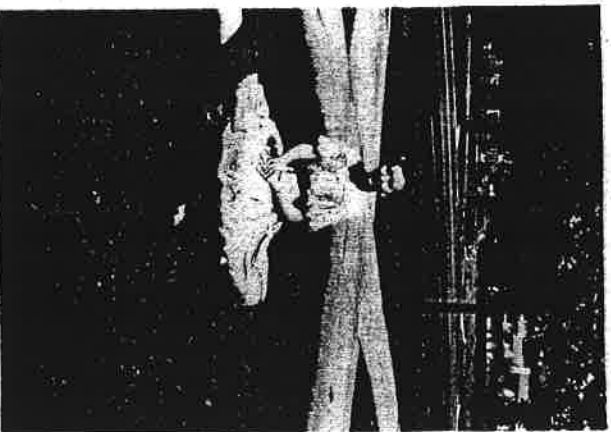
"There was joy in every moment  
As the homeward road unwound  
In that multicolored beauty  
Over old familiar ground.

Here the meadowlark and blackbirds  
On the bending willows sing,  
Saw the cattails crowding gladly  
In the pasture round the spring.

And the sweetness of the pasture's  
Tender green beside the creek  
And the coolness of the raindrops  
Splashing round so mightily quick

Knew the happiness of summer,  
The mosquitoes and the flies  
And the peace of just returning  
Like the new moon to the skies.

See the beauty in the sunset  
Sinking slowly out of sight.  
And the road now in the evening



Emma Osmond, a girl I lived with until I moved in with Marguerite, was going to join the MACCS; because she, too, wanted to become a nurse. She wanted me to go with her; but I thought the Navy uniform more exciting. I had always looked up to and admired Richard, my brother, and tried in ways to emulate him. He was salutatorian of his class; I wanted to be that or better. He enlisted in the Navy; I wanted to be in the Navy. March 26, 1945 I enlisted and was ordered to await assignment. My Dad had to sign papers for me to enlist because of my age. Sign he did even tho' he had objections. I was considered to be on Active Duty without pay until my orders came. I thought I would receive notice right away, and would just tell Gil my plans and leave. I was still working at Fort Douglas, and Gil was still planning marriage. In my mind's eye, I was a WAVE in uniform saying goodbye to a heartbroken soldier. Finally, I decided I was being very unfair, because I had waited and waited for orders that did not come. I told him on a date one night that I was going to become a Navy WAVE instead of an Army Wife and gave him back his ring. I don't believe I broke his heart, because about three weeks later I ran into him in a cafe; and he showed me the beautiful diamond he had had made into a man's diamond ring.

May 2, 1945 I received my orders to report to the U.S. Naval Training School (W-R), Bronx, New York, New York, on 17 May 1945. May 5, 1945 I received my military furlough from Fort Douglas. May 14, along with 58 other new recruits from all the Western states, I boarded the Union Pacific train at Salt Lake.

May 15, 1945, my 21st birthday, I received a birthday cake from the U.S.O. at a train stop in North Platte, Nebraska. It took us four days of train traveling to reach New York and Hunter College. Can you imagine my feelings, and remember this was 40 years ago when women just didn't do these kind of things, as I sped along through the night seeking I knew not what. This country hick from Orangeville on a train to New York City, a train going clear across the country, this gal who until she was 16 years old had never been out of Emery or Carbon County except for my hospital stay at five. Unbelievable!!!!!!

We had "chits" to pay for our tain meals; we had berrins to sleep in at night; we had 10 girls from Utah, plus many from California and other states as far as Colorado. Our whole car was WAVES to be.

Hunter College in New York was a plush girl's school before the Navy took it over for the WAVES. We were assigned to quarters—quarters being a plush apartment for that time and date—two bedrooms with a kitchen and bath. This became living quarters for eight WAVES.

This picture on the left was taken just after we arrived at Hunter. We had been issued our hats and shoes but were still wearing our civilian clothes.

As you can see by the picture below we had been issued our new uniforms. Uniforms that were at least two sizes too big—I was wearing a size 9, they gave me a size 12. Our shoes were so big our feet roamed about inside. Days later when I marched and marched, I understood their reasoning and was glad for the big shoes. Our second issue of clothes fit better, and we could also buy pumps to go with our uniform.



Note the hats & shoes - the real issue

This was like a basic boot camp—marching, getting shots, health exams, classes, kitchen duty for all, etc. & etc. They had a swimming class, and they asked for volunteers who did not swim to join. I thought I would be smart; and since I was a swimmer (I thought), I would raise my hand as a non-swimmer and perhaps do a little better than the others. So many girls must have had the same idea. I found out quickly I was probably the only "non-swimmer" in the group when they had us jump from the high dive into the water. As I remember it, I quaked all the way up and was the only WAVE that had to be handed the pole to get out of the water—choking all the way. Scared—but when I finished this class, I could make it through the water.



Our new uniforms - N.Y. "Marion" "My" "Polly" " & "Hampden"

Shots came every other day it seemed. We marched and marched, some

girls would pass out from the shots; and we stepped over them and kept marching. I remember one day on our free hour an announcement came over the system that I had a visitor in the recreation hall. Who did I know in New York that would be coming to see me? The order of the day that morning was raincoat, havelock—a plastic head covering—and galoshes (it does rain in New York). Now the sun was shining, and I was plodding three blocks in all that gear to meet an unknown someone. I soon found out who it was, a Private Katz I had met thru' the U.S.O. in Salt Lake home on leave in New York. He wanted to show me New York; but since I was in boot camp, I was not allowed to leave the base. He had not remembered the "no pass" situation I was facing.

Week-end passes took us into town on the subway, to Radio City, to see the Rockettes perform, beautiful cathedrals, a USO dance or two, to the top of the Empire State Building, and one Saturday to Staten Island and the Statue of Liberty. We got to climb up into the arm.

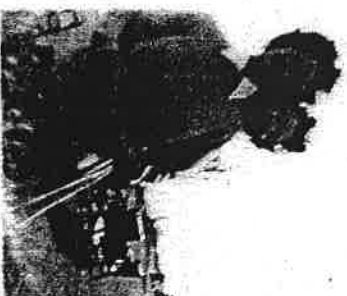
Boot camp days ended after six weeks, and I did not get to become a student nurse. I was assigned to communications at a Bureau of Personnel school in Washington, D.C. This was an assignment no one really wanted because once assigned to Washington you automatically put in two months on Kitchen Police duty. This turned out to be our first assignment. It wasn't so bad; after the evening meal, our evenings were free. We worked shifts, sometimes we had the day shift and then the afternoon shift. Free time we had; free time we spent seeing the sights of D.C., and there were plenty. I'll never forget walking into those famous red buildings—the Smithsonian Institute—and seeing a dinosaur skeleton from Cleveland, Utah; cherry blossom time in Washington; the Potomac River and taking a river boat up to George Washington's home dancing on the boat all the way up; the Lincoln Monument, the White House; the Arlington Cemetery; etc. and etc. Working in the kitchen in all the steam, I got a fungus infection in my ear; and on V-E day, I was in the hospital on anti-biotics. They were going to let me out that day, but changed their plans. Since the world had gone wild with happiness when Germany surrendered, they were sure I would be drinking along with the rest; and drink and anti-biotics were not mixed in those days.

Finally K.P. days ended, and we started our schooling. Communications—decoding secret messages, learning to use teletype machines and read the little holes punched in the tape as fast as we read the alphabet, tests, and passing the course. Now the time had arrived when we were to be assigned our station. I knew it would be a port city, and I was hoping for California. Orders came as eventually they do, and Charleston, South Carolina was to be my lot.

A train trip South—how exciting. I was going to see those places I knew about only through my history, my reading, and seeing "Gone With the Wind." What a beautiful, old, old, city—often touted as one of America's most beautiful and romantic spots. Charleston is one of the very old American cities with its fine Battery Park, little walled gardens, famous great gardens, balconies and wrought iron and latticed verandas. She has faced and survived pirates, wars, pestilences, hurricanes, fires and earthquakes. Charleston was founded in 1670 and stands on a narrow peninsular between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. I couldn't believe that I was actually

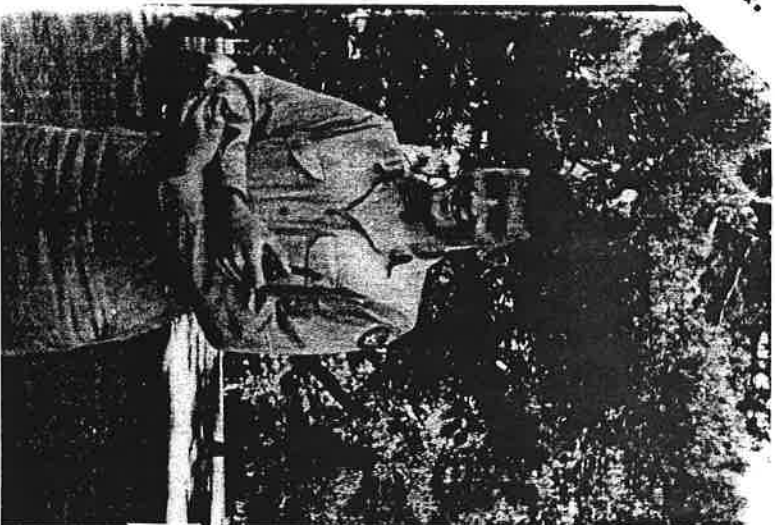
seeing such a famous place.

We were assigned to Tradd Street Barracks on the Cooper River. It was here I met Doris Murray Griffiths and Gladys—two WAVES who welcomed me to Charleston, and we became close friends.



Some of the places we visited were Battery Park, known in Colonial days as White Point Gardens. This park is to Charlestonians the essence of their city. We walked around the Battery, looked at the forts, the islands, and the harbor into which

Robert G. Hebb



Shortly after my arrival in Charleston, I received a letter from Bob stating that he was now discharged from the army and had gone to Washington D.C. to surprise me with a visit. They told him I had been sent to Charleston about two or three days before. His home was in Massachusetts, and Charleston was just too far. Afterwards our correspondence continued for awhile and then ended. After all 'absence makes the heart grow fonder for somebody else' is so true in most cases.

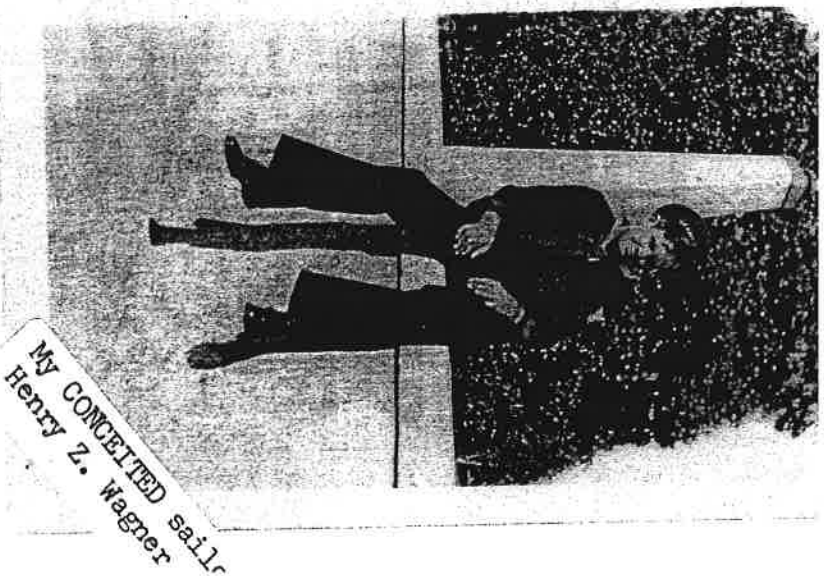
I couldn't believe the dating situation in Charleston. In Washington there were so many men in service and more women there than men. What a situation! If we did go to a dance, we were fortunate to have a dance or two that night. Two or three days after

our arrival in Charleston, we went to a U.S.O. dance. There the situation was reversed. There were so many more men than women; in fact, you could not dance one selection with the same serviceman because others kept cutting in. In fact, it was so unusual that we couldn't quite handle the situation and returned to our barracks much earlier than we had planned.

I stated that I had met Doris from Marysville, Tennessee and Gladys from Compens, So. Carolina. One Sunday Doris asked me if I would like to go to the Idyl Hour with her and Bob (a sailor she was dating) and a sailor named Henry. She and Gladys had recently met these two sailors and had been dating. Doris made the comment before that Hank was really a good jitterbug, and she wished that she had asked me to go with him instead of Gladys. This particular day Gladys happened to be ill and was unable to go. I told Doris I would go, but first I was going over to the Recreation Hall to peek in and see what he looked like. You see there were so many men in uniform in Charleston that we could be quite choosy. I walked over, peeked in through the window—not bad—red hair, tall, and so many freckles. Now if he only danced as well as Doris and Gladys both claimed, he could be an interesting date. Doris introduced us and off to the Idyl Hour we went—and on a Sunday at that. He ordered champagne for all of us; I didn't drink. Later he asked me why I didn't touch my drink, and I told him I was waiting for the bubbles to stop. What a look I got, but my glass stayed there until he finished the contents.

He danced as well as they said, really a very good dancer.

One thing Doris did not tell me was that he happened to be the most CONCEITED sailor in Charleston at that time. Doris, Bob, and Henry kept talking about taking their girls on the U.S.S. Jarvis (their ship) for a tour; naturally, I thought Henry meant Gladys, because I was just a one-night stand-in. When he didn't ask me for the date and still made no mention of seeing me again when we said "good night," I was sure it was Gladys he was asking. The day came for the boat visit. I had a date with George, a sailor I had met at the U.S.O., and a sailor with a car in Charleston. I was paged from the recreation hall that my date was waiting, and within five minutes another page came for Margaret Reid and Doris Murray for dates that were waiting. I said, "I'll bet that conceited Henry thinks he has a date with me." Sure enough, when I walked in the building, two sailors came to meet me. Was that ever sticky. I went with George; however, I managed to run into Henry twice that evening. We had other dates—we had other quarrels. Henry and I seemed to always be at odds one with another.



One night he telephoned for a date, and I happened to be on the night telephone detail for the barracks and couldn't go out. I hung up the phone, and immediately it rang again and it was for me. It was Max Newren, a Mormon boy from Utah whom I had met at church and dated a few times. I told him my same tale about telephone watch duty. Little did I realize then that Henry and Max were both on the same ship, and had walked down to the telephones together to make their calls. They started comparing stories on the way back and decided they were both dating the same WAVE. Since Henry was over Max in command, he would give Max duty then come and take me out. We had another disagreement over some little thing, and I didn't see Henry for several weeks. About that time, he flew to Lake Providence to see his high school sweetheart, and then to California to spend Christmas holidays with his brother and family.

Jo Davis's nephew, Merl Wright, was being discharged from the Army; and opted to come to Charleston to see me as he had an army buddy living there. We had dated a time or two in Salt Lake and corresponded since he joined the army in 1943. We had several dates while he was there, and it was so good to see someone from home. We both thought we were in love; we had written so many letters for so long and built a romance that wasn't really there. We talked about going down to the courthouse and getting married.

then and there, but my head that usually ruled my heart said, "No." Truly, we were just like complete strangers after a three-year separation. We parted friends with a promise to meet when I was discharged and returned to Salt Lake. Merl went home to Salt Lake. An interesting note: When I was six-months pregnant with Charles, Henry and I were at a Stake New Year's dance and ran into Merl and his wife. We introduced our spouses to each other, and I found out he was living in the track of nice brick homes just across California St. from the track we lived in. However, our paths did not cross again, and I lost track of his Aunt Jo.

Henry returned to Charleston from California, but we had not dated. Doris and I heard Louie Armstrong's band was coming to the city, and we really wanted to go. She passed the word to Bob, and Henry called me up for a date. That night as an added attraction, the band was having a dance contest—waltz and swing. Henry and I entered both. We danced and danced and danced eliminating all our competition on the waltz but one. So second place became ours on the waltz contest, and we won the coveted first place for the swing or jitterbug. Henry won a bright, orange satin shirt, and I won a brown, leather-bound manicure set. What a thrill for us!

We had many dates after that; he would walk me back to the barracks from the jusline. (Our barracks had now been moved from Tradd Street to the Naval shipyards.) We spent many a night talking on a little bridge overlooking a stream of water than ran through the shipyard. I knew Henry was being discharged very soon and planned to return to California to go to work for the Union Pacific again. I was to be discharged in June, and planned to return to Utah and perhaps go to college under the G.I. bill. We had not really visualized ourselves as being "in love;" but as the time grew closer to parting, we decided we didn't want to break our dance team up. The morning he left for California, he came to see me. Under the trees at the Naval barracks, and before all the peering eyes of the WAVES (Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service) not on duty; he gave me my engagement ring and a goodbye kiss.

On June 14, 1946 as a Telegrapher Third Class, I received my Honorable Discharge. With an arm so swollen from an allergic reaction to a booster shot I had just recently received and being afraid to have it checked for fear they would put me in sickbed, I said goodbye to my friends—Gladys in particular who had signed up for another year. Doris had already left for home.





I boarded the train in Charleston for my trip to Washington D.C., Chicago, and finally the train that would take me to Salt Lake City. I was headed home after 14 months; my Navy adventure was over, I had 'fought the fight and won,' I was engaged to be married, and I was headed for California—no chance of staying in Orangeville now. What more could anyone ask for.

I really had a painful arm from Charleston to Chicago—very little sleep. However, when I awakened that morning somewhere in between, my arm felt better—the swelling had subsided until it was almost gone. I was one of the last passengers on the train heading west; and when I at long last arrived in Salt Lake, I was so tired I took a taxi to a hotel, rented a room and actually slept for twenty-four hours straight before taking the bus home to Orangeville. Coming home seemed so strange. Bessie came to visit and brought her nephew, Elliott, with her. She didn't know I was engaged and planning to be married in July.

Henry and I had planned a wedding in California. He could not ask for time off at work for a wedding and a honeymoon. Besides, where would we have gotten married in Orangeville except at my home. At that time, weddings were not taking place in recreation halls or Relief Society rooms. My parents had such a little money; a large wedding was out of the question. The war had just ended, material and clothes were almost non-existent at this time. My parents being non-travelers could not come to California. My best friend, Marguerite Humphrey, came with me. We stayed at Henry's aunt's place in Hollywood. We were married July 26, 1946 in a Methodist Church in Whittier, by Pastor Harvey H. Hocker, witnesses: Richard E. Viertel and Marguerite Humphrey, on a Friday at 6:00 p.m. A small reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow W. Wagner (Henry's brother) following the ceremony. They lived at 313 N. Concourse, Montebello, CA at the time. Not too many people were in attendance for we neither one knew many people. Our wedding gifts were mostly gifts by mail.

We left for San Clemente that night for our honeymoon. Jack Wagner, another brother, loaned us his 2-door, 1934 Chevrolet sedan; because he didn't believe our newly purchased 1933 green Plymouth coupe would make it. We spent our days on the beach, a night dancing, and then home to 573 S. Hillview Avenue, Los Angeles 22, CA to an apartment Henry had rented from Lee and Bessie Sigler, a Mormon couple. This little apartment had two rooms—a bedroom, a kitchen, and a closet with a toilet and washstand inside. We were to share the bath with them and a cat that used the tub for his private potty. We had been married about a week and home for only a few days when Henry invited his in-laws down for dinner. Now I was many things, but a cook I was not. Henry knew far more about cooking than I did; and whether they ever knew it or not, he cooked the dinner. We had a small-sized apartment stove, an icebox (this required an iceman's visit every other day), and a small table (wooden) with four chairs in our kitchen. Our bedroom consisted of the bed, a large chair, and a night lamp table. Henry had bought a lot in an orange grove in Fico and had contracted with a company to build us a house. However, this company was just taking returning G.I.'s money as a down payment (\$150) and not building the house as promised. There was a write-up in the local paper about these crooked contractors, and Henry got

another builder. He had us go to see about getting our money back, but all we got was a set of building plans. So our home in Pico was on its way to being built. NOTE: The apartment Henry rented 7/5/46 was \$40 a month--utilities paid.

Henry was working for the Union Pacific as a clerk on the 4:00-12:00 midnight shift for \$211.40 p/m; payday on the 5th and 15th. We decided I should find a job; we needed so many things and we were strictly on our own. About our third week of marriage, Henry became very ill. I was not driving at the time. Henry dove to Atlantic and Whittier Blvd. where his doctor's office was located. Next door was the Bank of America. There was a sign in the window, "Bank Teller Wanted." I went into the bank to apply for the position and was told to wait for the manager. I happened to look out the window and there was Henry staggering up the sidewalk trying to find the car. I ran out, caught him before he fell, walked him to the car. I went back in for my interview, got the job, and ran to the drug store for Henry's medication. By this time, Henry was feeling better and drove us on home--a distance of 5 blocks. Henry had had a re-occurrence of malaria which was to plague him frequently the first two years of our marriage.

We enjoyed our first year together, not much money; but we were so excited about the house that was under construction. Henry would get off work at midnight, and we would drive to a little Mexican stand and buy a burrito before going home. One night we even had a policeman stop us to ask what two young kids were doing out so late. Then home and to sleep, and at 7:30 on 8:00 the next morning, I would leave Henry asleep and to work I would go. Shortly after I was employed, they promoted me secretary to the manager. I worked for a year at the bank, and just shortly before my year was up, I had to have a lump removed from my breast.

I wasn't too concerned about not feeling too good because of the operation. I returned to the doctor with my complaints and learned that I was about to become a mother. I worked for about four more months as we were moving into our new home. Our living room was 12' x 17', a small dining area, 2 bedrooms, a small bath, a kitchen and a service porch. We were located in an orange grove in Pico; a lot that had 8 orange trees on it before we started building--West Blvd. and Lexington Avenue. Our house was stucco with 896 sq. ft. of floor space--the lot cost \$1,500, the house \$7,600. We paid \$52.50 p/m; we were both entitled to benefits under the G.I. bill for taxes and we always got money back at the end of the year.

These were exciting days--a new home, a washing machine (ABC wringer washer), a real refrigerator (Crosley Shelvador) that required electricity instead of an ice man, an apartment-size stove, a sofa, a chair, ad bed, a dining room set, and a crib in bedroom No. 2.

We wanted a boy--that we did. I wanted a baby with brown eyes, freckles, and red hair and one that looked like Vaughn Reid. I always thought Vaughn was the most adorable baby--in fact, he was

the only baby I had ever been around. Anyway, after 24 hrs. in labor, 4 of those on the delivery table, Reid made his appearance with a lopsided head, bruises over one eye from the forcep delivery, red-faced and really crying.

I spent 5 days in the hospital. Darlene, Henry's sister-in-law was there with me for 2 days. Marilyn was born April 15, and Reid made his appearance about 4:00 a.m. on April 18, 1948. To Henry and I, he was the most beautiful baby. Dorothy, Henry's sister, came to teach me how to take care of an infant.

Henry and I had never been around a baby before, and here we were supposed to be able to take care of this infant that always seemed to be awake and crying. We would take him for drives in the car, get him asleep, sneak into the house, lay him down, and there he was--crying again. I knew nothing about why babies cried--Henry knew less. We would take him for walks in the buggy, and later a stroller all bundled up in 78-82° weather. He was wearing his clothes, a hood, a jacket, a receiving blanket, a receiving blanket, plus a large blanket, and we wondered why he weated so. After all, how was I to know. He was just dressed as I had seen babies dressed in Utah. Of course, Henry and I were not wearing jackets. It took me a few months to learn that "yes" babies needed to be warm, not HOT.

I don't honestly know how Reid withstood my "mothering." Many of our friends wondered, also. I took him to the doctor, asking why he cried so much. He merely said he was hungry, and increased the syrup (Karo) in his formula. Then he was getting too much sugar causing too many bowel movements, and still cried. Finally in desperation and no sleep for 6 weeks, I took him to see Dr. White, a pediatrician in Whittier. What a life saver that see turned out to be. Reid was hungry; she increased the canned milk in his formula, and that night he slept the night through--midnight feeding. The next night he slept the night through--but did Henry and I sleep? No indeed! We were up every half hour checking to see if he was still breathing. But the third night--what a different story. If Reid cried, we didn't hear him; Henry and I were sound asleep.

Reid was such a happy baby. John Griffiths always laughed about the way he would smile and coo and kick his legs with arms just waving as he would play in his crib. Our neighbors, the Voights, with three teen-aged children adored him and were his baby sitters.

About two months before Reid was born, Aunt Mammie gave us a pedigreed pulie dog. Everyone was concerned that the dog might become jealous when the new baby arrived, but it turned out just the opposite. Pinchy, the dog, became Reid's watchdog, and spent many hours lying by his crib on vigilant duty. He has a ferocious growl if anyone touched the crib, or tried to look at the baby while we were out walking.

Henry had been accompanying me to church in Montebello rather regularly at this time. Reid had been blessed and was now about two years old. In Sunday School a young red-headed man, his wife, and two young boys introduced themselves as the James T. Gibbrides, who had just recently purchased a home in Rivera. After we were introduced and saw each other a time or two, they invited us over to their home to watch T.V. and have ice cream together. A friendship developed with this cute couple; their one son (Tom) was a year older than Reid, and their second son (Tim) was 6-months younger. Betty and I started working in Primary together; we went to dances as couples together, and the missionaries visited our husbands. In fact, there were about eight couples living in the confines of this ward with non-member husbands. We really had a lively group with Bishop Gilbert Snow and his wife Phyllis as teacher of the Young Marrieds. Henry joined the church and was baptized.

Shortly after Henry and I were married, Doris Murray came to CA to live with her aunt in Glendale. Through a young Presbyterian group she met John Griffiths. We saw them frequently, even went out with them before she and John were married. They bought a home in Altadena, and we visited back and forth frequently. They had a dog, Tabby, and Tom, their son, was born just shortly before we moved to Utah.

Henry had been having frequent allergy attacks--red eyes, fever, sneezing, coughing, etc. I had been having attacks of "itchy feet: (anxious to be on the go again). I had held the positions of Primary President, Primary Teacher, and was now the Mutual Young Women's President. Henry thought it would be a good idea to ask for a trade-transfer to Utah. Maybe it would be a cure for both of us. In March of 1952, we were headed Utah way. Henry had gone ahead and rented us an apartment in Murray, Utah. I stayed home to sell the house and pack. We arrived in Murray to a far different climate than we left in California. Our apartment consisted of two large bedrooms and a bath upstairs, a large living room downstairs, with a half-way kitchen and cupboards under the stairwell. A coal-stoked furnace heated the house, and it was such a nice, warm heat. Reid had nice companions here: a little boy, David, lived down the street, the three Divine girls on our left, and Kathy lived across the street.

One day Reid was upstairs playing and called down to ask me if he could have some nails to pound in his board. I said, "yes," because he had done this type of play before. He was busy for quite awhile, and I kept hearing a sound as if something to do with glass was involved. I went upstairs and there was Reid pounding all those little nails into the window sill of our rented apartment. How Henry worked to pound the nails further in that wouldn't pull out. Then he had to fill the sill with wood putty and repaint. We couldn't even get angry at Reid; he had asked for permission.

July of 1952 rolled around. Henry was slated for a vacation,

and we had made plans for a week of tenting in the Ferron Reservoir mountains, also a trip to the Logan Temple to be married and have Reid sealed for us. We packed our tent and all our camping gear and headed for Emery County and Ferron Reservoir. I was about 3½ months pregnant. We set up our tent and our camp. Reid was so excited playing in the water and being in the mts. That afternoon I started playing with some unusual spotting, and we decided we better go to Orangeville because we were about 70 miles from the hospital. We arrived home just at dusk; I was feeling better and we decided to go to a movie. The following morning I started spotting again, and went to see Dr. Turman. He gave me a shot, and said he thought I was threatening a mis-carriage. Two days later, Henry took me to the Price hospital; I had the mis-carriage.

We headed back to Murray and from there went on to Logan. We rented a beautiful motel room with a running stream of water through the backyard. July 18, 1952 we accomplished our heart's desire and were married for time and eternity in the House of the Lord. Reid was sealed to us at that time. When they brought him into the sealing room all dressed in white, he looked just like a little angel (if that is possible for a 4-year old boy). He was so unconcerned at seeing us, and looking for a 4-year old boy, "Dad, what are you doing wearing that funny hat?"

We began shopping for a home to buy, and found one we could afford at 1159 Fremont Avenue in Salt Lake City. We moved into this new house in March of 1953. I was 6-months pregnant. Our house was made from cinder blocks consisting of a living-room with an open kitchen, a service block porch storage area, 3 bedrooms, and a bath. The outside-in-side walls were the rough cinder block decor painted. In April, John, Doris, and Tom came to visit us. We took them up our canyons, and to the Bingham City Copper mine. John was quite impressed with the running streams of water in our canyons and the State of Utah as a whole.

Around 4:00 a.m. in the morning of July 10, I was awakened quite suddenly with a pain and a gush of water; and I knew someone was on the way. We took Reid over to the neighbors, and headed for the L.D.S. Hospital. On the way, I must have had 5 or 6 more hard pains; and we wondered if this baby would be born in the car. Rushing into the hospital, we met another rushing couple, the Ed Wynn's. Our babies were born about the same time; and consequently, a friendship developed, and we visited back and forth during our Salt Lake stay. Charles was born about 30 minutes after I arrived at the hospital. Such a sleepy baby. He was troubled with phlegm, and we had to watch him so closely. In fact, the second day at the hospital I was feeding him water; he started choking and turning so red. I grabbed him by his heels, jumped out of bed, and ran to find help. They took him into the nursery to care for him. Sleep he did while he was little, so much so he didn't even want to eat; but how he made up for it later.

He started crawling at 6 months, and from that time on nothing was safe. My pots and pans were scattered on the floor continually from his little hands getting into the cupboards; the cat, Grand Central, got pounded on the head so many times he ran away from home. Our crawling little demon somehow found theweezers and wondered if he could fit them into the electrical wall plug. He found out; what a scream! The contact blew the fuse, blackened his arm but no burns. This 6-month old baby also pulled own the first, newly decorated tree in our new home; and you should have hear big brother Reid cry. We just pushed the tree back up, kinda' re-arranged decorations and enjoyed the tree.

We decided the pots and pans had to stay in the cupboard (Chuch tho't otherwide), and so we purchased an expanding fence to put between the living room and the kitchen. All worked well for a time, our little "crawling bug" was fenced in. One day I heard a loud cry; Chuch had his head caught in the expanding fence.

Betty and Jim Gilbride, Claude and Jean White, Henry and I had planned a trip to Yellowstone. We were all going together and rent a cabin. Teid was in Orangeville with his grandparents, and Chuck was being baby sat by the Robinson girls. Henry and I had forgotten about a dinner invitation extended to us while we were still living in Pico by Claude and Jean White. As soon as we remembered we went over and apologized. Betty and Jim came up from CA and went to see the Whites. They were told that they were not going to go if the Wagner's were going. Betty and Jim decided that they would not go on to Yellowstone with us, because they might hurt Jean and Claude's feelings. We tried to get them to go without us, because we would go anyway since we have everything arranged and packed, but they wouldn't so they headed home for CA. We finished loading the Pontiac and headed for Yellowstone. It was a fun adventure; but I always felt unhappy to think I did not go down to Orangeville and take my father with us. He told us afterwards that he had always wanted to go to Yellowstone.

Salt Lake was a time of really watching pennies for us. Henry started working at Grand Central Market as a checker on weekends and one night during the week. About his time I became pregnant again. I also worked at Grand Central spelling Henry off on his one night of the week.

On March 24th about 10:00 p.m., I started feeling a few pains. I felt it was about time for Baby No. 3 to make his/her appearance. However, nothing really developed. Around 12:00 midnight, we called the doctor and he told us to come to the hospital for a check-up. We took Reid and Chuck up to Ila's and Reed Sanders'. NOTE: Charles would not go to bed unless he could sleep in their bed. Reed jokingly told us afterwards that no child of his had slept with him and Ila; Chuck was the first.

After an examination, the doctor assured me that I was to have a baby that morning. After about 4 hours, they took me into the labor room and turned the baby. The cord was around the baby's neck, and he was leading with his head up--a very dangerous situation. In fact, the Dr. did not leave the hospital all night because of my problem. At 9:30 on a Sunday morning, Dr. Brown delivered our 8 lb. baby boy. Since we had rather thought this baby would be a girl, we had no name before we left him. We needed a name on the birth certificate before we left for home. The day before I was to leave Henry and I decided we would each think of a name, and discuss it that night when he came to visit. I was thumbing thru' the book of names they gave me in the hospital and came across the name of Darryl. I really liked the name and wrote it down. When Henry came to visit that night, he handed me a slip of paper and no it was written the name Darrell. The same name--only the spelling was different. Now how could we have named Darryl anything else?

Three days later we brought Darryl home to a house of sick people--Henry, Reid, and Chuck all had the flu. The Dr. assured me Darryl would not get it, but when he was only 7 days old, this new little baby started coughing. We were really alarmed. Dr. Fischer sent a visiting nurse to our house to give Darryl a penicillin shot. She came every day for about 5 days. I had to keep Darryl in a steam tent in the crib, and for 10 days he ate, was bathed, diapered, and slept in the steam. This was really a very anxious time for us. I stayed in his room night and day. When Darryl was about 15 days old, Uncle Will Reid died. Daddy and Walter came up to go to the funeral Darryl was well enough by now, and Slater Belba came to stay with him. Henry and I went to the funeral. Darryl was such a sweet, dis-positioned baby. No problems at all.

In September 1953, Henry was asked if he would like to return to CA for an interview with the Harbor Belt Line Railroad for an officer's position. We had missed CA so much. I was eager for him to go for the interview, and so the two of us went to CA. Coming into the city of San Pedro was really an experience for us. We had been down by Point Fermin Park on a trip one Sunday with Jack and Mamie when we lived in CA before. It had been so long ago, we did not remember much about it. San Pedro looked so beautiful to us, so picturesque--the ocean, the cliffs, homes that looked immense and such different architectural designs. I'll never forget how pretty Gabley Street looked coming in from Channel Street way.

Mr. Anson Perkins, general manager of the HBLRR interviewed Henry and told him the job was his if he wanted it. We returned to Salt Lake with our minds already made up that we were going back to CA. The snow was not attractive to us, and after seeing beautiful San Pedro, how could we resist. Henry had to report at a certain date, and that he did leaving us behind in Salt Lake. I finally got a buyer for the house, and I started packing--dishes, clothes, toys, fruit, etc. and etc.

The movers came for our furniture and boxes. Henry came from California, and we loaded all our food storage--wheat, bottled fruit and vegetables in a trailer and headed for CA. This was now December 1956. Just outside of Panguitch, UT, a wheel came off the trailer. The wheel came off the axle, and we saw the tire rolling off thru' the field going about 90 miles an hour. Believe it or not, there was a lone telephone pole in this expanse of land in the same direction the tire was headed. The tire struck this pole coming to a halt from its mad roll. Henry caught a ride and took the wheel into town. He found a welder in this small city who could and would weld the wheel. Not one far of fruit or vegetable was broken from the jolting the trailer took. Surely Heavenly Father was with us that day.

Henry had rented us an apartment at 1778 "B" Sea Cliff Circle in San Pedro, and here we brought our three boys. It had two nice big bedrooms and a real fireplace. How happy we were to have Christmas with a fireplace and be together again. Reid started school as soon as the Christmas Holidays were over at 7th Street School. Chuck had plenty of kids to play with, and could play in the parking lot at the back of the apartments. Now Darryl, this was a different story--he would have nothing to do with his father. Everytime Henry would try to pick him up, come near him, or try to feed him he would scream. I guess he with this father had deserted him, and he wanted nothing to do with this person we called "Dad." Darryl was 9 months old at this time, and Henry started bribing him by bringing him home toys. Eventually, he began to like "Dad" again.

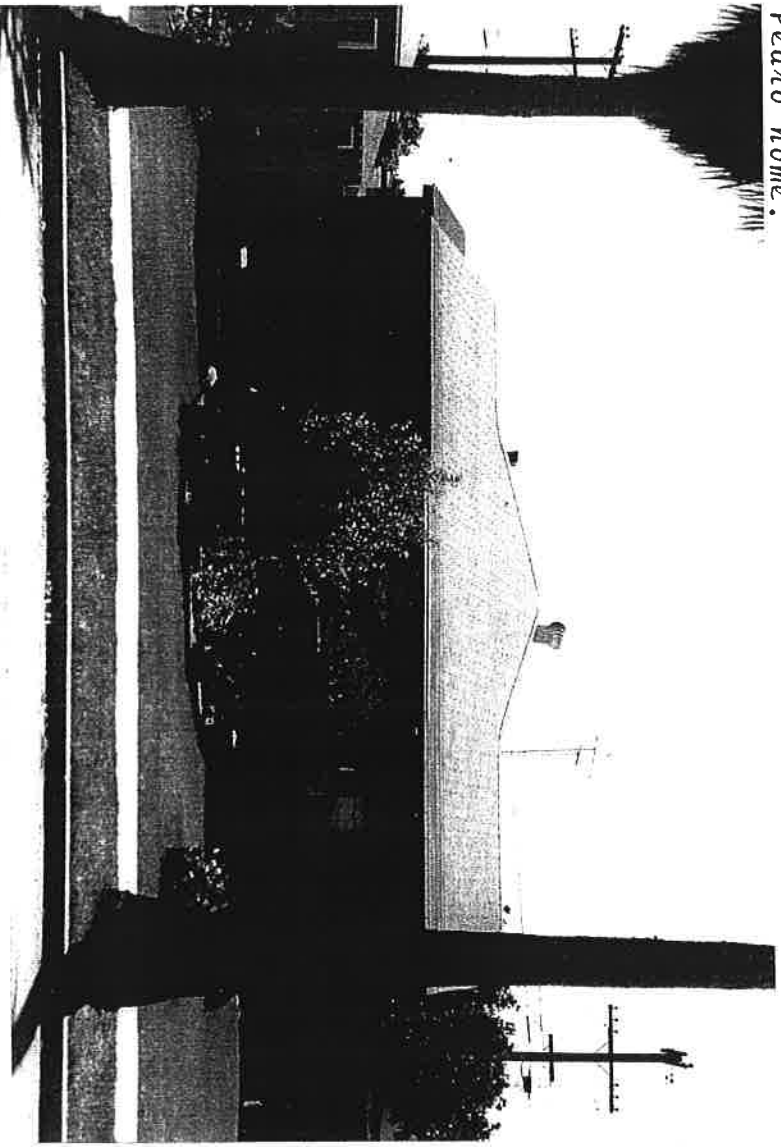
We immediately started scouting for a home to buy. We had money from the sale of our Salt Lake home. We found the house at 1345 W. 26th Street, and on February 22, 1957, we moved the house into it. Previously, we had to paint, re-lay linoleum in the kitchen and do so many things to make it livable. This was a larger home than we had previously owned--4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living-room with a dining area, nice kitchen, and a long, long hallway. We used the back large bedroom for a den overlooking our backyard. It was here we lived for 32 years, the boys attended elementary, Junior High, Senior High, Reid completed a mission and college, Chuck went to Dixie his first year, came home and went to work at Harbor Ship Supply, married and completed college at Palm Springs and Cal Poly Pomona. Darryl had a year at Harbor then off to BYU, married and finished college at Wyoming and the U of U. Reid had attended Harbor College before his mission in Lapaz, completing his education at Long Beach State. To this day he is still a student having recently completed his Administrative credential. We loved San Pedro, the church; and liked living so close to the ocean. Is it any wonder our sons turned out to be beach "bums" better known as surfers.

Just imagine, this house we paid more for than any we had



owned--\$12,500.00. Our first Pico home & property cost \$8,900.00, and we bought it under the G.I. plan. Our Salt Lake home cost \$8,950.00.

This was the place we raised the boys, and truly our hearts still long for San Pedro and the friends, and fun times with the kids we had there. I guess you never forget the place you raised your family, worked at, went to church as a family, the experience of watching your boys growing up, dating and eventually finding the one they decided to marry. Yes, I think we all enjoyed our San Pedro home.



February 10, 1958, I received a phone call telling me to come home at once, because my father had another heartattack, and they were taking him to the hospital. I started packing my suitcase when the phone rang about 10 minutes later. They told me he had died. This was indeed a shock; I knew Dad had previously had a heart attack a week ago, and they had taken him to the hospital for tests. The Dr. had said it was nothing really to be concerned about. He was to go home and just take it easy. Dad did not know the meaning of the word "easy," so he went home and cleaned his corralles. Marge and Edward had been staying with Mother until I got there. I had expected to come home to a house of tears. Mother had depended on Dad so much. The situation was so different than what I expected; there was a sweet, peaceful spirit within the home. I can truthfully testify that when death occurs, our Father in Heaven's spirit is there with you. My father was a well-loved individual, and this outpouring of love was felt by all of us. People brought food until there was no room left in the refrigerator. The visitors that came to our home included just about everyone in the little town of Orangeville. I really loved my father and had such a nice relationship with him. I felt so sad that I had not gone home when I first heard he was ill.

After the services, Henry returned to CA to collect the boys—Reid stayed with Alice and Marvin Farr, Charles with Betty and Jim Gilbride, and Darryl with Aunt Mammie and Uncle Jack. What would we ever do without our friends. I didn't want to leave Mom alone, but she was doing okay; and I had to return home to my family. She assured me she was alright, and alright she was for several years to come.

In the fall of 1958, Henry had been digging a hole in the front yard to put in a shrub. The morning after he got up to go to work, this terrible pain hit him in his chest area. I called Dr. Kimball, a Dr. from the church, and he came by and gave him a shot. The pain eased, but he thought we should get him to a hospital. Not thinking about calling an ambulance, I drove him to Los Angeles, and he was admitted to the Good Samaritan Hospital, The U.P. Hospital. Tests were made and nothing definite showed at all. They thought it was a heart attack, but after the running of the tests they could not be sure. He was hospitalized for two weeks, and then home for a rest of four more weeks.

One evening, just after Henry came home, the boys were "horsing" around on the lawn. Reid gave Chuck a toss from his stance on Reid's hands and feet. Chuck landed the wrong way on his arm, let out a yell, "My arm, my arm." Henry had just left for visiting his ward families with Mike Harrington. I could see the car just about two houses down the block, and knew I could send Reid running for him. However, I was afraid Henry might get excited, and knew I was on my own with this broken arm. I called Dr. Dunbar, and he said he would meet me at his office. This was about 7:00 p.m. in the evening. Since Charles had just recently eaten, thy could not give him an anesthetic, and the Dr. set his arm just using a flouroscope. Chuck was so brave emitting just one little scream when the bone snapped into place. Beth Harrington, the nurse, and I had tried to lay across Chuck to hold him down, but he told us he would be okay if we would just remove our bodies, which we did. I had to take Chuck into the Dr's office for therapy every week for six weeks. He would take of the cast and place his arm in a swirling bath of hot water. When Dr. Dunbar found that my insurance didn't cover his full price, he told me he would take just what the insurance paid (\$45) to cover the charges. What a good Samaritan, I've never forgotten this Dr. and how good he was to our family; and to so many other people throughout the San Pedro area.

This happened in the fall of the year, and the next summer we decided our family was old enough to try tent camping—Darryl was two and potty trained, Charles was five, and Reid was ten. We had heard of a good camping place just outside of Visalia on the way to Sequoia called Slick Rock. We bought us an umbrella tent, and we had purchased sleeping bags at a sale in Utah. We invited Dorothy Ann Laster, Henry's niece, to go with us. She was about twelve years old. Slick Rock was a beautiful place—nice cool shaded grassy areas to picnic in; swings to play on; grass to camp on, and best of all—a beautiful river to swim in—the Kuea River. One outstanding feature about this place was the big rock on the one side of the river. You wet the rock down, climbed to the top and slid down into the water. However, we found that this wore out more swimming suits than we could afford, so we took to sliding down in the plastic dishpan. I so remember the concern I felt for Henry. He had just recently got over what we thought at the

time was a heart attack and here we were and he was doing everything. I was relieved when that vacation was over, and we were headed home for we both had felt like we were sitting on a loaded powder keg.

We went back to Slick Rock for several summers until they put in a reservoir and Slick Rock was no more. One incident stands out in my memory. A family had their small baby, possibly 5-mo. Old sleeping on a blanket in the picnic area. Evidently, a small rattlesnake crawled on the blanket, and the baby kicked its foot in its sleep; and the snake bit the baby on the toe. I remember the baby's cry, and the mother's frantic scream when she saw the snake. They rushed the baby to the hospital; and, naturally, we never knew the outcome of this story.

Our camping trips were proving to be quite a bit of fun, and we were feeling braver regarding Henry's health as time tripped on. We decided to go camping up in the Sequoia National Park. We set up our tent, it just held five sleeping bags nicely. Now we had heard there were bears around, in fact, the first night there we saw bear wander into our camp snooping around the garbage cans. When we bedded down for the night, I made Henry drive the car right in front of the tent so a bear couldn't get in through the door. In the night I was awakened by a soft crunch of leaves outside and a low grunting noise. I just knew a bear was close by. I asked Henry to peek outside and see. I didn't want to wake up the boys—I was scared enough for all of us. Henry looked out and quickly drew his head back in saying, "No bear out there." Next morning we noticed tracks between the car and our tent, and Henry admitted that when he looked out all he could see was four hairy legs. Needless to say, I spent my next night at Sequoia in the back seat of the car for my bed.

About this time, we heard about the beauties of Bass Lake; and we went camping there. This turned out to be our favorite spot—tall pines all around this gorgeous lake outside of Fresno. It was really a summer resort—a teen-age hall where the kids gathered on the side of the lake where the homes were located, a diving platform, a theater, horses to rent for riding, an ice cream parlor, just a regular small town. Reid, being a teenager, thought this was ideal. The first year we camped in the Church camping ground, right on the lake. How we wished we had a boat. In fact, we splurged and rented one. We had to go around outside the buoys at a speed of 15 miles an hour, but we thought this was really neat. But how we envied those water skiers.

When we came home that's all we talked about. Now Jack, Henry's brother, had this red boat he wanted to sell with a 25 horse powered motor, and so for \$150 we bought it and took it to Bass Lake the next summer—1964. Henry and I were 40; Reid was 16, Charles 11, and Darryl was 8. We had a book from the library, purchased a cheap pair of doubles, and started to learn to ski. The boys and Henry were up and going within 15-20 minutes, even Darryl, but me--well, that was another story. I was determined to learn, but somehow I had trouble getting my rear end up out of the water. Believe me, I was much lighter then than I am now. Anyway, the third day out, I finally made it up. I was bruised from my hips down to my ankles on both legs from the skis hitting my legs. I really felt I had accomplished something. That year we found a single ski up by the dam early in the morning. We went by the rangers to report it, and if anyone

claimed it to come by our camp. No one did, and we went home with a single ski. We had purchased a stronger motor, and the next year we decided to learn to ski single. This time I was up and going within 15-20 minutes on the single; and it took Henry three days to master this. art. He claimed it had to do with the power of the boat.

I enjoyed the water so much, but I was not a good swimmer. I decided if I wanted to go with the boys and wanted them to be good swimmers it was about time I learned. I signed up for a swimming class through San Pedro Adult Education. Belle Dorry, Helen Smith, Rhoda and Pat Glavanic, and I all went for classes one day a week. We were faithful attenders, and soon we all became good swimmers. I went on to swimming with Belle at the YWCA in Long Beach. Here we worked hard swimming our miles that entitled us to our 50-mile swim badges. This was a Physical Fit program sponsored through President Kennedy's administration. We were both awarded our 50-mile certificates and badges and went on to gain another 50 miles. We were swimming just about every week together until Belle moved to St. George, Utah.

In the summer of 1961, Henry and I and the boys went on another trip to Sequoia. This time Doris, John, and Robert went with us. Doris (my friend in the Navy who introduced me to Henry) had married John Griffiths. We had a great time together on this trip. Bobby and Darryl were much the same age and truly enjoyed each others company.

It was in 1961 when Henry experienced another attack, similar to his 1958 problem. He was once again admitted to the hospital. My mom was living with us in California at this time. Once again nothing as to what caused this could be confirmed. I started thinking that perhaps I should think seriously about going to work. I found a position for 6 hrs a day at the Harbor Area Retarded Children's Foundation in September 1965 starting at \$1.50 p/h, and working up to \$2.00 p/h when I left in June 1965.

I took the examination for School Clerk Typist for the L.A. City schools, passed and went to work in June 1965 at Haldale Elementary School. I again took an examination for Elementary School Office Manager, came in 4<sup>th</sup> place out of 500 or so examinees and went to work at 232<sup>nd</sup> Place School, with Dorothy Kessen as Principal in September 1966. September 1970, I transferred to 15<sup>th</sup> St. School in San Pedro with Paul Shonafelt as Principal, and here I also had Leo Aparicio, Nancy Sisca, Robert W. Hillerbig, and Charlotte Fitz as Principals.

August 24, 1978 I was at Caroldale Avenue School with Richard Taylor as Principal; November 15, 1979 I transferred to South Shores Elementary with Charlotte S. Fitz as Principal once again, and in August 1980 South Shores was made a Magnet School with Bettie Jo Kimes as principal. I retired September 1, 1982 from the Los Angeles City Schools, and enjoyed so much being at home once again.

During these many years of employment I took college courses: LA Harbor College-- Child Development 1/9/74; Spanish Conversation -San Pedro High School 1/71; Accounting 21-LAHarbor College 1/62; Shorthand 1 LAHC 6/62; Business English LAHC 1/72; Shorthand Review 1 LAHC 1/73; and Shorthand Review II LAHC 6/74.

# GOVERNMENT DANCING



holds more pleasant memories for me, was the beautiful, romantic hall called "Wilberg's."  
Inez P. Forbes  
American Fork, UT

## And Marriages are Still Made There

In American Fork Saturday was Dance Night at the Apollo Hall. My parents owned the Apollo, inheriting it from my grandparents who built it in 1903. It had a spring floor with huge real springs underneath to hold it up.

There was a "Married Folks" dance on Thursday nights with Carter's Orchestra from Lehi. Saturday night was for the young dancers with big name bands from Salt Lake like By Woodbury, Ed Stoker, and Adolph Brooks, and local orchestras like Howard Nelson, Tab & Buns Americans, and many others.

Dancers came from Utah, Wasatch, and Salt Lake counties, some riding the old "Interurban." The girls wore formal dresses and the boys suits and ties. We had dance cards with little pencils attached. We filled the cards early and danced every dance. We always danced the first and last with our dates and many in between if we were "going steady". Generally, everyone went stag and some times someone would ask to walk us home.

One two-week period we had 10 nights of dancing from Christmas Eve to New Year's night. The hall was so packed each dance there was hardly room to move. The spring floor was so easy to dance on, though, we could have danced through all 10 nights.

During the Depression we had to close the Apollo since no one could afford a ticket. After a few months my dad was persuaded to open it again charging 25¢ a person, so we were all back swinging, singing, and dancing on Saturday nights.

During the summer we leased either Genera or Saratoga, both beautiful outdoor dance halls. When the full moon was the only light shining on the floor and Utah Lake, nothing was more romantic. In fact, Saratoga was where by husband Orrell Kelly proposed to me. We were married the following April, 1936. They are still dancing on the beautiful spring floor on Saturday nights, and many matches and marriages are still made there.

Fern Greenwood Kelly  
Salt Lake City, UT

## Nothing Beat the Wilberg's

Dancing was a way of life in Emery. Every holiday, every wedding, church, or school event there was a dance. Kids learned to dance at an early age. The town had a wonderful seven- or eight-piece band which always kept up with the latest dance tunes.

Dancing fell off a little in the summer when the men and boys began farming or taking summer jobs. That is, until the Wilberg family from Castle Dale built an open-air dance hall on their ranch property. Then Saturday night dancing became something special.

Located between Castle Dale and Huntington on a rolling hill covered with trees, it was a beautiful, romantic spot. There was a refreshment stand, benches under the trees, and always a wonderful orchestra.

A perfect place for a Saturday night date, it really didn't matter if you had a date or not, as there were always plenty of fellows and girls to exchange dances with. Some even came over the moun-

tain from the CCC camps at Fairview.

Eventually, another open-air dance hall opened in Ferron, Utah. On opening night I was outside the hall visiting with my uncle. He said, "You're a smart girl. Think of a good name for this hall."

Looking up at the dazzling stars extending to the low hills in all directions, I said, "Well, they surely have a good view of the stars." I submitted the name "Star View." Imagine my surprise when I received a card in the mail telling me I had won the prize for naming the dance hall! Next Saturday night the owner announced me as the winner and handed me a new five dollar bill. I felt rich.

One night a carload of young people drove over the mountain to Redmond and danced at the "Redmontito". It was a lovely outdoor hall, but we decided we preferred our halls in Emery county.

I married a musician from Utah County who liked to dance. We danced at the "Uahna" in Provo and at the "Latona" in American Fork. I even recall going to the "Genera" dance hall on the shores of Utah Lake in Lindon. But the place where I had the best times, and that

Dancing was a way of life in Emery County. We were dancing at the young people's dance in the Orangerville Elementary School every holiday--while still in gradeschool.

## Be One of Us for a Day

I would like to tell a story that happened to me in June of 2003, while attending our stake youth conference at Utah State University at Logan, Ut. I was one of the leaders asked to attend youth conference with our ward. My bishop, Craig Smith, and I were roommates at the university. We have been friends and neighbors for many years. Bishop Smith is a counselor for a youth center and is very concerned, as I am, about the feelings of people and their welfare in general.

We had been at youth conference for about a day and had some free time to attend the gym and work out. The bishop, other youth, leaders and I had been swimming. We cleaned up and decided to play some basketball with some of our youth. The bishop and I did pretty good against the youth, for a couple of "old guys". After about an hour we decided we had enough and broke up the game. On the other end of the gym were others playing we knew, so the bishop and I decided to watch that game while we "cooled down". While we were standing on the sidelines of the court, we both noticed an "odd looking fellow" talking to some of the others in the gym. Not many of the people wanted to converse with him and he meandered down the court to where Craig and I stood. As he approached us, we noticed his hair was out of proportion and style, he was hard to understand his speech because of his irregular jaw and teeth that had an overbite. His shirt was not buttoned correctly, the shirttails were half tucked in and half outside his pants, with shirt stains obviously from lunch he had previously eaten. His hands and arms were irregular with his fingers in a cone shape and arms that were only able to move in front of his torso as he walked. His gait was irregular as he walked with his feet pointing towards each other instead of straight in front of his body. His pants were old with stains and holes in the knees from obvious wear.

As this individual approached Craig and I, we were not sure what to expect and felt somewhat apprehensive and initially had uncomfortable feelings. The individuals speech was difficult to understand, but Craig and I both became interested in what he was saying. As we leaned in closer to hear his speech, in a very noisy gym with basketball and other sports, we found out his name was Andy. He had just recently moved to Utah from Wyoming and was living at a house in town for the handicapped and mentally ill. He helped out as a part-time janitor in the gym and had some free time. He was somewhat odd-looking, but a very personable and interesting individual. I had mentioned I had lived in Laramie Wyoming for my first year of pharmacy school, Craig asked him some questions and we talked for about 5 minutes. Andy then asked what we were doing at the University. We told him we were with an LDS church youth conference with some free time. We asked him if he were LDS and he said No, I do not know anything about the church nor did he not have many friends in his new town. We talked about the church briefly and then we asked him if he would like to join us and "be one of us" for the afternoon. We could see the excitement and joy in his eyes as Andy had found someone to accept him for who he was and be his friend. Some of our young men had asked the bishop and I to play ping pong with them in another part of the gym and we said sure. We asked Andy if he would like to join us, and again he became excited and said "sure, I would love to". The bishop and I looked at each other, wondering how he

might hold the ping-pong-paddle with his disfigured fingers and hands. Andy was able to grasp the ping-pong paddle and move it enough to hit the ball, but not too hard. He was able to hit the ball hard enough to make it over the net. Some of our young men eyed Andy in a questionable way, but joined in to play with the bishop and I. Because there was 8 of us to play, the young men said let's play "around the world". As a player hit the ball, he would move to the next area on the table to hit the ball again without interrupting play or hitting the ball off the table. Soon we were all laughing and running around the table. Andy had joined right in with us and soon the young men, bishop and I were all having a good time. When one of us hit the ball wrong we stepped out until there was only two playing and then the winner. Andy joined in talking, laughing, etc., for about an hour. Our free time was over and we needed to shower and get back to classes and dinner with our youth conference. Andy said goodbye to his new found friends and said thanks for being so kind. We departed and went to the showers to clean up for lunch and classes and workshops.

Later that afternoon, our youth from our ward, the bishop and I and others were listening to a guest speaker from a stake in Logan. He was very interesting talking about people and their worth. He mentioned Lehi and his family in the Book of Mormon and other stories. The speaker was well dressed, shirt and tie, and very proficient in the English language. He was a professor at the university, Phd. Towards the end of the hour, he asked our Stake President if a Bishop Smith and Darryl were in the audience. The speaker called Bishop Smith to come down to the front of the class, (we were sitting towards the back of the room). We looked at each other as if we got caught falling asleep because of all the basketball, swimming and ping-pong activities earlier in the day. As Bishop Smith was walking down the stairs I could see the speaker reach for something in his suit pocket (I found out soon they were false teeth). He turned around, messed up his hair and as the Bishop approached the speaker disfigured his hands, talked with his false and abnormal teeth and started to walk toward the Bishop in an abnormal gait. I soon realized that this was Andy from the gym. Astonished and mystified, he gave a big hug to the Bishop and told all of the congregation of his previous experience in the gym with the Bishop and Darryl. Andy had been to the gym all day, approaching various people, adults and youth alike. He mentioned how some were friendly for a moment, some saw him coming and walked away, some avoided him altogether. He had walked into the pool area, track, and then the gymnasium where he ultimately was befriended by Bishop Smith and Darryl. The speaker made a good point as to how many "Andy's" do we know and meet in our lives and how do we react to them. Andy was very impressed and excited to know that even though he was not "one of the group" (an LDS member) he was accepted for who he was, LDS or not, "normal" or disfigured. Andy became "one of us" even for just a short time.....

All of my life I have known and met various "Andy's", have treated them the same & have felt better because of it...Darryl Wagner



*In Memory of*  
**Marjorie Reid Killpack**



Memories of Marjorie Reid Killpack

"Some people no matter how old they get never lose their beauty--they merely move it from their faces into their hearts." --Author Unknown

Being somewhat younger than the "Reid" sisters, I remember them first when they would come down to Grandmother Reid's to visit or stay with her at night as we all did through the years. How beautiful the three sisters were.

My family (Henry and the boys) had been living in California for several years when I heard that Maryj and Elliott had moved into the CA area, but can you imagine my surprise when I walked into the San Pedro Ward one Sunday and there they were. I found out they were living in the Creewood Elementary School area, and Maryj was teaching school there. Elliott had opened a veterinarian office in Torrance. Later they moved to the Palos Verdes Hill area just a few miles away from our home.

Maryj always loved children, and it wasn't long until she captured the hearts of our sons. Reid, Charles and Darryl enjoyed going up to work in her yard on a Saturday. Maryj had such an infectious laugh that endeared her to everyone. She loved people!

I have many memories of our visits back and forth and at Church. However, three are my most outstanding memories.

When the boys were small (before motor homes and boats), we as a family always went tent camping at Bass Lake in the tall pines of CA. We had told Maryj and Elliott about this beautiful spot, and we would be heading North just outside of Fresno on the weekend. Maryj said that sounded fun, and for us not to be surprised if they came up to visit us one evening. This special night we had a big campfire blazing roasting weiners and marshmallows. A car drove up to our campsite--none other than Maryj and Elliott. What an evening we had together. They had rented a motel in Oakhurst. The boys were so excited to have them visit. Towards the end of the evening Maryj said, "I feel as tho' we're being watched. I keep seeing eyes around us." Sure enough when we looked we saw the eyes of deer and smaller animals. When we moved, they went scattering thru' the trees. They had been watching us on the edge of our campsite fire--eyes shining out in the blackness of the forest.

Maryj had Henry and I up for dinner Friday evening 12/17/76. We were sitting in the den just talking. At 7:40 p.m. a blast just shook the house. At first, we tho't it was an earthquake; as we looked toward the L.A. Harbor we could see this mushroom white cloud building and rising--naturally, we tho't about an atomic bomb. A cloud of dust came down from the timbers in the open cathedral den ceiling causing Maryj to exclaim, "I didn't know I had so much dust in this house." When we calmed down, we tho't about members of the Church who lived close to the Harbor and called them to see if they were alright, and what caused the explosions.

An 810-foot tanker leased by Union Oil Co. was loading fuel for the engines at Union's deep water terminal at the end of Miner St. This explosion shattered windows throughout downtown San Pedro killing at least 5 persons and injuring 49 others. Windows were broken as far out as the area where we lived--26th St.--four miles away. The blast proved to be a disaster for merchants as it was so close to the Christmas holiday season.

After we moved to Desert Hot Springs in 1984, we invited Salt Lake friends to come to the Indian Date Festival. We were sitting in the outdoor arena talking about Salt Lake waiting for the festival to begin. An older, red-headed man sitting in front of us turned around and asked if we were all from the S.L. area. I said no, but at one time I had lived in Utah in Emery County. He really acted interested, and asked me "what city." When I told him Orangeville, He said, "I can't believe this, do you know a Majorie Reid?" I told him she was my cousin. He asked me about her and related how he had dated her when he lived in Emery, and she was a new teacher at Emery Elementary. He went on to say what a beautiful, fun-person she was. All this conversation in front of his wife and friends. I still remember Marj's infectious laugh when I told her I had met an old boy friend of hers at the Date Festival. Just think, what a coincidence it was, that in a crowd of 300-500 people I would be sitting behind a person that knew and remembered Marj from way-back-when.

We lived within visiting distance all these years until Marj and Elliott moved to Ogden. Even then we visited whenever the opportunity afforded and have kept in touch these many years--especially since Henry and I moved to St. George. We treasure these memories, and I know our boys will always remember "Aunt Marj" as they so lovingly called her.

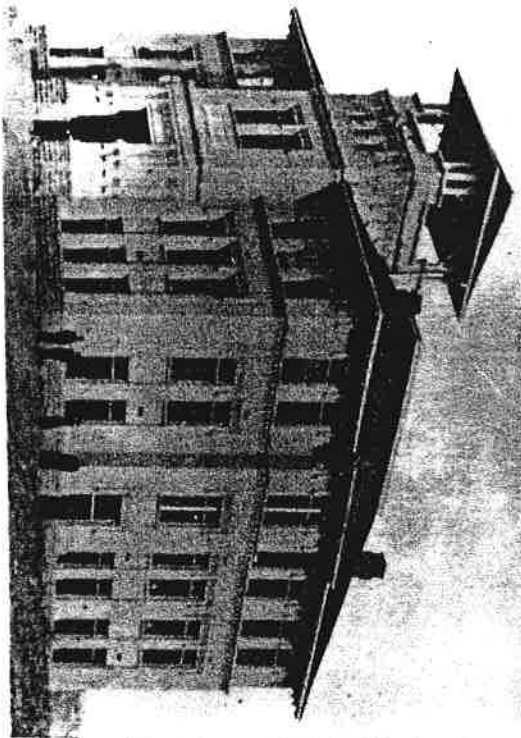
A Parable of Immortality, by Henry Van Dyke

"I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch until at last she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, 'There she goes!'

'Gone where?' Gone from my sight--that is all. She is just as large in mast and spar as she was when she left my side and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, 'There she goes', there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, 'Here she comes!'"

Margaret R. Wagner

Margaret R. Wagner  
Cousin - Daughter of Ernest E. and Alta P. Reid  
11/2/97



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL AT CASTLE DALE, UTAH

2nd Place  
Typing Pin  
E. act

EMERY COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL  
Student's Report Card  
1941-1942

Name Margaret Reid School Central

Parent or Guardian Ernest E. Reid Grade 12th

SUBJECT	INSTRUCTOR	Grade 12th												
		First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth	Sixth	Final	Final	Final	Final	Final	Final	
English	V. Jensen	B	B	B	B	A	A	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Chemistry	Robertson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Home. Ec.	M. Jensen	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Amer. Prob.	Judah	0	B	B	B	0	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Phys. Ed.	K. Jensen	0	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chorus	Peterson	H	H	H	H	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B

A—Absence M—Mark

A—Absence M—Mark

A—Absence M—Mark

A—Absence M—Mark

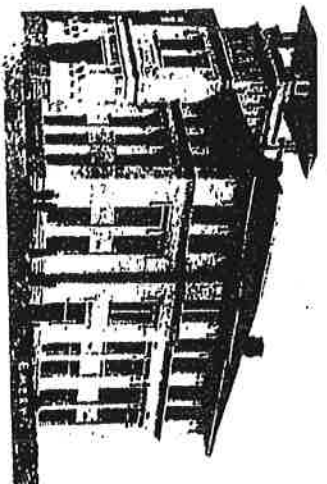
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Ruth Young

Norma Wall

Bland Cuttle

Blain Cuttle



## EMERY STAKE ACADEMY—CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BRIEF HISTORY

The Emery Stake Academy opened in Castle Dale on 12 February, 1890, with Alexander Jamesen as principal and an enrollment of twenty-one. Classes were held in the LDS Social Hall during the first year then moved to the upper floor of a two-story home at Main and First West Streets. Enrollment grew to 81 in 1882, but the academy experienced severe financial difficulties by 1893. Teachers gave their services without pay to complete the 1893-94 school year, and the academy suspended operations.

The cornerstone for an academy building was laid on 16 March, 1896 on the north-west corner of the Castle Dale public square. The two-story brick building opened for class work to 85 students on 23 October, 1899. The completed building was dedicated 11 January, 1903. The enrollment was 120.

The first two decades of the twentieth century were the golden age of the Emery Stake Academy. Enrollment continued to grow and the academy building became too small. A site for a new building on the north bench in Castle Dale was selected in October 1907. Construction started in May 1908. It was the largest building constructed in Emery County up to that time. It cost about \$40,000. The new building was occupied in the 1910-1911 school year. It had 16 classrooms and a large third floor assembly hall that also served as a gymnasium. It housed grades 7-11. A twelfth grade was added in 1914, and grades seven and eight were discontinued.

In 1920 the LDS church made a decision to close several of its academies, including the Emery Stake Academy. The Emery Stake Academy held its final commencement in 1922, graduating a record-large class of 29. In 1922 the building was acquired by the Emery County School District, and operated for the next two decades as Central High School.

Only five students graduated from Central High School in 1924, and eight in 1925. Families could not afford the very modest tuition. During the latter part of the 1920s tuition was discontinued and high school was entirely tax supported. Enrollment increased significantly with twenty students graduating in 1930, and thirty in 1931. There were four high schools operating in the Emery County School District; Ferron High, Central High, Huntington High, and Green River High. As early as 1927 attempts were made to reduce western Emery County High Schools to two—a portent of things to come 15 years later. In 1943 the School Board voted 4-1 to close Central High School. Grades 9-12 went to South Emery, and grades 7-8 went back to the elementary schools. (Information taken from A History of Emery County, by Edward A. Geary, 1996.)