

taylor

copy of Letter received from Jane Hadden and letter from K. T. Butler age 80 years Written Oct 22, 1970

Dear Second Cousins,

My early memories of Uncle Jim Butler:

My outstanding memory is his jolly and kind attitude toward me.

In my earliest memories, Aunt Lotty was sick and Uncle jim was so kind and thoughtful of her. Lizzy seemed to take charge of the home and I used to think she was too "Bossy". i realized later, the great responsibilities she had. Our home was in Richfield Utah.

In December 1899, Uncle Jim, Aunt Lotty , Caroline and Earnest went to Red Creek to spend Christmas with Grandma Toppin. They took my mother (Aunt Etty) , my baby brother, Taylor and me in their covered wagon. I would get "seasick" and was allowed to sit up with Uncle Jim where I could see out. It took two or three days to make the trip to Parawan where Etty's mother, my Grandma McGregor, lived. Uncle Jim whistled and told stories to entertain me. The most outstanding memory was when he lifted me down in the deep snow when I could wait no longer.

Uncle Jim was a tall, fine looking man and carried himself very straight. Aunt Lotty was shorter and heavier than my mother who was five feet eight inches and weighed 115 pounds. Therefore, it seemed to me that Aunt Lotty was a little on the heavy side.

My father John Low Butler and his brothers Jim and Tom were in partnership for some years. mother said that when they were on the farm near Panquitch Lake, their houses were close and they

helped each other when their babies were born and when needed. My mother thought of Aunt Lotty as a sister. They felt more secure to be together when the men were at work in the fields or with the stock.

When the Butler Brothers had a band of fine mares, they bought a very valuable stallion we called Prince. It was a sad occasion when Prince died. The men were down-hearted and dug a hole to bury him. Mother and Aunt Lotty, hymn book in hand, came out and sang a funeral song.

Lizzy Butler was my second grade teacher. On the last day of school, we had a special program. Each child was to bring a nickel and receive a pink ribbon bow as a badge for our class. I did not have a nickel so refused to go into the room. Lizzy came out into the cloak room and pinned a pink ribbon on my dress and dried my tears. ~~I was so happy to be able to go in and look like the rest of the children.~~

This act of kindness I have never forgotten. I also remember our family having a lovely dinner at Uncle Jim's home.

In June 1904 I saw Lizzy, Caroline and Caroline's new husband when they stayed a few days at the home of my sister Sadie Richards. That was the last time I saw Lizzy but did get very good reports about her fine husband and family. I also heard she was a very efficient wife and mother.

Helen Dalton is my very devoted niece. They just left Boise for a month's visit in California and Arizona.

I was born February 22, 1888. I'm two years older than my brother Taylor (K. T.) Earnest was about one year older than I. My husband Elmer Nielson died six years ago.

Sincerely

Jane b. Nielson

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P. S. My brother K. T. just brought your letter so will add a little more.

Uncle Taylor Butler was oldest son of John Lowe Butler 1 John Lowe Butler 11 was second son, Jim Butler the third and Thomas Butler the youngest. There were girls between. Uncle Tom was never married and died on his way home from his third mission.

When Uncle Jim moved to Mexico, Lizzy stayed in Richfield to teach. Caroline stayed with her. I remember Caroline came crying to tell Mother that her father had died in the hospital in Provo. Their home was made of red adobe. It was on the northeast corner across the street from the Tithing Office in Richfield Utah.

I also remember that Lizzy was Goddess of Liberty at some celebration. She had very pretty long hair.

I always understood that aunt Lotty was never well after Earnest was born. She would have sort of convulsions and would fall unless helped to a chair. They called these attacks "spells" and she would be pale and sick for a while following one.

I think that the Butler Brothers dissolved their partnership about the time my father John, started in the mining business.

Uncle Tom lived with my parents until he went on his third mission and died in Salt Lake City. He was buried in Spanish Fork, Utah. I believe Uncle Jim was buried there, too.

I hope this information is of interest to you. Jane