

November 15, 1899 *** *** *** November 15, 1949

MEMORIES
OF
CHILDHOOD DAYS
AND
A TRIBUTE TO OUR PARENTS

BY THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF
JOHN L. AND BERTHA M. THURBER BUTLER

HONORING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
THEIR WEDDING
Nov. 15, 1899

HYTRIN
(terazosin HCl)

BIAXIN
clarithromycin

John Lowe Butler III
June 5, 1874 - July 1, 1937
6' 3 3/4" - 200 lbs. Black hair.
Dark brown eyes. Very white
skin, Subject to sunburn.
wore mustache. wore glasses.
Voice was sorta high pitched.
Honest, fair, hard worker,
enjoyed a good joke.

GRANT

My earliest recollections of home and parents is of the death of my baby sister Elma, and of her being in a small casket on top of the dresser and of the folks crying. I well remember after we had moved to Camas Prairie, how we moved the buildings onto the homestead from the Twin Lakes Ranch which was covered with water after the dam was built.

Father bought the buildings on this ranch and also the wild hay which we harvested. I remember I went with father to haul the hay to the homestead and there was a big spring of very good water where we filled our water jugs. How well I remember when the dam was being built. It was quite a large dirt fill, and horses with scrapers and dump wagons were the means used to move the dirt. One canal went through our farm, which was on the South side of the Valley next to the foot hills, and only about $2/3$ of it came under irrigation, the South side being too high. In fact that is where the South foot hills began. Uncle Horace Butler got a place about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west down the Valley and we - that is father - bought 60 acres across the road from Uncle Horace, south. So we had 220 acres all told.

As soon as I was big enough, Father started teaching me to ride a horse and milk cows and help on the farm. I had a small shovel and was helping him dig post holes one day out by the barn. Father was ready to leave for Gooding with a wagon load of hay with 4 head of horses to drive. But before leaving he had a feeling he must look around and see if everything was all right, and walking out past the barn found me head first down a big post hole, and couldn't get out. I couldn't yell loud enough to make anyone hear and if he had not listened to that still small voice I might not have been here. Father was quite a spiritual minded man, and in his younger days was so peppy, and real leader. I remember one time when he came home from work on the other farm. He had a work team and a saddle horse so he had been turning the work horses loose for the night to eat in the field and riding his saddle horse home. One night he started home and something kept bothering him. Something was wrong, he could feel it, but couldn't think what

it was. It bothered him so he got off his horse and prayed about it. Then he remembered he had forgotten to unharness the work horses and tend them for the night so he went back and took care of them and everything was O.K.

I remember my first circus. I was about 5 years old. We had a fancy buggy team, Babe and Button. The circus was in Gooding and the folks drove down with this team and buggy. I remember going down through the City of Rocks and the story Uncle Taylor told me about the strange people who lived in that City. How they had put all those rocks in odd shapes to build their city and how he could see one dodge behind the rocks every once in awhile. I always just missed seeing it. The circus was the most marvelous thing I had ever seen. I remember the big tent with the performers, the elephants and other wild animals, but what impressed me most of all was the water toilet in the hotel where we stayed. I made several trips there just to flush it.

I remember about that same summer the folks took Gladys and Edith and me in a wagon to the old Wardrup ranch west of Soldier, (this was before Fairfield existed), where we spent the day gathering raspberries, currants, gooseberries etc. for us to take home and can for our winter fruit. A few years later peddlers came up from Hagerman with fruit and mellons. How well I remember Mr. Gloner who stayed at our place several times. He would bring a wagon load of fruit up in our country to sell. He was a member of the Re-organized Church and he and father would get into some deep arguments, although friendly. I think they decided the church that build the Temple in Jackson Co. Missouri would be the right one.

The first school I remember was in our neighbor's grainery - Labrums. I didn't attend there but I used to visit Laven a lot and I remember Lee and Eva going. They built a small school building on the East side of our farm on the main road where I started to school. Then they established Manard across the river about one mile North of us, where at one time there was a school, church with a nice hall where we could dance and play basket ball, a store and Post Office, and Uncle Joe Thurber's blacksmith shop. I was here I graduated from grammer school.

I remember one 24th of July celebration at Manard. It was about 1911. They had a parade. Uncle Tayler had fixed a buggy with ropes, pulleys, etc. so he could guide it from the front seat, then put some staves on the back with a horse to push, and called it his Pushmobile. Then there was a real old time stage coach with four horses on it. When I was eight years old Father took me down to the Malad River and baptized me. Then I remember when the railroad came into the Valley. Uncle Horace, Uncle Tayler, and Father took contracts on building part of the road bed. I think Tayler was considered one of the best finishers. Of course all the work was done with teams and scrapers, and plows etc. The railroad missed Soldier about two miles, so instead of moving the town, they started Fairfield, which soon became the biggest town in the Valley, but did not have a high school when we left there in 1917.

August 15, was celebrated there as Settlers Day. They would gather at Soldier and have a program in a bowery built of willows, then a barbecue. I remember how good that meat tasted. One August 15th, I don't recall which year, they had one of the first airplanes on demonstration. I saw it fly a ways, then come back and land in a pasture. That same year they had a merry-go-round run by a steam engine out by the side of it with a steel cable running from the engine and around the bottom of the merry-go-round. The cable wasn't protected very well and a boy fell through and almost cut his leg off by the moving cables.

Billie Sant used to bring the mail from Soldier before the Post Office was established at Manard. Our neighbors to the South - Poulsons - kept a Post Office and I was six or seven years old and had a pony we called Lucy. One day I went after the mail and on the way home I was coming down the lane on the East side of the farm past Adam's place who had some one moving in to a house build near the road. They had left some pieces of furniture beside the road and as I came riding along, Old Lucy jumped sideways, becoming frightened at the things beside the road and I went off on my head.

A few hours later I remember a man carrying me on his back through the field to our house. I was out most of the time for several hours. The closest Doctor was at Hailey, and he had to come by horse and buggy 36 miles. We did have a telephone and they called the Dr. and he came. I was pretty sick.

How well I remember those child bearing days of Dear Mom. She was always such a kind, faithful person. I remember hurrying for Aunt Annie Thurber on two or three occasions with a horse and buggy and making it back just in time. It must have been Etta and Ross - maybe Glen that I remember. I'll never forget one time I brought Aunt Annie back and was way out in the corral taking care of the horse and I could hear Mother screaming. Times have changed a lot since then.

I guess I had more accidents while on Camas Prairie than most anyone else. Runaways with teams and being thrown from horses, etc. When I was about 4 or 5, I held on to a hay derrick rope too long and ran my arm through a large pulley, braking my arm. Then while Dad was ill and had gone back to Mayo Bros. where he had a tumor the size of a lemon taken from his bladder, I went to ride a horse, and it was the first time I had used a curved bit bridle. He was fairly well broke but not used to a curved bit. He became excited and reared backward on top of me and broke my arm. Then I remember several runaways. I was plowing up on the dry farm part with four horses abreast. I was breaking up sage brush ground and struck a large sage brush root and the evener broke of course. I had a good hold on the lines. The horses lunged ahead pulling me head first over the plow, and they took off down through the field. I hung on to the lines and drag a ways then let go. I didn't get hurt.

Our last winter on Camas Prairie was a bad one - 1916-1917. The snow was so deep you couldn't see any fence posts. We fed our cattle down on the river among the willows in Labrum's field. Labrums had moved and some people by the name of Higgins lived there. The winter was so long and hard every one ran out of hay and we trailed the stock out South toward Gooding where a lot of rocky canyons are, and the snow leaves and grass starts to grow.

In 1917 we traded farms with Packhams at Acequia and moved the first part of Sept. I remember I spent my 15th firthday Sept 7, on the way to Acequia driving a team and wagon.

Looking back through the years I do appreciate my parents very much. They were such fine people. In Father's younger days he was so full of life until he had histerrible sick spell. From then on/ he had many drawbacks. It was difficult for him to work and think things out well, especially on the financial end because of his ill health, for he never was well the last 20 years of his life. But all through this period of rearing a large family his fine spirit and love and advice was beyong reproach, and his fine leadership was sought after by Church and Community. All through those trying times of going down financially and the family growing larger, Mom was a real brick.

It was a blessing and a privilege to have Mom in our home the last weeks of her life. To hear her bear her testimony that she knew Mormonism was true, and that Father was waiting for her to continue their progression in the next life was most inspiring.

GLADYS

It is hard to know where to begin in relating some incidents which reflect the influence Father & Mother have had upon me.

Mother used to read to us during winter evenings. Before we left Camas Prairie, I was almost twelve. She had read "Les Miserables" and "Ben Hur". We always had good reading material in our home and I'm sure it has given me an appreciation for fine literature and a desire to have our children read worthwhile books and magazines. There on the Prairie we subscribed for "The American Boy" and the day each month it arrived was a highlight in our lives. We would gather around Mother and she would read "Adventures of Mark Tidd" and other stories.

Our parents did everything within their power to give us opportunities for growth and development. They gave me piano lessons when I know they couldn't afford it, even singing lessons for a time (imagine). I remember hearing Father say there in the Acequia store that he had just finished paying for the piano, and it was the most difficult bill he had ever had to pay off. But he derived a great deal of satisfaction from our playing and singing. Father had the wonderful faculty of making one feel necessary and important. When you felt nothing was right and the whole world was down on you, he would put his arm around you and praise you. You knew a lot of blarney but it made you feel good. One summer when I was in Albion, Alberta Black went to Twin for the week end. When she returned she said she had talked to someone I knew who thought I was the finest girl he knew. I couldn't guess so she told me it was my Father. How that made me try harder to measure up to his belief in me.

Father did not have a formal education and that was one of his regrets. It seemed to me tho' that he was well read and could talk well on most any subject. He was a genius as a story teller. I think of many times, especially on the Eighty Acres, of sitting around the table after dinner listening to his stories and views on many subjects and thinking he was the smart-

est man in the world. If I ever wanted information on current problems, he knew the answers. When I was away teaching and would run into current events that needed clarification, I used to think if I could only talk to Father.

Father was honest and honorable to the highest degree. The first year I taught, I came home once with a bank statement saying I had over-drawn my account. He was indignant and gave me a good lecture about it. He felt it was really dishonest to be so careless, and told me in his years of banking he had never overdrawn his account.

Father and Mother treated me royally when I came home for vacation. I certainly didn't deserve it all. I know they spent more than they should making my Christmas and Thanksgivings happy. Once they had me bring back a dressed turkey with all the trimmings, so we school marms had a real holiday dinner. Mother was so good sending me birthday boxes. The first year I was in Lyman she sent a delicious Angel Food cake. She could always fix up a fine dinner for our friends, and help us with a party. One Hallowe'en on Adams St., we thought we just had to have a party. Father was away working. I don't think Grant was home from his mission. Mother made chili and pumpkin pie and we had a wonderful party. We surely had our nerve for I know now that must have been a real struggle to finance. How thoughtless I have been. I can see it in a hundred ways now.

I admire Father for the way he took care of his Mother and brothers and sisters. He took over their care and I'm sure never murmured against it. He went to a new country where he felt there would be more opportunities for all, built his Mother a home near his own, and never shirked caring for them, as well as his Father's second family. Mother was right at his side, and I know those brothers and sisters love and admire her. She always had extra people in her home to cook and clean for and hardly knew what it was to have only her own family around her.

Mother was very thrifty and far-sighted in gathering and storing food. With such a large family it couldn't have been easy to have sufficient food in quantity and variety - yet I never remember feeling I didn't have enough

to eat. Father did his part too - picking apples on shares, securing other fruit, salting down pork, etc. Mother dried corn, fruits of various kinds and canned hundred of quarts of fruit. We have all benefited by their example in this regard and try not to have food only from day to day.

The last time I saw Father was here in Lyman. We were so heart-broken over Wayne's condition. Edith and Melvin came out bringing Father and Mother and Grant and Edythe. They also brought their victrola (how we enjoyed it) and baby buggy. This visit meant so much to me. Father sat down with me and had a good talk. He told me he wasn't at all worried about Wayne. He would be all right either in this world or the next, but how I let it effect me was what mattered now. His counsel always meant much to me and how I missed his birthday letters when no more came.

I have always admired Mother's variety of interests. Liking to do so many things she has been able to grow old without boredom either to herself or those around her. Her lovely handwork, quilts, painting and sewing, poetry writing, besides her genealogy are some of her interests. I look around my home and see so many articles that are due to her industry and talent - quite a number of quilts, mattress pads, pillow slips (she was always one to have adequate and well made bedding) crib quilts, crocheted articles, boys pants, jackets, and overcoats, and much mending. I only hope I can grow old with such an interest in things and zest for life. She is an inspiration to all of us with her goodness and patience and her uncomplaining, unwavering faith.

As I look at my brothers and sisters, upright, honorable, industrious, active in carrying on the work of the community in which they live, clean in their habits, living lives of good Latter Day Saints, then I know this is the real tribute to Father and Mother. Their influence and teaching has borne fruit.

Camas Prairie was a wonderful place for a little girl to live the first ten years of her life. This beautiful valley, about 15 miles wide, with the Malad river meandering through it, the Soldier mountains towering on the north, holds many lovely memories for me. Father dearly loved the mountains - their trees, creeks, wild life, and majestic scenery. Our few trips there in the wagon were highlights of my early years. Our farm was on the south side of the Malad River, and nearer the south hills, where I remember going a few times. The trip I recall most clearly was one on horseback with Aunt Jane, to pick choke cherries.

Our cozy little three room home was brimming over with love and security. Mother and Father, affectionate and kind, loved their growing family, and welcomed each new addition with open arms. There was plenty of room for us children to play. Gladys and I played house in the grove of trees west of the house. How we loved the wild currant bushes growing against the fence. These, and a few bunches of wild bunch grass were favorite play spots. We were happy to have our own row in the garden, where each could plant the things we wanted. The rows of currant and goose berry bushes were near by, and by the front gate was a big lilac bush. I will always remember our neighbor, Sister Adams, for her lovely beds of Iris - or flags as we called them then, and Sister Wray for her beautiful pansy beds. Right across the road, on the east, was Grandmother Butler's home, and how nice it was to visit her.

I remember Father coming in from haying, pumping a drink of delicious cold water, then smacking his lips, wiping his mustache, and saying, "This is the best water in the world!" It was always an exciting time when he went to the mountains and brought back a load of logs to be cut and sawed for fire wood. Sometimes he would go after the snow was on the ground, take the sleigh runners, and chain the logs on them. He would wear his big fur coat and cap. The sound of the sleigh bells could be heard from quite a distance on a clear cold night - and it is a sound I wish every child could hear. I remember one winter when Grant went hunting with his 22, and brought home a beautiful

snowshoe rabbit. The long winter evenings were happy ones. We always had apples brought from Hagerman Valley by Mr. Glauner, the peddler. He would often stay overnight, and he and Father would enjoy discussing everything from politics and religion to crops and weather. Mr. Glauner was a member of the Reorganites, so of course, he and Father had something in common in religion. How well I remember they came to the decision that whoever built the Temple in Jackson Co., Mo., would be the true church, and so - if it is the Mormons, Mr. Glauner would join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and if it is the Reorganized Church who builds it, Father would join it. They were good friends, and we were always happy to see him come each fall with his load of fruit.

Mother was never too busy, nor her table too full, that she couldn't set extra places for anyone who came. She was always so patient and rather quiet. At least, it was Father who dominated the dinner table. How we loved to hear the stories he always had to tell - some of his experiences were so exciting, they should have been written for posterity. Perhaps Mother was weary with all the cooking, washing, sewing, etc., and perfectly willing to relax during the dinner hours, and enjoy with us, all the wonderful things Father had to tell. But I have found in recent years that she has a wonderful fund of stories and experiences to relate, and I realize what a firm, steadfast and spiritual character is hers. Not only has she always been the perfect Mother, but also the perfect wife. Her patience and faith, when trouble has come into our home has been a steadying influence, and helped so greatly over the rough spots.

I must mention, that with all a busy Mother and farmer's wife had to do in those pioneering days, Mother found time to make the most delicious cheese. Father made her a cheese press, and believe it or not I have never tasted cheese to equal hers. Sometimes she put ground sage in some of them.

Our Aunts, Uncles and Cousins who lived on the Prairie, were especially near and dear to us, and what wonderful get-togethers we did have. Christmas morning, at Grandmother Butler's, with a Christmas tree clear to the

ceiling, and lighted with candles, and all the families gathered around, is a picture etched on my memory. Then in the summer time, when Aunt Sadie and family came to visit, and once in awhile Aunt Zettie and family - had some grand times. There was always a close bond of affection among Father's brothers and sisters, which has remained to this day, and carried over among a great many of the cousins. I recall so vividly the winter evenings Uncle Erin, Aunt Caroline and their children came over to visit. Father and Uncle Erin put up the chess board, and would soon become so engrossed in their game, not even the noise and shouts of the cousins at play would disturb them. Father would sit for hours, it would seem, drumming his fingers on the board, and whistle "In the Good Old Summer Time", while he made up his mind.

We had one of the first "Talking Machines" on the Prairie - at least the first among the L.D.S. people there. It was a Victor with the horn and the little dog listening to "His Master's Voice". I still love the records. Grandmother Butler's favorite was "Though Your Sins be as Scarlet". We had some Uncle Josh records, "I'm Old But I am Awfully Tough" being one of them. Some marches by Sousa - songs by Caruso and Harry Lauder.

One of the highlights of my childhood was a trip to Salt Lake City on the train with Father. Being me - I didn't just tan - I really browned in the summers. Mother was afraid they would take me for a little Indian, so for days before we left, I rubbed lemon juice on my face and arms, and hoped it would help. Aunt Sadie was a wonderful hostess, and I was thrilled with the trip. I had had some curious misconceptions concerning a train until I had this opportunity of viewing one first hand.

Our parents really pioneered Camas Prairie. Father helped build the Twin Lakes Reservoir. He also helped establish the school and the church. How proud we were of our new church building. Every Sunday saw us riding to church in our "White Top" buggy, with Father driving a spirited team. One time we had an exciting time with that team. Father and Mother had loaded all the family and camping equipment into the wagon and taken us to Magid Dam for an overnight trip. Helen went with us, and we had such a lot of fun -

catching fish, and making and baking pottery dishes out of clay. We had just made a start for home, when, in crossing a ditch, Father was thrown from the high spring seat to the ground. He clung tightly to the reins, for his one thought was to keep the horses from getting frightened and running away. His back was hurt so he couldn't drive, so Grant drove us safely home.

In those early days we had severe winters, with plenty of snow and cold. I remember several years when the spring break-up came, the whole flat, from our place, across the river and nearly to Manard, would be filled with ice and water, and water would be running over the road and all the bridges. We couldn't get to school, so we just stayed home and enjoyed watching the water gradually diminish. But how beautiful the flat was in the spring! At times it was a sea of blue, covered with the camas blossoms. And what a delight, when on our way to school, we would discover the first star flower, the johnny-jump-ups, and the little wild pansy. Up on the hill, we made special excursions to pick wild flowers. The bright yellow buttercups, the bluebells and many others grew in abundance. We loved to dig the little salt and pepper flowers and eat the roots. But the blizzards some of those winters brought were very hard on the cattle, and at times dangerous for Father when he had to feed and care for the cattle. He longed for a milder climate, and his family was not only growing in numbers, but growing up, and they would soon need to be in a high school. Our parents were ever anxious that opportunities for education would be given their children. So it was, that when I was nearly ten years old, Father came home from Fairfied one day with a new Ford - to transport his family to Magic Valley. A car was something new and entirely different for us. On the way home, Father meandered off the road, and not being able to remember how to stop the darned thing, just wandered through the brush until he finally drove back on to the road. Bundled into the new car, the family commenced their journey to Acequia. I remember crossing Snake River on a Ferry where Owsley bridge now stands. We stayed all night with Uncle Erin and family near Filer, where they had moved a year or so previously. Then I saw Twin Falls for the first time, on our way to Acequia.

We loved our new home with so many rooms, a velvety lawn, and a path bordered with fragrant petunia beds. Grandmother Thurber had her own room. But we did miss the beautiful pine trees at Christmas time, and our first Christmas tree there was a huge, pungent sagebrush Father had cut out in the desert. Mother had supervised its trimming - we children had strung pop corn and made garlands with colored paper - and a pine tree couldn't have brought any more happiness nor spirit of love and good will than did this sagebrush. We used sagebrush for firewood now, instead of pine logs.

Father sold real estate for awhile, in addition to farming, then traded our 80 acres for the Acequia Cash Store. While living in Acequia, their eleventh and last child came to bless our home. Having lost their first son and first daughter in infancy, Mother and Father raised nine of their children. One of my biggest regrets is that I didn't do more to help my Mother during the next few years when her family was so large and all at home, and there were so many little ones. I did love babies, and as I remember, I probably helped her more by tending the babies than in any other way. Father became Bishop of the Ward there, and it seemed to me that the responsibility of being a Bishop's daughter was rather great.

I much preferred to go shopping with Father. I remember a hat and a skirt he bought for me that just suited me. But I'll also always remember that he would never give in and let me get a RED coat I so badly wanted to own. "RED?" he would say, "Why, everyong could see you a mile away, and would say, "There goes that Edith Butler!" It was probably just as well Mother helped us with most of our shopping for she had an inborn sense of thrift, which stood her in good stead in raising such a large family, and particularly through the later years when adverse conditions made it imperative to be thrifty. I'll never forget the Christmas Grant was on a mission. We had moved to Twin Falls, and Father was losing all his life's earnings, being unable to continue the payments on the 10 acres there, for which he had traded the Acequia Cash Store. Father had but \$20 left, and asked us girls, Gladys and me, what he should do with it. Our sense of responsibility and

good judgment had surely not yet developed, for we told him we thought Mother would be happy to have a new blouse, so we chose a lovely black one, which cost \$5 or \$6. Our joy was dampened when we watched Mother open the package, and with tears in her eyes, ask us why we had wasted the money when our missionary brother needed it so badly.

Our move to Twin Falls had been at a time when Father and Mother felt it would be good for the family to live in a college town. They were always concerned and anxious for the education and development of their family. Father made trips to Logan and Rexburg, but didn't find anything to interest him. Twin Falls didn't have a college, but it did have a fine high school, and was a growing community. He regretted that he hadn't stopped here when they first saw the Milner Dam being constructed, and taken up some land.

Father was honored and respected by all his neighbors and friends. His industry and honesty were outstanding characteristics. He gave much of his time and talents to his Church and to his community. He was a firm, but loving father who always had the interest and welfare of his family uppermost in mind. Whenever I was blue or discouraged, he could make me feel like I had a niche in this world after all, that no one else could fill. He was affectionate and kind. He always regretted that he couldn't express himself as well as he would like, but he was a well educated man in spite of insufficient schooling. He loved to read, and inculcated that desire into his family. Our lovely little mother, so gentle and kind, was about a foot shorter than her tall and handsome husband. She was blessed with an unwavering faith, because of it, with patience, love and understanding of children and people, she has always been, and always will be an inspiration to her family and to her host of friends.

Together, these two started fifty years ago to build a life for the future - not for just half a century, but forever. With love and unity and a trust in each other and their God, they have builded well. They have left us a priceless inheritance - not of worldly goods - but of the finer things of life which will not only bring us happiness now, but throughout the ages.

It has been a privilege and a blessing to me to be one of their daughters.

The family is like a book - the children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers that protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories and painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp that bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves should scatter and be lost!

DONALD

I, Donald Thurber Butler, was born at Manard, Idaho May 20, 1910, and had my first year of school there with Miss Barrett as teacher. In Sept., 1917 we moved to the Packham farm at Acequia where I continued school. I was thin and very nervous and maybe a little less than average student. Miss Clark was my second grade teacher and, I think, Mrs. Olsen taught me in the Fourth Grade, but I can't remember my third grade teacher, however the teacher had a daughter in my class.

Dad traded the farm for a store and home in town which was not so good for Glenn & me as we were left too much to our own devices and Dad was too busy in the store. In March 1922 we moved to Twin Falls. I went with Grant in the old Dodge car. We lived on the ten acre place for two years.

I had Mrs. Montgomery for my teacher in the Fifth & Sixth Grades in Acequia and tho' I didn't like her at the time, she is the most outstanding teacher I ever had. I finished the sixth grade in Twin Falls under Mrs. Perkins. I didn't like her either. I was always a poor student until I got in High School. In Sept. 1922 I started the Seventh Grade in Jr. High School.

Sometime during the winter of 1923-24 we moved to a home at 173 Adams St., and I had finished half of the eighth grade when I got rheumatism of the heart and had to miss the rest of the year of school. I worked that summer 1924, with Dad on a bean farm at Piler. The next winter I finished my eighth grade and half of the ninth grade then about the first of June 1925 started the most memorable summer of my life. Dad, Grant, Glenn and I started out in the Model-T Ford, went to Boise, then to Emmett where we picked cherries.

To Cascade, Idaho, where Dad & Grant worked in the timber. Up thru Spokane, across the pan-handle into Montana where we worked in the hay fields for Mr. Hamilton at Cascade, Montana. Then we headed for Chinook, but Grant and I stopped at Floweree to work a few days. At Chinook we worked in the construction and operation of a sugar factory where I got men's wages and I felt quite grown up. Grant went home in Sept. to get married, and Glenn went with him to go to school. Dad & I stayed until the middle of Dec. then drove the Ford home. I was an excellent driver by then. I started school at mid term and completed the ninth grade which was the last of Jr. High.

In the spring of 1926 I helped Dad complete the railway fence he was constructing in Nevada. Then we worked for Mr. Hunt at Buhl. In the Fall we moved to the Beatty Ranch at Hollister where I started my Sophomore year. In January 1928 I got an abcess in my right ear and in Feb., 1928 I was operated on for mastoiditis by Dr. Weatherbee. I managed to complete my Junior year of school that spring. In Nov., 1928 I left home and joined the army at Fort Douglas, Utah. I enlisted Nov. 29, 1928. After my recruit training was completed I went to Co. F with Captain Oscar K. Wolber as commander. I got my first class rating in Nov., 1929 and was made Corporat Jan. 1930.

I met Marie Bosh that summer and married her in S.L.C. on Dec. 18, 1930. Donna Marie was born July 24, 1931, William Frank April 15, 1932, just shortly after I had transferred as a Private to G Co. for special duty.

On Nov. 21, 1934 John Milford was born and I got my final discharge from the army Nov. 28, 1934.

The next couple of years I had numberless little odd jobs, received county welfare and worked on W.P.A. We moved several times around the city. Marie and I were divorced Jan. 12, 1937. Dad died on July 1, 1937, and shortly thereafter I hitch-hiked to Moscow, Idaho. Ross & I worked for Mr. Hall that summer and that fall I took a course in Diesel Engineering. March 2, 1938 I went to Spokane and stayed at the Y.M.C.A. That Fall I went to work helping build an oil refinery near Spokane and the job was completed in the Spring of 1939. On May 20, 1939 I took a Civil Service exam for

Postal work and in Sept. got temporary work which was irregular until I received a regular appointment Oct. 2, 1940. About this time I was put in as Sunday School counselor with Supt. Alva Green.

I met Inis Fifield Kussee where she was working in the Jr. Sunday School and we were married June 22, 1941 by Branch Pres. Earl Carlson. She had two children, Don Fifield Kussee, born Nov. 15, 1934, and Virginia Ann Kussee born Nov 23, 1937. We lived for the first year at 1813 W. Carlisle, then bought our present home 3147 E. 18th St. Margaret was born June 16, 1944. We stay active in church work. After being counselor in S.S. for nearly two years, I taught a class for several months. I took over the Ward Teaching, organized it and kept it functioning for nearly two years then in Oct., 1948 I was made president of the Elders Quorum. I was in the S.S. Superintendence again with Keith Radly during the year of 1948. I have also been assistant Ward Clerk, on the Boy Scout Committee, Sec. of the Y.M.M.I.A., on the welfare committee and numberless odd assignments including assistant chorister in S.

TO OUR MOTHER - By Don

Our Mother sweet, we wish to tell you this while you are near,
We love you, and appreciate the life you gave us here.
You gave us loving helpful care through babyhood and youth,
And as we learned to understand, you taught the Gospel truth.

It's fifty years since you were wed, and started on a life
Of work and worry, love and joy, as John L. Butler's wife.
Had you but known the care and strife which faced you on that day,
Would you have hesitated then? No, you are not that way.

You made a home and lived a life of credit to us all.
With work and faith and song and prayer you answered every call.
You left Richfield for Manard, then to Acequia's sand,
And then Twin Falls and Hollister, and Eden's farming land.

Eleven souls you brought to Earth, and blessed was your travail.
Your chosen mate has gone ahead, and waits beyond the veil.
We're proud of you for all you've done, our little Mother dear,
We love and thank you no, in this, Your GOLDEN WEDDING YEAR!

MEMORIES OF DAD - by Don

This "Father's Day" I stop to dwell on memories of dear old Dad.
The wondrous tales he used to tell of frontier life, some gay,
some sad.
He loved old "Mother Nature" so, and like to camp by mountain stream,
Or ride across the drifted snow, or lie beneath the stars & dream.

(continued)

With high ideals he faced all men. He taught his children honesty.
With kind advice he helped his friends, They all revere his memory.
Since he has gone from mortal life I of't times wish, while tho'ts
are sad,
I'd gone to him while yet alive, and smiling, said, "I love you Dad."

(Written June 9, 1939)

GLENN

Some of the events, most of which occurred while I resided at home and shared with some of the family members:

At Camas Frairie - It was nearly Christmas for some reason I was wailing. Dad came in and said Santa Claus had come by checking on the good children. I searched for a long - heartbreaking time. Grant assured me that the barn manure was what they made sugar from. He roared with mirth when I sampled it. A taffy pull - each was given a batch to pull and was to grab all of someone elses he could - such messy fun. Gladys brought me a red fire-engine from Salt Lake City - my first recollection.

Acequia - Mr. Helm had a run-away with a rake and was cut with barbed wire. Dad brought home a Haines car with tires as high as my head. Mother as sick as the rest and trying to tend her sick brood with small pox - we around table in night clothes eating. Donald and I learned to swim in the canal. I kissed a girl my first day at school and got spanked. Grant and the Dodge in the canal. We used to get cheese curds at the factory. Dad out to beet fields and took us to Rupert to see the real play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Fourth of July our car broke down - we all loaded into Sandy Wenton's car and broke a wheel before we got home and all had to walk. We used to dig ice out of the ice bin where the pool hall had burned.

Twin Falls - Being sent down the road to disrupt parked cars - (Dad had no romance?). All of us walking in mud up to Aunt Mary Filers and her meticulous household! A bolt of lightening knocked me out of a cherry tree, Dad down in the pasture and killed the neighbors cow who had her head through our fence. The big build-up about Excelcis Products. Raising white leghorn chickens. Mother by mistake put Gladys' pay envelope in the stove.

Big pig - I took both the extra large doctored up hot cakes on April Fools Day and wept. Dad leaving for Jarbridge - he talked to me and I tried from that day to be the man of the family. Always cold hands under Mom's arm pits. A thump of a thimble finger on heads of children needing discipline. Etta - "I'll be good, I'll be good" - glugg - glugg. Ross selling newspapers. Etta and I dating. Liked to eat but would rather "athletic". Jack so little, such a big whistle. These are some of the incidents I remember best which will bear polite company.

ETTA

I remember my third birthday. I stood in the corner of the kitchen and said that if anyone wanted to spank me they would have to give me a penny. My earliest recollection of Father was him standing in the dooryard talking to someone and me hanging on to his long legs. Many times during my life, Daddy would tell me how much he loved me, and what an exceptional person I was. I guess he did love me a lot, because among my earliest memories is the one of bouncing on his knee and him singing "Lovey, Dovey, Baby Doll, Sweetest Little Girl of all." However in later years when the boys teased me by calling me "Lovey, Dovey", I didn't like it so well. I don't remember so much about Daddy during the time we lived in Twin Falls., except that it does seem he was awfully busy and worried about that time. I do remember when I had the measles and was sick in bed and he came home without his mustache. We all told him to hurry and grow it back on. I also remember about that time when he was selling Excelsis he bought a light colored suit and I thought he was really handsome in it. We walked from the ten acres to church in an orderly row. I helped pick beans out at Filer. My six years in Hollister were the happiest of my life. I know it must have been a terrible strain on the folks at times, when Glenn and I went so much. I don't remember them denying us the car or stopping us from doing anything in reason.

Many a time, daddy took my hands in his and carressed them and said,

"You have beautiful hands - musicians hands." I know that it was as much a regret to him as it was to me that I was unable to have more piano lessons. Yes, Daddy was a wonderful conversationalist. Ours was a wonderful family life. Our table was oval, and the time I am thinking of was at Hollister where there was the six younger children home, and with Mother, Daddy and Grandma, we numbered nine. The warmth from the kitchen stove was most comforting, and there was always the coal oil lamp in the center of the table. We would sometimes sit for an hour or two discussing the past, future, and the hereafter. Yes, Daddy knew many wonderful stories. I especially remember those winters, of some of Mother's good bean stew, and brown bread. Mother saw to it that we always had plenty to eat. I can still taste that good home made root beer buried in sawdust in the cellar. We kids would run a foot race in from the fields on a hot day, to be the first for a drink.

My mental picture of Daddy always is the same. I can see him with knee high boots - old overalls tucked in the tops - the red wool knit sweater that he had for so many years, and an old felt hat. So many things to remember - the morning he came and told me that Mr. Diebolt had been killed by a horse. Daddy pulling us out of bed on a Sunday a.m. so we could all get to S.S. The coyotes howling their dismal wail (it nearly frightened me to death the first night I heard it). Our broken hearts when Don went away. The fire that burned some of the sheep sheds. My graduation night, when Daddy told me I was the prettiest girl graduate. Daddy requesting me to play "Woodland Echoes". And Turkeys! Mother working herself almost to death with the darn turkeys! How I hated the things, and I just sat on my fanny and let mother do it. What a shame I feel now to think that I didn't do more to help my dear Mother when I was young. I always remember that she was slightly dominated by our Father, but I never in my life heard her say a cross word to him. She was always gentle, kind and sweet and a real child psychologist. I remember when I was about four years old, we were having threshers, which was about the only such occasion that there was ever coffee served in our home. I persisted in wanting to taste it, until I guess Mother lost all

patience in telling me it wasn't good for me. Finally she sat me up to the table and placed before me a large cup of steaming black coffee and told me to drink it. It was a good cure, because I have never wanted to drink it since. I also remember about the same time of mother putting some pepper in my mouth for saying a bad word, and of Grandma slipping me a piece of bread to get the taste out. I guess I was somewhat of a brat - strong willed and a bawl baby. Mother sticks up for me though. She says she thinks I was born with a stomach ailment which caused me to cry so much.

I remember the day Jack was born, and it was Edith's thirteenth birthday. Jack was a cute baby, and I remember of taking care of him some. He was a quiet child and seemed to tend to his own business. I remember when he learned to whistle, and finally taught me how to make a few sounds. Agnes was sick a lot. I remember her as a quiet sweet child. I used to wish she were nearer my age so I would have a sister to play with. Being between Ross and Glenn, I kind of had to fight for my rights at times. I thought they were both little devils, but they grew out of it and we had many wonderful times together. I was always very fond of Don. We had many good times together when he had his trombone. Edith and Gladys - my two older sisters who did so very much for me at a time when the folks were financially unable. Gladys paid for the only piano lessons I ever had, and bought both my eighth grade and high school graduation clothes. They gave us younger kids many a fine Christmas. How thrilled I was every spring when Gladys came home. I had to try on all her clothes. Edith was my bosom friend and counselor for many years. It seems that she is more like Mother than any of the children. How I loved her children when they were tiny. I can't think back on those days without remembering how good Melvin was to all us kids. Many a time he slipped me a show ticket, or money for a treat when money was so scarce at home. I hope that Melvin will be well repaid for his generosity. I remember how happy I was when Grant & Edythe were married, and especially when they had Jae, the first grandchild. Edythe was always like an own dear sister.

These are some of the memories of a very happy childhood. I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for the wonderful heritage that is mine; and for the wonderful brothers and sisters, and the unity that is ours. May it ever be so.

ROSS

I am the son of John Lowe ^{Butler III} and Bertha M. Thurber, and was born June 16, 1916, at Manard, Idaho. ^{Near Fairfield, Camas Co., (formerly Blaine Co.)} When I was a baby my ^{Parents} father and mother decided ~~that~~ they would move to a milder climate, as the previous winter saw snow up to the eaves of the house, and cattle feeding had been a tough problem. Our family consisted of Father and Mother and seven children. We moved ^{Sept. 15 Months old} in 1917 to Acequia, Idaho. In Acequia I have my first memories. We first lived on the Packham place ^{12 1/2} ~~was~~ I was nearly three. I remember Uncle Lee and Grant wrestling and creating quite a commotion. I remember standing by the side of the house in the sun and playing with Etta and Glenn. Then we left the farm to live in a house in the town of Acequia where Father operated a general store, ~~and~~ postoffice, and cream station. Grant made a kiddy kar for me, a gift I dearly loved. Glenn and I liked to go down to the store and play if Father would permit. On one occasion there was a large box that had been emptied excepting packing paper and excelsior. Glenn and I carried this to the big stove in the store, and shoved in all it would hold. To our dismay we had too much and couldn't close the door. It burned hot and fast and the burning papers fell on the floor starting a fire. Father dashed over and put out the fire, ^{then} ~~and~~ gave Glenn a resounding whipping. I couldn't figure out why he didn't spank me too, but I guess he thought a four year old was too young to be responsible.

One day Father had taken some eggs in trade, and in making change he spilled a handful of coins among the eggs. He left it to ^{get} ~~and~~ later, but I sorted through the eggs when he wasn't around, and after finding all the money I could, I bought candy with it. My sin was soon discovered and Father took me down into a dark basement under the store. It was there that honesty was first impressed upon my mind. Father talked gently but firmly, and I understood. It was here that I got my first pocketknife. Father gave me the knife and several sticks and sat me on a chair in a little room in the

store. He explained how to whittle away from me, and gave me lots of good advice. It must have stuck as I have rarely cut myself.

It was while I was four years of age ~~and~~ I sold my first newspaper. I pestered Dad to let me sell papers, so one day he handed me a week old paper and told me to go sell it. He was amazed when I came back with a nickel. I had sold ~~it~~ to Mr. Ellsworth. Dad gave me a current paper to take ~~me~~ to him. We used to tease the man who operated the lumber yard and he used to chase us. And the man who operated the cheese factory used to give us a ride on his elevator to the basement where the cheeses cured. Old Tot, Uncle Horace's pony, was the first horse I ever rode. Claude Butler was often my playmate. My parents took us to Twin Falls on a train. We stayed with Claude's Aunt Mary and Uncle Frank Filer. Lots of fun was had on the train ride, and I remember playing hide and seek around Aunt Mary's house. I was five when we moved to Twin Falls. There was a nice large home with a basement, and a big red barn. It was here that Glenn and I chewed some tobacco we found in Grandmother Thurber's trunk - she claimed it kept moths away. We hid in the gooseberry bushes until we felt better.

Glenn immediately started selling papers and I followed suit. One day Glenn came home with the measles, and before long the younger children were all down. It was like a hospital. Glenn, Etta and I went to the Chataqua across from the City Park one day, ^{going after ice in ice wagon} ~~and~~ I got knocked down by a car - with a woman driver. I had to have some stitches near my ear. Glenn and Etta were as scared as I ~~was~~. During my four years of school in Twin Falls, Faris Lind was my bosom pal. I sold newspapers all that time, and ~~also~~ Liberty Magazine for awhile. I also gathered wild mint and sold it to drug stores for fountain use. I also remember thinning beets with Don and Glenn when I was six.

warmy skinner and I also thinned beets by the old veterinarian.

Father took a job fencing the railroad south of Rogerson. Melvin and Grant worked with him. I had the privilege of going with them for a week. I slept on the floor of the tent beside Dad's bed. Melvin and Grant fixed up horned toads with harnesses for me, and I played on the rocks while they fenced. An old man gave me a coyote skin to sell when I returned to town. *while on this trip dad told me about the step out - don't - on it.*

John De Kistz

Father rented 80 acres near Filer. The fellow he rented from surely had a temper and used to fly into rages. We had a shack to batch in and maintained our home in Twin Falls. I helped to hoe beans a few times. On one occasion, Glenn and I started walking the eight miles to Twin Falls. I wanted to go one way and he went the other. I thumbed a ride, and then ^{had} ~~the man~~ picked up Glenn. I was rather triumphant about getting him a ride. There were many escapades in Twin Falls, such as fist fights, my following Glenn and Don and their gang down to Rock Creek to swim, or to raid a garden or berry patch. It seemed like there was always about 12 people around our table, including Grandma Thurber. Which reminds me of the trouble I had with pimples on my face. One day Grandma brought me a grand present, ostensible for my pimples, but misinterpreted by some teasing brothers and sisters. It was a cake of Lifebouy soap. Grandma loved us children, but it was always difficult for her to show affection, probably because she received so little when she was a child. One time she pinched me for something I had done, (no doubt I deserved it) and I grasped her wrist to stop her. The skin was so delicate that it left a bad bruise on her wrist. I was always very sorry about that. I loved Grandma.

^{Sept. after} ~~Just as~~ I turned 10 ¹⁹²⁶ ~~years of age~~, we moved to Hollister. Here ~~it was~~ ~~that~~ I worked and associated closer with Father. My first memory was ~~of~~ going after Old Bell, our cow, after dark. It was about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and I had to go alone. I sang and whistled so loud that I never did know how much noise my heart made. I ~~soon~~ became a veteran farmer and we soon were milking a string of cows in a ~~re~~converted sheep shed. We raised turkeys, and boy, do I remember how we used to water turkeys, milk turkeys, mash turkeys, wheat turkeys, and green feed turkeys. One day Father and I were irrigating in the field together. We sat down on a rock pile and Dad hummed around for awhile and finally asked me if I knew anything about sex. I said yes, I guessed I did some. Dad said, "Where did you find out?" I told him Don and Glenn had told me. Dad's remark was "Fine," and that ended the only conversation I ever had with my parents on that subject. A fellow named Bill who stacked

hay for us one year, cursed every time he talked. One day he said, "I heard your Dad call a balky horse a S of a B today; that's the nearest I ever heard him swear." I never heard Father curse, nor ever say a mean word to Mom.

In Hollister I first became a Boy Scout, and also was ordained to the Priesthood of God, and became first a deacon, then a Teacher, and a few days before we moved, Brother Skeem and Father ordained me a Priest. I look back with great pleasure on Father's conducting the Sunday School. Once Father told me, "If you ever see me speaking or acting unseemingly during the sacrament service that will give you license to do the same." Father set a fine example. When Don left home, ~~Dad~~ was surely broken up. I remember how he cried when he received word of Don's joining the Army. In our family prayers that night he asked the Lord to especially bless Don and lead him back into the family unit. Our Father's prayers were surely answered in later years. I remember when I learned to drive the Oldsmobile, and with Father by my side we drove out to the "bath house". ^{In 1929} ~~later~~ we bought the 1927 Buick, and I thought we were millionaires. Father cautioned us much on safe driving, ~~and~~ I recall that we teased him when he ^{wrecked} ~~crashed~~ the Buick on a trip to Shelley. At one time, Father did a road job South of Rogerson. He was foreman and hired some local farmers who had been hard hit by the depression and drought. When the men returned after two or three weeks, they had all stopped using coffee, and were drinking hot water with cream and sugar. ^{Mormon tea} Dad's influence was surely felt. About the time I was 14 years old a very sacred experience occurred. I was sleeping in the bunk house. Suddenly I was seized with a sinking feeling. I was nearly paralyzed with terror, and blackness seemed to overwhelm me. I began to pray and in my prayer I dedicated my life to the Lord if I should have power to overcome that power of darkness. Through the power of the Lord, in the name of the Lord, this darkness was dispelled. Twice ^{later} ~~this~~ ~~has~~ occurred, but I ~~has~~ cast it off immediately through the power of the priesthood, and in Jesus' name. In Nov., 1933 we moved to Eden. Here I finished my Junior year of High School and then attended my Senior year. It was here that I met Margie Werry, my sweetheart then; my wife now,

and mine as sweetheart and wife for eternity. One day Father and I went on the hayrack for a load of hay, and suddenly Father spoke up, "Margie is one of the finest girls I know, don't let her slip through your fingers." I was always very strong willed, and rather than take an order from Father I was inclined to discuss the matter, perhaps argue, and then do it my way. When I was 17 or 18, I had an argument with Father over some petty matter, and he came to the end of his remarkable endurance. He turned to me and with his eyes flashing told me how I was dishonoring him, and that he was head of the home, and if I did not accept him as such I could leave. I felt bitter for a few days, and reflected much on what was said, and then realized my error. I respected Father more thereafter. When I turned 18 years of age, I asked him why I couldn't be my own boss, like girls of 18, instead of having to wait until I was 21. Father looked me squarely in the eye and said, "can you ever tell me of a time when you were not your own boss?" During the summer of 1936 I wanted to go to Salt Lake City to see Margie. I asked Father for his consent, and he said "You might just as well go with my consent, because if I didn't give it you would go anyway." On graduation from High School, Father talked to me about my future. He told me I was now on my own financially to do whatever I could, but that his moral and spiritual support was with me. If I worked for him he would pay a wage accordingly, or I could ~~go~~ work anywhere I wished. During that summer of 1935 I jobbed around locally until Aug. 2, and left for Moscow with \$12 in my pocket, \$40 credit for work done for Dad, and my parents' blessing. I received the \$40 during the direst need of my second semester, and Father and Mother truly gave liberally of moral and spiritual support to assist me. Christmas of 1935 found Glenn and me at Moscow in a very poor financial condition, but with a strong desire to go home for the holidays. We decided to ride ~~on~~^{home} on the outside of the "Student Special" train, and I wrote to Mother of our plan. The afternoon the train was to leave I received a letter from Father with \$5 enclosed begging us not to ride the train but to use the money in securing a ride home with someone. He even offered to scrape up the balance of the money

after we got home. I stuffed the letter into my pocket, secreted the \$5 in the hidden recesses of my pocketbook, and we caught the train. After some rather exciting experiences we rode the train into Boise and there were tossed into the hoosegow. Before placing us in the jail, the Chief of Police questioned us and then searched us, taking everything from our pockets including the letter and billfold. A few hours later, after a shower and a good meal, we were released. I later discovered that the Chief of Police was an LDS Bishop named Harris, and a friend of Father.

I was selling Real Silk products in Coeur D'Alene in June 1937 when Father's birthday came. I wrote Father a letter of appreciation for my wonderful heritage, for all the blessings he and Mother had brought into the 21 years of my life. On my birthday, a couple of weeks later, I received a letter from him expressing the thought that his prayers in my behalf had been answered, and that he was well pleased with me. Mother told me later that when Father received my letter he wept, and ~~he~~ expressed himself as having been more concerned over me than I ever realized, and that my letter brought to him the fulfillment of his desires for me.

When Glenn & I received the telegram of Father's illness we hurried home, and the next day went to visit him at the hospital. Several of the family were there when the Dr. came and gave him a hypo, and asked us to leave as they were taking him to surgery to try to remove the poisoned blood from his arm. The family all left and the Dr. walked out, but I stayed by the head of his bed, reluctant to leave. The hypo had worked and he seemed to be in a daze. Suddenly he ~~opened~~ his eyes, looked up at me, and reaching for my hand ^{hand} with his good ~~and~~, he said, "You have been a good son. Take care of your Mother." The Dr. came in and took him away. I went home to care for the farm, and I never saw Father alive again.

Father was a man of God. He loved the Lord and loved his fellow men. He was proud and dignified. He loved Mother with a celestial love that can only reach its heights in a family sealed for eternity. It is my testimony that if I can pass on to my children the heritage equal to that given by my parents, then I shall surely receive an exaltation. May God Bless the memory of my wonderful Father and Mother and may we ever heed their teachings.

AGNES

I am Agnes, the fifth daughter and tenth child of John Lowe Butler and Bertha M. Thurber. My parents were married Nov. 15, 1899, in the Manti Temple, and this is their 50th Wedding Anniversary. For this occasion, we, their nine living children, have been asked to write of our memories of our family life, especially our parents.

Though neither parent lived to see the day of their golden anniversary, I feel in all confidence that they were together, happily reunited after twelve years separation. Mother passed away Oct. 16, 1949, at the age of 72, and Father passed away July 1, 1937, at the age of 63. I have missed them intensely, and often long to speak with them again. However, I have full faith we will once again mingle together as a family.

It is easy to remember Father at a certain time, as I resolved at that time to always remember him thus. I was ten or eleven years old, and we were at either Sunday School or Sacrament Meeting in the little church at Hollister. Daddy was explaining the song we were to sing, "Oh, It is Wonderful". He stood there, tall and straight, slender, black hair and mustache, brown suit, with the shirt Mother had made him because he couldn't buy a shirt his size with long enough sleeves. "I stand all amazed at the love Jesus offers me - Oh, it is wonderful that he should care for me -", and I thought, I have a wonderful Father. I want to remember him thus, as he is an excellent teacher and makes the Gospel so easy to understand.

Then there was the time, still at Hollister, for the farm at Hollister was my childhood home, and I have few other than pleasant memories of the place, when the whole family went to the mountains at Shoshone Basin for a week. It was with such anticipation we planned the vacation, and then, when I found Daddy was to stay home to irrigate and do chores, I thought I would rather stay home and keep him company. Of course, he didn't let me stay, but I think the joy of the occasion would have been more complete if he could have been along. Of this same trip, I remember Mother combing her long, long brown hair. She was standing in front of the tent before a mirror hung on

a nail in the trunk of a big pine tree. I've often wondered since if she got any rest during that week, as Jack and I spent most of our time in the creek and the sand along it's banks. Ross, Etta, Glenn, Don and Gladys did a lot of hiking and as I remember it, weren't at camp much except to eat and sleep. I don't believe Edith was there, and I know Grant wasn't, as they were married and away from home.

And what are my outstanding memories of Mother? There are none, I believe, as Mother was always the sweet, patient, unpretentious person whom we could count on for understanding and kindness. There was the time she made a pretty costume for me to wear in a school play. There were the frequent times I was ill, and Mother caring for me. Then the time came when Mother came home one June morning after taking Daddy to the hospital to say she didn't think he would ever be coming home again, and he didn't. Then the winter before I was married I spent in Logan with Mother, going to the Temple together, doing Genealogical work together, and then in the last months of her illness, to be with her occasionally, to help care for her, and in some small measure show her the love I held for her.

What happened to Daddy's big fur coat? Probably it is completely worn out with the treatment it got from being everything from bear to buffalo when we played with it. It kept Daddy warm many times when he had to be out in the extreme winter weather. Brother Roy Wood credited it with saving his life one time. And still of Father and the winter time - he spent a lot of time with the older children playing chess, and always whistling that tuneless tune. Wasn't I adept at chess? Must not have been because during those winters at Eden, he and I played rummy. Oh yes, and Daddy's anecdotes of his younger days. There were some mighty interesting ones of his sheep herding days, taking care of their big herd of horses, discovering a gold mine, working it and other mines, going broke, going on a mission, getting married, building roads, canals, railroads, reservoirs, his first car, and how he shouted whoa but it wouldn't stop, so he drove in a circle through

the sagebrush back to where he had been and managed to stop it that time. When he was Bishop - when he was County Commissioner, and went to Boise to attend a convention and was right glad his wife wasn't with him when part of the entertainment was a strip tease act. And the way he enjoyed his children and grandchildren. I've often felt badly that he hasn't known my husband and children. However, Mother has known and loved them, and I guess that I was lucky to have one parent live to see me well on the road of life.

I meet so many people who have known my parents, even back to their childhood and youth. They have nothing but the deepest love and kindest regards for them, and tell me what a wonderful parentage I have. I am sure that I have, and sincerely hope I can pass on to my children the traits and characteristics which made their grandparents the wonderful people they were.

JACK

Whenever I think about Dad there seems to be a multitude of thoughts go through my mind. I remember him as that tall, dark, well-built man whom I was proud to call "Dad" when he went to school programs in which I was participating. I remember him as the good farmer who always seemed to know what to do when some problem was raised about farming, tending animals or fixing machinery. I remember him as the church worker who was always depended upon to carry a heavy load of the work. I remember him as the sacrificing father who claimed that he'd give the shirt off his back to help his children advance in the world. I remember him as the devoted father who taught his children honesty, dependability and the value of doing good work - and along with this he built our confidence and self assurance so that we could stand alone on our principles. I remember him as the good neighbor about whom everyone could say complimentary things and usually did.

I remember, too, the time I decided that Dad was a bit old fashioned in his thinking, so I decided to educate him by presenting "facts" directly

from Readers' Digest. I felt rather squelched when it became apparent to me that he knew much more about the subject than I did. It seems that was about the time that Dad and I were getting well acquainted, and was unfortunately, too short a time before he died. So, I can't think of Dad as a counsellor and advisor to me - as I was still at the age where I was just growing up - except on one occasion and my memory of Dad as a counsellor and advisor upon this occasion will always stick in my memory. It was on the night that he went to the hospital. He was agonized with pain and was feverish to the point of intermittent delirium as he awoke me some time after I had gone to sleep. In the Buick, I drove him to the Doctor at Hazelton. He ordered Dad to the hospital in Twin Falls. As we left the Doctors we stopped at Bishop Littles' Home in Eden, and there, while Mother was rousing the Bishop, Dad and I talked. He told me that he held high aspirations for me but that he felt I must ^{go} on without his help. He admitted that his goal in life had been practically achieved in seeing me get nearly through high school. He implored me to get all of the education I could and between sighs of pain he remarked over and over about the great riches that could be mine if I worked hard and got all of the education I could. Through my own tears I gave my dying father a promise. That was 12 years ago. Since then I have had one year of high school, 5 years college, 4 years of medical school, 1 year interne training, 2 years psychiatric residency training, and am now planning on two years of school at Cornell. How effective was Dad as a counselor? How well kept was a promise he got from John L. Jr.?

POEMS

By Bertha M. Butler

MY TESTIMONY

I know that my Redeemer lives,
I know He hears my voice;
For when I seek in faith and prayer,
It makes my soul rejoice.

I know He watches over me
And guides me with His love.
I know that if I keep His law,
I'll dwell with Him above.

I know, through prophets old and new,
His gospel plan He gave.
I know that thru His life and death,
There's hope beyond the grave.

I know my life was His to give;
Through parents good and true,
I came to earth to live my life
and His great work to do.

He came to me in my great need;
I dreamed I saw His face.
I know His will is for all men
to seek His love and grace.

All praise and honor be to Him
And thanks for all He gives;
I'll worship ever at His throne--
I surely know He lives.

Spokane - Sept. 18, 1947

LINES WRITTEN FOR OUR TEMPLE

I here can see the Temple, with towers rising high.
It's spires majestic pointing unto the clear blue sky.
A house where saints may gather and richest blessings gain,
With Jesus Our Redeemer a dwelling to obtain.

I know that He has blessed me, with blessings rich and rare,
With life, with health and raiment and His protecting care.
But most of all He's blessed me with His redeeming grace,
That I may have salvation and see Him face to face.

I love this Holy Temple and the work that's done therein
To free ourselves from bondage, and cleanse our hearts from sin.
To be a worthy worker is a prize beyond compare.
Its a privilege and a blessing that faithful Saints can share.

We first must do our own work, salvation to secure,
And then our kindred dead are found, through reasearch with its lure.
And we for them, as proxies, can give salvations gift
Of baptism, endowments, sealings, to gain eternal life.

I am thankful for the Temples, for my home in this goodly land,
For the Gospel and the Priesthood and the work that God has planned.
May his work go on forever till we with him reside,
And He shall reign as King of Kings, and His name be glorified.

Logan, Utah - Aug. 24, 1941

FATHER'S SWEATER JACKET

How dear to my heart is this old knitted sweater,
I fold it around me for comfort and cheer.
It belonged to our father, who wore it so grandly
And now he is gone we will hold it most dear.

Fond memories we have of him as he wore it,
And of't he would tell of the comfort it gave.
Many years of such service had worn it to tatters
But I have repaired it. It helps me be brave.

As I put it around me, I think of our dear one,
Our much honored father we all loved so well.
His life and his teachings should ever be with us,
And memory of stories he delighted to tell.

For years his ill health was a handicap to him,
But he struggled and labored our needs to provide.
He had much to live for, he loved home and family
And I am so thankful that I was his bride.

Our long years together were happy, though trying,
Our reverses were often a struggle to bear.
But our Gospel gave courage and strength for the future,
And through living it rightly, great blessings we'll share.

Many times I have carried his warm jacket to him,
When out in the field, the cold winds he would face,
And often when into the home he would enter
He would clasp me close to him in loves fond embrace.

He was a true lover if ever there was one.
Much kindness and love and affection he showed.
He was faithful in teaching the Gospel to others,
And bravely, with courage, he carried his load.

The last time I carried a jacket out to him
I found he was injured, a cut on the hand.
The poison of death soon entered his blood stream,
'twas more than his dear, tired body could stand.

In less than two weeks from the time he was injured,
He passed from this life to his home up above,
Leaving his family and all those who loved him
The strength of his character and his undying love.

A wonderful heritage he left for his family,
His faith and his courage, his honor, his name.
May we, who are his, ever love and revere him,
And share all the blessings we rightly can claim.

Shelley, Idaho, 1939

By Bertha

MOTHER'S DAY TODAY

This Mother's Day I'm far away
From all My dear, loved ones.
But love comes free from you to me,
My daughters and my sons.

How blest am I, as time goes by,
To know our love's increasing.
As alone I sit I'll write a bit,
and tell of my love unceasing.

I'm proud to be your mother, see--
And sure the world will grant it,
That Mother's Day is every day
To all of us who make it.

My work is here so none must fear
That I'm lonely, sad and grieving,
There's no such things in a heart that sings
with praise for all we're receiving.

Our Country called in a time of need
this war-torn world to recover.
May peace soon come to every one
With Nations united forever.

How thankful we so blessed to be,
So far, no home is rended.
We'll work and strive our part to do
Until this conflict's ended.

It's in God's plan that every man
To Him will homage give,
For He'll be King of His great Realm
And bless all those who live.

This Mother's Day my heart is gay
When I think of my dear family.
Your lives I've given, as gifts from heav'n
Now you add to this family tree.

Your children dear are my children too;
I love and bless them here.
A grandmother true I hope to be
Giving strength and comfort and cheer.

My thanks to you who are so true,
And gratitude I give
For gifts, for words of love and praise
To bless me while I live.

Your Father dear last night came near;
He's proud I'm sure of knowing
His children here are proving true
And in faith and works are growing.

Hill Field, May 13, 1945

CHRISTMAS - 1943

Be brave, dear hearts, we're in a war torn world,
But our glorious flag of freedom's still unfurled.
This is God's work, His purposes he'll fulfil,
This is a land of promise for all who do His will.
Our Gospel plan has given us the way,
A prophets voice will guide us day by day.
I am not afraid! God's blessings I do know.
My love, my strength, my blessing on you I now bestow.
Have courage then, put faith and trust in Him,
Our Saviour, Lord - The "Babe of Bethlehem."

WAYNE

Wayne, our darling, God has called you
And released you from earth's chain.
You have filled your mission nobly
Now, eternal life you'll gain,
Ever free from wracking pain.

Every one has loved you dearly,
Ready hands have guided your
Very bright the mind God gave you
In the things that you could do.
Now we rejoice and sing with you.

"Let the little ones come unto me
And forbid them not," the Saviour said.
Redeemed by Him, our loved one rests
Securely by His hand we're led.
Eternal victory is his crown -
Now Wayne will guide our feet back home.

Dee Hospital, Ogden, Utah, Mar. 2, 1943

THE ALPHABET

| | |
|---|---|
| A is an Angel descending from Heav'n, | N is our Nation, with harmony filled. |
| B is the Book, which to us he has giv'n, | O is for Order, the great law of Heav'n |
| C is our Church, L.D.S. you will find, | P is the Prophets to us have been giv'n |
| D is our Duty to God and mankind. | Q is the Quorums of Priesthood you know |
| E is an Ensign we raise up above, | R is the Ruler of all here below. |
| F is for Freedom, a word we all love. | S is for Satan who seeks to destroy, |
| G is the Glory we wish to obtain, | T is the Temple of Peace and of joy. |
| H is our Honor we all should maintain. | U is the Unity in which we all live, |
| I is the Idleness that lurks about so, | V is our Virtue too priceless to give. |
| J is the Justice we'll all meet you know. | W is the Wisdom we use against strife, |
| K is the Kingdom of God up above, | X is the Crosses we meet in our life. |
| L is for Liberty, for Lust and for Love. | Y is the Youths which our hearts al- |
| M is the Monument we all wish to build, | ways cheer, |
| | Z is our Zeal, we all work without fear |

Richfield, Utah, Jan. 1896

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER BUTLER

By - Mabel Watson

She was gentle, loving and kind,
With a countenance calm and serene.
She was patient, cheerful and fine,
With an intellect, witty and keen.

Oh, her home was a haven of peace
For many souls heart sick and depressed.
With an arm ne'er too weary or weak,
She gathered them all to her breast.

She tucked each one under her wing,
And her sweet spirit to them would impart,
She gave faith and courage to help them along,
Inspired each one to make a fresh start.

A true wife and a help mate divine,
Real valor and courage she portrayed
When the road became rocky and hard,
Ne'er a sign to show she was dismayed.

God gave to her ^{even} nine precious souls,
She inspired them on, one and all.
Though her loss will be felt by each one,
They were glad when to her came the call.

Glad when the shadowy purple of night
Lighted only by the sun's last golden rays,
Closed her long-weary eyelids in sleep
And removed toil and pain from her days.

Dear little Mother, with silvery gray hair,
She has passed beyond the great divide.
No more suffering, no heart ache nor pain,
But in love and peace she will abide.

She has finished and won life's long race,
She has gone to receive her reward.
She will ever and ever continue on
In service to her Master and Lord.

Shelley, Ida., Oct. 19, 1949

Shelley, Idaho
October 14, 1949

My Beloved Family:

The Lord says, "After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it
is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and
forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead
us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for
Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, for
ever and ever.

Amen"

My prayer is:

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.
I humbly come to Thee at this time with thanksgiving
and gratitude in my heart for all the blessings I have
received thru Thy mercies to me. I do thank thee for my
life; for my parentage; for my husband and family. And
for all that Thou has blessed me with. I thank Thee
especially for the Gospel of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, that
hath been restored to the Earth in these last days thru
Thy Prophet, Joseph Smith. And that I have a knowledge
of Thee and Thy Great Plan of Life and Salvation. Thank
Thee for Prophets and Apostles, wise and inspired leaders
who are directing Thy work. I pray Thy blessings upon
them that they may have wisdom and understanding to guide
and direct Thy people aright, that the honest in heart
may know the truth and live according to Thy Great Plan;
that All Things may be accomplished according to Thy will.
I thank Thee for the great privilege I have had of becoming
a Mother in Israel, and for the children I have been permitted
to bring to Earth. Oh, Father In Heaven I do pray Thee to bless
them each and every one. May their hearts be turned to Thee
continually, and may they receive the blessings they need at
all times. Keep them from harm and evil and give them a desire
to seek for Thy blessings in all they do. May they live lives
of uprightness and honor and fill their missions in righteous-
ness and honor; and fill their missions in righteousness unto
Thee. Give the Honor, Glory and Praise Forever in the Name of
Thy Son, Jesus Christ.

Amen

Oh, my family you have been so wonderful! I do appreciate the good-
ness. I hope you will cherish your heritage and all the blessings
you have received. I am very proud of each and every one. I do
hope the Lord's Blessings will be with you, that you may be able to
endure all things. I do love you so dearly. I do appreciate your
love, affection and devotion to me,

Your loving Mother

A Tribute to our Mother - By Nancy Nebeker Johnson

I have known and loved Bertha for many years. While living neighbors in Richfield, we had very close association together. She and my sister LeWore (nicknamed Nona) were near the same age - so I always claimed Bertha as my sister also. I was their senior about six years, but we had good times together anyway - and of course some sad experiences.

When Nona died I was so thankful and comforted to have Bertha still living, and her letters were always so comforting and consoling in my hours of grief. After she moved to Salt Lake City, I enjoyed being with her so much, and going to the Temple with her. Needless to say what a wonderful and noble woman she was. She was loved and respected by all who knew her as also was her husband. They were an inspiration for good wherever they were.

Bertha had a very keen sense of humor, and in her quiet way often surprised and fooled us with her jokes and little tricks. I remember once she said to Nona and me in her quiet serious way, "I had a funny dream last night." "What was it?" I asked. She said, "I dreamed Erin, Nona and I were out boating, and the boat capsized and Erin turned into a cat fish, I turned into a trout" - and as she hesitated, Nona asked, "Well what did I turn into?" "A sucker," Bertha replied. Nona looked perfectly silly to be taken in so easily, and how we all did laugh, as we did at all Bertha's jokes and tricks - they were all so original.

Bertha was always faithful and trustworthy, and I love to recall and remember all the good times we had together. Her mother and my mother were good friends and were church workers together.

TO BERTHA

Bertha's earthly mission being completed

God called her home.

She earned her promotion

To dwell in Heaven with the chosen ones.

With courage undaunted,

She braved the storms of life,

And with faith and determination,

Conquered turmoil and strife.

I miss, yes sadly miss her,

But am thankful for memories so dear

Of her love and dear companionship

I shared with her while here.

She has left with me sweet memories

I shall cherish until life ends,

Of a noble faithful woman,

Loving sister and friend.

Sincerely, Nancy

Nancy Rebeber Johnson