

John Lowe Butler 1874 - "I remember Father" by his seventh child, Glen L. Butler.

I am pleased that father's life story is being put together. Thank you each for your part in this effort.

I was born near Manard, Idaho, on May 6, 1912. I am a little hazy about that event but began to remember things that occurred on Caras prairie in 1910, and perhaps some the prior year. It must have been the Christmas season of 1915 that I have my first vivid recollection of Father. Was crying for some reason, dad came into the house all excited and said that Santa Claus (sp) had come by to check on all of the good children, and I was making such a noise that he took off in a hurry. I quit crying and rushed out to get a look at him driving his rein deer. I was really quite conscience stricken to have Santa catch me in such a bad moment.

We went somewhere, probably to Fairfield, some 6 or 7 miles distant to pick up our first automobile. I was the only child and was sitting between mother and dad in the front seat and there were two or three women in the rear seat, as I can best remember. There were no fences and no borrow pits. The roads were not gravelled but just dirt and it was really dusty. We were heading for home. Dad had apparently been checked out in driving. Something was said about the things under the dash, apparently a set of coils, and dad obligingly leaned over to explain its function. We were not going over 20 miles per hour, but he turned off the road to the right as he was explaining something. All at once he realized that he was heading out through pasture land, bumps and all. He jerked on the steering wheel and hollered "Whoa! Whoa!" to no avail. He made a big loop through the hinterland and got back on the road home, and remembered by the time we got there how to stop an automobile.

We moved to an acreage north of Acequia in about 1917. The place lay up against a small highline canal. All of the terrain above the canal was sagebrush and stretched, insofar as I was concerned, interminably north. We, Donald and I, learned to swim here. We had a pregnant heifer that was allowed to run with the other cattle on spring grass in the brushland north of the canal. They would range quite far, but since there was no other source of water, they always returned home. One day the heifer came in for a drink of water and dad observed that she had had her calf. He was an experienced stockman and knew exactly what to do. He saddled up the riding horse, took a gunny sack in hand and me along behind the saddle. He would follow the cow, but stay a hill behind her, so that, tho she was wary, she kept heading to the area where, true to native instinct, she had secreted her calf, while on the 5 or 6 mile trip for water.

She, the cow, finally began casually circling an area. Dad watched the side of the circle and rode right to the center of it then cupping his hands in a certain way he made a mooing sound much like a cow, then listened, and sure enough from a nearby clump of brush came a calfy response, and in no time we located the little form stashed under a clump of brush. We let the mother know we had him in the sack then headed back for home with her following close at heel.

Donald and I, on a particular Sunday, went out to visit Ray and Frank Butler, Uncle Horace's sons, who were near our age, and we spent quite a lot of time together, with their white old Tot pulling a two-wheeled cart that could carry the four of us. Late in the pm Uncle Horace came in and asked in a general way if we had seen the Bishop's boys. Our Bishop was named Anderson, and No, we had not seen his boys, because he did have some sons. Amid laughter, Uncle Horace told us that our dad, John L. Butler, had just been ordained Bishop of the Acequia Ward. We moved into town, which consisted of a couple of stores, a pool hall, schools, two churches and a few homes. Times were bad and there seemed to be a rash of burning buildings, which were insured for more than they were worth. It ended up with dad's Acequia Cash Store being the only business building in town except the lumber yard and cheese factory. At one time he was not only the Bishop, but in addition to being a husband and father

- 2 -

of nine living children, he was chairman of the school board, Postmaster, a County Commissioner, by appointment. He was a good hearted man with limited education and allowed himself to extend credit to the point that in 1922, a time of mild depression, he went clear broke. While in Acequia, dad had his hands full of many things, and his children were left to do much as they pleased. I stole candy and stuff out of his store, including cigarettes. Several of us would get into a nearby garage and light up and get real sick and have a great time. He suspected what was going on and sent a 16-year old boy to catch us. He did, we got spanked, but hard, and I was restricted to the yard for several weeks until school started. I have not smoked since I was 8 years of age.

There was a main line canal running through town. It seemed to me that it was 100 feet wide. Donald and I and friends our age in the summer swam daily in it and we could swim across and back with little effort. One day Dad said, "Let's get into some proper clothes and all go swimming in the canal. He was an excellent swimmer. So, when we arrived at the canal edge, Donald and I went right in and swam across the canal, and Dad just stood therewith his mouth open in amazement for he did not even know we could swim. We worked thinning beets and other chores. We were told to get home in a hurry because we were going clear to Rupert, about 8 or 9 miles, and go to a theatre and see Uncle Tom's Cabin acted out on the stage. I well remember that trip with Dad and Mother, and the family.

We Moved to a 10 acre place just north of Twin Falls in 1922. I was 9 and in the Spring time of the 4th grade. Apparently we were in an economic bind. Dad went to SLC and came back a sales person for Excelcis Products. The whole family down to me were involved. We were poor house to house sales men. We moved to Adams Street in Twin Falls. Paid rent of \$15 per month, and had a hard time raising that. Dad leased 80 acres at Filer and we tried our hand at raising beans. The older children down to Donald were married, and Donald was ill. We leased the Beatty Ranch just out of Hollister in the late summer of 1926. I was a Freshman in High School. Dad worked hard. Water was rationed and a living was hard to scrounge. We boys worked Summertime for E.J. Hunt and Sons on their big farm near Buhl. I turned over a new leaf at 14 and from that point tried to be a helpful person, Dad was ill much of the time, as was Donald. I was involved in sports, Donald liked music. We neither got to go to school over about 6 or 7 months a year as we worked late Fall and early Spring. Dad was a good example of a workman. Tho he was not well, I WAS .16 or 17 before I could keep up with him. He always quietly reasnced with young men we were around about clean living and morals. I really loved and admired that man. His difficulty with making money was a constant thorn in his side. He had been a good provider and was a very successful person until his set-to with tumor of bladder about the year I was born. He developed a hernia and wore a truss for many years. It did not fit well, and he had bad teeth and great worries. Mother was always a great comfort to him. Donald left home when I was 16. Dad wept bitter tears of blame and could not be comforted. Ross was a steady young man and reliable. He argued like mad with dad, but they really had a lot of respect each for the other.

Dad did not go to many of the athletic contests in which I engaged. Our team was in the district finals at Hazleton. Dad want. I don't even remember who won. I do remember of doing personally OK. The next morning the only thing dad said about me being selected to the all tournament team, was "A couple of fellows standing near me were discussing the players, one said' that feller Butler is the best player ever to hit this floor' and just then you hit the floor". That was as near a compliment as he ever gave me.

I got a football scholarship to College of Idaho at Caldwell. Dads parting counsel was. "Son, stop by your Aunt Caroline Thurber's home in Boise and roll on her lawn and get some grass seeds mixed with the hay seeds."

I was not home much after leaving at 19, graduating a year late because of staying out to work. I was always welcome and letters from home sustained me through some difficult times. I knew that the folks dispaired of me during my early years, but I yearned for their love and respect, and know that the last years of Dad's life, he did approve of me. For this I am thankful, for his opinion meant much. In the eternities he will loom larger than in life. He had shortcomings - but his long comings far outreached these. He had a noble spirit. Life was not kind to him, but he has left a noble heritage of children, grand children and on through to the end of time we will have occasion to honor him, which I do most humbly. I Love you, Dad!, Son Glenn .