

8/24/93 Received from Grant for the history.

FATHER, JOHN LOWE BUTLER 5 June 1874

My earliest recollection of my parents is the death of my youngest sister, Anna. I remember the small casket sitting on the dresser and the folks crying. The next I recall is of Dad moving a house and shop onto the homestead on Camas prairie. He had purchased these buildings and moved them from the old Ciphers Ranch that was to be covered with water when the Twin Lakes reservoir or "MORMON" dam was built. I remember helping to fill some kegs with water from a big spring near where the home ~~was~~ ^{was} on this old ranch.

Remember? Mom taught us to call Dad, "FATHER" which I always did until I was grown. Mom thought this showed more respect for him. Bless her heart.

Dad took me to visit the big dam as it was being built. I recall the teams with scrapers pulling the dirt up on top of a bridge like thing and dumping it into a dump wagon below, then the dump wagon would pull, by horse power of course, on top of the dam and dump it's load. The canals were all dug by hand and horse power. Man has invented a lot of labor saving machinery in the last seventy years.

Dad took an active part in helping develop that new country, and worked hard to acquire livestock and things necessary to have a profitable farm, ~~some~~ ^{some}.

I guess Dad gave special attention to me as I was the only son until Donald came along when I was about 8 yrs old.

I remember when I was about 5 yrs, old Uncle K.T. and ^{Dad} took me with them to Gooding, with old Babe and Button, a beautiful team of sorrell geldings, in a one seated buggy. We went down through the City of Rocks road, and they told me about the little people who lived there, They could see them quite often but I never did.

We had a room in the hotel a ways south of the R.R. station, on the top floor. Down the hall from our room was a small room with something I had never seen before, a water closet, Dad explained what it was for and I made several trips to flush it and see how it worked.

Dad and Uncle K.T. had some business to see to but the main attraction was a real live circus. We awakened in time the next morning to have some breakfast at an eating place, which was exciting to me, Then there was a big Circus parade down the main street. I remember beautiful horse drawn wagons with wild animals followed by Elephants and clowns. Then when Dad took me to the big circus tent where the show was given and he explained about the animals and the things that we saw, I was so thrilled I can still remember many of the things.

Three or four years after the trip to Gooding the folks took us to S.L.C. at conference time. we caught the train at Gooding and stayed at Aunt Sadie Richards home. We attended meetings in the big tabernacle and I remember seeing the prophet Joseph F. Smith with his long beard. I have seen all of the presidents of the church since. We also attended a beautiful theater, I don't remember which one.

I remember the day I was eight years old, Dad took me down to the river near the main bridge south of Ma nard and away north and east of our home and baptized me 7 Sept. 1880 1910

baptized.

PS. Sorry my old typewriter quit spacing. I'll do some work on it.

Dad was in the bishopric of the Manard ward, 1st. counsler I think, and very active in church and civic affairs.

One summer when Don was two or three years old, our family joined a few other families for an outing to Magic Dam where we camped, fished and visited for a few days. It was there where Dad had his accident. He was sitting on the spring seat of his wagon, diving to a different location when the front wheel hit a rock which caused the wagon to swerve and throw him out onto the ground, he held onto the lines so the team did not run away but he was holding his shotgun and when he fell it hit him in the groin or belly and evidently bruised his bladder, which gave him trouble the rest of his life. He financially went to the Mayo brothers in Rochester Minn. for surgery, which extended his life many years but he was never his vibrant old self.

When Dad went for surgery I was about twelve and able to take care of the dairy part of the farm along with uncle K.T. and Lee's help. I remember during that time I went out by a hay stack out in the field where the horses were feeding prepared to catch old Lucy to ride for the mail, she wouldn't let me catch her but I caught a brown 3 yr. old I had broken to ride quite well but had never used a curved bit bridle on. I put the bridle on him and pulled him up by the fence and mounted him but the bit bothered him so bad he went around in circles and then reared over on top of me and broke my arm. I made it to the house and uncle K.T. took me to Dr. Higgs in Soldier and had it set. He put a thin board on each side of my arm above my wrist and wrapped bandage around to hold it. My arm is still crooked but has served me well. At least I got out of milking cows for a while.

None of the family went with Dad to Minn. He had a lonesome hard time and the cost was quite large for those times.

As we were growing up I remember some of the stories Dad told in our family gatherings. We enjoyed the ones about his early life. There was one about when he had taken supplies out to the sheep camp and the herder had him stay a few days and watch the sheep while he went to visit his family. He had taken a few crusts of bread for his lunch and was watching the sheep and decided to go to a near by creek and rest and have his lunch. The creek was in a wooded area and he stopped where a trail crossed the creek and sat down near the creek to soak the bread crusts before eating them. He was very lonesome and homesick and was shedding a few tears when he heard a noise above him on the trail and he looked up and here came a large beautiful buck deer on the trail toward him, when the deer saw him it turned and ran off through the timber. He was so excited about the deer he forgot about being homesick for a while.

In 1917 I had graduated from the eighth grade in Manard and there wasn't a high school near so to have better schools and church they decided to move to the Snake River Valley. Uncle Erin Thurber had moved to a place near Filer, the folks went down for a visit and then on up the valley looking for a new location. They found a Mr. Packham on an 80 a. farm near Acequia who was willing to trade his farm for our 220 on Camas p. including a bunch of dairy cows. We had several good horses and over 100 head of cattle, I believe Dad sold them.

Dad enjoyed raising good horses and one time bought an expensive stallion which was driven up from Gooding and was driven too hard and became overheated and caught cold. He was sick for a few weeks and died. I think we only got two or three colts from him. Dad sure felt bad about losing this fine stallion. Old Passy.

We had 60 a. of desert claim land two miles east of our homestead, across the road south of where uncle Horace lived. There were no buildings on it, so dad moved the horses and machinery there and would turn the horses in the pasture at night. One night he was late coming home and I had the chors done, and it was about dark when he arrived on his saddle horse. He said he quit work at the usual time, put the work horses in the pasture then started for home on the saddle horse, and after going a ways he felt that something was wrong so he stopped and prayed about it, then he remembered that he had forgotten to unharness the work horses, so he went back and took care of them.

Dad was a spiritual minded person and I remember many good sermons he gave and the teachings he gave us kids. Mom was a big help too, we always had family prayer and mom taught us to say our own prayers.

I remember when us kids would be having such a good time playing and cutting up at meal time and Dad would pound the table with his fist and say "TUT TUT" and we knew we better be Quiet.

I rember the spring of 1917, our last winter on Camas. It was a bad one the snow was so deep. We used the willows along the river in the field of the old Labrum place, then owned by Mr. HIGGINS to feed our cattle, and hauled hay from the stacks in our field, the fences were covered with snow, only the tops of the telephone poles were showing. That spring everyone ran out of hay and we trailed our cattle along with hundreds of others south thru Fir Grove to the canyons north of Gooding where the grass had started to grow.

Our move to Acequia was in Sept. 1917, I turned 15 on the way and was almost fully grown. I went along with Mr. Higgins who drove a four horse wagon and I drove a team. On these two wagons we transferred all of our furniture and personal belongings. The folks came in the model T and arrived a day or two later. They went by way of Filer and did some visiting along the way. I took over the care of the dairy cows and other livestock.

As I recall Dad had sad feelings about the Packham place and couldn't settle down to take care of it. He found a real estate selling job in Ruort and left me to care for the farm. Along with the dairy cows we soon had 100 head of sheep, some hogs and chickens. There were about 60 a. good farm land the rest was above the canal. In the summer we hearded the sheep out on the desert. It was good land and is now farmed with pumped water and sprinkled.

In 1919 Dad traded this good farm and home for a store, home and warehouse in Acequia. About this time he was made Bishop of the ward and elected county commissioner of Minidoka County. We also had the Post Office in one corner of the store and gas pumps out in front and a cream station in the rear of the store. Dad bought cream from the farmers and shipped it to Pocatello and they would send us a commission check each month. Dad let me have $\frac{1}{2}$ of check for my own use.

The Acequia school had two years of high school which I attended, then on to Rupert.

Dad and mom were concerned about us improving our talents and bought a piano while living at the Packham place, and hired Miss Cooley as teacher in the school and a musician to come to our home and give Gladys and Edith lessons on the piano and for me vocal lessons. Then Gladys learned to play some of the songs I learned and we had a good time, even sang in public a few times while she played for me.

Times were rough in 1921, sort of a panic. As I recall most of our customers ran out of money and so did we. We let out too much credit.

In the spring of 1922 Dad traded the equity in Acequia for the 10 a. place in Twin Falls. There was a nice home, barn and a mortgage. I worked around on farms and picked cherries at Crystal Springs, then found a steady job in Pasco in the R.R. repair shops. I had saved enough money to help make the mortgage payment that fall but in June of 1923 I was called on a mission to the Western States. I hesitated but the folks thought they could manage so I went.

When the payment was due in 1923 I was broke and so was dad so they lost their home, but found one they rented and kept the old milk cow. I felt bad and that I should have kept my job. By Aug. 1924 I was broke and had borrowed

What I could from the mission office to live on, which I repaid after I turned home and found work.

I came home from my mission in Aug. 1924 and found Dad had a few acres of beans he was raising on shares. I helped harvest them. then we took a contract to build the right of way fence along the R.R. between Rogerson and Wells Nev.

We finished the fence in the spring of 1925 and Dad, Donald, Glenn and I took off in the old Ford and visited in Boise a short while then found work in the timber north of Emmett. We set up a camp there and Dad and I worked but the boys needed work too so Dad took them down into the valley and picked cherries for a while. I joined them in early July and we decided to head for Montana where uncle K.T. was farming and in the sheep and cattle business. We went up thru McCall and had a swim in the lake there and then went up thru Spokane and Misoula and on east to Great Falls, where we worked in the hay. Dad was a good stacker and was paid more but we all worked.

Donald and I worked on a header crew and thresher then caught the train to Chenook and found uncle Taylors ranch. Dad and Glen came in the car. We all found work on the sugar factory that was being built. We rented an apt. where we could batch. I saved enough to pay back the amount I borrowed from the mission office and had about \$ 300.00 to get married on.

It was about the middle of Sept. and Glenn needed to be in school, so he and I caught the train to Twin so he could go to school and I found my sweet Edith and her parents took us and mom to S.L.C. where we were married in the temple there and Aunt Sadie and her relatives were good to us.

Dad and Don stayed in Mont. and worked until the beet run was over and then drove the Ford home to Twin Falls.

From then on I had very little knowledge of the struggles the folks had. I visited them once in Hollister and they sent us a turkey while we were in S.L. I visited them a couple of times in Eden. I was struggling with a family of my own and with my limited education I couldn't find very profitable employment.

Dad had taught me to always have some kind of work where I could earn an honest living.

My last visit with Dad was in the spring of 1937. I was working for Peck & Dial and driving school busin Shelley. Hiram Dial was trucking and had to make a trip to Twin falls and invited me to ride with him. We stayed with the folks in Eden all night then Hi. spent most of the next day in Twin so I had a good visit with the folks. Dad wasn't well at the time, He had a bad case of sinus infection and would have to cough and spit a lot. Mom Agnes & Jack were home and we had a good visit.

This was the last visit I had with Dad until he was stricken and in the hospital in Twin. I will always remember some of the advice he gave me.

He advised me to stay close to the church and bore his testimony of it's truthfulness and the great blessings in store for us. I felt then that he was so tired of the struggles of this life he was looking forward to Eternity. He felt bad that he hadn't been able to provide better for his large family. His health was so poor the last several years. He was concerned for the welfare of Mom and all of their posterity.

He told about his experience when uncle Erin Thurber was so ill in Boise. This was when we lived in Acequia. He and mom visited in Boise at that time and found uncle Erin very ill. He was hardly able to breathe. Dad went outside for a while and when he came back uncle E. met him at the door and was a wild man for a few minutes. He went to the window and bellowed like a bull, then turned and attacked Dad hitting him in the chest. Dad tried to hold him but couldn't. About this time The Stake President H.Q. Hale came in and uncle collapsed. They laid him on the bed and covered his face with a sheet thinking he had passed away. In a few minutes he pushed the sheet from his face and said "I have come back."

I remember Dad showed me the bruises on his chest when he returned from Boise at that time

Uncle Erin ^U lived quite a normal life for a while and then died a ~~then~~ a normal death. which we all have to do. He had worked in the lead mines and his lungs became impaired from the lead dust.

Dad cautioned me about my finances, He asked me how much I was earning, which was \$ 25 per week at that time and he said " O how I wish I had \$100. per month, I could live well." This was in 1937 and I had already started to pay S.S.in 1936. I am thankful I have S.S. to help in my retirement.

Dad advised me to really put a ~~champion~~ ^{emphasis} on our spending and to save a little. He didn't mention tithing. I had to be taught this principal by my dear wife, she was already converted.

He advised me to stay in one location so I would have a home town and deep roots there. He felt bad that he had moved so much. each move had cost a lot. He advised me to stay out of farming. He said he thought I would fail as a farmer. I decided to stay with mechanical work.

I was called to the Twin Falls hospital and was with him when he left this life. I regreted that I hadn't tried harder to lighten this great man's burdens. He surely did endure to the end.

I'll never forget when I saw him passing away how I wept to think I could not go to him for advise and for spiritual strength. I know that he lives in the spirit world and that he and Mom are happy and busy there. I hope to keep myself worthy to meet them there one of these days.

I am proud of our heritage and the great family we are members of. The only way I know to keep in touch is thru prayer and living the high ideals the Gospel teaches.

Love To All

Grant