

1008 N. San Jose St., Stockton, CA 95203. June 9, 1985. (From Uncle Lee and Aunt Camile, as given to Ross Butler, his nephew, when Ross visited in their home on the above date, while on his way to Loren Smith's funeral in W.Covina.)

Dear family::

LaMar Dixon had just sent the letters on to me, and I had just received them, when I received a phone call from Ross Butler telling me of Loren Smith's passing. Ross agreed to stop by on his way to the services, and have a visit with us, and I told him I would send on the letters with him.

I note that several have suggested that I write the story of my life. I am now in my 89th year of life, and have some difficulty writing, so I have told Ross some of the events of my life, and he will attempt to put them in form for all to read. Meanwhile, I will attempt to write of some of the events in my life, and have them ready for the next round of the letters.

I was born on 21 March 1897, at Richfield, Sevier County, Utah, the tenth and last child of John Lowe Butler II, and Nancy Francetta Smith. At the time of my birth my father had lost his fortune through investment in the Butler-Beck Mine on Deer Creek, and was in poor physical health due to a blow to his head by a drunk while marshalling a church dance some years before, and through kidney failure. My beloved mother had this large family to look after, and much of her strength was in her eldest son, John Lowe KK, the next son being nine years younger with three daughters in between. Shortly after my birth my brother John accepted a mission call, and mother's burden was increased.

My father died of kidney failure at the end of December, 1898, when I was only 22 months old. At the time of his passing I was bundled up at the head of his bed. John was called home early from his mission in 1899, and found no food in our home, and had to borrow \$20. from a friend to place food on the table.

I started to school in Richfield, Utah. However, John, and his sweet wife, Bertha, had gone to Idaho in accord with an agreement he had made with my father before John left on his mission--to get the family back on the land. In 1906 my mother, taking her younger children, moved to Manard, Idaho, on land homesteaded by her, and arranged for by John. I then attended the Manard school, and helped on the farm work until mother's death in 1913. After mother passed away I went to Richfield and lived with Zettie and John Christensen for two years and attended high school.

In 1915 I returned to Camas Praire, and Taylor, Jane and I lived together. Taylor was seven years older than I, and loved the outdoor life, horses, farming, etc., and felt that I should feel the same. However, I did not like horses, nor farming, even though I did enjoy machingay, and I made a decision that I would leave the farm. In 1918 both Jane and Taylor married, and I was left a lone man in a dreary world.

(If I have the sequence of his various jobs of employment in error Please forgive.)

→ *Review*
I went into Northern Idaho and mined for awhile, but did not like the work and so left it. I then went to Pasco, Washington, now referred to as the Tri-City Area, which includes Kennewick and Richfield, Wasington. There I gained employment in the railroad roundhouse, working on engines and boxcars. Soon I was promoted to handle parts and inventory, and make inspections. While here my nephew, Grant Butler, son of John, joined me. Also, Bry Black, a close friend, and the three of us had many enjoyable experiences. Grant received a mission call, and returned to Acequia.

in 1926 I went to Wyoming and worked at an oil refinery. This was the time Charles Lindberg flew the Atlantic, and he was making tours of the U.S. I was on a high tower at the refinery when Lindberg flew over, and he circled the tower and waved to me, while I waved frantically to him.

My nephew, Waldo Thurber, was working for the Boise Wholesale Drygoods Co. in Boise, and informed me that they needed a man, and he felt that I could fill the bill, so I moved to my sister's home, Caroline, in Boise. She had been a widow for a few years, and I felt that I could also be of some help to her. My job for some time was in stocking, shipping and inventory, but soon they gave me a big car to drive and sent me out in the field as a salesman, for they had 25 stores they serviced in Idaho and Oregon. This was a big challenge for me, but I enjoyed it, and succeeded at it very well, and the Davidsons felt very good toward me.

Boise was my home until I was drafted into the Army in 1942, due to World War II. Being older, and with much experience, I soon found my niche in the service and became a supply sergeant, being stationed at Santa Barbara, California.

It was while I was here that Camile and I were married. Camile had been married previously, and had a daughter, Patty, that became like my real daughter, and was our only child. Camile had had a hard life, coming from a broken home, and had been abused in her youth, even kidnapped and taken from her home for a long period of time, and had to face many things that were a trial that many might have taken for granted. Camile and I have had a wonderful life, and have supported and sustained each other through the years.

Patricia Lou

After the war, and being released from the service, I became involved in care of mental patients at the Santa Barbara facilities. I seemed to have a knack at helping these unfortunate persons, and the doctors came to realize this. I was sent to school to learn more on the job, and eventually settled at this work in the Stockton institution. (I should say that in the service before he became supply sergeant that he helped build wings for dive bombers at Santa Barbara, and did so well that he became an inspector.) I worked for the State Mental Hospital for 20 years, and was forced to retire at age 70, some 18 years ago.

We had a lovely two bedroom home in Stockton, but it was too big a yard to care for, so we bought a small, one bedroom home on San Jose street, where we now live.

Some years ago I had health problems and a portion of the large intestine was removed due to cancer. Just call me Short-gut. Due to the health problems I can't get too far away from the bathroom, so it is somewhat restrictive. Recently I had a portion of the jawbone removed, and dear Camile has nursed me back to health.

When I was young I wanted good clothes and to drive a good car, and impress the girls. Once I earned \$15., and was going to buy a suit, but Taylor needed the money, and I did not get the suit. During the years that I was single I often had money, for I was never unemployed, and many of my family borrowed, or I gave them money to help them and their families. It was a \$150. loan to Ross that enabled him to build his first home in 1941, and help him to get to the point he is in life. I loved to dance, and often squired both boys and girls in the church to their dance and other activities.

While working at Pasco I fell in love with a girl from Spokane, and even bought her a ring. However, through the full time missionaries I found out that she was two timing me, and this was a hard pill to swallow.

At the time the banks went under in 1932 I had some money in the bank, and lost it. Too bad it had not gone to help my family.

I had a nickname, Dusty, while working in Pasco at the Roundhouse for railroad.

It has been my fortune to save three people from death. The first was a girl who was in the act of taking poison, for she had found out that she was pregnant. ~~I gave~~ I gave her information on taking beet juice, and this started her menstrual cycle. This girl gave credit to Lee of saving her life, for he had taken the poison from her. The second was when ~~he~~ found a drunk in a snowbank, and was able to get him into shelter, work on him, and revive him. The third was when ~~me~~ and Waldo were together, and a girl fell into deep water, and ~~I~~ got her out, gave her artificial respiration, and revived her.

Although I was too young to know my father I had been told that he had some feeling that the defect in my right eye, where the pupil cuts through the iris, made me imperfect as compared to the older children. Also, I had heard through the grapevine that my mother, when challenged about her big family, had said that I was an accident, and had not been wanted. This affected me, and in later life I asked doctors in the mental hospital about such things, and they verified the fact that such things did occur. Because all my brothers and sisters were happily married, I felt somewhat left out, lonesome, and that I was not really loved and wanted. To compensate for this I would do a lot of joking, and acting, but when I would leave my family the tears would stream down my cheeks, and I felt very lonely.

When I got on my own I did not always attend church, but always believed in it. Many times I accepted calls from the bishops to escort their youth to activities. When Camile and I were married she was baptized into the church. However, at Stockton we did not receive acceptance, and we did not feel at home among the church members. After some snubs we just decided to live our religion at home. We have home teachers, and have given some support to the ward. At this time of life, and for several years, we have not felt physically able to attend.

Our daughter, Patty, was married to Lester, and they have two fine children. ^{P. Novak} Brian is on the police force, a big man, and works the water front. Lesta ^{Timothy} recently married and her husband works with Parcel Express. ^{Stephen} Neither one of them have children, so we have no grandchildren. Lester became the assistant to the Chief of Police for Stockton, but politics took its toll. Now he is in private investigative work, and does considerable traveling. Patty was reared by ~~me~~ ^{ME} as a daughter. ^{husband}

Anthony

In our advanced years we have each other, and have enjoyed life together. We have been able to do lots of dancing, and take short trips, and enjoy our home. Camile has been an outstanding companion. We would have liked for my brothers and sisters to have accepted her more, but now they are gone.

I have a paid up funeral plan, and have asked the mortician to notify Ross Butler in the event of my death. Ross has agreed to come to Stockton, and conduct a service for me. Camile also has a similar plan. We own our home, have finances to see us through life, and have been independent. Not having the privilege of taking Camile through the temple it is my desire that after our death that Ross see that this sealing is cared for, in the temple.

*Jan. 28, 1998
Boise
Temple*

I do love all of my nieces and nephews and their families, and I am proud of their accomplishments. I am proud of my heritage and the name of Butler. May the Lord bless you one and all.