

January 28, 1998. RE: Leland Thomas Butler & Helen Camille Carter. Lee Tom Butler was the youngest of 10 children born to John Lowe Butler II (1844), and Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler, born March 21, 1897, at Richfield, Sevier, Utah.

My father (written by Ross Erin Butler (1916) at Ontario, OR.) John Lowe Butler (1874), was the eldest child in the family, and when his father died Dec. 1898, in Richfield, Utah, John returned from his mission to the Northern States, and took over care of the family. John Lowe III and Bertha Thurber were married Nov. 15, 1899, when Lee Tom was only about 2 or 3 years of age, and although Lee's mother lived until 1913, Lee was much in the home of John and Bertha.

My first memory of Lee or Lee Tom, or Uncle Tom, was 1918 or 1919 at the Packer place in Acequia, when Lee and my eldest brother, Grant were playing with me. Later I remembered that they went off to Pasco, Washington, to work for the railroad. Through the years Lee stayed a batchelor, and in the 1920's lived in Boise with Aunt Caroline Thurber and family. Caroline's husband, Isaac Erin Thurber, had died about 1920, and Lee worked for the Boise Wholesale Drygoods Co. where Waldo Thurber, Caroline's eldest son worked. About 1927 I made a trip to Boise with my brother in law, Mel Whitehead, stayed at the Thurber home, and remembered Lee with his car with a rumble seat.

Through the years the Butler family would have reunions, and whenever Lee attended he always did something to make people laugh. Everybody loved their Uncle Lee!

Shortly after I was graduated from Eden High School Lee came to visit us in Eden. At that time I was ordained to the office of an Elder, and Lee went with me to the MINIDOKA Stake meeting for the occasion. Margie also went with us, and I will always remember Lee's teasing about how Margie would go down to BYU and find a good Mormon boy and get married! That same year, in December, when trying to get home on top of student special train for Christmas, my brother Glenn and I got put in jail in Boise, and when released went to the Boise Wholesale Drygoods where we met Waldo Thurber and Uncle Lee. It was there where Lee went to the chief of police for an explanation as to why he arrested his nephew, and found out that the chief, a Bishop Harris, was a friend of my father, and had treated us so very well!

After graduation from U. of Idaho in June 1939, I accepted a job in July with the Idaho Power Co. at Boise, and Margie and I moved to Boise. This put us in close touch with Uncle Lee. When our first child, Rusty, was born, Nov. 9, 1939, Uncle Lee insisted that it was his privilege to bring the new mother and baby home. Lee had a car, and we did not have a car. Lee not only brought Margie and Rusty home, but presented them with a case of Kotex-- he said that even though he was a batchelor he knew what new mothers needed!

In 1940 I was transferred by Idaho Power to Vale, Oregon, as chief clerk. My boss was Bill Fisk, and Bill wanted to build a home in Vale, and encouraged me to look into us building a home. My neighbor, Bernie, had a father in law who managed Boise Payette Lumber Co., a Mr. Heinrichs, and he would come on the warm July evenings, sit in Bernie's backyard, and encourage him to build a home. I would sit in and listen. Heinie said he would work out a deal so it would cost Bernie only some sweat equity to own a home. Bernie seemed fearful of Heinie, and soon moved to California. One day while reading meters at Boise Payette Lumber I visited with Heinie, and told him I wished he was my father in law, and would help me build a home. Heinie thought about that for a moment, and then said, "Shucks, I would do the same for you!" Soon he was at my home going over plans.

It became apparent that I had to own a lot, and have a little capital along with my sweat equity. Margie and I were paying on school debts, did not even own a car, and pretty much living from paycheck to paycheck. What I needed was \$150., and the only possible source I could think of was my batchelor Uncle Lee, so I wrote him a letter offering to repay him at \$15. per month if he would loan the \$150.. By return mail came the check. I spent \$65. buying the lot on NW corner of Bryant and "D" ST. in Vale, and the balance for electric supplies, and soon we were in a lovely two bedroom, half basement, home, which had cost \$3,000. to build. Heine saw me through it all, and discounted materials to enable me to pay my closing costs. It was Uncle Lee that made the home possible.

As I was given my mother's old letters I found one from Uncle Lee to my mother following my father's death July 1, 1937, in which he had enclosed \$300 to my mother as a loan. I presume it was repaid, for I did not find the letter until after Uncle Lee's death. I know he was always generous.

Being single Uncle Lee was ripe for the draft when World War II began, and was soon in the service, living in California. He had known Helen Camille Carter Phelps, and her young daughter, Patty, in Boise, and had fallen in love with her. Lee wrote to Camille, and had her and Patty come to California where they were married March 21, 1943 (Lee's birthday). They then made their home in the Stockton, California, area the remainder of their lives. Aunt Camille and Patty joined the Church, but the Church was not strong in that area in those days, and they did not have a close ward to attend. Patty married Lester Novaresi, who was Catholic, and then she joined his church. Lee and Camille moved to a new home to be nearer a Church, but the Church sold the property and moved to a new building some distance away, making it difficult for them to attend meetings.

When Aunt Olive died in Southern California I took Uncle Taylor and Aunt Thelma to the funeral. They decided to stay for a week or two with the family, so I drove home alone. I decided to visit Lee and Camille, and so drove to Stockton where I had a

good visit with Camille before she went to work, and then spent a good part of the day with Lee. He took me to the new police station where his son in law, Lester Novaresi, held a high position, and then to Patty's home for lunch. I had a wonderful time with Lee on that visit.

A few years later I took six of my grandsons to Disneyland, and on the way through Stockton stopped to visit with Uncle Lee and Aunt Camille. Lee told the boys stories of his childhood, and we had a great visit. Lee later sent me a card in which he referred to me as "his favorite nephew!"

In 1988 Margie and I accepted a mission call to Merced, California, which was not too far from Stockton, and we were able to have several fine visits with Lee and Camille, and on one occasion Aunt Camille, who was an excellent cook, had Patty and Lester over to have dinner with us. Lee was then over 90, and was beginning to fail, and Aunt Camille took such good care of him. Margie and I encouraged them to go to the temple, but things did not work out due to health problems caused by age, and so we told Lee and Camille we would do the temple work for them. Lee died May 22, 1989, shortly after we returned from the mission.

Camille lived alone, watched over by her daughter, Patty, and son in law, Lester, from the time of Lee's death until her death on January 28, 1997. I would send her Christmas cards, phone her from time to time, and especially on her birthday, October 19th. On Oct. 19, 1997, I called for her, and Lester answered the phone, telling me that Camille had passed away on January 28, 1997. I had asked to be notified concerning her death, and would likely have gone to Stockton for the service. However, Lester explained that they had a simple graveside service, with the LDS Bishop attending, and that Patty had requested no public funeral.

In accord with our promise to do the temple work for Lee and Camille, we had to wait until Camille had been dead a year. So, today, being January 28, 1998, just one year from the date of her death, Margie and I went to the Boise Temple and did the endowment work for them. We will plan to have a sealing session soon and have them sealed.

I have written to Patty, but received no reply. I talked to Patty's daughter, and asked her to get her mother to write, but no answer. Lester told me on the phone on October 19, 1997, that they had a box of things they planned to send us, which we have not yet received. Aunt Camille was always so kind to us, and especially to Margie, giving her some clothes and other items. We are grateful for this Uncle Lee and Aunt Camille.

Written this 28th day of January 1998, at Ontario, Oregon.

Ross Erin Butler (1916).