

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--its 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 there.

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 firewood. 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 some things 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 soe---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 of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints 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--and that was something special.

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--we 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 whistline "In the Good Old Summer Time", while he made up his mind to make a certain play.

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 Magic 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 the 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 wold 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 danger-

ous 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 Fairfield 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, ~~through the brush~~ and not being able to remember how to stop the darned thing; just wandered through the brush until he finally drove back onto the road. Bungled 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 the city of Twin Falls for the first time, on our way to Rupert and 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, now. 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 to a T. 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, everyone 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 \$6.00. 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, and because of it, ~~with~~ ^{with} patience, ~~and~~ 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 ~~which~~ will not only bring us happiness now, but throughout the ages. It has been a privilege and a blessing to me to be ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ 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!