

Gladys Butler Larsen

A Brief History of My Childhood and Youth from 1905 to 1931 (Pictures are in hard copies most children and grandchildren received)

In this brief history, I want to share some of the happiness I experienced as a child and as a young lady in Idaho. After a short introduction of my parents, I will explain how we came to live in Idaho and then share many of my memories and experiences there.

My Parents and Ancestors

My father, John Lowe Butler III, was born June 5, 1874 at Panguitch, Garfield County, Utah. His father was John Lowe Butler II, born Feb 28, 1844 at Nauvoo, Illinois and died December 30, 1898 at Richfield, Utah. His mother was Nancy Franzetta Smith, born March 4, 1853, at Parowan, Utah and died April 21, 1913 at Manard, Idaho. John Lowe Butler III, my father, died July 1, 1937 at Twin Falls, Idaho. His word was always as good as his bond. This was mentioned at his funeral.

As a young boy John herded the family sheep on the prairie. He loved the outdoors--the beauties of nature, fishing and hunting--and had many exciting experiences. He was a great story-teller and I remember sitting around our large dining room table after a meal enthralled as he told of his sheep herding days and of his time in various mines.

In late 1897 John received a mission call to serve in the Northern States Mission. He was endowed March 30, 1898 in Salt Lake City and first went to Chicago, the headquarters of the mission, and there was assigned to Minneapolis-St. Paul and vicinity. Just before leaving on his mission, John visited his father at the Butler-Beck mine. His father had lost everything in this mine venture but was living at the mine, hired by the company that had taken it over to turn the belt on the machinery and keep it in order. As my father was leaving, my grandfather, John Lowe Butler II, urged his son to find a place where he could have land and a better place to work than in the mines where he had worked all of his life from the time he was old enough to work. Grandfather urged John to go where he could find peace and see that his family had a better living.

Upon learning of the death of his father on December 30, 1889 (age 54), the mission president advised John to return home and help care for the family. John found the family in difficult circumstances. There were seven of his nine younger siblings still living at home, the youngest was only two years old, and they needed the oldest son's help. My grandfather's second wife, Sarah Sariah Johnson and her three children were dependent upon him also. When my father arrived, there wasn't food in the house. He borrowed \$25 from a friend and bought food. From then on he was the provider. It wasn't long before he and my mother, Bertha Malvina Thurber, were married.

My mother, Bertha Melvina Thurber, was born February 10, 1877, at Richfield, Utah. Her father, Albert King Thurber, was born April 7, 1826, at Foster, Providence, Rhode Island. He died March 21, 1888 at Ephriam, Utah. Her mother, Agnes Brockbank, was born June 5, 1851, at Liverpool England. She died November 30, 1933,

in Salt Lake City, Utah. She had married Albert King Thurber as his second wife on October 30, 1867, when she was only 16. The first wife was Thursa Malvina Barry; and of course my mother was named Bertha Malvina, which shows that they loved each other. It was a very happy combination. My mother died October 16, 1945, in Shelley, Idaho. My parents were both buried in Shelley, Idaho.

The Thurbers lived in Richfield and had a separate home for each wife. After a few years, Albert King Thurber was called by Brigham Young to work with the Indians in Grass Valley near the town of Kosharem. So they moved to Grass Valley and had a home there. There were a lot of Indians in the area and grandfather worked with them to help solve their problems; and they loved him. I remember mother told me they called him "Nuncemunc," which means "father." When the authorities were looking for polygamists, the Indians would keep watch and if they saw the authorities coming, they would help grandfather Thurber leave, unbeknownst to anybody. When the authorities were gone they would bring him back. He escaped getting sent to prison like so many were.

Just after my mother turned 11, her father died of stomach cancer (on March 21, 1888) and they moved back to Richfield. She went through the schools there and then she and her brother Isaac Erin went to Brigham Young Academy. She had two brothers, Isaac Erin (born October 21, 1874) and Joshua (born May 18, 1886). She went to Provo and cooked for Uncle Erin and a group of others while she was going to school. My father, who was a good friend of Erin's, was there for a little while, too. That's when she first knew John, although I've heard my father say that the first time he saw her was at her father's funeral. Albert King Thurber was very well thought of and had a huge funeral. A lot of the Indians were there as well as notables from Salt Lake because he was the Stake President in Sevier Stake after he was the Indian director. Anyway, father saw her at the funeral and later said, "She was the saddest looking little girl I've ever seen." My grandmother was very strict and unloving in a way. My mother said she never remembers her father kissing her. Her mother was not a loving kind of a person, but a wonderful woman.

After Bertha attended the BY Academy she taught school for awhile. Father was a good friend of Erin's so they got acquainted through him and now we're double cousins. Father married Erin's sister Bertha and Erin married Father's sister Carolyn. So we are double cousins with Helen Thurber Dalton, and her brothers.

Before father went on his mission he and Bertha were sweethearts. After he returned and got his family situated, they were married on November 15, 1899 in the Manti temple. (I was born on their 6th wedding anniversary.) They moved then to Kimberly, Utah where he was working in the Kimberly Mine and she cooked for the crew. She was the only woman there and she was there for several months without seeing another woman. That was a long honeymoon! Father worked in the mines all the time until he left to go to Idaho.

John and Bertha lost their first baby, Lazelle Smith Butler, born January 7, 1901

and died February 16, 1901 in Richfield. Their second son, J. Grant Butler was born September 7, 1902, also in Richfield. **He was named after President Heber J. Grant who was John's mission president.** About this time John remembered what his father had told him about finding some land instead of mining. He went to Idaho to explore possible homestead locations in 1903.

Father, his brother Taylor and my Mother's brother Joshua set out in a white top buggy. They drove from Richfield, Utah up through Burley, Idaho and over to Twin Falls. Twin Falls was just being started and they were putting in the Milner Dam. There was so much work going on there but it just looked like such a big proposition. My father said, "Oh, I'll look for something different." As he was traveling farther north, he met some people, the Dixons, who were going up to the Camas Prairie area to see what it was like and if it could be homesteaded. He went with them and they were all so delighted with it. It was a beautiful valley with blue Camas growing up over so much of it, just like a blue sea. They thought it was a wonderful place. John filed on a homestead and returned to Richfield where he continued to work in the mines.

Sometime in 1904, father returned to Idaho and settled for a time at Gilman's Ranch near Hailey. He sent for Mother, Grant (who was two years old) and Aunt Jane, his sister born February 22, 1888, who came by train. Here their first daughter, Elma was born. Elma lived only two months, November 20, 1904 to January 31, 1905, and died of pneumonia. This was a tragedy for the family. I remember hearing that a branch president from Camas Prairie came to Hailey and took charge of the funeral service. They could never find the grave site, so a plaque for Elma was placed by my parents' grave in Shelley, Idaho.

In 1905 the family moved to Camas Prairie and lived for a time in Labrum's granary. Father had already homesteaded 160 acres of government land. The Twin Lakes Reservoir, or the Mormon Reservoir, as it was called (because mostly the Mormons built it), was soon being constructed. All the homesteaders worked on this with their horses, plows and scrapers. They built the reservoir and canals to take the water throughout the valley. This reservoir was built on Alec Cipher's property. The reservoir company had purchased it from him. On this site was a three-room house which needed to be removed. My father purchased the house and moved it onto his homestead.

It was a lovely farm--160 acres south of the Malad river and south of the town of Manard. Manard was built by the settlers in the valley. Since then it's become Camas county and the little town of Manard is no longer in existence. It was about six miles from Fairfield, which is the main town in this county, in what we always called Camas Prairie. We had a comfortable home there. Many of father's family and mother's family, the Thurbers, moved there.

I was born there in the three-room homestead house on November 15, 1905, in Manard, Blaine County, Idaho. It happened to be at conference time and among the authorities who had come to the conference was a Sister Standish from Carey, Idaho. As

my birth was imminent, she came and was the midwife at my birth. They said Aunt Jane suggested my name, Gladys. They were all so glad that I was there and seemed to be a healthy baby, after having lost two children.

Right across the little lane from our home, my father built a home for his mother, my grandmother, Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler. My Grandmother was a lovely refined woman, and loving and thoughtful to us in many ways. She passed away when I was eight years old and I remember looking at her in her coffin with grief in my heart. I had on a gray bear-skin coat and after seeing her, I lay down and went to sleep. When I awoke I felt like I was choking. I just loved her. I often visited with her and her younger children, Taylor, Jane, Eva, and Leland Thomas (Born March 21, 1897) who were living with her. They were all very thoughtful and good to me and I loved them dearly.

I've always called Leland my Uncle Lee. He was just a little older than Grant and was like a big brother to me. He didn't have any little sisters or brothers because he was the youngest, and he just thought the world of me. He said he often put me on his shoulders and ran around the yard. I don't remember that at all but I do remember later years as we lived there, how much I thought of him, just like a big brother.

My Grandmother Thurber moved into the town of Manard with her son Joshua. We enjoyed visiting her. I remember some lovely green glassware she had. Later she sold her home and for many years spent most of her time with our family. Grandfather Butler's second wife and her family also moved into the town of Manard. I have often wondered how father could meet all the responsibilities he had. I have heard Mother say that months would go by and they would never have a meal or a night by themselves.

I want to include this tribute to my parents, John Lowe Butler III and Bertha Malvina Thurber. They welcomed each one of us as we came along. I felt happy and secure in our family. They loved each other devotedly. Of their eleven children, nine grew to adulthood. Where ever they lived, they were active in the Church- holding positions of responsibility. They taught us honesty and integrity and to love the Gospel.

Overview of my childhood and youth from my Book of Remembrance

1905-1911-- I spent these years on our family farm on Camas Prairie, the lovely valley where Manard, Idaho was situated.

1911-1917-- I started school in Sept. 1911 in the Manard School, a two room school. I finished the first six years of school here. I took lessons on the organ from Mrs. Elva Olson, and was organist in Primary the last year. A trip to Salt Lake City to visit my Aunt Sadie and a family trip to Magic Dam were highlights of this period.

1917-- In the fall of this year our family moved to Acequia, Idaho to the Packham farm, having traded farms with them. The petunias, roses, and watermelons here are a vivid memory. We purchased a piano and I took lessons from Miss Rhoda Cooley.

1920-- Father purchased the general store in Acequia and we moved into the small town. I attended the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th grades in the Acequia School. I was assistant secretary in the Sunday School.

1921-22-- My Junior year of High School was spent in Rupert High School, Rupert, Idaho. I went each day by bus from our home in Acequia. In the spring of 1922 my

parents moved to Twin Falls, Idaho. I stayed with relatives and finished the school year at Rupert.

1923-- I entered the Albion State Normal School at Albion, Idaho in January and attended the winter and summer quarters, taking requirements for a teaching certificate. I also took the one class I needed to finish high school across the street and graduated from Albion High School.

1923-1924-- I taught in a rural one room school at Pleasant Valley, near American Falls, Idaho.

1924-1925-- I worked in Wright's store in Twin Falls and in Boise, Idaho. I attended Summer School at Albion during the summer of 1925 and served on the Stake Sunday School Board.

1925-1926-- I taught at a one room school at Springdale, Camas Co, Idaho.

1926-27-- I taught the four upper grades in the Manard School, my cousin Ruth Butler teaching the lower grades. We had rooms at the home of my mother's half brother and his wife- Uncle Joe and Aunt Annie. I attended the Summer School session in Boise, Idaho during the summer of 1926 and stayed with Aunt Caroline.

1927-1928-- This year was spent in attendance at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, Utah. I stayed with my brother Grant and his wife Edyth at the Oakwood Apartments. In the spring of 1928 I received my Normal School Diploma from the Education Department of the University.

1928-1931-- I taught the 6th grade in the Elementary School in Lyman, Wyoming. In the summer of 1930 Ferne Gardner and I took a trip by bus up the California coast, through Washington and Oregon and up to Vancouver. I was engaged to Ervin E. Larsen to be married in July 1931.

Childhood Memories

I had a very happy childhood. I don't think a child could have asked for more loving parents, so thoughtful of each of us; my dear brother Grant, such a tease, but was so good to me; my sweet sister Edith, who has never said or done an unkind thing from that day to this; loving grandmothers, aunts, and uncles and all the cousins with the closeness of a big family; Sunday School and Primary, which I especially enjoyed; the meadows and fields and river to roam and explore; the mountains nearby for picnics and for picking chokecherries. I was so lucky!

Mother never yelled at me. The only time she yelled at me was one time when I stuck my tongue out at her and she slapped me. I was quite young and I never forgot it. But oh my mother loved my dad so much. You just can't know how she loved him and he loved her. After he passed away, she did many very special things. She went to work at Hill Field when the war was on and lived in the dorms and made parachutes. She worked there quite a while and saved her money.

My father was a great storyteller. I remember many a time sitting around the table after dinner. He had wonderful stories to tell. Some of them are in my mother's diary about lions he saw and close escapes he'd had from animals and in the mines. I remember him telling when he left his father, he'd been there to tell him good-bye when he left on his mission. Father said he got way down the road, walking to where he'd left his horse. He looked back and he thought, I'll never see my father again, and of course

he never did.

Father's brothers and sisters just adored him. I remember when I went on a trip with Etta to Gooding, Uncle Taylor was living in Gooding then, and I said something to him about his making me think of father, he said, "I'll never be the man your father was." They just loved him so much. And his sisters, oh they did love him. And I sure did love him, after I got a little sense in my head. He'd really praise me; he was proud of me when I'd make good grades and I usually made good grades. And he'd tell me, "Oh you're wonderful. I'm so proud of you." It meant a lot to me. I don't remember my mother ever saying anything but I always knew she loved me a lot.

We had a big red barn with a loft where they put the hay and where my brothers said there were lots of pigeons. My younger brothers shot the pigeons and my mother made pigeon pie. Nobody would eat it. We finally gave it to the dog and he ate so much he crawled under the house and didn't come out for three days.

We had an ice house right close to our house which was full of saw dust and in winter father would cut ice on the river and put it in the ice house so we had ice all summer. One of my happy memories is the big ice cream freezer my mother often made ice cream in.

We built some additions to the house later. We built a well-house after we put in a well with a pump and it was a little away from where the main house was. Later it was covered over with sort of a walkway. When I was little, Edith and I slept in a trundle bed that pulled out from under my parent's bed. Later we had a bed built in the well house and that's where we slept. Out in the yard we had a snowball bush, maybe more than one, but I remember the one by the gate because we had a fence around the yard and the garden. In the garden we had gooseberry and currant bushes and rhubarb. A little south of the house were some tall trees where we had our playhouse. We spent a lot of time there making mud pies and playing house.

We had an old horse named Old Lucy. She was a gentle old mare and she'd pull mother in the small buggy when she went to town to Relief Society and to go Relief Society teaching. We all, even four-year old Don, would ride Old Lucy. We all had turns falling off of her, but she would just stand still until we got up and got on her again. One time Grant fell off of her and broke his arm. I fell off of her many times. I can remember looking up from the ground and seeing her foot descending but just missing me. I would sometimes ride her to the "Island" for the cows. That was past Labrum's place and west about a mile. It was a place where the river divided and was so beautiful in the summer time. I remember seeing it in the spring, blue with Camas flowers. The Indians used to come to this area to gather Camas roots, which is like a bulb and used for food.

After I started school, on pleasant days in the fall and spring, we'd walk to school and carry our buckets with our lunch. Manard was a thriving town then. About ten acres were set aside for the town and part of this was a school ground with a two room school house. There was a blacksmith shop, a grocery store, and a post office. The post office

was in the store. My grandmother Thurber's house was there in Manard. I remember going there to visit.

Manard Hall, a large hall used for church and community events, was built by the community and was an unusual addition to any town at that time. It was quite a large building with a basement. The main room had a stage where they put on plays and other entertainment. It could be divided with curtains for church meetings. They put on a lot of home talent plays and lots of dances were held there, too. The people were very social and my cousin Helen said that they didn't need baby tenders because everybody took all their families and they'd put the children to sleep on the sides with their blankets. She said one time she woke up and saw her dad and mother out dancing and she got up and followed them all around. They scolded her and sent her back to bed, anyway.

Manard was a lively, happy settlement of friends and neighbors. Most of them were Latter-Day Saint. There were a few who weren't but they were wonderful community people, like the Frostisen's. I remember him very well. He was on the school board and was active in all the community things and well-loved by everybody.

My mother was a hard working pioneer wife and mother in this new country. She made cheese. We had a stand outside of the house and she'd pour milk into the big buckets and let it sour. Probably used rennet with it. Then she'd put weights on the top and press it down until she got all the whey out of it. We had wonderful cheese. I remember some she'd put sage in. We thought that was a special treat. She was always busy-- caring for us children, cooking, sewing, working in the ward.

Of course that wasn't a climate you could raise fruit in, but we would have peddlers come from Hagerman valley and around Twin Falls area where they raised all kinds of fruit. Mr. Glonner was the one I remember especially. He would bring a big load of apples and peaches there and my mother would can. He'd usually stay all night at our place. He belonged to the Reorganized Church of the LDS. He and my dad would have great discussions, good natured arguments. We'd sit around and listen to them. They never really got really serious with each other, but I remember my dad finally saying, "Well, if yours is right, I hope I get to heaven. If mine's right, I hope you get to heaven."

We often saw Indians traveling through Camas Prairie. Sometimes they camped on the river for periods of time. We saw them make willow baskets from willows by the river and put beads on moccasins they were making. One time I was coming home from Manard on Old Lucy. Looking ahead of me I saw two Indians on horses approaching. As I came close, I saw that the one in the lead was a big, fat buck Indian and following some distance behind him was his squaw. Her horse was so loaded with belongings that there was hardly room for her; her feet were sticking just about straight out. As I passed, the man said, "Hello little girl." I was so frightened that I did not say anything and I lowered my eyes and tried to make my horse go faster. In a minute I couldn't resist looking back. The man had stopped his horse and to my horror was turning around and coming after me. I whipped up Old Lucy as fast as she would go and when I turned the

corner, I looked back. The man had stopped his horse and was turning around and was laughing and laughing so hard he could hardly stay on. But I was always scared of Indians.

The 24th of July was always a special occasion. There would be a big parade and a program at the hall and then there was always a battle between the "Indians and White Men" dressed up in costumes. The "Indians" would come up from the river to Manard town and those who were the "White Men" would battle it out with them with make-believe weapons. We always thought that was so much fun. Fairfield, some six miles to the north, was the main town of this area. Here we attended the 15th of August (Old Settlers Day) celebrations. They had games and programs. I especially remember they had an airplane that we saw rise in the air. They may have given people rides but I don't know. We would take our lunch and have a picnic. Mother would bring a freezer full of ice cream. She often made ice cream.

Grant took me to school one day and I soon got bored sitting with him. I wandered out in the hall and I saw this bell rope hanging down. They had the bell in a kind of a steeple. I pulled on the bell rope. Of course that was supposed to mean a fire or something terrible. Oh, Grant was so embarrassed that I'd do that. I guess I wanted to do my own thing.

I started to school the fall I was six, with Mrs. Nelson Higgs as my teacher. The second year I had Miss Nora Hershey. Then in the third and fourth grades Elva Barrett Olson taught us in this two-room school. In the four upper grades, Mr. Higgs was the teacher. I went there two years. I was through the sixth grade when we moved from there. I had much fun at school. I remember playing on the icy part of the yard where we played. We'd all hold hands in a line and run and then stop quick and some of us would pop off. Once I really scraped my face on the ice. I guess it was pop the whip or something like that. We had lots of programs at school. I loved school and I can remember those first books. "Here is Ned. Here is the cat." And all those. It wasn't Dick and Jane. It was something else but similar. I loved school. I loved reading and still love reading good books.

Many evenings at home were spent reading. Mother read aloud to us very often. My mother was a well-educated and unusual person for that time. She had attended the BY Academy and taught school awhile. She was very interested in learning and she read well and she wrote well. She loved poetry and wrote a number of poems. I have a book of her poetry and it is well written. And her letters were so well written. She loved to read and it's no wonder that we've all loved to read and have been anxious to have good reading and good books in our homes. I know before we left Camas Prairie, when I was almost 12, that she had read *Les Miserables* to us. I'm sure it was a shortened edition. And *Ben Hur*. I can't think of other names but we always read in the evenings. We took a little magazine that came every month-- *The American Boy*. We looked forward to the evenings when that came because there was a continued story about Mark Tidd. One night Father came from town in the sleigh and brought us a big book of stories. What a treat it was! The Christmas I was eleven I found a dollar in my stocking with which I

was to send to the catalog for my heart's desire. I remember the anticipation and excitement when my doll (my last one) and a Horatio Alger book came in the mail. I learned to value good reading and all our family have felt the same way. I didn't learn to read until I went to school. My mother had read lots to me but I hadn't ever read. I was not a precocious child. I still am not. I still love to read, however.

The school was about a mile from our home. The river separated us from town. There must have been a bend in it for we crossed over two bridges. We usually walked to and from school, and the fun we had. We had such good times in the summer time. It wasn't far across what we called the flat between the end of our lane and the river. No one used that for farming. It was just a beautiful flat covered in the spring with all kinds of wildflowers. This river was the delight of my childhood. We often played by it, building all kinds of things in the sand, or went swimming in it, or picking pansies, johnny-jump ups or butter-cups in the field between our house and the river. We built a play house in the trees. The winters were long and cold with much snow. I loved the snow and recall many happy times sleigh-riding and making snow houses.

Grant and Edith and I were always together. It was so wonderful to have that big brother. He had many accidents-- fell off the horse and broke his arm and was unconscious for awhile. Once when he was very young he was with my father who was digging post holes. Father left and Grant fell in one of the holes head first! Luckily, Father came back and found him. Grant was always so kind and thoughtful of me. He was three years older and he was a big tease too. I remember he'd grab my doll and run and laugh. But we three through all the years had close friendships with each other, a close, loving family. Edith was my dearest friend and this friendship lasted through all the years.

In contrast to my mother, my father (we called him Pappa) had not had so many opportunities to learn. He only went through what we would call the 7th grade and had to spend a lot of his time herding sheep, so he didn't get much schooling. But he was well informed about things that were going on in the world and had such a good way of explaining things. After they got a radio he would never miss hearing the news. And he read the newspapers. I remember wishing when I left home that he was there to explain what was going on to me.

I can't really remember doing much work there. I probably didn't. I do remember a funny thing, though. When it was time to wash the dishes, I would take a book and go "down the path." I started out being very selfish.

We had so many relatives living in Manard and so we had lots of get togethers. I remember going in the sleigh (winters were always very cold with lots of snow) to Uncle Taylor's and Aunt Jane's house for Thanksgiving one year. There in tall glass pitchers was something I had never seen before. It was celery! That was the first time I ever saw that and I liked it so much. When we got ready to go home that night, my father said, "I think instead of going around through Manard by the bridges I'll just go through on the ice across the rivers." That really frightened me because I could think of nothing but

falling through that ice into the river. I was so scared that I covered up under all the quilts in the sleigh. Finally when we got home they pulled me out and told me that they didn't really go on the river at all but went around by Manard after all. I felt really taken down for acting like I did.

My parents somehow always had a very thoughtful and special gift for each of us. I had some wonderful Christmases. One time I got a little trunk that was just like a big trunk and once I got a little iron cook stove that looked like Mother's big cook stove, and a beautiful doll with a "kid body", breakable head and real hair. And we always got books. They'd send for everything through the catalog.

Remembering another Christmas, I can still see the big tall tree that reached to the ceiling in the front room or living room. It was all decorated and cousins and aunts and uncles came and stayed over. My cousin Ruth Butler, Uncle Horace's daughter, and Helen Thurber, Uncle Erin and Aunt Carolyn's daughter lived in the vicinity. Ruth, Helen, Edith and I were quite close to the same age and had many good times together. Helen was a year older than I and Edith was a year younger than Ruth.

I have a picture of us four girls about that time. One Christmas when we were little we four slept in the trundle bed. In the morning when we woke up, Santa had brought us each a little china doll. The head was china with black painted hair on it, dressed in a little white flannel nightgown. Each of us had one just alike.

We had so many good times there. We had a kitchen and a living room and one bedroom. At Christmas time, between our house and my Grandmother's house, all the family would come and be together for Christmas. I remember one Christmas in particular there. My Uncle Lee who was just a little older than Grant, was a big tease. Just before Christmas we were talking about Santa Claus. Uncle Lee was there over by the telephone. Pretty soon it rang and he picked it up and said, "Oh, you don't say! Why that's terrible!" He went on and on and we could hardly wait to hear what the news was. Finally he got off and said, "That was Lightfoots calling [they were some people we knew who lived further north] and they say Santa is there but one of his reindeer has broken its leg and he can't come any further!" We were heartbroken. But we still had a good Christmas.

Aunt Sadie and Uncle Gomer, who lived in Salt Lake City, spent several summers at Manard with us. Every Christmas for many years, she sent a package to our family. Maybe she did to others, too. I don't know how she'd do it because they weren't affluent at all. But there would always be something for each one of us in that package. Oh how we'd look forward to Aunt Sadie's package. That was a highlight of Christmas in my youth. She was my father's sister. Her whole name was Sarah Butler Richards. Uncle Gomer had one of the first cars I saw on the Prairie as I was growing up. He would drive his big old car and they'd spend most of the summer visiting families and relatives on the Prairie. I remember especially playing with Reed Richards. Their daughter Dorothy was about my age. We just were so excited to go for a ride in that big old car.

One time when I was about eight years old, I rode back with them to Salt Lake City and had a most wonderful time, visiting Salt Lake, parks, etc. Aunt Jane was in Salt Lake and she was going to come back to the Prairie at a certain time, but I got so homesick that I rode back with Ethel Jenkins on the train. My first train ride! That was quite a long train ride at that time. Anyway, she was to be met by her fiancé, Lyme Dixon. She was a beautiful lady, very elegant and she was dressed so beautifully. Oh, I just thought she was wonderful. Before we got to the station at Fairfield, she was putting on her long white gloves and getting dolled up for meeting her fiancé. Well, we arrived and he was not happy to see this kid with her. It was six miles or so to Manard. He had a buggy and a horse, one single carriage. And there I was, sitting between them. That must have been obnoxious. What I remember about him was that he had a sack, sort of a wallet, and he opened it and showed Ethel the money in it--how much he'd saved. I'm sure they were glad when they got me home. She did marry him and they went to live in Phoenix. Years later Maurine got to know her very well and said she was always an elegant lady.

We had some neighbors--Labrums who lived right across and down the lane, the next farm on the other side of the flat. They didn't encroach upon the flat. The Adams lived on the side of the road which came down straight from Manard and went on toward Gooding. They had such beautiful flowers. I always remember their beautiful flowers. Further up the road were the Poulsen's who had the post office. We'd go there to get our mail.

My father was wonderful. He was in the bishopric, a counselor to Uncle Erin who was the bishop. He was on the board for the reservoir and he made some trips in connection with that, one trip to Portland and one to Chicago. He loved horses. When my father first came to Idaho, he had two wonderful horses, Babe and Button. He learned to love horses when they lived in Parowan and they had a large herd of horses. When his father and his father's two brothers divided things up, his father got the sheep. Some of the others got the horses, but father always loved horses and always had a good team. I remember one sad thing. He paid out a lot of money for a stallion. He was going to raise horses and make money. That stallion lay down and died. What a sad thing that was.

It was in the winter time that my father would take the sleigh and go to the north mountains to get wood, as we all burned wood. That was our only heat -- the wood pile. He'd have his big horsehair coat on and he'd leave in the morning and he could get a load and be back sometime that night. We'd have the light in the window and we could hardly wait until we could hear the horses jingling their harnesses in coming up the lane. We'd be so thankful when he got back safely. We had fun in the snow. My mother said I loved snow. We'd dig out big drifts and make houses in there. We did lots of sliding in the snow. I don't remember that I ever had skates then. It was after we were in Acequia and we had a big pond that froze over that we had skates. We had a big sleigh and we'd go everywhere.

I was baptized in the Malad river. The river separated and there were two bridges and I was baptized by the one closest to Manard. I was baptized in May (1914) by Charles Borup after the ice was gone. My dearest friend, Zina Labrum, was baptized at the same time.

In 1914 my father had such terrible pains and we knew that something really was wrong. He went to Salt Lake to see Doctor Richards. Our doctor in the valley was Dr. Higgs, brother of the principal in our school. He advised father to go down and see this doctor Richards. Right away he knew it was a serious bladder infection or cyst or something so he didn't even come home. He just got on the train to go to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota. He was so sick that friends were made on the train to help him. He had an operation and some other care at the Mayo Clinic. He really never was well after that. I can remember so well the day he came home. He had been away for about three months, during Christmas; but he seemed so happy and he just hugged us all and we were so glad to see him.

My dad loved to take us all camping. He and his brother Horace would put all their families and equipment in the wagons and we would all go together to camp. We went to Magic Dam and camped sometimes. We ate fish and wild elder berries. My cousin Helen Thurber went with us, too. One of these trips I especially remember because of a terrible accident. We were in a big wagon with all our camping things. Dad drove up on a big seat like they do on these wagons. On the way home my father was sitting up there and apparently hit a chuck hole or something that threw him out of the wagon. The story I have in my mind is that he had his gun on his lap. There were often sage hens and other things to shoot. He fell on the point of the gun but it didn't go off. They got the horses stopped and he wasn't badly hurt so he got back in the wagon and drove on home. Anyway, some thought it was from that accident that he had the bladder tumor later.

For several years it froze early and ruined the crops. Uncle Erin and his wife finally moved to Filer, Idaho. Other people were leaving there because the climate was really harsh in the winter. Father was not as strong as he had been before his operation, either. He just was not well. Some people named Packham came and had some idea of being great cowboys and raising cattle on the Prairie. They had a place they wanted to trade with us at Acequia, so, we moved away from Camas Prairie, too. I was twelve when we moved. Apparently we exchanged machinery and they got our livestock. We only lived on Camas Prairie for twelve years. All that work, all that building, everything in just twelve years.

Other people bought the homes and moved them off to different places as they enlarged their farms. They all now have big acreages and not very many family farms in that area. That lovely hall they built, was moved up to Fairfield. So many people moved away there were not enough for a ward anymore so they went up to Fairfield, which was six miles away, and they took that beautiful hall. It was so well built they had very little trouble moving it. They got it up there almost intact. It had been built in 1911 at Manard. Now in Fairfield they have added some more to it. It is the LDS church for

that valley. The town of Manard is no more.

My father had a chance to trade the Camas Prairie place for an eighty acre farm in Acequia, Idaho. In the fall of 1917, Grant and a neighbor each took a load of house hold goods and I guess machinery or whatever, and some horses and traveled with their wagons down to Acequia. On this trip Grant celebrated his 15th birthday on the 7th of September. During this last while dad had bought a Ford car, and we (8-9 of us) all piled into it. By this time our family consisted of Grant, me, Edith, Don, Glen, Etta and Ross-- a little baby. Helen had come from Filer to visit. So we took her back with us. We've always marveled at how we all got in that car with all our baggage. Dad was driving and it broke down before we got to Filer so we had to be towed in to Filer. We had to stay there a few days while they repaired the car. We visited with Aunt Carolyn and Uncle Erin, Helen's family. We finally got it repaired and traveled on to Acequia to the 80 acres which is about 6 miles from Rupert..

I remember a funny story about that Model A father bought in 1917, the summer before we moved. As he was coming home from Fairfield where he bought it (six miles north), he came across the first bridge and was trying to do something with some of the dials and things on it. He ran it off the road and into some of the sage brush and was calling "whoa! whoa!" to it.

When we got to the "eighty acres" at Acequia, the petunias were in full bloom. I never smell petunias but what I think of that time. There was watermelon and cantelope in the garden, and roses. We couldn't grow these things up at Camas Prairie so this just looked like the garden of Eden to us! I had understood that the reason we left the Prairie was because Grant was ready to go to high school and there wasn't a high school on the Prairie, but just recently Helen Thurber, my cousin, told me that there had been four bad seasons of early frosts and people just had to leave. Manard is all hay fields now.

There was a good, thriving ward in Acequia and a good school with two years of high school. I went there to the 7-10th grades. I had a literature teacher, Miss Clark, who really affected me a great deal. She loved literature, especially poetry. She had us memorize a great many poems. Through the years I've been able to recite many poems she had us learn. That was an important part of my experience there. Grant went to two years of high school (9-10th). Our family loved that 80 acres. The boys hunted there. We were right on the edge of the sage brush "desert" we called it. Sheep ran there and there were Basque sheep herders. The sage brush grew incredibly tall and we used one for a Christmas tree the first year-- decorated it and thought it was great. We enjoyed the ward and drove a white-topped buggy to meetings, though we did have the car, too.

When I was 14, I went into Beehives. I had such a wonderful Beehive teacher, Sister Clarisa Anderson. She was my idol and I wanted to grow up to be just like her. She was the kind of teacher Beehive girls should have. This interested me very much in the Young Womens' program and I eventually graduated from it and was a leader in it, too. We would go in the day time and have meetings and learn things. One summer we took a trip to the south mountains, past Albion. We went on a hay rack all that distance. We

camped along the way. It was such a fun experience.

One thing they wanted to teach us was how to cook beans in a the pit. On one Beehive outing to my dear friend, La Preal Owens' home, we dug a pit and cooked beans. It really was late when we finally got through with that. My dad had let me take the buggy and the horse. We didn't have Old Lucy then because we had to leave her on the Prairie. We started back and I was nervous. It was dark. We went through the town of Acequia and then came to some railroad tracks and a fork in the road. Before I got to the fork in the road, I could see a man standing there. Well, it just scared me. Scared us all. There were some neighbor girls with me that lived down toward our house. I remember thinking, "Well, shall I get out and run back to town and get someone?" But the horse seemed to feel all right going so we drove on... and it was my dad! He'd become worried about us.

We went to church and everywhere in a white-top buggy. We'd go up to Acequia to the church meetings and often, after church, we'd go home with some of our friends. There was usually a Sunday evening meeting and we'd come back and go home then. Acequia was a real happy time, when we were on the 80 acres.

It was a beautiful farm, right on the edge of the wilderness. It was all sagebrush from there on--I don't know how far. Since that time it has all been put under cultivation with deep wells and with wonderful farms. This 80 acres was a wonderful place--we loved it there. For awhile things went pretty well and father was real active. He was the bishop and was on the school board. He was also a county commissioner. It was a wonderful time for us.

Music played an important role in our family. On the Prairie we had an organ that you pumped with your feet. I took lessons from Elva Olsen. I remember getting on my old horse, taking my music and going across the river, around where she lived. I had learned to play well enough that I played for primary. When we moved to Acequia my dad bought a piano and Edith and I both took lessons from Rhoda Cooley. Grant took singing lessons. Oh, we had such good times singing together and making music. Dad loved to hear us play the piano. There was one piece he always wanted me to play, "Woodland Echoes." I kept on taking lessons and the year I went down to Rupert as a junior I took lessons from a real good teacher. I was playing quite well. Now I don't play at all. I wonder why I didn't keep it up. Now my hands have gotten stiff. I've had the arthritis in my hands so long. Another challenge was when I got my glasses, not only bifocals, I finally got trifocals. But I couldn't get the right place to see the music. But oh, I regret that, I knew so many pieces by heart that I've completely forgotten. I got some of it out one day and wondered if I could maybe get some of it back. It looks hopeless but I'm still trying.

My dad started having hard times and he told me once that paying for that piano was the hardest thing he ever had to do. But he paid for it. They had it at home quite a few years; and finally it was given to Edith. Etta is really talented in music and I did send money for her to take some music lessons, the only ones she ever had. And if she'd

had more she'd have been an excellent pianist. But she's played quite a lot and still plays.

We were living in Acequia when Agnes was born on Armistice Day, 18th of November, 1918. We all remember that. She was born right there at our 80 acres. Then in 1920, and no one knows why, Father up and traded the farm. A man in town was running the Acequia Mercantile and he wanted to trade it to father for the farm. And he did. From then on we just went downhill in every way. For one thing, we had little boys, Glen and Don who were just about 11 and 13. They didn't have anything to do so they'd get in the store and they'd steal cigarettes and oh, it was just too bad. Father wasn't well and he was the bishop. It was really hard times and people would buy things on credit and wouldn't pay. Because he was the bishop they felt like they should have these handouts. After I went to Normal School he gave me a list of all these debtors. I wrote many letters asking if they could pay any part of it to help me at school. I never heard a line from any of them.

We lived in a house a couple of blocks from the store, and Jack was born there. Mother had a really serious, difficult time. The doctor came to the house. He had a nurse. Jack was born with a crooked foot, and had to have it in a cast for a long time. Those were hard times for my mother before she got healthy again. But apparently it wasn't a serious thing for Jack. It wasn't a lasting thing. He recovered very well.

While we were living there in the town, I had my 16th birthday and I invited my girlfriends. Mother put on a quilt so we all put our stitches in it and some of them were pretty bad. None of us had ever quilted before. That quilt was covered and recovered. I don't know what finally happened to it. I used it a long time. Mother was so patient and good with us.

My girl friend, Lapreal Owens and I were real close and had many good times together. Grant finished the two years in high school and then he went to Rupert to go to school. I lost my girl friend because Grant started going with Lapreal. She was a beautiful girl and she was really his first love. Instead of being at school, he had the use of a car and he'd be fooling around with her, so he didn't get much schooling in. I heard him say, "If I'd stayed in Acequia I'd be married to LaPreal." His wife Edyth says, "You know he wanted to name one of our girls Lapreal. I wouldn't have it."

Father had a chance to trade the store for a place in Twin Falls-- a nice house with ten acres, so we moved to Twin Falls. However, the store was just part payment and he owed a lot of money on the 10 acres. He never was really well and he was not able to keep the 10 acres. Grant was working up in Pasco, Washington on the railroad then with Uncle Lee. He kept sending money for the monthly payments. Then he was called on a mission. So he went to serve his mission. He was out in Denver, Northwestern mission. My father couldn't make the payments and eventually lost the place. Lost all the machinery, lost everything. My folks then moved and rented a house on Adams street in Twin Falls.

I stayed and finished my junior year in Rupert. Before we moved, I had to walk about

half a mile to catch a bus. As a junior I lacked just one credit to graduate and I was hoping I could finish that year, but the superintendent said no, so I wasn't allowed to graduate. When the family moved to Twin Falls, I stayed and finished that year. I lived with my uncle Horace and Aunt Ida part of the time-- Ruth's parents. I also stayed sometimes with my aunt Eva, or Aunt Olive who lived in Rupert. I was still taking piano lessons and for my last concert I played "Moonlight Sonata" from memory. That was the place, too, when I had to wear long-legged underwear; but as soon as I got out of sight of home I would roll the legs up so my skirt would hide them. I went to my music teacher for a lesson and down fell both legs!

After school was out I went to Twin Falls to be with my family. We had a lovely home there, the nicest we ever had. In Twin Falls, at age 16, I started working for Bill and Sarah Jarman and their new baby at their home. They had a brother and I was dating him. I got through with that job and came home and had a job on Saturdays at Wright's store clerking. They hired people just for Saturday. I had some friends who worked there, both Edith who married Grant and my good friend Mable; so they got me this job. One Saturday night I said, real smart to my dad, "Well you don't need to come get me. I've got a date." I didn't tell him who or when or what. Well my dad was just up in arms, I guess, because when the store closed at 9:00 p.m. there was my date but also there was my father. So we went to the show together. Gerald took me and my father went and sat in another place, but when it was over he took me home in the horse and buggy. I was so angry. I was just livid. I didn't speak to my dad for a week. After I had kids of my own I could realize how he felt. Oh, I was ornery.

I didn't go to school that fall when I turned 17 (1922). I worked for Sarah and Bill Jarman and helped with their new baby they put right in my lap after it was born. That was a traumatic experience for me! They moved into town and I worked for them and another lady with a new baby out in the country. She had 5-6 children and a big coal stove. I couldn't make it work! She would try to tell me how and how to cook. But she finally got out of bed and fixed the fire even though she was supposed to stay in bed for 10 days after having a baby. I worked for another well-to-do lady and saw her lovely dishes and all that she could cook. I worked also sorting beans for two or three months. I sat in front of a belt and picked out the bad beans. I worked there all that fall.

I decided to go to the business college there in Twin Falls and had actually made arrangements to do that. But when I wrote to Mr Olsen, the principal of the two-year high school in Acequia with whom I had been quite good friends and told him I was going to business college, he wrote back and said, "You're a smart girl. Don't do that. Go to school and be a teacher." He suggested Albion Normal school which was close. I decided I liked that idea because I loved reading and studying, although I hadn't had much experience with children. Also, after I'd finished my junior year (when I was 16 in Spring, 1922), I still lacked one credit. I was always good at school. I studied hard. I made good grades I don't remember that I was accelerated or anything. It's just the way the requirements came out. I still needed one history class that I hadn't taken. So in January 1923, I went to Albion Normal School and the high school there, too. I bought a trunk and went to Acequia to visit with Ruth and family on the way. I had to go to

Burley from Twin Falls on the train. and then get on a stage to Albion. I went over to the high school and took my one credit. It was a history class. I graduated from Albion high school and my mother made me a nice dress. My father came to the graduation exercises. The rest of the time I attended the Normal School. It was a Normal School built by the state in a rural area, twenty miles by bus from the rail station at Burley. No one knows why--politics I suppose. I went there two quarters. Then I went to summer school. I taught school that winter (1923-24). Then I went back, I think three summers after that. I took psychology and many other good classes. One teacher encouraged me not to be so timid-- he would reply to my "I think" with "I don't want you to think, I want you to know!"

That was a really happy time, too. I lived in a dormitory and had Inis Enyert as my roommate. She lived at Declo, which was close to Burley where we got on the stage. We went to her home at different times for the weekend. A group of us loved to hike. I bought some hiking boots--real tall leather boots. The mountains were close and we'd hike up to Lake Cleveland and Mount Harrison. This lake was a volcanic lake and they've never found the bottom. Oh, and the beautiful wild flowers! Hills covered in columbine. We had to belong to a literary group and give readings. I was very poor at those things. I loved to read but I couldn't give readings. I also worked some in the cafeteria to help pay for school.

The first school year after attending Normal School (1923-24) I taught in a school near American Falls which was a German community. All the people spoke German, but they knew English. I did a lot of foolish things that year I wouldn't care to go into. Never bad but very foolish. I sent some of my money to Grant to help him with his mission; but he had to come home when the folks lost their place and couldn't support him. We were upset with our ward leaders who didn't help at all with supporting him in this hard time.

The next year (1924-25), after attending Normal School in the summer, I worked at Wright's store in Twin Falls and stayed at home on Adams Street. I didn't teach that next year because of a poor recommendation due to my roommate's foolishness. I went to Boise for a while and worked for some people cleaning house and other things. My folks finally rented farms and were living in Hollister. This was a very hard time for the family. Dad had rented a farm from the Hunt family. He had trouble paying what he owed them, so Ross and Etta went to work for the Hunts to pay the debt. Etta said this was the most miserable time she spent in her life.

After another summer at the Normal School I taught a year (1925-26) in a one room school at Springdale, on Camas Prairie three miles east of Manard. A got this position after my father happened to meet Erastus Nielsen's wife in town. She was one of the trustees at the Springdale School, and my father said that I was looking for a job and so Mrs Nielsen wrote to me to come for an interview. I can't remember that I saw her before we went down there but they hired me anyway for this one-room school with 15 children in all grades.

Edith and Mel were engaged then. And they took me to Springdale in Mel's car. Mel was so good to everybody. And, of course, Edith was my loving sister who was so dear to me all through my life. So, they took me down there and I roomed with Phoebe and Jodi Thurber. We were really the Thurbers of the other wife's family but I was related to them.

They lived in a house about a half mile from the school that my uncle Horace and Aunt Ida and family had lived in. That house hadn't been torn down like so many of them had, or moved. I had an upstairs room which had never been painted; it was a rough kind of a house. There was a bed with a straw mattress on it where I slept. There were no conveniences and the same at the school. But they were very good to me. They had two children in the school. I had to walk about half a mile to school. It was fine in the fall and spring but they had very hard winters, just like when we lived there. Winters were deep snow and very cold. That was 1925-26 and it was a cold one too.

At the Springdale school, I had to get there and sweep the floor and make the fire and we'd have a bucket of water and a dipper. That's how we drank. There was a pump outside. Sounds pretty rough now. I didn't seem to think it was so terrible. I remember having to walk in such big storms with snow blowing to get up there. People around brought their children.

I remember going up to the Mormon Reservoir and the young people getting on skis behind cars and they'd swirl around on the ice. I remember doing that with groups of young people. My uncle Elmer and aunt Jane lived at Fir Grove, which was a number of miles south toward Gooding. They loaned me a pair of skis, so I did sort of learn to ski while I was there. I never was very good at it but we'd get behind a car or a horse. Someone would ride the horse and we'd keep behind holding on to a rope. That was fun.

We had programs at the school. It was a kind of a community thing for the group of parents (The Nielsen's and Richard's and these Thurber children). They all lived rather close to the school. So I had fun. We put on a Saint Patrick's program and they learned songs. That was quite a happy year. We went up to Manard to church and activities they had there.

The summer of 1926 I attended a Normal school in Boise and stayed with aunt Carolyn. In 1926-27 my cousin Ruth and I taught in the two-room school that stood in Manard (the same one I first attended in 1911. There are still quite a few buildings there. The railroad went through Fairfield six miles north of Manard and on through to Hill City. When I was teaching there I took the train more than once. I'd ride the train to Shoshone and my folks would meet me with the car.

One time I had written that I was coming at a certain time on the train after school was out and to meet me in Shoshone. Father was not there at that time. He was working somewhere. So mother had Don take our old car and go to Shoshone to meet me. As thoughtless as I was, one of the young men that took Ruth and me out, Charley Meeks, wanted to drive me home. So he did. I got home and Don wasn't back. We didn't know

where he was. We were so worried. It got night. Don tells the story how I wasn't there so they started back and he got mixed up on the road and went around and around and he really didn't know where he was. They had stopped and he prayed. In the meantime, we were praying and praying that he would be able to find his way home. He said he had kind of gone to sleep and he woke up and he knew right where he was. He knew how to get out of there and came on home. So that was a spiritual experience.

When I was teaching on the Prairie I thought I was such a "tolerant" person. I was wanting my family to be tolerant too and not be so prejudiced, especially about people who smoke. I said "There are lots of good people who smoke." I was at the dinner table. My brothers were sitting there with the family. I said, "You know, there's lots of good people that smoke. That isn't such a terrible thing." My dad was furious at me. He said, "You just keep your mouth shut. I'm trying to help these boys to grow up and not smoke." I sure felt ashamed of myself.

Another time I came home and I was interested in socialism. Someone that I was living near or was interested in was a strong socialist. I went home spouting off about that. My father said, "My little girl, you get down on your knees and say your prayers." Oh! I just thought, "He doesn't understand how the world's going. He's just old. He doesn't understand the new things that are going on now." But my father was very intelligent about things like that and about news. After radio came out he never missed a night listening to the 10:00 p.m. news and he'd always discuss it and talk about it to the family and analyze it. And I remember lots of times when I wasn't home that something would come up in the news and I would wish my dad were there. He could make me understand what was going on. How I loved my father!

After the year Ruth and I taught together, I should have really gone on and taught there the next year but I got the great idea I wanted to be a librarian. There's nothing in life I wanted to be more than a librarian. So I went up to the University of Utah that next year (1927-28). My first quarter I took everything to do with library work. I took French and library science and so on.

Grant was married and living in Salt Lake City at the Oakwood apartments, so I went and lived with them and kind of hoped I helped them a little, although I know I didn't do half what I should have done. I took a bus all the time up to the University of Utah. Before the first quarter ended my father got real sick and came to Salt Lake to see the doctor. What I think of when I think of the lobby at the Hotel Utah, is sitting there with my father and him telling me about the bladder trouble that returned to him. He was sick and I guess they gave him medicine. He drew a picture of where this tumor was. He said, "I think that you'd better go back and finish getting your Normal degree," because I hadn't quite finished it at the Normal School. "You'd better go back and get your Normal degree and teach, so you can help the family." So, I did that. I changed my whole course and took the other teaching methods courses and practice teaching and completed all I had to take.

In the spring of '28 I graduated from the University of Utah Normal Department

and got a great big diploma. I've got it rolled up in my trunk. Before time to graduate, different trustees from various schools had come to interview teachers. I interviewed with the trustees and superintendent from Lyman, Wyoming. After they returned to Lyman they sent me a letter that they would hire me to teach sixth grade and they would send a contract. I also interviewed with Alpine School District in Utah before I left and went home.

I was home all that summer and enjoyed that. We lived at Hollister then. My father had rented a farm there and was running it. The boys were helping him. There's a lot more story that could be told about that but the days went by and no contract came. I began to get real concerned. I wrote Alpine because they had said they would give me a contract and said, "I'd like to get your contract to sign." But they weren't paying as much money as they were in Wyoming. On about the very day that I got their contract and was going to send it back, here came the one from Lyman. The superintendent, Paul C. Miner, said that he'd had problems. His mother had died and he had neglected to send me this contract. So I signed it and sent it back. That made all the difference. Must have been meant to be.

In the meantime I'd been going with a boy who went on a mission, wrote to me all the time, came back, and wanted to marry me. But I didn't want to get married. My girl friends were married but I never really wanted to get married. My folks, my dad especially, said, "It's time for you to get married." But I wasn't in love with him and I wanted to go on to school. I wasn't interested in getting married. So, that didn't bother me at all.

I wanted to be a librarian. I guess I liked books a lot and wanted to be with books and where books were. I thought that I had abilities to do that kind of thing and I disliked teaching because I never was a good disciplinarian & I couldn't seem to be that kind of a teacher.

After enjoying the summer of 1928 with my family in Hollister, the folks took me up to the train and I went on to Ogden. I had some friends there I stayed with and then I got on the bus and went out to Lyman. I thought that was the most desolate country I'd ever seen in my life. It was just terrible. When we got to Fort Bridger it was like an oasis in the desert. I was 22 when I went to Lyman.

I got there on a Sunday afternoon. Other teachers and the principal suggested places for us to stay & Ora Cousins, the third grade teacher who was from Salt Lake, and I went to stay in a room at the Stadmiller home. He was the banker in Lyman then. Ora was a lovely friend and we stayed there for awhile and then we got an apartment upstairs in the Youngberg's home and lived there the rest of the year.

The first Sunday we all went to church and our Sunday School teacher was a young returned missionary named Ervin Larsen. He was really outstanding looking. So many of the young farmer men were kind of rough but he just looked so well kept as he always did, and so handsome. I never did go with him that year (1928-29). He danced

with me at the dances and then in the spring of that year 1929 he had a terrible time with his back and went to Salt Lake for several months for treatments by a chiropractor.

I went home for Christmas to visit my family in Hollister. Then after returning and finishing the school year, in the summer (1929) I went to Shelley. I began the trip with Margaret McClellan (another teacher with whom I roomed) who lived in Worland, near Casper. She was going home in her car so she had invited some of the other teachers who lived that way and me, to go with her. I rode with her and then caught a train to Butte, Montana and then down to Shelley. My brother Grant had a root beer stand there next to his brother-in-law, Ray Peck's, Texaco Station. So I worked in this root beer stand and made hot dogs and root beers and all. It was really a nice time and I lived at Grant's house with them and saved my money and I sent my money to the folks all that summer. They were having a tough time. Grant and Edyth would say, "Why don't you try to get a job here in Shelley or Idaho Falls. There are a lot of little schools, a lot of little towns around here." I said, "No, I've got a cowboy back in Wyoming." I remember saying that although I'd never had a date with him.

When I returned to Lyman in the fall (1929) I roomed with Ferne Gardner, the high school English teacher, in an apartment in the Blackner house. She was dating Milton Hunter, the seminary teacher and I was dating Ervin Larsen, the handsome returned missionary. He called me up and wanted to know if I would accompany him to sing at Mutual that first week. So for our first date, we went into Blackner's and used their piano to practice. Then he took me to this Mutual program and I played for him and then we went for a ride. I thought, "How romantic!" From then on we kept dating.

He was always singing somewhere. He sang at all the PTA meetings and church meetings and he sang all over the valley at all the funerals, weddings, and programs. Every year the school trustees would have a steak fry down at Fort Bridger. We went to the steak fry on a date. They asked him to sing and he did sing "When you're calling me" from Rosemarie. We just kept going together. Milton and Ferne and we had lots of fun that winter together. Milton had a car, a Ford, so several weekends we drove up to Ferne's home in Lehi and went to some programs and stayed at her folk's place. We had many good times together. Then that spring (1930) we got engaged. He gave me a ring. We had known each other almost two years by then.

That summer (1930), Ferne and I had made this plan to go on a trip together to California and up the coast to Seattle, Victoria Island, and Vancouver, British Columbia. Ferne and I took the train to Lehi and stayed with her family a few days while we got things ready. Her mother was so afraid that we would lose our money so we got traveler's checks. She made us pockets in our bras to put all our money in & We took a bus and went down through Nevada. I remember stopping in Las Vegas. The bus didn't have air conditioning. The windows were open so we could get some air and the dust blew in and it was terrible. But we got to Los Angeles and rented an apartment. We stayed there about a week and saw all the sights. A cousin of mine, Loren Smith, was living there; so I called him. He got another boy and the four of us went to the beach. We also saw the oil wells and went to Huntington library and all the sights. Then we

went on up the coast to San Francisco and went to see "Student Prince" there. We went to the wonderful zoo that's in San Francisco. Then we went on up to Seattle and over to Victoria Island on a boat and saw those beautiful gardens (Butchard Gardens). Then we went up to Vancouver and stayed there quite a while. All this time Milton Hunter was wanting to marry Ferne and he would keep writing to her and calling her every time he got a chance. She couldn't decide that she wanted to marry him. We caee back by the bus to Twin Falls. My folks met us and took us out to Hollister and she stayed a little while with me. Then she took a train and left. Finally I got ready and went back to school, to Lyman. I taught all that year (1930-31) and spent a lot of time with Ervin.

As I close these memories of myself as a child and a young lady, I give thanks to my parents and especially to my Heavenly Father. I know that He watches over me and knows who I am and gives me challenges to help me grow.

I have a very real testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith and of the gospel brought forth through him for us in this day.

I am grateful to our Lord Jesus Christ for the sacrifice He made for me. I bear this testimony as I conclude this book.

Gladys Butler Larsen, May 14, 1996

Photographs from a trip to Boise with Helen, Gladys, Father, Ruth, and Edith- 1923