

MY LIFE HISTORY

By

Jane Butler Nielson

It was my mothers birthday last month and I have been thinking about her -- what a kind unselfish, woman she was. My mother was five feet eight inches tall and was very slender, weighing about 115 pounds.

As a child she lived in Parowan, Utah. Her father, John Calvin Lazelle Smith was a government Indian agent. He loved the Indians and was always kind and fair with them. The Indians called him Captain Smith. The Smiths milled a grist mill and did a good deal of trading with whites as well as Indians. They traded their milling services for various items the family needed. One day a Dixie peddler came by and traded a 40 gallon barrel of peaches packed in sorghum for wheat and flour from the mill.

My grandmother had the first stove in Parowan, what a wonderful improvement that was. Before this she had to bake her bread on the hearth of the fireplace after heating it with hot coals.

Mother, Nancy Franzetta Smith Butler, loved to talk to the immigrants who stopped at their home on their way to California. One little girl told her that rice was really good to eat. Mother had never seen or tasted rice so the little girl gave her a few grains. Mother tried to eat it and could not understand why people thought it was good.

One day a group of Indians came to the Smith door leading a little seven year old girl by a leather thong tied around her neck. The Indians had stolen the child and her mother from another tribe. The mother had died and the men didn't want the girl but wanted to trade her for a gun and a sack of flour. My grandfather talked kindly to the Indians and told them they should keep the girl and that some day she would grow to be a fine squaw for one of them. He thought he had convinced them to keep her but soon heard a terrified scream and ran to the swift mill stream where the Indians had tied a heavy rock to the end of the leather thong that was tied around her neck and were preparing to throw her into the mill stream. Grandfather gave the Indians the flour and gun they wanted and the satisfied Indians left. Grandmother bathed and deloused the pathetic little girl. She had to wear a blanket until grandmother could make clothing for her. They named the girl Jeannette and she grew to be a loving, devoted daughter and sister. The Smith children were younger than she and she grew to be very protective of them. One day at school a big 16 year old bully was picking on her brother Horace. Jeannette jumped on him and gave him such a thrashing that he didn't make the mistake of picking on Horace again.

She loved to do housework that pleased grandmother. She would get white sand from a near by stream and would use it to scour the rough board floors of their home. She would scour until the boards looked like they had been waxed.

Jeannette married a cousin of my grandmothers, Dudley Leavitt. She raised a large family of handsome children. I did not meet her but I met two of her grandsons who lived in Annabelle. They were big, good looking boys and were outstanding basketball players.

Mother was a fragile child and couldn't romp and play like most children. She spent many hours unraveling old material and twisting the ravelings into thread so her mother could sew with it. Thread, needles and pins were very scarce and very expensive at that time. When she was about 12 or 13 years old she went out into the brush where the sheep had been feeding and gathered some wool from the brush. She took it to the house and her mother or Jeannette washed it for her. She then carded it, dyed it, spun and wove it into fabric for a dress for herself. Her mother helped her cut out and sew the dress. She said the dress never did wear out.

On a late September day mother and her brother Horace went into the field to glean wheat. While picking up the precious stalks of grain that had been missed by the threshing crew they saw some Indians approaching. Horace recognized them to be Apaches, who at that time were quite hostile. Horace hid mother in a shock of wheat and then stacked other shocks about her. He told her if the Indians found her he would come out of hiding and go with her but if they found him and not her she should wait quietly until they had gone and then run home and sound the alarm. The Indians came to steal wheat and as they loaded their wagons the children felt they would surely be found as their hearts were pounding so loudly. Fortunately the Indians didn't steal the shocks that covered the children and when they couldn't hear them anymore they came out from hiding and ran home. Horace refused to risk taking his little sister to the fields with him after that experience.

Mother had a dear friend who was the daughter of George A Smith. Her brother, George A. Smith Jr. was killed by Indians. Nancy remembered walking with her friend to meet the men who were bringing her brothers body back to Parowan.

June 23, 1873 mother married John Lowe Butler 2. They lived in Parowan [Panguitch] close to the lake. Jeannette came to visit her one day. Both Pa and his brother Jim were gone. Mother was making biscuits and had a heavy rolling pin in her hand when an Indian walked in the door, going straight for Jeannette and tried to force her to go with him. Jeannette fought back and mother got in some good licks with the rolling pin. She worked her way to the door and hung a white dish cloth on a nail outside the door. This was the distress signal of the time. Soon my Uncle Jim came and forced the Indian to leave. Jeannette was terribly afraid of Indians, they tried several times to kidnap her.

Mother told the story about a beautiful stallion named Prince. He was purchased by my father and his brother Jim. The horse sickened and died and the brothers were distraught. They

proceeded to dig a grave for the horse, mother and her sister[-in-law] Lottie came to the sight looking very solemn and sang a hymn over the animal. The men didn't appreciate their humor.

Mother and Lottie lived close to each other so when the men were away they spent a great deal of time together. One night Lottie was at mothers when the door flew open and father stumbled in and fell flat on the floor. He had never been known to drink but they tried to awaken him without success. They undressed him, made a bed with some quilts on the floor and rolled him onto the bed. Mother was crying and Lottie was furious with my father. Suddenly Pa sat up and had a big laugh at the expense of the two women.

My father was a large, well built man. He was six feet two and ½ inches tall, had broad shoulders, narrow hips, large feet, blue eyes and brown hair and beard. From my earliest recollections Pa was in poor health. In his early manhood he was serving as a deputy marshal at a dance in Panguitch, Utah and while attempting to put some roudy men out of the dance he was struck in the head with a two by four. His skull was fractured and he was taken to Salt Lake City where a piece of skull was removed and a silver plate was inserted. His health was never the same after that incident. My parents were very kind and loving to their family and friends.

While living on their farm in Panguitch their oldest son, John Lowe 3 was born in 1874. Mother had a difficult time and had only a midwife to help her. As the baby was born the uterus protracted and mother fell into unconsciousness. The only thing Pa knew to do was to stand on a chair, hold mother by her ankles and shake her until the uterus went back into place. Lottie was present and told me that all the time Pa was shaking mother great tears were rolling down his cheeks. Mother recovered and had nine more children without too much difficulty. Three daughters, Francetty in 1876, Sadie in 1878 and Carrie in 1880 were next to be born into the family.

My father was in a partnership with his two brothers, Jim and Tom. They raised horses and sheep. In 1883 Pa moved to another ranch on the Sevier River and the family lived in Joseph City where Horace was born. They had range land for their sheep in the mountains on Deer Creek. Deer Creek is a small rushing stream flowing from the year-round snowdrifts on Mt. Belnap in the Gold Mountain area of southern Utah. The stream flows down crossing highway I-15 [she means State Highway 89] near the Big Rock Candy Mountain and empties into the Sevier River. Father ran his sheep up in the grazing area which was six or seven miles above the present I-15 [Hwy 89] highway. In later years a jeep road was built up that canyon.

Pa told a story of a time when they were moving with several other families. They were traveling in a caravan with the young people all walking. One girl refused to wade the streams, she was too proud and stylish. Father removed his boots and socks, rolled up his trousers and

offered to carry her. As he got to the middle of the stream he suddenly, on purpose, tripped and both fell into the water. Pa felt he had taught the girl a well deserved lesson.

Pa was absent minded. Sometimes he would lose his gallises (suspenders) and would find them hanging down his back. When I was about seven years old I was sitting on Pa's lap brushing and combing his long brown beard which hung to his waist. I loved to do this and this day I decided to braid his beard into two braids and tie red yarn at the end of each braid. Suddenly Pa said, "Jump down Janie Pa's got to go." He put on his hat and left. After a few minutes I told mother what I had done and she was really embarrassed, as was Pa when he walked into the store and post office and people laughed at his fancy beard.

John D. Lee worked for Pa on his farm, this was 20 years after the Mt. Meadows Massacre. Pa was there when officers came and arrested John D. Lee for his part in the massacre.

My grandmother Butler made Pa some new buckskin breeches and he was very proud of them. He wore them while riding for cattle and was caught in a bad rain storm. The breeches stretched so badly he couldn't handle them so he took his knife and cut several inches off the bottom of each leg. Next morning he found he had knee britches to wear.

Mother had never been up to the grazing area but one night dreamed she was up there in a narrow canyon. She noticed a bird, either a crow or hawk, perched on a rock. Approaching the bird she noticed the rock it was perched upon. The rock was quartz and was laden with gold. Mother told her dream to Pa and they thought no more about it until later when Pa was with his sheep and saw a hawk sitting on a rock. He was curious and walked over to where the bird had been perched and found the rock to be high grade quartz. He took some samples to the valley and had it assayed and it was found to contain very rich deposits of gold, silver and lead. There was enough silver to pay for the processing of the gold so Pa immediately filed and posted his claims. He sold the sheep and put all of his assets into the mine. He moved the family from Joseph City to Richfield in 1884. Olive was born in an adobe brick house down by the mill in 1885. I was born in a red brick house above the spring ditch in 1888. Kenyon Taylor was born in this same house in 1890, Eva in 1892 and Lee in 1895.

For several years before moving to Richfield the family lived on a homestead in Jerico. The following memories are of the Jerico-Richfield years:

There was a hermit who lived in a cave on the side of the hill. His name was Shock Buhannon. I was afraid of him. He came to our house occasionally and mother would always

feed him. He was very grateful and said he had no money to pay her. He said he had had a wagon load of gold and was driving it on the Milky Way when it broke through and fell into the Gulf of Mexico. He said he had recently received word that it had been found and as soon as they recovered it he would pay for his food.

I remember a family named Leavitt who lived about one half mile from us. The family contracted diphtheria and all five of their children died from it. Our family was fortunate and did not get the disease.

Three men from Sevier County bought the first registered holstein bulls brought to the county. They were all very treacherous animals. One man from Annabell was killed by his bull. Andrew Ross broke the horns of his bull while fighting for his life and later killed the bull. My fathers bull was named Janwitt. I can remember seeing him racing through the field with several men on horseback chasing him. Pa eventually sold Janwitt.

When I was very young I remember mother sitting on the edge of her bed putting on her stockings. I was surprised that she had legs. I guess I had never seen her without her long skirt before.

One of my earliest memories was when we were living at Jericho. Mother had made me a little doll bed and I had it out in the yard playing with it. I looked in the bed one day and there were two big worms in it. I ran into the house and told mother there were worms in my doll bed. Upon investigation we found two big blow snakes instead of worms.

I was with Zettie, Sadie and Olive playing in the meadow. I slipped and fell into a deep wash that was full of water. My sisters screamed and my brother John who was working in the field came running to my rescue. He had a shovel over his shoulder and he jumped in the wash and pulled me out. To me he looked as tall as a telephone pole.

Uncle Tom Butler was in his little shanty at Jericho. I came in with an apron tied around me, dragging behind like a train. He looked up and said, "Well, how are you old mother Bunch?"

Sadie and I were in Uncle Tom's shanty. Sadie wanted to go somewhere and didn't want me to go so kept running around things trying to lose me. I was determined to go with her so stuck right with her. Finally she disappeared and I couldn't find her. Uncle Tom had been

observing what was going on and could see I was pretty upset. There was a big old cradle in the shanty and it was full of clean clothes waiting to be sprinkled for ironing. Uncle Tom pointed to the cradle and of course I investigated and found Sadie buried under the clothes.

One day I saw Pa coming in the wagon and received permission from mother to go meet him. He lifted me up into the wagon and there to my delight was a little red rocking chair he had bought for me. I loved it so much but for a long time I wouldn't sit in it and rock because I couldn't sit in it and look at it at the same time. I would kneel in front of the chair and rock it.

"Uncle Tom was preparing to go on his third mission for the church and we were all outside bidding him goodbye. He was going to Manti to meet the train and was being taken in a small one horse cart. I climbed up on the wheel to give him one more goodbye kiss, the horse backed up, I fell off the wheel and it ran over me. Fortunately I wasn't hurt but was very mad because my little tin, embossed cup was completely crushed. "

"When I was three years old I went to Parowan with mother, K.T., Aunt Lottie, Carline, Ernest and Uncle Jim. We made the trip in a covered wagon. It was winter so everyone in the back, covered part, was cozy and warm with lots of blankets and heated rocks. It made me seasick to ride back there so I sat up on the drivers seat with Uncle Tom. The snow was very deep in Bear Valley and it took us two days to make the trip. We spent Christmas with my Grandma McGregor. Grandma gave me a doll. She had a china head and arms and legs and a rag body. I named her Dortha and loved her dearly. I still have this doll, she has a new body and clothes but the head is the original. One of my granddaughters will get her one day." Dortha was given to Sandra Sagers, Carol Nielson Sagers daughter.

"While at Grandma McGregors I played with my cousin Della McGregor. We were bouncing on a bed that had a thick straw tick on it and were having lots of fun. Somehow I accidentally kicked Della in the head and she screamed so loud it scared me to death. I found refuge under the bed and wouldn't come out. No amount of coaxing would bring me out so finally an older cousin grabbed my feet and pulled me out. I grabbed on to a big Indian basket full of rags that was under the bed but Ada pulled us both out. The family was eating and Ada set me up to the table. All I remember seeing was a big bowl on a stand filled with apricots."

"Uncle Tom had a farm out in a community called Brooklyn. I was out there one day and a little lamb came up to me. I tried to pet it and it ran away so I chased it. Pretty soon I looked up and all I could see was lucerne and grass so I laid down and started to cry. A man in a covered wagon came by, there was a big barrel of water tied on the side of the wagon. The man picked me up and asked me whose little girl I was. I said, 'I'm Uncle Toms.' The man a freighter, knew Uncle Tom and promptly took me to him."

"One day Pa took me to Elsinore and we went into Mr. Marquison's store. He set me on the counter and Mr. Marquison was admiring my long, thick ringlets. He reached under the counter and brought out a darling little miniature Singer sewing machine and gave it to me. It was only about six inches high but a model of the real machine. The little foot peddle moved when I put my finger on it. I really prized that gift."

"Mother was going into town with Grandma Ramsey who was a midwife and assisted my mother in the births of several of her children. Olive and I wanted to go but mother didn't want us to. Finally Grandma Ramsey brought out a nickel and a dime and told us if we would be good girls and stay home without crying we could have the coins and because I was the youngest I could have first choice of the money. Of course, being greedy, I chose the nickel because it was the largest. It was a bitter pill when I found the dime bought twice as much as my large nickel."

"Olive was three years older than me and was so kind and good to me. She fought many of my battles and I'm sorry to say I was sometimes unkind to her. Someone had given us each a little china basket. The baskets were filled with painted flowers and we really loved to play with them. Olive accidentally dropped my basket and broke it, I was heartbroken. Olive told me not to cry and that I could have hers. That didn't satisfy me because then Olive wouldn't have a basket to play with. I got Pa's big hammer, put Olive's cup on a rock and smashed it into a million pieces. This was an example of how selfish I was."

"My place at the dinner table was on a bench that was in back of the table. After eating I got sleepy and laid down on the bench and went to sleep. The older girls cleared the table and pushed it over the bench against the wall. Soon I was missed and the entire neighborhood was out looking everywhere for me. I must have tried to turn over as I remember raising up and bumping my head on the table, not knowing where I was I started to cry. Grandma Christiansen was in the house and heard me cry and rescued me."

"K.T. was a good shot with a flipper or slingshot. One day he saw a magpie in our tree. He put a rock in his flipper and took a bead on the magpie. He hit it and it fell from the tree. He was pretty excited until he found the bird was a tame magpie that belonged to our neighbor. The man had split the bird's tongue and it could talk. Pa made K.T. take the magpie to our neighbor and apologize for killing it."

"When I was three years old I had my first birthday party. Leo Christiansen was four the day before so our mothers had a joint birthday party for us. The party was at Leo's house and he

and I sat on a big gray chest at the head of the table. I remember looking at the table and all I could see was coconut cake and doughnuts stacked high."

"Pa was late for dinner one night so the rest of us started to eat. Pa came in and had a long weed in his hand. He playfully hit mother with the weed and said, 'How dare you start eating without me?' He went to the wash stand and was stooped over washing when Olive jumped down from the table, grabbed the broom and gave him a healthy swat. Pa was so startled and sputtered, 'What's going on here?' Olive replied, 'Don't you dare hit my mother!' "

"One evening K.T. and I were acting up at the table. Father warned us in his stern voice to behave but we kept up our laughing etc. K. T. was sent outside to remain until after dinner. I had to stay at the table and eat when I had no appetite at all after K.T., who was starved, was outside without food and I was at the table eating and wasn't hungry."

"Our neighbor Mrs. Christiansen had a sour plum tree right by our rock wall. I was playing with Nora Thurber and she suggested we climb up on the wall and steal some of old lady Christiansens plums. I said no as I had been trained not to steal. Nora was determined, climbed up on the wall and took some of the plums. She gave me a handful and I tried one and found it so sour I couldn't eat it. I didn't know what to do with the rest of the plums so I put them in my dress, went inside and found a basket of rug rags and buried the plums at the bottom of the basket. I went back out to play and forgot about the plums. Later I went in the house and Pa called, 'Daughter!' I immediately thought, 'Oh, no, plums!' He told me that Maggie Christiansen had told him she had seen Nora and me stealing her plums. I assured Pa that I hadn't stolen them. He listened but advised me I was as bad as Nora because I had taken the stolen fruit. I had to get the plums I had hidden and return them to Mrs. Christiansen and apologize to her. I felt my father had used very poor judgement in making me do this."

"When K. T. was about four years old he loved to play in the ditch that ran by our house. David Henderson was the water master for our town. I remember he wore wooden shoes. The towns domestic water supply came from this ditch and it was his job to keep the stream clean and flowing properly. He had warned the children many times not to play in the water as it muddied it. One day K.T. came running into the house and tore right upstairs. Mr. Henderson was right behind him and would have gone upstairs after him if mother hadn't stopped him. K.T. was quite a fighter even at four and stood at the top of the stairs with his fists raised saying, 'Henderson, don't you dare!' "

"Flo Bean was my first grade teacher. At the end of the year she gave all of her students a green ribbon badge with our initials on the ribbon. I still have that little ribbon badge. Annie

Morrison also taught first grade, I didn't like her because she was not very loving or understanding of poor people. She criticized me for using a cracked slate, which was all I had."

"Another teacher I had was a cousin of mine, Lizzie Butler. The wages for teachers was very poor so at the end of the year she asked each of us to bring 5¢ to pay for the traditional ribbon badge. They were beautiful big pink ribbon bows this year and I really wanted one. My mother didn't have a nickel and I was unhappy and didn't want to go to school the day of our final program. I finally went but stayed in the hall huddled under a coat. A friend told the teacher I was in the hall crying because I didn't have a nickel for a badge. Lizzie came out, dried my tears and gave me one of the beautiful badges."

"Eliza Dahl was another teacher. We had double desks and Irene Segmiller was my desk mate. Her father had been to a political rally and had heard a pretty new song, "Sweet Marie." She sang me the words in a whisper. I told her I had some cousins who had been at the rally and that the way she sang it was not like my cousins had heard so I sang my words to her. Suddenly our teacher said, 'That's enough girls, after school you girls can come to the front and sing for all of us!' I thought she might forget but at the end of the day she told us we should sing for the class and I was to sing first. I stood and sang as loud as I could:

Sweet Marie come to me, not because your face is fair,
But your soul so pure and sweet makes my happiness complete,
Makes me falter at your feet Sweet Marie

The teacher then told Irene it was her turn and Irene started to cry. The teacher had mercy on her and didn't force her to sing. I was so mad at myself for not thinking of crying too."

"When I was in the first grade there was a boy in my class named Jessie Outzson. His father owned the main hotel and the family was supposed to be rich. After Christmas our teacher said we could tell what we received for Christmas. I don't remember what was reported except that among other things Jessie reported he had received \$1.00's worth of candy. I had tried so hard to be a good girl and Jessie swore and would throw rocks so I didn't understand why he would give Jessie a dollars worth of candy."

"One of K.T.s' jobs was to take the neighbors cows to pasture down south of town. The pasture fences were built of poles so we would see how far we could walk on the poles without falling off. K.T. always won these contests. We would always stop at Mrs. Goosleys spring and get a drink of the cold, clear water."

"K.T. was such a little fellow when he herded pigs on Uncle Jims farm which was north of Richfield. Each morning the pigs were turned out in the thorny greese wood patches. Sadie

came home for a visit from Salt Lake and K.T. greeted her looking very pitiful. He had been trying to get the pigs out of the greese wood and had torn his clothing and long black stockings to shreds. His dirty face was streaked with tears and when he saw Sadie he burst into tears again. Sadie helped to get warm water in the tub and K.T. soon had a refreshing bath and clean clothing. I hope he never went back to that job."

"I recall when I earned 10¢ and was told I could spend it any way I liked. I went to Lawsons store and bought three bananas. I was so proud to divide the fruit evenly and gave Pa and Ma their portions first."

"When I was 8 years old I went with Uncle Jim and his family to Manti and stayed with Aunt Adeline. I went to the Manti temple and was baptized for several people. That experience was one of the great thrills of my life. We made the trip in a wagon over very dusty roads."

"K. T. and I loved to play with the older children in the neighborhood and one night a large group of kids were playing "run sheep run" and a game called "relievo". We heard the city curfew bell ring but were having too much fun to go to our homes. We were in a huddle dividing up into two teams for the next game when Gus Bloomquist, the local policeman, crept out of the shadows putting his long arms plus his billy club around our group and saying, 'You can all come with me.' We did quite a disappearing act. K. T. rolled under Christiansens gate into a gooseberry bush, recovering we both ran home all out of breath to tell our parents about our close call with the law. As we were getting ready for bed a loud knock came at the door and K.T. and I dove for under the bed. We heard a gruff voice say, 'I want those kids,' then we were grabbed by the feet and pulled from our hiding place. We were happy to see that it was Pa and he was roaring with laughter."

"Washingtons birthday was always a big day in school when I was a girl. My birthday was on the same day and when I was in the second grade I was chosen to be the Goddess of Liberty in the school pageant. Washingtons picture hung on the wall and in front of the picture was a box all covered with a white cloth. I stood on the box all draped in lace (I think it was a lace curtain). My hair was very long, it hung to my knees. My teacher, Eliza Dahl lifted me up on the box and I felt very important and elegant. My dearest friend, May Baker, gave the tribute to Washington. I don't remember all of it but when she said, 'Crowning his head with evergreen and laurel,' I hung an evergreen wreath on the corner of Washingtons picture."

"May Baker, my closest friend, when about ten years old had a serious attack of appendicitis and was taken to Salt Lake City. The teacher let me and another girl go to the train depot. They carried her to the train on a stretcher and how I did cry. She missed a year of school but did get well and went on through college."

"A boy we called Wiff Whitehead (his real name was Nielson or Jensen), sat behind me in school. He was constantly unbraiding or pulling my long hair that was done up in braids. One day when he was pestering me the teacher threatened to make him stand in the corner if he didn't stop. He continued so I took hold of one braid and flipped it back, popping him in the eye. The teacher threatened him again, he continued to pester so I tried not to let it bother me. When the bell rang for recess I got up to march out and a girl said, 'Oh Jane, look at your hair!' Wiff had taken his pocket knife & had cut one of my braids off. Mother had to cut the other one off to match. I was so mad that I was going to hate Wiff always. Not long after that Wiff contracted typhoid fever and died. Our teacher, Rena Ogalvy and I took flowers to his mother from our class. His poor mother was so heartbroken she cried and thanked us over and over for being such good friends. I felt so bad and guilty because I had hated him."

"When we lived in Richfield we loved to play in a deep wash in the brush west of our house. The walls of the wash were cut straight down into the red clay and sand. K.T. made a narrow dugway, wide enough for a spool wagon and about two blocks long down the wash. He caught two lizards and made harnesses of string that fit over the lizards. He hooked the lizards on to a spool wagon and was determined to break them to hawl a load on that dugway. He tried for hours to train the lizards to stay on the dugway but just as he thought they were doing well they would take off over the edge, turning the wagon over and tangling the string harness. He tried for a long time before finally giving up."

"Pa had been sick a long time. Etta Poulson and another girl came around delivering baskets of food for Christmas. K.T. and I were quite excited when we found a glass of jelly in the basket and our mouths watered at the thoughts of a jelly sandwich. A knock came at the door and Etta was back saying she had given us the wrong basket so exchanged it. Eagerly opening it we were disappointed to find no jelly in the second basket, just beans, oatmeal, etc."

"One summer day Aunt Lottie, Carline, Ernest, Mother, Olive, Taylor, Eva and I went on a picnic down by the river. There was not much water in the river so we did not think of danger. We were wading and splashing in the water when Olive and Carline stepped into a deep whirlpool and neither of them could swim. The rest of us made a chain, K.T. going first and grabbing Olives' hand. We had a real struggle getting them out but finally pulled the exhausted girls to safety."

"When I was in the fourth grade I walked home from school with Maggie Erickson. I would go to my sister Zettys after school sometimes. Maggie belonged to the Methodist church and we would argue about religion. Neither of us convinced the other that we were right but finally settled with a pact to meet in heaven and settle it then. It is now 1974 and I am 86 years

old and was told Maggie Erickson joined the L.D.S. church, married a Mormon man and was living in Nevada. I do not know if she is still living."

"K.T. built a tree house in our apple tree, took his bed roll up there and planned to catch the culprits who raided our cherry tree. I whispered his plan to a few of my close friends. After it grew dark and K.T. had gone to bed in the tree house my friends and I quietly crept toward the cherry tree. As K.T. heard us approaching he jumped from his hiding place and we all turned and ran as hard as we could. One boy jumped over the rock wall at Thorsens place, knocking a rock onto the sidewalk I was the last one running down the sidewalk and with no street lights I didn't see the rock so tripped and fell. K.T. was screaming with delight at catching one of the thieves and was very disappointed it turned out to be me."

"K.T. invited Chester Christensen to come and sleep with him in the tree house. They had a piece of pipe several inches long, it was part of a toy cannon belonging to Chester. They decided to really scare the neighborhood on the fourth of July. We had a keg of black powder and some fuses in the grainery and K.T. felt he knew plenty about explosives so the boys got up just before daylight and tamped plenty of powder into the pipe cannon and fastened a fuse on one end. They lit the fuse and ran around the corner of the grainery to wait for the explosion, but nothing happened. K.T. peeked around the corner just as the device went off with a terrible bang. Mother and the rest of the family rushed out to see what had happened. There was K.T. shocked and bleeding mashed into the crisscross sticks of pine in our wood pile. The blast blew that toy cannon all to pieces. One piece cut a three inch limb off our silver maple tree. After pulling K.T. out of the wood pile we discovered his face was peppered with black powder burns and he had many small cuts and several specks of powder in the white part of one eye. At age 84 he still has some of that powder in his eye. Other than suffering from shock Chester was okay. That event really spoiled our fourth of July but was successful in awakening our corner of town."

"In 1901 Horace bought a new home for mother. It was located on 2nd west and 2nd south in Richfield, Utah. It was of red adobe and had three rooms downstairs. It had a rock grainery, a barn and corral. The lot was a short acre with a small orchard and a nice garden spot. There was a silver maple tree in the front yard and a row of lombardy poplars along both partition fences. We had nice gardens while living in that house. We milked our own cow and had apples, plums and cherries from our orchard. Horace paid \$150. for this place."

"In the fall of 1903 I started into my eighth year of school. Lester Quist was my teacher and I liked him very much. I was an average student. My best subject was math. Our 8th grade graduation exercises were held in Glenwood, Frank Segmiller was the speaker. Charles Nielson from Elsinore was the county valedictorian. Charles was the older brother of Elmer Nielson whom I later married. There were 26 in our class and Lionel Bean was the only boy."

"We didn't get cookies very often and when we did we couldn't understand why mother didn't like them and always gave them all to us kids. Mother could do all kinds of repair work. she had a shoe last and made and repaired all of our shoes. She tanned the leather and made moccasins for me until I was in the third grade. To make the braided fabric soles last longer she melted balsam gum and soaked the soles in the gum, rubbed them in sand and let them dry for several days on the roof of the house. She would then sew leather tops on the soles. The soles would not wear out and would go through several changes of tops before being outgrown. Mother made starch from potatoes, lye from wood ashes, dye from mahogany bark and indigo root. She used Indian paintbrush to make red dye. She made her mill soap, dried fruit and vegetables. She was a beautiful quilter with stitches so tiny and even. She gathered, carded and spun wool on the spinning wheel. Using a loom she wove the wool yarn into fabric. Her sewing skills came in handy with six daughters to raise. She eventually bought a Singer sewing machine. It had a big wooden case that fit over it. My mother was also a kind and good neighbor, loved by all."

BUTLER BECK MINE MEMORIES

The mine that John Lowe Butler developed was located upstream from where Deer Creek empties into the Sevier River. The mine was located between two knolls, a low knoll on one side of the river and a high knoll on the other side. Above this narrow section between the knolls the canyon flattened out for quite a space. In the flat area John built a sawmill, blacksmith shop, raster, an assay office, corrals, sheds, etc. He built a cook house which was a very long log room with double bunks in each back corner. There was a door leading into the store room, a door going into a bedroom and another door going into the cellar. The cabin was built right into the side of the hill, with no windows on the side toward the hill. There was a long table and benches where 35 men could be served. Opposite the table was a cook stove, shelves and side tables for supplies and convenience in preparing meals. About a city block up the canyon from the cook house, on the same side of the canyon was the mine tunnel where the first mining was done, this was known as the Carrie Tunnel. Across the creek from this tunnel was the bunk house.

The first time I went to the mine I was five years old. I went with my sister Zettie and my Uncle Jim Butler in a dump cart. They had come down to the valley for supplies. The fifty mile trip was over very rough roads and was quite a trip. The road ended at the little knoll and from there on was just a trail. We walked from where the road ended and Uncle Jim carried me on his shoulders, part of the way. Coming around the point of the knoll we could see Sadie and Carrie watching Horace drive or ride around and around on the raster. The raster ground the quartz into finer pieces to make it easier to later refine the ore to get the gold, silver and lead. We came through the underbrush about where the blacksmith shop and sawmill were later built. Zettie told me to hide behind her skirt as she called, "Who, who." They looked up, crossed the creek and started toward us. When I stepped into sight they all came to me with lots of hugs and kisses. Jim then took pack bags back to the cart and brought the supplies and horses down to the mine. I felt much wanted and very important and got to sleep with Sadie in an upper bunk. During the night we had an electrical storm, in the narrow canyon the thunder really sounded terrible. The roof was not water tight and the rain dripped through, soaking our bed. Horace dragged his bed to a dry spot and called, "Come sleep with brother," so I snuggled down between him and Pa and felt

quite safe. The next morning was bright and sunny and we took buckets and went up the canyon about a mile to the raspberry patch. I rode with Sadie on a gray horse. I rode behind the saddle and still remember my hips felt like they were breaking. They gave me a cup for berries and set me under a berry bush. I remember looking up the hill and it was just red with raspberries. We got our fill of berries that day.

It was later that Pa built the sawmill, blacksmith shop etc. He also built a couple of log cabins, one for our family and one for dignitaries who came up to visit. A five stamp mill was also constructed on the opposite side of the canyon from the raster. It had at least three levels going up the side of the mountain. The top level consisted of a crusher where the ore was dumped and crushed. It then dropped down to the next level into the five stamp section where five huge iron posts raised and lowered crushing the quartz even finer. The ore then dropped to the next level to a room where there was a big wooden tank with copper straps around it and an endless belt with water running over it. It washed the quartz sand out into a low part of the flat below the mill. It was pretty and white and fun to play in. I well remember that big wooden tank with copper bands. The big tank and some smaller wooden tubs held quick silver which was used to collect the gold dust. There were several tent houses for the mill hands and the assayers and their families. A dugway was built along the mountain side, extending from the Carrie Tunnel past the cook house, over a bridge that crossed the ravine and straight to the top section of the mill where it dumped into the crusher.

The Tennessee shaft of the mine was high on the hill above our big cabin, with just a trail leading to it. The road from the shaft had to go several miles around the mountain to reach the mill. This shaft was equipped with a winch, a big iron bucket fastened on a cable. It could be turned by hand to raise and lower the bucket. I remember when Pa took me down in that bucket. Two men were there with picks, shovels, drills and hammers. They seemed very pleased to see me.

The Carrie tunnel was where John made his first big ore strike. Once Pa took me in the tunnel in an ore car. The men pushed it along tracks to take out the ore. It is hard to describe the smell of the damp air that was in the tunnel. A small icy cold stream ran from the tunnel. It was all timbered up for quite a distance, then they would tunnel off to one side, this was called drift, straight up was called rise and straight down was called shaft. As we went in it was pretty spooky, with candles flickering from the miners caps or from an occasional lantern or candle stuck in a timber. Our voices echoed and the sound of picks and bull hammers really roared. When they got a hole drilled and were ready to blast Pa took me close to the mouth of the tunnel. The man with the dynamite would call, "Fire," and each man would pass the word along. The men would all run and dodge around a corner to protect themselves from flying rock. The explosion sounded like the entire mountain was caving in. Smoke fumes from the powder floated out, it was very frightening for me. The ore car was then taken in to be filled with the new ore fit was pushed out on the tracks and the ore was put in a dump cart ready to take to the crusher.

Mother didn't go to the mine until I was about seven years old. I think it was Will Ogden who took us up to the mine that summer. As I recall, Pa, Mother, Olive, K.T. and I made the trip. We were all walking except Olive and Eva who was the baby. Pa decided the trail was pretty risky so he had Olive and Eva get off the wagon and walk too. They hadn't gone far when the team gave out and started backing up, tipping the wagon over and dumping everything down a brushy canyon. I remember finding some flat irons and a spool box containing needles, pins, buttons and thread. Fortunately it had been well tied with string so none of the items were lost. I found a big white chamber pot mashed to pieces. We gathered what we could and went on our way. Going down Pete Pitts Hollow was so steep we tied a good sized pine tree onto the wagon, also rough locked the wheels. It was dark before we arrived at the cabin. John was there and came to meet us, he had supper waiting. I remember the graham gems he baked, how good they tasted. We had camped out one night on the trip from Richfield. In those days we had to take a very round about way which was very steep and rough to get to the mine with a wagon.

We were allowed to go to the little knoll with Olive to pick flowers but were not allowed to cross the creek and go to the big knoll. One Sunday Pa took us on that trip. Olive, K.T. and I went, I think Eva and Lee were too little to go. It was a very steep climb up a brush covered hill. At the top we saw a bunch of pine trees growing very close together. K.T. and I took the lead to see who could reach the top first and upon finding the grove of trees found they had grown so close together that a grown man was unable to get inside except in one spot. We all entered and there in a well beaten down section we found a neat little pile of small bones with a little metal bell on top. The bell had the initials H. H. carved on it. Pa told us those initials were those of a man named Hite Hallet. He had put the bell on a colt and turned it out in the canyon with its mother. The mare was found but he had never found the colt. He told us that mountain lions are very neat and after consuming the colt it had made the neat little pile of bones and placed the bell on top.

I remember going down to the creek with Pa where he was fishing. He had caught a tiny fish and threw it up on the side of the hill. I scrambled up after it, put it in my apron pocket and ran to the spring in back of the house. A trough poured the water into a small pool where we could catch water in a bucket. Putting the fish in this pool I dammed it up with rocks so the fish couldn't escape. The fish started swimming around so fast I wondered what was wrong and reached in to pick it up. Instead of the fish I picked up a water snake. It had my fish by its back. I screamed so loud the whole family ran to see what was wrong with me.

John told the following story about the Tennessee Tunnel. He said that he and Pa had ridden horses to the valley to vote. They had kidded each other all the way as John was a staunch Democrat and Pa was a staunch Republican. When they returned to the mine a couple of days later John went to the tunnel to continue his work. He entered the shaft by climbing down a series of ladders. The final ladder was about six feet from the floor of the mine. He didn't have a light and was planning to light a candle when he got to the bottom. Swinging his feet down he struck something soft and furry. Thinking it was a bear he had landed on he swung back up in a

hurry. He got a lantern and returned to find a steer had fallen into the shaft. It had two broken legs so had to be killed. It was a big job butchering the animal & hauling the meat to the top of the shaft.

We had lots of cream at the mine so one day I whipped some and put sugar & lemon extract in it. I gave some of the cream, spread on a slice of bread, to K.T. He thought it was so good he whipped up a nice big bowl of cream, adding a little extra extract and was very disappointed in how it tasted. I found he had used turpentine instead of lemon extract.

Two big balsam trees shaded one end of the calf shed which provided a great play house for us. A tree had tipped over on the upper side of the pen making a fine ramp to enter our play house. I loved to make up stories, especially scary ones because K.T. got so excited. One day I told him a story about a bad boy who chopped off the head of his sisters rag doll and then found it was a real baby, so the bad boy was to be eaten by a lion. K.T. 's eyes really popped when I said, 'Here comes a lion now, I and ran for the tree to get off the shed. I got to the tree before K.T., he couldn't wait to get away from the lion so jumped off the calf shed. I looked back and thought I could see a lion after us, we both ran screaming and arrived at the narrow bridge at the same moment. We collided and both fell off the log into the wild rose filled ravine. Everyone rushed out and we told them that a lion was after us."

"One night we heard the terrified scream of a horse running down the canyon. Pa and one of the boys took a lantern and went to see what was wrong. They found old Bess trembling with deep gashes cut down both of her withers. A cougar had jumped on her but could not hold on. It took several months before those wounds healed."

"A mad bull came to our corrals while K.T. and I were playing on the calf shed. When we tried to climb down and go to the house he would bawl and come after us. Mother called and told us to stay on the shed. It wasn't fun to play there then. Horace came home in two or three hours, loaded a shotgun with salt and bacon rinds and shot the bull. He let out a great bawl and streaked down the canyon with his tail in the air. He did not bother us again."

"The Pugmires, Godfredsons and some other families lived down on the mill flat in tents and shacks. One day K.T. was down there playing. Carrie was watching the children at play. Mrs. Pugmire had her baby in a high chair out in the yard, when two cougars crashed out of the scrub oak on the mountain and ran right across the flat between Mrs. Pugmire and her baby. It caused quite a commotion, Carrie said Mrs. Pugmire fainted."

"There was a steep pitch from the cook house down to the creek. When it rained the earth became very slick and made a wonderful slippery slide as we rode down sitting in a gold pan."

"K.T. had a little brown burrow. Sometimes three or four of us would ride up the canyon on the burrow. She was smart and would often turn quickly up a steep trail and get rid of most of us in a hurry. This would make us very unhappy."

"Mother and all we children went out on the mountain one beautiful Sunday. My sisters had such sweet voices and we all sang "Love At Home." The roar of the creek seemed to blend in with the voices. Mother had a bonnet on and I could see tears dropping from her little pointed nose."

"A bridge crossed the creek below our house. Mother had her wooden tub and a tall slim wooden churn down there soaking in the water. K. T. and I decided to take turns boating in the tub to see how long we could ride without tipping over. K.T. decided to try the churn, so sliding into the churn he slipped from the bridge, rolling over in the swift water. I feared he would drown before getting out of that churn."

"I think John and Horace worked at mines some distance away as they would not get home until after dark. It was K.T.'s job to take their horses up the canyon where the feed was best. I wanted someone to go with him but was too frightened to go with him myself. K.T. said he wasn't afraid and after turning the horses loose he would walk back down the canyon. I would listen for him to come back down the canyon and would be much relieved to hear his whistle. He was too young to have that responsibility and told me in later years that he was afraid but whistled as a bluff."

"Pa made a cage for Charlie our pet squirrel. He sawed out two rounds of wood with a hole in the center and then put wires across from one to the other and about ½ inch apart. He put an opening in one end for a door. He put a long stick through the centers that fastened onto the stand. Charlie would climb the wires and make the cage spin. We fed him well and hated to leave him that fall."

"One summer at the mine we had so much milk that mother made cheese. Pa made a press or mold for the curd. He used a long slender green tree and bent it over the mold. It was held down with buckets of rocks and made a great teeter totter for us. One day K.T., Olive (holding Eva) and I were all teetering and got to going too hard, breaking the stays on the mold and flattening that cheese out as big around as a tub. It dumped us all out in the thorny bushes at

the edge of the ravine. Olive held on to Eva even though her ragged shoe caught on a branch. There she hung with the baby in her arms. Our patient mother came and helped her free herself, gathered up the cheese and tried to put it together again. She didn't have much success, it stayed sort of lumpy."

"One summer at the mine Olive, K.T. and I wanted to pick raspberries for mother. Olive told us if we took a little side trail we could get to the patch faster. A long the trail there was a dead horse and as we approached we saw a little black animal feasting on the dead horse. Olive said, 'It's a little black bear!' K.T. said, 'Yeah, lets kill it.' They thought we could all get big clubs and at a given signal all hit it at once and kill it. I was a coward and begged them not to do it. My argument was that it would cry out and its mother would come to its rescue and eat us all. Olive and K. T. were determined so I retreated to the roots of a fallen tree back up the trail. I climbed as high as I could on the roots in hopes I would be safe from the charge of the mother bear. Olive and K.T. selected their stout sticks and at a signal from Olive came down as hard as they could on the back of the bear. There was a terrible cry from the frightened animal as it sped through the brush and timber. Olive and K.T. were very disgusted that their bear turned out to be a little black pig."

"When Eva was about two years old we had a little black dog named Flora. Eva and Flora were such good companions that if some of the older girls took Eva for a walk Flora went also and if they went along the creek bank Flora would walk between the creek and Eva."

"The boys that worked for us were mostly from the valley. They all paid a great deal of attention to Eva. Uncle John Beck did something to upset her and she flew at him kicking him on the leg. He fell to the floor groaning with pain in his broken leg. At first she wasn't sympathetic but then started feeling sorry, she started crying and kissed his leg to make it better."

"We sold milk and butter to the surrounding camps and still had surplus milk. Mother would let the surplus milk sour and make cottage cheese from it. She would spread a canvas or large sheet on the slanted roof, spread the cottage cheese to dry and then sack it up and take back to feed the chickens. Lee would go around on the upper side of the house where the roof came down nearly to the ground and climb up on the roof. Mother told him not to do that as the cottage cheese he was eating was dirty and fly specked. One day I found him up on the roof saying, "You must not eat it (filling his mouth with the cottage cheese), bet your life wouldn't eat dutch cheese for fivum dollars."

"Andrew Ross and another man from Joetown had shorthorn cattle on the Deer Creek range. They were heavy milkers and we got permission to milk them. Horace , Olive, K. T. and I all milked. We had a covered calf pen against the corral. Part of the creek ran through the corner

of the corral and calf pen so the cattle had access to water. We would lock the calves up in the morning after letting them drink all of the milk they wanted and would then turn the cows out to graze during the day. At night we brought the cows into the corral and let the calves nurse again. There was always plenty of milk left after the calves were full. After milking the cows were turned out to graze all night. Mother made butter and cottage cheese and sold milk to several mining camps (Silver King, Bluebird, Sniderville, etc.) K.T. was the milk delivery boy. He rode Bell, a bay mare with a white blaze on her face. He used tall slim cans fixed some way to throw across the saddle. It took most of the day to make the trip across the rough roads and dangerous trails. This was a great responsibility for a boy barely nine years old. One afternoon we heard cans jangling and saw Bell coming around the bend on a high trot and without K.T. I think Olive was after the cows so I ran up the canyon to find him. He had stopped to get a drink from the creek and Bell decided to come home. She would stop and graze but when K.T. was almost up to her she would take off again. Poor K.T. was so tired and so mad at Bell. When we got home K.T. stopped by the wood pile, picked up an axe and headed for the corral to kill that horse. John was home and had quite a time talking K. T. out of carrying out his threat. We had quite a bunch of cows to milk and most of them named. I remember Fiddelena, Blindy and Tiny. Tiny had such small teats that K.T. hated to milk her and was glad when his hands grew to be larger than mine so I had to take over the tedious job. One day K.T. decided to surprise Blindy so he sneaked up on her blind side and grabbed a teat. She jumped and kicked him right back into the ripgut fence. He didn't try that again.

A man by the name of Vogel ran the cook house at the Silver King mine. He sneaked away leaving his debts unpaid. He owed mother \$50. for milk and butter. Mother had planned to use the money to buy school clothing for us in the fall. This was a terrible disappointment to all of us and I recall hoping he would have a miserable life.

The miners lost the rich vein of ore and were also having trouble with the mine machinery. The machinery in the lower section of the mill proved to be faulty and would wash a great part of the gold out with the sand. Eventually all hands but Pa and the boys were laid off. Pa's health was failing and he couldn't work like he used to. The property was taken over by a mortgage company with Pa staying on for awhile as watchman. That fall as we prepared to go back to the valley Pa said we would not be going back to the mine again. I took a lemon extract bottle and a spoon and went down to the pile of sand below the mill. I could see tiny grains of gold sparkling in the sand so spent the day panning enough gold to fill the little bottle. I was very proud of my keepsake from the mine and proud to show it to Pa. He looked at the gold and said, "No daughter, that doesn't belong to us, take it back and scatter it on the sand." How I hated to do that.

In 1899 Olive and I gathered all of the pretty quartz and crystals we could find and leveled off a place in the creek bed above the house. We built a monument about 2½ feet high and split the little creek so it ran on both sides of the monument. We then crossed the creek to the side where the pine trees grew, dug up two tiny trees and planted them on each side of the monument. We planted a vine that grew in the dampness of the creek and twined it around the rocks, putting moss covered stones around the bottom. We felt we had created a work of art and beauty, wondering if some day someone would wonder who made it. This was built the fall before Pa died.

We turned our pet, Charlie the squirrel, out of his cage as we were preparing to leave the mine. An early snow storm hit and poor Charlie was running back and forth frantically gathering acorns for the winter. We gathered acorns and placed them in a pan with scraps of food, put the pan on our step for Charlie. After two days he did not return for our supplies so Pa said he had stored his winters supply. We were late getting down for school that fall.

As we left the mine we were all so sad as we knew we would not be returning. We wanted to take rocks etc. with us but were discouraged as our wagon was already over loaded. I don't remember who took us back to Richfield but I do remember Horace helped us to the top of the very steep Pete Pitts Hollow. Horace, Olive and I were walking to lighten the load and saw a huge hornets nest. Olive wanted to take it home because it was so beautiful. Horace was sure it would be deserted as the weather was so cold so took his knife out and started to cut the limb of the tree a few feet below the nest. About this time hornets started swarming out of the nest and Horace had to rollover and over down the hill in the loose dirt to get rid of them. Needless to say Olive didn't get her hornets nest and we went on to Richfield and back to school.

Horace stayed to watch the mine property that fall. K.T. stayed until the snow came and then brought the saddle horses out for the winter. Horace walked with him to the top of Pete Pitts Hollow and then waved goodbye. K.T. said Horace had such a sad look on his face knowing he was to be alone for several months with no transportation except snowshoes. He had some fresh meat frozen and hanging in the store room. One night he heard clawing on the roof over the meat. The roof was dirt with boards across. He stepped to the door and fired a shot frightening the intruder away. Next morning he found cougar tracks in the light snow.

After the family got back to Richfield Pa's health failed rapidly and he rarely got out of the house. I remember how he enjoyed Lee. Lee loved to take him a cup of water. Mother was worn out with the worry and constant care of Pa.

Horace snowshoed out for Christmas that year. He went as far as the Billy Morrison ranch where he borrowed a horse and rode into Richfield. Horace and K.T. went up in the hills and got a small Christmas tree and Olive and I decorated it. We didn't have a stand so tipped a kitchen chair over and set it between the rounds. We popped corn and made a lovely rope. Horace had 15¢ and bought some hardtack candy at Lawsons store. Olive made some little bags from green mosquito netting, divided the candy in equal parts and hung the bags on the tree. The tree looked bare so I decorated it with spools of colored thread, spoons and scissors and I thought it looked very pretty. The tree was in the rock room down the hall from Pa's room. We wanted so much to have him see it, so with help from Horace and Mother he walked to it. Looking at the pitiful little tree he burst into tears, that was the last time he left his room.

My poor dear parents, what agonizing hardships and disappointments they went through - my brothers also went through a great deal of pain and hardship. I didn't realize what they went through trying to hold on to the mine, to me it was a fun exciting life. Mother always regretted telling her dream about the hawk on the rock to my father. That Christmas morning was a happy time for all of us. Olive and I each received a tam from Zettie, we thought they were wonderful and that the candy was most delicious. Sadie also sent special gifts from Salt Lake so we had a wonderful day.

My father died Dec. 30, 1898 at six a.m. Joe Ogden and Joe Thurber stayed with us all night. It was still dark when Olive and I walked to Uncle Jim's house to tell him of our fathers death. Will Ogden went to the mine and brought Horace down for the funeral. He was buried in Richfield Jan.2, 1899. Joseph Horn got the first hearse in Richfield and my father was the first one to be taken to the cemetery in it. Brother Horn would not take pay for his services.

My Uncle Jim Butler moved to Mexico shortly after fathers death. Lizzie and Carline stayed in Richfield until school was out. While in Mexico Uncle Jim contracted brain fever. He was brought back to Utah but did not recover. He died and was buried in Spanish Fork, Utah.

My brother John returned from his mission in the spring of 1899. Mother, John, Olive, K.T., Eva, Lee and I spent the summer with Horace at the mine. Horace had to turn the belt in the mill every day. John and Horace also worked at Sniderville, later called Kimberly, which was several miles away. They came home by horseback every night.

My brother John and Bertha Thurber were married in Nov. 15, 1899. They with a man named Jim Gilbert packed into Fish Creek and spent the winter. Jim Gilbert helped John build another cabin that winter. The two men worked in the mine and Bertha did the cooking. The next year John and Horace went to Kimberly where John bought and operated a butcher shop. Horace went to work at the Annie Laurie mine. He worked on the tram that sent the quartz from the tunnel about a mile down the canyon to the mill. In 1902 we were at Kimberly visiting my brothers. Carrie and her husband Erin, Horace, Olive and I went for a picnic over to the Farnsworth ranch. The road to the old Butler Beck mine was washed out so we couldn't get down any way but walk. Horace wouldn't go as he had too many bad memories about the mine. It started to rain just before we reached the Carrie Tunnel so we ran around a bend in the road and into the open door of the cabin. We were startled to see a bewhiskered man sitting by a potbellied stove with a warm fire going in it. I think he was as startled as we were and told us he was prospecting in the mountains and was just camping there for a few days. We went around the cabin and found the monument we had built quite disheveled. One of the little pine trees had died but the other was growing.

The next time I saw that beautiful, wild country was in 1970. My nephew Omar Christiansen took a group of us in jeeps up the Deer Creek canyon to the old mine sight. The group that made the trip were Reed and Aurelia Richards from Salt Lake, Omar and Julia Christiansen from Richfield, Aub and Helen Dalton from Boise, Idaho, their son King from California, myself, my daughter Fae Williams and my grandson Tom Christiansen from Idaho. The Andersons from Sevier now own the mine and they were also up there. Our cabins were gone, there were remnants of the old mill and raster. We found a few hand made nails and a hand made axe head, also a buttonhook that had J.M. Peterson & Co., Richfield, Utah printed on it. I'm sure the hook had been left there by the Butler family some seventy years before. We went to the sight where Olive and I had built our monument so many years before. The monument was gone with the exception of a huge, beautiful pine tree growing all by itself on the barren side of the canyon. The Andersons said they often wondered how that pine tree got over on that side of the canyon. It was a thrill for me to return after so many years. The roar of the creek sounded the same, the smell of the air and the brightness of the moon at that elevation of over 9,500 feet were the same. The only thing that didn't seem right were the planes flying over us and to realize that men had landed on the moon. We spent a lovely evening retelling tales of long ago.

Before Pa died he asked John to try to get out of mining and to get the family into farming or ranching. John went to Canada and made a down payment on 80 acres of land but to his disappointment his money was returned with a letter saying there had been a mistake and the land had already been sold.

THE IDAHO YEARS

Early in 1903 John bought a white topped hack and took K. T. and mother to Parowan to visit our Grandmother McGregor. Later that spring he drove the hack to Idaho to look for a homestead. John liked the looks of the Camas Prairie very much. In the spring of 1904 I left by train with Bertha and her son Grant for Hailey, Idaho. We stopped for a few days in Salt Lake City and visited Sadie. Reed was her baby at that time. We saw an automobile on the street, it was quite an attraction and a large crowd was gathered looking at it. Carline Butler, her husband and Lizzy Butler came to Sadies to see us. They made some remarks about my big feet that I've never forgotten. We went from Salt Lake to Shoshone, Idaho where we had to change trains to go to Hailey. I remember how I chuckled when the conductor came through the cars saying, "Picaboo!" John met us in Hailey & we went by buggy to the John Gilman ranch which was about four miles west of Hailey. It was located at the mouth of Bullion Canyon. John Gilman was from Wooster, Mass. He had quite a few acres of land and had it all plotted into city lots. He built a store and stocked it. There was a thriving bullion mine a short distance from the Gilman property. He named his town sight Gilman, Gem of the Mountains. He took many pictures of the property and took them back to Mass. where he was successful in selling many lots. The area did not build up however so the town sight did not develop into anything. I spent about three weeks that summer at Soldier. I helped Mrs. Lester Stott during the haying season. The grasshoppers were so bad they ate her entire garden and most of the hay. John worked that summer on the

Gilman ranch and K. T. worked on the Boggs ranch which bordered the Gilman property. Bertha and John had a baby daughter that year and they named her Elma, she lived only a few weeks. We went to Bellvue for the 4th of July celebration. I greatly resented the snide remarks the speaker made about Mormons.

A hermit named Dan Toehill lived in a cabin high up on the hill above the Gilman ranch. He stopped by one day and asked for "The madam please." He politely asked Bertha if she might have hen fruit for sale. K.T. became quite well acquainted with Dan, they shared a mutual love of horses. One day Dan stopped to visit and said he had a little sister about my age, then stopped and said, "Oh no, that was long ago." I asked about his parents but he had no connection with them, it had been 25 years since he had heard from them. I offered stationary and a stamp if he would write but with a sad expression he refused to do so. Bertha would occasionally give him a treat of food. One day he passed, riding one horse and leading his big blue mare to go into Hailey for supplies. His clothes were clean but his overalls and shirt were very faded. I wanted to see his cabin so K.T. and I jumped on our horses and rode up the hill while he was gone. The yard around the cabin was swept clean, his door padlocked. We could see through the window into a very clean room containing a table, stove and several shelves packed with books. you could tell by his conversation that he was a well educated man. He had beautiful handwriting and we often wondered what had happened to make him isolate himself as he had done.

While at Gilman we went to several parties at the Rock Creek school house. There were dances, debates etc. I became acquainted with the Browns, Eastwoods, Smiths and Albertsons. My friends were Annie and Dora Smith, Claudina and Georgia Brown and Josephine and Genevieve Albertson. Mrs. Smith told some very interesting stories of her experiences in the area. When her husband was living he worked for the Bullion Mine and they, with their two boys and three girls, lived in a cabin in the steep canyon. There was a rack of cardwood in front of the cabin which consisted of a long room with an outside door at one end and another door in the other end that lead into a cellar which was dug back into the mountain. One day she heard a terrible roar so she grabbed the children and ran into the cellar just as a snow slide hit and pushed the cardwood right through the house. They were trapped in the cellar for several hours but no one was hurt. Her son George was later killed in a snow slide while working in the North Star mine out of Hailey. Several mine workers were told to leave their bunkhouse and go to another area because it was feared there would be a slide. The slide came, missed the abandoned bunkhouse and hit and killed the miners in the other building.

K.T. and I went to Soldier for Christmas that year. K.T. stayed at Adams home and I stayed with the Jenkins family. We went to a Christmas dance at Soldier and Here having a nice time when all of a sudden the music stopped and there was complete silence. Everyone cleared the floor as Jim Jones walked across the hall in his shirt sleeves, a sixshooter in one hand and a dagger in his mouth. He walked to the stage, sat down swinging his feet and looking very mean. I was terrified. Jim Jenkins walked over and took his sisters and me home.

I remember Pat Burns asked me for a dance at the Rock Creek School. He was very short. Looking up at me he said, "Jane, I wish to God that I were as tall as you."

Morris Gorten from Bethenie, Missouri came to Idaho to learn to be a cowboy and shoot a gun. He worked for the neighboring Black Cow outfit. He would race up and down our lane as hard as his horse, Punch, could go and try to hit every post with a bullet as he flew by. When he felt he was a qualified shot and cowboy he returned to Missouri.

In 1905 there was a car race from New York City to San Francisco. The cars passed through Hailey and right by the Gilman ranch. I don't remember for sure what make the cars were but I believe one was a Buick. One day we heard a distant humming. Our horses pricked up their ears and as a dust cloud came in sight they snorted and ran to the far side of the pasture. K.T. and I ran over to the fence by the road to watch the unusual sight. The car was an open car with one seat and a small trunk in back. There were two men in white dusters and caps, wearing goggles. They smiled and waved at us as they passed by. There was a steep hill beyond the ranch and we could hear the car groan and growl. K.T. said, "They will never make it," but they did. The second car in the race came by in just one week. I don't remember which car was the final winner.

A man by the name of Ezra Boardman used oxen instead of horses. He had four or six of the animals and would pass the Gilman Ranch hauling extremely heavy loads. He walked and prodded his oxen with a sharp stick. That was the first time I had seen oxen used this way and it was very interesting to me.

In the fall cattlemen from all around and clear down to the Cottonwoods had a cattle roundup and kept the cattle at the Gilman Ranch. After all of the cattle were rounded up they were driven into Hailey and shipped to market. That night the cowboys built a big bonfire in the pasture. We could hear them dancing and singing around the fire. Next morning we found two saddles in a ditch of water and a tattered pair of levis hanging on a fence. All was quiet around the camp but I think there were quite a few headaches that morning.

In the spring of 1905 we moved to Camas Prairie. John moved a house from the Syphers place and fixed it up on his homestead. That fall the men started work on the Twin Lakes Reservoir. I lived in a tent down below the dam and cooked for the boys.

In the summer of 1905 mother, Eva and Lee came to Camas Prairie. We all lived with John and Bertha until they built a house across the lane from John for mother. Eva was such a sweet and beautiful girl and Lee was about seven years old. Lee was happy to be with his big brothers again. I remember that K.T. was driving a team pulling a scraper at the dam. Lee was hanging on to the ends of the reins and followed him around and around until he was exhausted. That fall K.T., Eva and Lee went to school in Labrums grainery. They had fixed it up with homemade benches and desks. I was so happy to have mother and the children with us.

Con Ryan lived about three miles east of John's home. They had several girls and two boys and went to school in Springdale. One early evening we heard a rifle shot coming from the east and wondered about it. Little Johnny Ryan came riding at high speed on old Buck, telling John that his Uncle Con had been killed. John sent word to Oscar Perkins who was the sheriff and coroner in Hailey. The next afternoon I went with Mrs. Labrum in a buggy to the Ryans. We pulled into the yard and I was tying our team to the wheel of a wagon load of logs when looking up I saw a mans feet and legs hanging from under a blanket. Con was shot in the back of the head as the team crossed the Malad River, now called Camas Creek. He had fallen back on the logs and his team had brought him home. Mrs. Ryan, thinking he was drunk, climbed on the wagon wheel to find him dead, his head half blown off. The coroner had not yet arrived so they could not move the body. Mrs. Labrum had to return home so Velma Jenkins and I stayed there all night. Finally Dr. Air Higgs and Oscar Perkins came and the body was moved onto a plank table in the house. Velma and I were curious so looked through the window. Someone held a lamp by his head and we had our curiosity satisfied in a hurry. Mamie and Conny Ryan were there and so was Mrs. Ryan, holding her nursing baby. That night an Irish wake was held. Mr. Ringold, a homesteader, told jokes all night. Mamie served cake and coffee. That was a long old night. Tom Myran, an Irish bachelor was found guilty of the murder and spent several years in prison. He eventually returned to his ranch but his health was poor and he died in a year or so. Mrs. Ryan sold her ranch and bought an apartment house in Boise. Her family all went to high school in Boise. Mrs. Ryan lived to be a very old woman.

In October of 1905 I left Camas Prairie with Erin, Carrie and their baby girl Helen. We rode in a buggy to Shoshone where we caught the train for Richfield. Helen walked alone for the first time that night in Shoshone. I lived with Zettie and attended high school that year. It was hard for me having missed a year of school and then starting late that year.

In the spring of 1907 Olive and I returned to Idaho. We worked as cooks for the Stott family who lived on Clover Creek They had sheep and needed extra help to cook for the sheering crews. Eva also helped us part of the time. She had an ear infection and was so sick, lying there in a tent. Olive also worked for a Mrs. Martin that summer.

In the spring of 1907 Olive and I came to Gooding on the train. The river was high on Camas Prairie. We wanted to cross to visit our sister Carrie Thurber. Lester Stott and George

Labrum were going to Soldier for supplies and mail so we decided to go with them. We were all dressed up in high top laced boots and divided skirts. Mrs. Martha Adams sat in the high seat in the double bed wagon. Olive stood up in the back They stopped at the Jenkins place to get another team. John Robinson was calling on his best girl, Aimmatt Jenkins. He was teasing Velma Jenkins and she was very angry with him. When we left the Jenkins place John Robinson got in the wagon and led his horse. The men thought the safest crossing was about a mile below the Jenkins home. I felt fairly safe with the four horses pulling, a saddle horse and three men. The horses plunged into the river and started swimming and pulling us across the river. When we got about to the middle of the river the wheels of the wagon hit into a sandbar and the swimming horses couldn't move the wagon. Lester Stott got out on the wagon tongue and cut the horses loose from the wagon to prevent them from drowning. One of the four, a sorrel mare broke away and ran for home. A big blue horse was nearly drowned and was never worth anything after the incident. There we stood in the wagon in water above our waists. John used his saddle horse and took us one at a time to the bank of the river. About then a spring blizzard blew in from the west so Mrs. Adams, Olive and I started walking to the Jenkins ranch. We saw Velma Jenkins coming in a buggy whipping her team to a dead run. The sorrel mare the men had cut loose had run into a wire gate in its fright and had died from loss of blood. We surely welcomed the ride with Velma to a warm house. The next week Labrums and Stotts tried it again. We went with them and crossed the river just below the Twin Lakes Reservoir. The river was about a mile wide at that point and we crossed it in safety this time.

My sister Olive married Jesse Smith in January of 1908. I was heart broken. He had a construction job and they moved to Oregon.

In 1909 I went to Salt Lake and took a Relief Society nursing course. The things I learned helped me care for my own family as well as many other people all the rest of my life.

In 1908 my mother contracted spotted fever. She was extremely ill. Dr. Air Higgs was our only doctor on the Prairie. Mable Minear lived with us and nursed my mother. Dr. Higgs gave us very little hope but she did recover. A great deal of faith and prayer contributed to her recovery. She lost all of her hair and when it came back it was dark and curly.

After I returned to Idaho from taking the nursing course Dr. Higgs came to our home in a cutter sleigh and asked me if I would take care of Mrs. Lindly. She had a bad ear infection and as a result had given premature birth to a little girl. I decided I would take the job. The Lindlys lived off the main road with no close neighbors and no telephone. Their home was very humble, one long room with beds in one end and a little wood heater in the other. They had two girls and a boy about six. There was a lean-to kitchen with a cook stove and a small table. There was a cave cellar some distance from the house in the bank of a creek. Dr. Higgs took me in to meet Mrs. Lindly and I was shocked to see her terribly swollen head, her hair was cut short and her entire face covered with dark brown salve. I walked outside with the Dr. as he left and he said,

"Do the best you can, I doubt if Mrs. Lindly lives and the baby hasn't a chance." I was frantic and asked him to get someone else. He just said, "You have more nerve than that," and drove away. Going back into the house I took the baby over by the heater to prepare her for the night. She was such a tiny little thing and when I opened the blanket I saw she had two little club feet. Dr. Higgs hadn't told me about that. I gasped and then started to sing. Mrs. Lindly said, "Oh, I know about the baby." There were no sanitary napkins in those days and the only cloth she had was colored shirt tails etc. I covered the colored fabric with white dish towels to make pads, soaked them in carbolic acid water and then baked them in the oven to sterilize them. At night the father lifted each child up through a hole in the ceiling and then swung up himself to their beds in the windowless attic. I know I wasn't the best of nurses but I stayed there for ten days. The baby made a good gain and Mrs. Lindly was a little better. A friend of hers came to take care of her and how happy I was to go home. The next summer I went to Billy Martins store in Soldier and saw a nice looking woman in a white dress, she had short curly hair. She said hello to me and told me she was Mrs. Lindly. When her baby was six months old she took her back east and had surgery on her feet. The operation was very successful.

I clerked in the Manard store for Harvey Dixon and enjoyed it very much. We handled groceries, dry goods, hardware and exchanged merchandise for eggs, cheese and butter. The post office was also in the store so I had quite a variety of interests.

I taught primary and sunday school for several years in Manard. I enjoyed my years as the president of the Young Womens Mutual Improvement Assoc. I was released when I went to Utah in 1912. They gave me a combination Book of Mormon, Pearl of Great Price and Doctrine and Covenants.

The people in our part of the valley did not work on Saturday afternoon. We had exciting ball games and big celebrations on the fourth and twenty fourth of July. We had contests of all kinds, horse racing, pulling contests, bucking horse riding etc. In winter we had debates and put on plays that were lots of fun. We took our plays to Soldier and Correll and they were always well attended. We would go often to Springdale school for dances and parities.

In the winter of 1912 and 1913 mother and I went to Salt Lake City and Richfield. In April mother was in Salt Lake with Sadie and went to conference. She was supposed to meet her sister Julia Lyman at a given point, there was a cold wind and she got chilled while waiting. She left for Gooding the next day, one of the boys met her train and took her home. She came down with pneumonia and was very ill. The boys called me and I left immediately for Idaho. Dr. Higgs was still our Dr. and we had a special nurse, Nora Bean. Mother grew steadily worse. I recall that the clock was running down and needed to be wound, it had always been mamas job, I tried to wind it but just seemed I couldn't do it. My dear mother died April 21, 1913. We buried her in Richfield, Utah. That was an extremely sad time in my life, I loved my mother dearly.

I kept house for Taylor and Lee that summer. I remember that Eva and I papered the living room. Lee was 16 and had been so devoted to mother. He surely missed her.

Eva was engaged to marry Bailey Dixon. They were married later that summer. After the wedding some young people asked Lee if the newlyweds would be at our home and he told them yes, but upon arriving home found that Bailey would not be there that night. Lee decided not to tell the visitors. He fixed up a bed roll and took it out in the alfalfa field. He knew the young people were coming to shivaree the newlyweds. A little before dark Eva and I took off our shoes and when the crowd got there we were well covered with blankets. They pulled back the covers to find it was me instead of Bailey. They at once started to look for Lee but were unsuccessful in finding him.

K.T. rented Jim Robinsons ranch and the two boys and I moved over there and I kept house for them. Some winters I went to Utah. One year Lee went to school in Richfield staying with Zettie. Another year K.T. stayed with Sadie and went to the L.D.S. high school in Salt Lake City.

In the winter of 1916-1917 I went to Utah. K.T. and Lee stayed on the Prairie. The snow was very deep that winter. It didn't start to snow until late February but once it started it didn't quit snowing until April. The snow was 5 feet deep on the level at the Malad River and 7 feet deep on the baseline to the north. The train was blocked for several weeks and the only way in or out of the Prairie was by snowshoe. The ranchers ran out of feed and many of the cattle starved to death. I was terribly worried as I didn't hear from the boys for several weeks. I returned to the Prairie in May and recall that John's children had built an igloo with ice table and chairs and pictures on the walls. The igloo was still standing and in good shape when I got back. By stooping over I could get through the entrance way and into the igloo.

In the summer of 1917 I kept house for the boys at the Robinson place. Elmer Nielson had bought a home for his mother and sisters and had moved the family to Gooding. One day I told Taylor that Elmer and I were going to be married on the sixth of March. He was quite surprised and then told me he was going to marry too. He and Thelma Peterson were married in June. Elmer and I were married March 6, 1918 at my brother Horaces home in Rupert. We were married by John Anderson. We went to Boise for a short honeymoon. Elmer had to return after a few days but I stayed on for a few days and visited with Carrie. When I returned to Gooding Elmer met me at the train station. We went to Thompson's Furniture Store and bought a Hoosier cabinet, a dining room table, six chairs, a sewing rocker and a larger rocking chair. We moved to the Nielson homestead, under the rimrock.

A HISTORY OF JANE'S LIFE FROM HER MARRIAGE IN 1917 UNTIL ELMER'S DEATH IN 1964 IS TO BE FOUND IN ELMER NIELSON'S LIFE HISTORY.

LIFE WITHOUT ELMER

On May 8, 1964 I made a trip to Moscow, Idaho with Elma Jean, Christy and my good friend and neighbor Elsie Leland. David Christiansen was attending the University of Idaho and showed us around the campus and the town of Moscow. I took the bus to Seattle and visited Donna, Bill & family. While I was in Seattle I attended the opera, "Carmen", the one and only opera I saw in my life. I thought it was wonderful and especially enjoyed the costumes and the beautiful singing voices.

On Aug. 8, 1964 Carol took me to Spanish Fork, Utah to a Butler family reunion. The highlight of the event was opening a sealed compartment found in the tombstone of my grandfather, John Lowe Butler. We found an old Book of Mormon and quite a few records. We were disappointed that much had been ruined by moisture and insects.

On May 5, 1965 I had a cataract removed from my eye at the Magic Valley Memorial Hospital in Twin Falls. Dr. Cutler did the surgery. I was forced to remain in one position for 24 hours and it proved most difficult for me. The veins in my legs were so terribly painful and I felt I received very poor care from the nurses in the hospital. It took me several weeks to regain my strength from that ordeal.

May 28, 1965 Fae, Pat, Nancy and Jeff and I went on a trip in my camper. We left Jerome on a Sunday morning and stopped for an hour in Malad to visit Annie Williams, Bob's mother. She loaned me a sturdy cane to use on the trip. We went through Salt Lake City and on to Price, Utah where we spent the first night. The kids had brought sleeping bags and air mattresses and had planned to sleep out in pup tents but when we got to Price it was raining hard so all five of us had to sleep in the camper. Next day we were driving down a desolate stretch of road and Fae saw a view in the distance that was beautiful & she pulled on to the shoulder of the road so she could get a picture of it. The camper tilted and we were afraid it would tip over. The rain had softened the shoulder of the road until it was a muddy bog. The kids riding in the back were really frightened and thought surely we would rollover. We were standing looking at our sad situation when a local man came by in a pickup. He had a sturdy tow rope and in a few minutes had us back on the road again. We went through Green River and Moab, Utah and spent several hours touring the Arches National Monument. The kids and Fae hiked back to a remote arch that took them several hours. I loved the sights of the natural bridges and their beautiful colors. We left the park about 5:00 p.m. and drove to Monticello where we visited Mrs. Monroe Redd, a distant relative of mine, who was 102 years old. We did some washing at Blanding where we spent the night. We went through Bluff, Utah and over into Kayenta, Arizona. May 30

we visited the four corners area and then drove on to Mesa Verde National Park where we spent the night. Fae and I stayed in a motel and the kids slept in the camper. Pat was parking the camper and backed into a tree limb breaking the glass out of the door of the camper, we had it repaired the next day. We spent the day exploring the cliff dwellings and museums that are there, it is really a fascinating place. We drove to Durango, Colorado, Rifle and Meeker and spent the night at a motel in Montrose, Colorado. Our final night of the trip we stopped at a camp sight along Bear Lake. It was a wonderful trip and one I had wanted to take all of my life. I had heard my father talk of this part of the country but had never been there. One of the most spectacular sights was the Goosenecks of the San Juan. We were high on a hill and looked down and could see the San Juan River and the way it had cut its gooseneck path through the canyons.

Wendell, Idaho--August 8, 1969. Tommy Christiansen and I left Wendell at 5:15 a.m. and picked Fae up at Jerome. We filled my 1961 Imperial Chrysler with gas which cost me a total of \$4.00. We drove to Salt Lake City and took a short tour through the beautiful new visitors center on temple square. We bought a new gas filter which cost \$6.00 and drove to Lavan, Utah where we picked K.T. up. We got to Richfield about 3:00 p.m. and spent the night with my nephew Omar and his wife Julia Christiansen. They were busy preparing loads of food for our forthcoming trip. Josh Ogden came to see me and we enjoyed visiting. Reed and Aurelia Richards came as did the Daltons, Helen, Aub and King. Next morning we drove to Mr. Hoovers place in Sevier Canyon, parked our cars in a big parking area, got into jeeps and were driven about 6½ miles to Deer Creek. King Dalton and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson who own the property now owned the jeeps. Omar drove his own four wheel drive pickup. We were loaded with bedrolls and food enough for a small army. I felt a pang in my heart when I saw the sign for Pete Pitts Hollow. That night Fae, K.T., Tom and I slept in the cabin. Everyone slept except Fae, the pack rat and me. I developed a bad headache in the night and was sick the next morning until I got rid of some bile. The rest had fried fish, hotcakes and bacon and sausage for breakfast. Most of the group went treasure hunting. I recognized the big and little knolls and the roar of the creek was the same as 70 years ago. K.T. and I were unable to find the old ravine.

On Saturday Mrs. Anderson came again and took me in the jeep up the road and I located the spot where our old boarding house used to be. A tunnel had been dug in the hill by Little Creek and had filled up the ravine where our house had stood. We went up the road to the top of the wrecked mill. Tom went down to the mill ruins and brought back two steel plates and some small nuts, bolts, etc. K.T., Tom, Fae, Reed, Helen and King went up the canyon to the Farnsworth ranch. Coming back K.T. found his old fishing hole.

I told Mrs. Anderson the story of the summer of 1903, when I was helping Bertha. One day Carrie, Erin, Horace, Olive and I went in a hack over the mountain and down to the Farnsworth ranch. The road washed out so we couldn't get closer to the old mine. Olive and I wanted to go on but Horace wouldn't, he had too many bad memories. Olive and I walked about 1½ miles down the creek and found a prospector in our old cabin. We went in back of the cabin and saw the monument we had left in 1899 or 1900. One of the pine trees had died but the other was beautiful and growing. Mrs. Anderson said, "I've often wondered how that lone pine tree got on this side of the canyon." She took us by jeep up to the pine tree and I could tell by the old road marks that the tree was above where our old house used to stand, so we did find the old location. Tom took pictures of the wreckage of the mill and saw, about a foot down in the bank where a grader had graded out the road, the sharp curved edge of an axe. He dug it out and we found it to be a hand forged axe head and I feel sure my father made it. This was such a thrill for K.T.

That evening K.T. went alone up the canyon, Omar followed him. Supper was ready and we had started to eat when Omer and K. T. came back. K. T. had a big grin on his face and was carrying 12 beautiful little trout on a forked willow, just as he had done 70 years ago. That evening we built a big fire in a rock pit and all sat around and told stories and sang songs. We nibbled on peanut brittle & nuts. I told them of the time Olive, K.T. and I went to the raspberry patch & Olive and K.T. tried to kill the bear. That night King was very kind and insisted that Helen, Fae and I sleep in his rat proof tent -- King made his bed in the jeep. Omar and Julia had a sleeper on their jeep and Reed and Aurelia made their beds on an open platform. K.T., Aub and Tom took the cabin with the rat. Tom said it was a cute little thing, the first one he had ever seen.

We arose next morning, ate breakfast, packed our gear in back of Omar's pickup and with five people in the pickup and seven in King's jeep we made our way around the little knoll and down past the sign to Pete Pitts Hollow (Pa called it Holler) and on down the beautiful Deer Creek Canyon to Hoovers place on highway 89, just 1½ miles west of the Big Rock Candy Mountain. While we had been gone someone had drained the gas from all of our cars.

We all had refreshing baths at Omar's and had a nice visit with Laurel and Howard Hansen. Julia fixed a lovely lunch and loaded Reed and Aurelia down with lovely corn, cucumbers, tomatoes and peppers from her garden. I visited with an old friend Stella Poulsen before starting back to Idaho. Tom Drove from Tremonton on home and is a good driver. We arrived at Fae's in Jerome about 10:30 p.m. Tom unloaded my car at Wendell and went on to Gooding. It seems very lonely in my house tonight.

Jane had difficulty adjusting to life without Elmer. She was such a devoted wife and everything she did she did with him. After her good friend Elsie Leland passed away life became terribly lonely for her. Her many nieces and nephews were very good to her, writing and calling often. Her children and grandchildren who lived close tried to include her in their activities but she was still lonely. Her sister-in-law Valma Clower and niece Maurine Byington lived in Wendell and were very attentive to her. When the grandchildren and their friends came home from school she loved to visit with them and hear about their experiences, she always thought young even when her body grew old.

When she was 83 years old she entered a ceramics class in Jerome and made a number of beautiful ceramic pieces. She was always very artistic and creative making beautiful things from items most people would throw away. She made a beautiful Christmas wreath and candle holders from egg cartons and lovely note paper using pressed flowers and weeds for decoration. When in her 80's she crocheted beautiful hot mats for all of her nieces and nephews, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren and for many friends and people who had been good to her.

In 1972 Helen Dalton came to visit and stayed for several days. While there she typed a history of Elmer Nielson that Jane had compiled.

The Beehive girls from the Wendell ward had a project in which they had secret grandmothers. They secretly did things for these grandmothers all during the year and then had a party where they disclosed themselves. Jane loved this activity and the little girls who brightened her lonely life. One night they invited her to speak to their class and she told them the following story:

“When John Lowe Butler 1, my grandfather, was a young man he was a bodyguard for the Prophet Joseph Smith. In those days doctors and nurses were few and the people had to more or less take care of their medical needs. Her grandfather had a long, dark blue wool cape that was lined with a red plaid fabric. The Prophet blessed this cloak and it was used to wrap around members of the family who became ill. When John Lowe 1 died the cape was given to Jane's

father, John Lowe 2 and she could remember as a child being wrapped in this cloak when she was ill. As the years went by the cloak became moth eaten and would probably have been thrown away but Jane salvaged the best part for a keepsake. Today her daughters Carol Sagers and Fae Williams each possess a piece of that cloak that was blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith.” Jane showed the girls a piece of the cloak and I'm sure this made a lasting impression on them.

Jane's health deteriorated until she couldn't use her camper very much so in 1972 she sold it for \$2,000. She hated to sell it as she had enjoyed many trips in it with Elmer and other members of her family.

In the summer of 1972 Linda, Pat, Jeff and Fae Williams took Jane up to Fir Grove ranch and Camas Prairie. Fir Grove looked so beautiful that year. The new owners had painted the buildings and the valley was so green and lush with wild flowers. She mentioned how much she loved that ranch and the wonderful memories of the years spent there.

Jane noted in her diary that on Dec. 8, 1972 it was -20 degrees in Wendell, Jane suffered from arthritis a great deal, mainly in her knees and back. In Feb. of 1973 she made a trip to Mexico to get medicine that hopefully would give her some relief. Ruth Johnson from Wendell drove her down. She stayed in southern Calif. for a few weeks and had a wonderful time visiting her relatives who lived there at that time.

Feb. 22, 1974 was Jane's 86th birthday. Fae took Jane, Valma Clower and Carol Sagers on a drive to Camas Prairie where they planned to have a birthday lunch in Fairfield. The only cafe in town was closed so they drove around for a little while and headed home. The wind had started to blow and was drifting the snow quite bad. In going up Johnson Hill the car slid off the road and into a huge snowdrift. Kenneth Peck came along and pulled the car back on the road and they drove on to Bliss and had lunch at the Ox Bow Cafe.

Aug. 22, 1974 Fae took Jane and Edna McClure to the Butler family reunion at the Timpanogos Lodge in Provo Canyon. Jane had a wonderful visit with her dear relatives and slept in a sleeping bag like the rest of the group. She spent the next night with her niece Erma Osmond in Salt Lake City.

On Labor Day in 1974 Jane, Bob, Fae, Susan, Rob, Matt, Linda and Pat all went to the Christiansen cabin and spent the night. They had a wonderful time and Jane seemed to feel quite well. A few days after this outing she became very ill and had to spend several days in the Jerome hospital. She stayed at Fae's home for a week after she got out of the hospital. From that

time on she had to have someone with her to help her during the night and at other times, she was unable to do many of things she had always been able to do for herself. Melissa Kydd came planning to stay for the summer but it was very lonely for her there in Wendell and she didn't stay long. Jane really enjoyed having her there for as long as she stayed.

In August, 1975 her nieces Erma Osmond and Laurel Hanson and her nephew Omar Christiansen came for a visit. They took K. T. & Thelma Butler and Jane for a drive to the Prairie. They had lunch at the home of Bill and Cleo Simon. Bill had been using a bulldozer on his property and had unearthed a cache of Indian relics that were 1000 years old. The group really enjoyed seeing and examining these relics. They drove past the long deserted Springdale and Manard school houses and on to Fir Grove. Mom looked at the beautiful silver maple trees in the yard and remembered planting them some 45 years before. They went into the house and saw the same old four legged bathtub still in the bathroom. Jane recalled the times when she had given all four little girls a bath in it at the same time. Much of her old furniture was still in the house and things looked much the same as when she had lived there. That night Jane dreamed that Elmer, she and the four girls were all back living at Fir Grove.

On Carol's birthday in 1975 Fae took Jane to visit Carol who was living in Oakley. They drove all around town and looked at the historic old buildings and homes. Jane really enjoyed that day.

In November of 1975 Jane closed her home in Wendell and rented an apartment at Woolleys in Jerome. She was close to Fae and she went in every day to check on her and to do whatever needed to be done. Jane didn't feel well at all that winter but did make some friends in the apartment complex and enjoyed visiting with them. At Christmas she was led to believe we were all going to get together for dinner at the Christiansen's in Gooding, instead the house in Wendell was opened and a lovely Christmas dinner was enjoyed there, just like old times with all of her nice dishes and silverware being used. She was very much surprised and very happy to have a big get together in her own home.

Jane spent several more days in the hospital in 1977. She developed an itchy skin rash that almost drove her wild, she had a very sore throat & an infected ankle. There was a Marlow boy who was a male nurse in the hospital, he cared for her most of the time and she really loved him for his kindness and for the gentle care he gave her. Later she developed shingles and really suffered with that disease.

Feb. 22, 1978 Jane celebrated her 90th birthday at her home in Wendell. Her daughters planned and served refreshments for the occasion. Over forty guests called on her that day. She

was tired but had a wonderful time visiting with old friends, relatives and neighbors. She also received dozens of cards and phone calls from people, who lived far away.

March 6, 1978 was the day of her sixtieth wedding anniversary. She had been a widow for fifteen years and had missed Elmer every day.

In June of 1978 Fae took Jane, Melody, and Amy Williams on a drive to Camas Prairie. It was the last trip Jane took to that area that she loved so very much. They drove through Fir Grove Valley and stopped and picked a bucket full of wild flowers. When they got back to Wendell they decorated Elmer's grave with the wild flowers.

Jane needed someone with her all of the time now. Several different women were hired to be with her. Most of them were wonderful but a few were very poor help. Some of the women who were very good help and were kind to her were Agnes Vansant, Hanna Caulkins, Joanne Royce, Mrs. Broughton, Mary Parsons, Rhoda Chandler, Fern ?, and Tom Smith's daughters. Neighbors who came by often and were especially kind were Mrs. Wright, Rose Dille, Mae Callen and Edna McClure. Pat Lux came as often as she was needed to keep the house in order. Many of her relatives came frequently which really pleased her.

In July of 1978 Jane became quite ill. We brought her to the hospital in Jerome where she remained for three weeks. While in the hospital her dear friend and sister-in-law Valma Clower passed away in a room just a few doors down from her room. She died on July 1 and was buried on July 4. She was a lovely lady and will be missed by many people. We didn't tell mother Valma had died because she was so very ill herself. The day after she died Mom said to the nurse, "Valma Clower died, didn't she?" The nurse said, "Who told you that?" Mom replied, "No one I just know she's dead."

John Kydd made a special trip to see her in the hospital. He could stay but a few hours but was so gentle and kind to her. John is a great boy and we all love him so much. Mother had numerous visits from friends and relatives. I wish I had the same closeness with my nieces and nephews that Mom had with hers. She gained in strength, something the doctors didn't expect. The latter part of August we took her to the Magic Valley Manor in Wendell. She had a semi-private room with Gussie Mitchell, Jackie Lasts mother. She seemed to gain strength and was able to walk with the help of her walker again.

Hanna Caulkins from Hagerman said she would care for her again so on Aug. 23 we took her home. How happy she was to be back there again. In late September Mom fell, in trying to catch her Hanna hurt her back and was unable to stay with mother after that. Mom decided she should go back to the Manor but was there just a short time when she became very ill and was again in the Jerome hospital for two weeks. Helen Dalton came up from California and visited her for about a week. Donna came from Seattle to help. She was very attentive and spent many hours of each day in the Manor helping Mom and the other patients. At times she needed help in eating, she was so shaky. Her mind remained very alert and she was telling stories and relating

past experiences to all who would listen. She received many cards, phone calls, letters and personal visits and enjoyed every one of them. She was still crocheting hot mats and thinking of ways she could make others happy. It meant so very much to her that Donna would come and be so good to her. Carol, E.J. and I tried to go see her several times a week and that was pleasing to her too. Donna kept the house up, raked the leaves and did numerous jobs that needed to be done. On Thanksgiving Day we prepared dinner and took it to her house in Wendell. The boys carried Mom in and she enjoyed the dinner and the company so much. E.J., Chris, Tom, Bob, Fae and Donna ate with her. That evening Rob, Susan, Matt and Chris came for a visit. This was the last time Mom was in her home.

On Dec. 17th she had a stroke. It affected the left side of her body. She seemed to gain strength for a few days but then grew steadily worse. We had someone with her constantly from that time until Jan. 6th about 5:30 p.m. when she passed away. She just stopped breathing and didn't seem to be suffering. We will all miss her so much, she was such a good woman and such a devoted, kind mother. Her services were held on Jan. 10th in the Wendell chapel of the L.D.S. church. It was a bad day, snowed and was very cold and windy too. Despite conditions there was a large crowd of friends and relatives in attendance. Ross Butler came from Ontario, Ore., Erma Brimhall and her son came from Kaysville, Utah & many others from the northern and eastern part of the state. Many sent cards, letters, flowers and contributions of several hundred dollars were made as a memorial to the Magic Valley Manor. A movie projector is to be purchased with the money.
