

Autobiography of Caroline (Butler) Thurber



December 2, 1880 – May 11, 1969

According to a transcription made by her daughter Helen Thurber Dalton from Caroline's hand written record contained in two little black notebooks and additions dictated verbally by Caroline to Helen. Compiled and formatted into this document by her great grandson Craig L. Dalton.

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11 May 1959
Parma, Idaho
copied by her
daughter, Helen
Thurber Dalton.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
CAROLINE (BUTLER) THURBER

January 4, 1948:

I am living with my daughter Helen at 3612 Overland Road, Boise, Idaho, which is across the street from the Third Ward Church. On my 67th birthday, my daughter Helen gave me this book with a card, requesting me to write some of the stories and faith promoting experiences of my life – a thing it seems we all should do as we go along.

I was born 2 December 1880 at Panguitch, Garfield County, Utah, daughter of John Lowe Butler, Jr. and Nancy Francetty Smith. He was born 28 Feb. 1844, in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Ill., son of John Lowe Butler, Sr., and Caroline Farozine Skeen. My mother Nancy Francetty Smith was born 4 March 1853 at Parowan, Iron County, Utah, daughter of John Calvin Lazelle Smith and Sarah Fish.

John Lowe Butler I. was born 8 April 1808 at Simpson County, Kentucky, died 10 April 1961 at Spanish Fork, Utah, and he was the son of James Butler, born in 1780 in Simpson County, Kentucky, and his wife Charity Lowe. James Butler was the son of William Butler, a Revolutionary Soldier in 1776, who was born about 1750, and lived in North Carolina, and his wife was Phoebe Childers (or Childress) (or Childs), who was born about 1752 and also lived in North Carolina. William Butler, the Revolutionary Soldier was born about 1724 in Ireland, and his will was dated 27 April 1747.

Charity Lowe was born 13 Jan. 1782 in Orange County, North Carolina, and died 21 April 1851 at North Pigeon. Pottawatamie County, Iowa while on their way to the Salt Lake Valley. She was the daughter of William Lowe, a Revolutionary Soldier, born 17 Feb. 1756 in Virginia, died 17 March 1835 in Kentucky, and his wife Margaret Farr (or Fair), born 4 Dec. 1761 in Pennsylvania, died, 25 Dec. 1853, daughter of Barnabas Farr born about 1738, and Dorothy Moesch, both born in Germany.

William Lowe, the Revolutionary Soldier, was the son of John Lowe, also a Revolutionary Soldier, who was born 1736 in Halifax County, North Carolina, died 1820 in Washington County, Georgia, and md. in 1769 to Ann or Nancy Butler, son of John Butler of Ireland.

The only grandparent I saw was my mother's mother, Sarah Fish Smith, who later married Joseph McGregor. I was about five years old, when I went with my mother from Richfield, Utah, to Parowan, Utah and she came and greeted us, and I remember that she opened the door to greet us and the wind was blowing and she was laughing, and I remember how she put an apple on the hearth to warm (it had been stored) and how she sat there and peeled the apple and ate it -- I guess it was partly baked. And I saw her again when Uncle Joseph and Aunt Izzie stopped at our place on their way to the Manti Temple to be married. They had been traveling by team from Parowan. I remember how Aunt Izzie had such pretty clothes, and I asked my grandmother (Sarah) what kind of a wedding dress Aunt Izzie had, and my grandmother whispered "I don't know -- I haven't seen it."

Sarah Fish was born 24 October 1828 in Hatley, Stanstead, Quebec, Canada, and died 5 May 1905 in Parowan, Iron County, Utah, daughter of Horace Fish and Hannah Leavitt. It is my understanding that her people remained loyal to the British Crown, and in order to avoid fighting in the Revolutionary War, moved up into Canada. I do know that Horace Fish and his wife,

Hannah Leavitt had decided they wanted to go to where the Saints were, and they were on their way and stopped to camp. Hannah was a member of the Church, but her husband Horace Fish was not. They traveled the road along the southern shore of Lake Ontario and Erie. As they were passing thru the State of Ohio they were visited by a man whom they afterwards supposed to be one of the three Nephites. They were camped near a grove of trees when a man who was hatless came out of the grove and walked up to their camp fire. In the conversation he spoke about helping to run the line between Canada and the United States. Horace Fish said "that was a long time ago." and the man said "yes, it was, but I am a very old man, and you have no idea how old I am." He then told them the saints would be driven out and drew on the ground a rough map and marked out the route the Saints would follow before their return to Jackson County, Missouri. He then left and was almost immediately out of sight after bidding them good night. (The above paragraph copied from History of Horace Fish, written by his great grand-daughter Caroline Butler Thurber, 14 Dec. 1942, Boise Idaho, for the Sacajawea Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers of Ada County, Idaho.)

Sarah Fish Smith was a little "French Canadian", very prim, with pointed nose, dark eyes, aristocratic. Her husband, John Calvin Lazelle Smith, was born in New Salem, Mass., on 8 Sept. 1821. There also he received the gospel when he was twenty years of age. Two years later, in 1843, he moved to Nauvoo, Ill. And in 1846 he married Sarah Fish. They went across the plains to Salt Lake in 1848, and he was called to be the first President of Parowan Stake. He died when only thirty-three years of age but was well known for his aggressiveness and leadership. They had four children. Then on 28 or 29 April 1857 Sarah married, as her second husband, William Campbell McGregor, and so we always called her "Grandmother McGregor."

My parents were married 23 June 1873 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They had ten children, four sons and six daughters:

1. John Lowe Butler III.,	born 5 June 1874,	Panguitch, Garfield, Utah,	died 1 July 1937
2. Franzetta (Zettie) Butler,	b. 7 April 1876,	" " "	
3. Sarah (Sadie) Butler,	b. 2 Feb. 1878,	" " "	died 4 July 1942
4. Caroline (Carrie) Butler,	b. 2 Dec. 1880,	" " "	
5. Horace Calvin Butler,	b. 6 Feb. 1883,	Joseph, Sevier Co., Utah,	died 6 Oct. 1958
6. Olive Butler,	b. 26 Jan. 1885,	Richfield, Sevier, Utah	
7. Jane Butler,	b. 22 Feb. 1887	" " "	
8. Kenion Taylor Butler,	b. 10 May 1889	" " "	
9. Eva Butler,	b. 9 Dec. 1892	" " "	died 24 June 1940
10. Leland Thomas Butler,	b. 21 March 1897	" " "	

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| 1. md. 15 Nov. 1899 | to Bertha Malvina Thurber |
| 2. md. 21 July 1898 | to John Christensen |
| 3. md. | to Gomer Morgan Richards |
| 4. md. 7 April 1903 | to Isaac Erin Thurber |
| 5. md. 16 May 1906 | to Ida Gould |
| 6. md. 17 January 1908 | to Jesse Loren Smith |
| 7. md. 6 March 1918 | to Elmer Walter Nielson |
| 8. md. 5 June 1918 | to Thelma Peterson |
| 9. md. 2 July 1913 | to Bailey A. Dixon |
| 10. md. 21 March 1943 in Santa Barbara, Calif. | to Helen Camille Phelps (Carter). |

In 1880 my father was running a saw and shingle mill near Panguitch, Utah.

TIME OF MY BIRTH

The shingle mill was about three miles from the town where my parents were living at this time.

Just shortly before I was born, my folks had a young girl living with them to do the house work, also my father's sister Adeline being a practical nurse, was there to care for mother at her confinement. The hired girl was gone outside for some time and finally when she came in she went and laid down. Aunt Adeline questioned her, and the girl said she had a bad running off of the bowels, etc., but Aunt Adeline told my father she looked and acted queer, and for him to go see if he could find any signs of anything unusual. Father went down along the creek bank and found a pile of dried leaves, and under the leaves was a new born baby. It being a very cold windy day, father put that little thing inside his coat and ran home. This happened just a few days before I was born, and the folks did not realize she was pregnant. The little child lived to maturity. Her mother blamed this to my Uncle Tom, my father's brother, and it was not so. A trial was held and he was acquitted, but the aspersions against his good name blighted his life to some extent – he never married and through his life filled three honorable missions for the Church.

My mother tells me that on December 2, 1880, she was standing on a table hanging strips of beef dipped in hot brine on strings to dry, when her labor started. Father helped her down, and I was born that night. They had few doctors in those days. Aunt Adeline helped my mother. My mother had no doctors for any of her ten children. When my baby brother Tom was born, I remember that I myself ran for several blocks to get the midwife. Of course there were no telephones then.

They say I was a small wiry child. When I was less than two years old, my parents moved to Joseph town in Sevier County, Utah. This town being at the foot of the mountains it was a good location being close to the range as they now went into the sheep business.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

That winter, on 6 February 1883, my brother Horace was born. They tell me Brother Hyrum Harris was teaching school there and living with us, and in the evenings he used to get his fiddle out and play it. I would be dressed for the night ready for bed, but I would start to dance with all my strength, and they said I had been dancing ever since!

Father then moved us to Richfield, to live for the winters so the children could go to school. He bought a ranch or farm at Jerico a few miles out of Joseph, where we lived in the summers.

I well remember our first home in Richfield, Utah, the lovely fruit and shade trees. We rented this place. This is where I fell and had my accident.

A SPANKING I GOT

When I was five, Sadie had a birth day party. Someone gave her one of these little glass desert dishes full of raisins. Each one of us girls had what we called these little tea boxes, real light wood, and pictures on outside, and we used them for our little trunks, as they had hinges on, and this would be where we would keep our little keep sakes. Sadie had put her little dish of raisins in her tea box. She went to get some one day and they were gone. So they inquired around, my mother did. My oldest sister Zettie came to me privately and offered me some of her little trinkets if I would say I took the raisins. I replied, "but I didn't!" She said "that doesn't matter." Then she offered me something more that I really wanted, so I said I would. I was so

delighted I went with a hop skip and a jump to where mother was doing a washing, with one tub on a bench. I told her I had taken the raisins. She sat down on the other end of the bench and took me over her knee and spanked me good – with me crying. Later Zettie took me for a walk and soothed me and made me feel better. Some time later I confessed to mother what really happened, and she said, “well, I don’t have any sympathy for you – you still needed the spanking for telling a lie!” Zettie has confessed she was the “meanest” on of the bunch!

MY ACCIDENT

When five years old I well remember playing out in the yard. My eldest sister Zettie was washing dishes in the wooden sink close to the kitchen door. I had a willow pushing it up through the spout where the dish water would come out and empty into a large barrel. There were three steps. I ran inside to see if my willow came through, then turned to run down the steps, when I fell. Zettie was laughing at my pranks when I turned to run down the steps. I lost my balance and fell. They found later that I had broken a blood vessel back of my left ear. I was unconscious when they picked me up. I finally came too, but felt very ill, and in about an hour I vomited about a quart, more or less, of blood. My nose started to bleed. The blood had been draining into my stomach. I was an invalid with hemorrhages from the nose for several years. It would bleed from six to twelve hours at a time.

The doctors could do nothing for me.

As a result of this accident I was frail and could not go to school for a year or so when I should have been. I remember one time my mother wanted to comb my long hair and then give me a lesson in reading, as she was teaching me herself to read. I didn’t want to come, and started to run, and I did run for all I was worth – and I was a good runner, but so was mother. I was running so fast my long hair stood straight out – and my mother caught me by the hair! I remember this well.

OUR FARM AT JERICO

When I was about eight years old, we moved on our farm at Jerico. That summer father took my sister Sadie and I up in the mountains to the sheep camp. They had a tent stretched over a frame work of lumber and logs, by a nice creek of water. The coral was up the creek two or three miles. We went with father. It was great fun. When they turned the sheep out to graze they ran in the wrong direction. Father told us to stay there as he would have to help turn them.

We got so tired and hungry so decided to find camp. What a rough trip that was, as we knew the camp was on this creek bank. We did not dare leave it, so followed no trail. We finally found it, and proceeded to wash up and was combing our long hair into braids. We sisters all had very long hair, and then we heard father calling “Sadie, Sadie!” I can still see his eyes, as he came running and almost cried for joy to find his two lost little girls.

I remember how good the sour-dough bread tasted, baked in a dutch oven. The mountain air seemed to be better for me in the summer time, as the hot weather caused my nose to bleed more.

I AM BAPTIZED

The next summer or spring of 1889 my father and Sadie took me to a lovely clear spring of water about 1/2 mile or so from our house and father baptized me. I was so happy to get baptized. The next day we went to Church in Elsinore ward where I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by Bishop James I. Jensen. Now I am sorry to

say that my parents failed to make a record of my baptism, and the Elsinore Ward had no record of it. But I well remember when it was done.

I HAVE A BAD NOSEBLEED

The latter part of that summer of 1889 I was nine years old. The water was turned out of a large ditch or wash that came out of the canal above us, and overflowed when the water was high. When the water was turned out it left large pools of water all along where it ran through our land, and flowed into the Sevier river. As those pools had fish in them, we children went down there to catch fish with our hands.

About 11:00 A.M. my nose started to bleed, and bled continuously for twenty-four hours, the longest time yet. I would be so weakened they would have to feed me with a spoon. Everything possible was done to stop it with no avail. My eldest brother John went to Monroe, Sevier Co., about ten miles away, where a man claimed he could charm it. When John got there, he told John my age, name, etc., was all he had to know. And when the men said, to prove to you, her nose won't stop bleeding until you get back to her – John ran his horse as fast as he could as he knew every minute counted. At 11:00 A.M. mother was watching me. She heard the horses' hoofs running, as John was returning home. A drop of blood dropped. When he rode up he called, "Has it stopped bleeding?" Mother said, "when we heard your horse running it dropped a drop, but that is the last one."

For one week I lay so helpless. The Doctor told my father there wasn't anything they could do, the little blood left would turn to water, a dropsical condition would set in and that would be the last of me. My father came in to my bedside and said, "One week from today we will take you to the Manti Temple."

Mother sat close to my bed sewing and preparing for the trip. Father put in the covered wagon a straw stuffed tick and made a good soft bed for me.

I AM TAKEN TO MANTI TEMPLE

We left the farm (my father and mother and I) on Sunday, drove to Richfield (some ten or twelve miles) where we stayed all night at the home of father's brother James Butler. It was decided Aunt Lottie should go with us as she was in poor health, and their eldest daughter Elizabeth went also to care for her mother. I well remember the lovely cookies Elizabeth made to take with us on this trip.

The next day we traveled all day long, and it was after dark that night when we arrived in Manti, and to the home of father's sister Adeline, who lived at the foot of the hill from the Temple (Adeline Allen).

The next morning (Tuesday) was baptizing day at the Temple. When we got up that morning I was so bloated they could not get my dress on. They ripped them out and pinned them on the best they could. They said I was like glass, they could see the shadow of their finger through my ear lobe. Father carried me up the path to the Temple. I was the first one put in that beautiful font of water. Father carried me up the steps. I well remember his eyes and realized he was praying with all his heart. They baptized me three times for my health, then put dry clothes on me and father took me into a lovely room where three men administered to me, and then father and mother took me home to Aunt Adeline's and put me to bed.

The next morning, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were endowment days. My parents took me with them each morning where these men would give me another blessing, then my cousin would care for me while my parents went through for endowment work for the dead. My condition improved each day until Friday the last day was over. No sign of my dropsy was to be

seen, and has never bothered from that day to this. When the Doctor saw what had happened, he said, "well, if she lives through her developing period she may outgrow it." The next four years I could not do the things other children did, but the nose bleeding slowly dwindled.

I START TO SCHOOL

That fall (of 1889) I was allowed to go to school for the first time, being nine years old. My mother taught me at home to read so they started me out in the second grade. Some of my teachers in the grades were Victor Bean, O.U. Bean, and their sister Flow Bean, also Lilly Simons, were the most outstanding. (This was in Richfield, Utah.) Walter Morrison was the only one I ever felt rather picked on me.

I LIKE TO DANCE

When I was thirteen I went to a Primary party where they were dancing. My toes just would not stand still. I commenced dancing a little with my arms out in a circle, and my nose started to bleed, and that was the end of my dance that day, but as time passed I got to dancing. I was about fourteen when I could first dance with the young folks. And when I was fifteen I made up for lost time. We had dances for the young teen-agers in the Academy Hall, a church building.

THE CARRIE TUNNELL AND THE BUTLER BECK MINE

About 1890 or 1891 my father located a mine high up in the Gold Mountain District. When they did the first work in this tunnel father named it the "Carrie Tunnel", because I was quite ill when he left home so seemed to have me on his mind. He was quite a hand to take me with him different places.

DEATH OF STAKE PRESIDENT ALBERT KING THURBER

The first outstanding time he took me was to the funeral services of our Stake President, A. K. Thurber. I was eight years old and remember his face as plain as can be. It was the only time I ever remember seeing him. As it so happened later I married his son, it has been a pleasing memory.

MY FIRST REMEMBRANCE OF MY FUTURE HUSBAND

When still a little primary girl, about eleven years old, I remember Sister Agnes B. Thurber was President of the Primary at Richfield. She had a party at her home. She had a long table set, and when we were all seated she asked her eldest son Erin, who was studying his lessons and attending the Sevier Stake Academy at that time, to ask the blessing at the table. He was about seventeen years old. My but I thought he was a swell guy. That was my first memory of him. He was asked to sit at the head of the table and say the blessing on the food.

THE BUTLER BECK MINE

About this time my father located this mine, called it Carrie Tunnel, and later as it was developed it was called the Butler Beck mine, as an old acquaintance from Spanish Fork, Utah, where my father lived until after his father passed away, and about seventeen years old he took

his mother and family to live in southern Utah, Paragonah. Later they moved to Panguitch. This John Beck went in on this mine with father. They had some other tunnels and built a five stamp mill and did all right until the vein slipped and was lost. But during those few years we as a family used to spend our summers up there, as I seemed to be getting along better up there during the hot weather.

It was beautiful place in a very deep canyon with a nice clear mountain stream of water running through the canyon. We all had good fishing, the firns and columbines and wild flowers grew in abundance. We also gathered wild chokecherries, sarvis berries and strawberries.

One day I was having a horse back ride. I went along the dugway leading from our house along past the stamp mill where the loads of ore quartz was put in the mill stamp, then the road went on out on a "knoll," and on down the canyon. Well, the foliage was very dense. I rode out to the knoll then returned leisurely, when I heard a noise above the road. Thinking it was our cows I did not pay any more attention. I went on to the house but turned down on the lower road where some cabins were built for some families who were there with their husbands. When I turned in there was my sister Zettie and a woman with her babe in arms. What I thought was cows proved to be two large lions, beauties with large tassels on the ends of their tails. They had dashed passed these women on across the creek and up on the other side of the canyon and in a dense forest.

FINE YOUNG FOLKS

When fifteen years old, we had a nice crowd of young people. Times were much different in some ways. We had church Sunday afternoons, leaving the evenings free, and it was our custom to gather at the different homes and have very nice times playing games, music, and such things.

One summer five couples of us went on a nice trip to Fish Lake. We traveled in two covered wagons, three couples in one and two in another. It was a lot of fun, camping, fishing a little, boating, and some evenings we would dance on the grass. We did not have a chaperone, but one of the couples was older. We were all members of the church and none would have thought of doing anything wrong. I went with Jim Poulson, Annie Ogden and her cousin Albert, Lehi Ence and Rebecca Dall, Thomas Ogden and Minnie Seegmiller.

I HAVE APPENDICITIS

That fall when I was fifteen, I went to Salt Lake City to work with Sadie. The mine had closed down, not doing much. The disappointment was hard on father. His health was very poor. I was in Salt Lake just three days when I took very ill with what proved to be appendicitis, and had to be operated on. This was about three months before my youngest brother Leland Thomas was born.

Father came to Salt Lake on the first train. They had to wait until he got there to get his consent to operate, making it 9:00 P.M. before they could start – Doctors Wilcox and Richards. Two doctors from the East happened to be there at this time, so they were asked to assist, and another gave the anesthetic, five doctors in all. I was among the first few to be operated on for appendicitis in the State of Utah.

All said it was too late, it would be operating on a dead girl. But Dr. Charles Wilcox held out, so they went ahead. The appendix had broken. They used fifteen gallons of water, took out my innards and surely did stir them up until my waist line was six inches larger for the next three months. What a terrible night that was! Dr. Wilcox would administer to me – my name was in the Temple, and one day Dr. Wilcox came in and said Apostle John Henry Smith is in the

Hospital, would you like him to administer to you? Of course I was grateful to have him. While in the hospital I had my sixteenth birthday. After a month I was released from the hospital, feeling I had been greatly blessed. A couple of weeks later Sadie put me on the train for home, on a Sunday morning. The train arrived about 8:00 o'clock that evening. To my great surprise a very large crowd mostly young people were there to meet me. I was helped into the waiting room, then the hand shaking began. They told me that so many missed church that evening that they did not hold it. A very warm welcome I assure you. I was home in time for Christmas.

I steadily improved in health. About 1 1/2 years later my father was in poor health. I went back to Salt Lake to work. Sadie was married to Gomer Richards and was living in Salt Lake.

AS A TEENAGER

I worked for a Brother and Sister Joseph Bull, who were officiators in the Temple. She had two or three roomers and boarded them. One was Joseph Merrell who was attending the University, the following spring he was married to Laura Hyde a niece of Sister Bull and granddaughter of Apostle Hyde. The following Christmas holidays I was invited to spend the week in Farmington, Utah, with the Welling family. Roxey, Rhoda, and their brother Arthur Welling were living near us and attending the University. We became very friendly and spent our leisure time together. I went home with them in a covered wagon with a team of horses. Their elder sister Luella was married just before Christmas in the Salt Lake temple. A large reception was held at their home. We surely had a good time for a few days, but my father in Richfield was ill and passed away 31 December 1898.

The shock was terrible. He had kidney trouble. My father was a very kind loving father, all children in the neighborhood called him Uncle John and would run with us to meet him when he returned from his trips away from home. While we children would cry "Papa, papa," the other children would join in saying "Uncle John." He always had some kind of treat for all, mostly stick candy.

Arthur Welling went to Salt Lake with me on the train, putting an end to our holiday for that season. I went to Richfield the next morning on the train. Father's services were held 2 January 1899. He left my mother with ten children. The eldest child, John, was on a mission, and the two older girls were married, Zettie and Sadie. I now was the eldest home with them. Horace was next and took responsibility like a man. At that time he was at the mine taking care of things there. I came out in the front hall, found Horace had arrived home, was standing there crying. It surely wrung my heart.

I lived and worked with the Bull family a year or more. Brother Bull lost his first wife then married a much younger woman. He was 75 and she was 42. She was expecting her first child in February. Also Sadie and Gomer expected their first one then. This was February 1899. Sadie and Gomer felt I should come to help them at that time. It was hard to leave Sister Bull, but they both had their babies on the same day, 7th February, 1899. Sadie's baby was Winona Richards.

I went back to Salt Lake wishing I could go to school. It was arranged I go to the L.D.S. College mornings one-half day, and work the rest of the time for my board and room, a time I enjoyed ever so much. We now lived in the 18th Ward. I started going out with one of the ward boys, Ren King – we went steady, having a very good time.

Erin Thurber was a boy companion of my brother John, and came to our house frequently, in fact just before Sadie was married he took her out quite steady. They often invited me along as little sister. I attended his mission farewell party, etc., before I went to Salt Lake to work.

Welby Dougal, wife Hattie, and child Marie were living with Gomer and Sadie while I was going to school, so it made quite a bit to do.

In March of 1900 I was polishing silverware. My thoughts were about Erin Thurber who was on a mission. I wondered if he wouldn't be coming home soon. His sister Bertha and John my brother had married about two years previous, when father died. John had been relieved from his mission – they told him his mission now was to go care for his father's family. As I said, I was wondering if he wouldn't soon be coming home – when the doorbell rang. I answered it, and to my great surprise there stood Erin. He had just arrived from the Southern States mission with a very ill missionary. It was necessary for someone to accompany him home, and the responsibility fell to Erin. We surely enjoyed the visit. He went on to Richfield, the next morning. I had promised to see him at the train but Gomer over ruled me as he wanted to go – Erin was disappointed as well as I.

I went home the following June when school was out, but was still engaged to Ren King. I spent six weeks of the summer with John and Bertha – they were living at Upper Kimberly. John and Erin were working there, a large mining town. They worked as miners. Erin lived at a boarding house but came to see us often. We had a good time that summer but he understood I was engaged to Ren King. When I left in the fall he said, "If that Salt Lake guy doesn't come for Christmas, save yourself for your Uncle." Ren and I did break up in a friendly way early in December.

I mentioned earlier of having appendicitis. I was in the hospital one month, the appendix had ruptured and no doubt left some poison in my body, as well as the way they operated then. One year later, where the drain had been, it ruptured. This impaired my health considerably. It should have been operated on. We lived more by faith it seems in those days.

My father died when I was eighteen years old. Before his death his one request was that I go to the temple and get my endowments. This I did before going home that spring from Salt Lake city, 18 June 1899. I felt that was a blessing and a protection to me. Father said at one time when I was very ill, he gave me a blessing. When he came to the words: "I now dedicate you," a chill passed through him, but the next words were: "to the house of the Lord." He felt I had a work to do in that line. When I went home that summer after attending the L.D.S. College in Salt Lake, my health was poor.

The summer I was 21 years old I went to the Manti temple for my health, asking for a blessing of health, and lived with this same Aunt Adeline, who had since married John Tuttle, an old gentleman – both were officiators in the temple. I spent six weeks there, doing temple work for our dead ancestors – then decided to return home. I then discovered my hernia greatly improved. My Aunt and I thanked our Heavenly Father for the blessing I had received.

Erin and I went together for a year, during that time I worked in the General Merchandise store, under Mr. Krotky, a Jew. Cal Poulson and I became quite friendly. Finally Erin and I were engaged to be married. He was away from home working at Kimberly, 35 miles southwest from Richfield. After six months Erin and I were married in the Salt Lake temple 7 April 1903. Erin was 28 years old while I was 22 1/2 years old.

Our first little home was at Kimberly, Utah, the mining town. We lived there one year and a half. It was headquarters for Sunday evening gatherings of young people. We lived on Main Street near the center of town.

Erin was called to be Superintendent of a branch Sunday School for a time, but it finally winked out was cold weather came on. The L.D.S. people would call for Erin to come when illness was in their homes to administer to them. This time was one of very pleasant memories of new and old acquaintances.

Some people predicted I would never have children, but we did. We went back to Richfield as we were expecting our first child. She was born 7 November 1904 we were blessed

with our first child, a daughter, Helen, born at Richfield, Utah. After she arrived Erin went West to work, was gone several months, working at Delamar, a gold mine in Nevada, but it was not pleasant to be away from his family. *[Note by Craig Dalton: Caroline is mistaken here, as according to his journal Erin went to a place called Goldfield working for a C.L. Marsh and doing some of his own prospecting. He left home shortly after his daughter Helen was born on November 17th and returned the following March, intent on leaving his life of mining and moving his family to Idaho. By 1904 the Delamar mine was essentially defunct. Erin worked at Delamar before his mission.]*

I had been living with my sister Zettie Christensen, as her husband was on a mission. We were company for each other. My eldest brother John L. Butler and wife Bertha had moved to Idaho where they were homesteading land on Camas Prairie. They went to Idaho shortly before my marriage. I needed glasses, and my brother John gave me my first pair of glasses for a wedding present. Now, John, on Camas Prairie, had gathered there as well as a few other Saints who had gone there to get a new start in life. They were planning to build a Reservoir to store water for irrigation. John had been writing to Erin. Finally Erin wrote me he was coming home to prepare to go to Idaho where he could establish a home. He spent some weeks preparing. When he got to Camas Prairie where John was locating, but all available men were working on the Twin Lakes Reservoir. Erin went to work there, along in the summer of 1905. Sadie and Gomer and their two children, myself and Helen who was then eight months old all went up in 1905 and remained until October 1905. We just camped out as very few houses were built there. Erin's mother, Agnes Thurber was there also with her young son Joshua; and also my sister Jane, Sadie, and children spent a few weeks there, then returned to Salt Lake. We remained until October, when Erin, his mother, brother Joshua, Jane and myself went to Shoshone, taking the train there, returning to Salt Lake then to Richfield. Erin spent the winter raising money for the move in the spring. And this is how he raised it.

Erin had spent about ten years prospecting and developing mining claims. He had located one near Kimberly which they called the Anna Laura Extension, believing it was an extension of the Anna Laura mine which was a big mine being operated in that section and the town of Kimberly. While he was in Idaho working they struck something pretty good in the Anna Laura Extension, and as we had stock in it, they came to me to buy some stock. I sold three hundred dollars worth; and this winter Erin sold more of the stock, some \$1,400.00 worth. In those days that was a lot of money. And that is what helped us get our start on Camas Prairie.

The price of things was so different in those days. When I bought shoes the price ranged from \$1.50 a pair to the most expensive - \$3.00 a pair. When I got married I had a \$3.00 pair of shoes. I had a long narrow foot, and I always said I had an expensive foot for it cost so much to get shoes to really fit.

WE MOVE TO CAMAS PRAIRIE, IDAHO

The first day of April 1906 we left Richfield, Joshua Thurber drove our team with wagon loaded with what we had, and drove through with Oliver Nielson who was also moving there. We went to Salt Lake and attended the General April conference. While there the two apostles Cowley, father of Mathew Cowley, and Apostle Taylor were dropped from the Quorum of the Twelve for practicing polygamy without authority of the Church. This was Matthias F. Cowley, and John W. Taylor. The Church had passed the Manifesto and voted they would not practice it any more, in 1890, but obey the laws of the land, as we were a law abiding people. It was unanimously voted to discontinue the practice.

These two apostles were practicing it, also performing marriages of like manner. Two of my girl friends, Roxy and Roda Welling from Farmington, Utah, were daughters of an old time

polygamy family. Their father married three sisters and lived a very ideal family life in that principle. Roxy and Rodah were daughters of the 2nd and third wives respectively, and sisters of Milton and Arthur Welling.

We left Salt Lake City the morning after the famous earthquake at San Francisco, that would be in early April 1906. We got on the train, Erin, Helen and I, but grandmother Thurber did not arrive as she planned. She was staying with her brother Isaac Brockbank. Well, Erin just handed her ticket to Gomer Richards, as we could not get off with all our luggage etc. When we got to Shoshone, Idaho we decided to stop over there until morning as Gooding then was very new and small place. We wanted to be sure of a bed. Next morning we got on another train and imagine Mother Thurber's surprise when we walked in. So we all arrived in Gooding on the same train after all. Brother Lewis Adams was there. John Butler had arranged for him to bring us to the Prairie, some fifty miles distant. There was no depot at Gooding. Imagine how we felt, as I stood there and gasped for breath as each trunk was thrown down the embankment.

Brother Adams finally got us loaded on his flat hay rack. We drove until after dark then camped for the night, making our beds at the road side. We arrived at John Butler's place the next day. The spring run off had come. We could not get across the river to our homestead cabin, our new home, for two weeks. On April 22, then, we had to drive up nearly to the Twin Lakes Reservoir and around, taking us all day driving in mud and water.

My brother John said he was surprised I ever consented to come live on a ranch life. It wasn't my choosing. Erin just said he was going. He had worked in the Delamar mill when he was about 20 years old for six weeks before anyone knew it was fatal to breathe the gold dust in the air. That last winter in Richfield a man by the name of Bill Thurston died from this quartz dust in his lungs. We were acquainted with him. This left Erin the only known living man who had ever worked there. Most of the miners who worked there died within a few months to year, depending on how long they worked there. A year or so after working in the mine, there were forty widows at the Delamar mine, in Nevada. Now Erin felt his chances would be better if he lived out in the open, and this was the reason he took up homesteading.

The following July 21, 1906 our eldest son Waldo Arion was born, at Soldier. That same month they held a branch conference. Brother Henry G. Labrum was Branch President, Erin was chosen First Counselor to Labrum and John Butler second, with Lewis Adams as Clerk. We were active from then on in the community.

That first year we raised the largest crop of grain in the community. Erin was in with his mother and brother Josh. The climate was really better for a stock country, quite cold for grain, with short seasons; however there is a lot of grain being raised on Camas Prairie now (October 1948) but they are using aeroplanes to fan the fields of wheat when frost comes. The price of wheat will pay to have that done – last year it was tried out there very successfully.

ERIN MADE BISHOP

The day Waldo was one year old, July 21, 1907, our branch was made into a ward with Erin as Bishop, John Butler first counselor, and Harvey Dixon as second counselor, Lewis Adams ward clerk; Erin's mother, Agnes B. Thurber was made President of the Relief Society, myself secretary to Relief Society. This was my first experience in Relief Society work. We used to hold our Sunday Schools and meetings in the different homes. I remember so many would stay and visit after the services, more than once I served dinner to twenty people. John and Berth Butler had them more than anyone; finally a little building was built on John's land for school, we then held church in it.

HELEN'S BIRTH

I would like to add here more about Helen's birth. As I mentioned before, a number of people feared I would never be able to have children due to my health. I'll admit we had a very hard time keeping her. For months I was bedridden. Finally time passed. Erin sent me to the Valley (Richfield). We finally rented a small house. This house had been built for traveling men to show their samples. They were then called drummers. This was built by a large two story house which had been the main hotel of our town for a number of years. Now a sheep man had bought the place for his family, and this sample house was made into a nice apartment. This is where Helen was born.

My Uncle Joseph McGregor, a young Doctor, had moved to Richfield to practice, and he was our Doctor. We had a very serious time – she was finally taken with instruments. The first time I saw her, her face was covered with adhesive tape. She still carries two of the scars on her head.

A Dr. Middleton, an older Doctor, told my brother-in-law, Gomer Richards, that during his practice they never saved a child, and lost both mother and child in 85% of such cases. I was a long time recovering. On the 10th day after she was born they raised my head off the pillow, and it was one month before I stepped on my feet.

This was hard on our two mothers, who so diligently cared for us. I appreciated all their efforts. After that I never allowed my mother to be with me at such times, but she could not get to me soon enough after it was over. She seemed so understanding of how I felt, and just what to do.

Our second child Waldo Arion Thurber was born 21 July 1906 at the home of Mr. And Mrs. Henry Jenkins at Soldier, Idaho, some nine miles from our ranch. Their daughter Amet nursed me. My husband never took chances. He always said the best is none too good at such times.

LIFE AT MANARD, BLAINE CO., IDAHO

As time passed, our community and ward grew. The Bishopric and ward members decided to build a church building to meet in. The townsite was chosen across the river from John Butler's place. The Bishopric and others laid out a townsite, built a recreation hall, but used it both for church and recreation. They had a nice little stage built, with some small rooms in the back. Many fine programs were put on there. We now numbered some over 300.

Harvey Dixon built a small store and had the Post Office near the Hall. The school house was also built there. Uncle Joe Thurber had a blacksmith shop, and also a number of homes composed this little town of Manard. The first name given this town was Wynona, but later is was changed to Manard, in Blaine Co., Idaho.

The spring of 1909 our third child, a son was born 16 April, Rex Gordon Thurber. The two Doctor's Higgs had left the Prairie at this time. The town of Soldier had been moved about two miles farther in the Valley and called Fairfield. It is now the County seat. A young Doctor was there by the name of Charles Kingsley, who attended me with Ora Bean as nurse.

About two weeks before Rex was born the snow had been very deep that winter; and a cold spell had frozen it over until it was like walking on the ground. Erin was out doing the evening chores. I went out to feed the chickens, and I was so surprised to see a large hungry coyote very close to the house, headed for the chicken house. We stood there looking at it. Helen, Waldo and my sister Eva also came out. Our little dog ran after it barking, and the two headed for the river some half mile away.

I went on to my chores and Eva went in the house. To our great surprise our two children were missing. We found their little feet tracks on the snow where they had followed that hungry coyote and the dog. Erin followed their tracks to the river. Eva came back to get wraps for the children.

Erin told me to go back to the house, but one could imagine how I felt – they were all out of sight – my two babies, and that hungry coyote. I found myself following with a prayer in my heart. Just as I got to the river I met them returning. Erin found Helen trying to help her little brother up the bank. They were lost but she was trying hard to find her way out. She was so frightened, when she saw her father coming she jumped up and down for joy. Helen and Waldo got into many such times, making it a constant concern when out of my sight, but she has always been concerned about Waldo and tries to help him out.

There were no hotels around these parts. The custom seemed to be for every one to come to the Bishop if they wanted a meal. I was now having my fourth child, cooking for the thrashers, having extra company – other than our friends and loved ones. All this seemed quite hard on me.

I had Fern Thurber come in to help me on wash days. I would have from one to four unexpected menfolks come in to dinner. Fern finally said, “I never want to be the wife of a Bishop.” It would have been very nice, if one had the strength to wait on them. I sometimes wonder how I ever did it, but that is passed and gone.

Erin Butler, our fourth child was born 26 March 1911. He was a fine big boy weighing nine lbs., the largest child we had. His father looked him over and wondered if it could be true – he was so perfectly built. The next day, to our great surprise and concern, it was discovered that the entrance to his rectum was only about the size of a darning needle. The doctors came to the ranch home as soon as possible – Dr. Air and Dr. Dee Higgs, brothers. They operated on him, but made a mistake after opening it. They found he was too low to make connections, so made a turn, causing us a lot of trouble for the first five or six years of his life. When he was four they operated again, enlarging it. After another three or four years he started to improve slowly, and outgrew the trouble. His tonsils were very bad the last winter we lived on our ranch on Camas Prairie – a hard one to think back on.

When Erin was five years old he needed his tonsils removed. My husband was “lambing out” a bunch of old ewes – the winter was very cold. When our fifth child, Milton J was born 23 February 1916. My husband Erin’s health commenced failing the day before Milton’s birth. He took ill spitting blood, etc. A nephew Jodie Thurber was helping take care of the ewes and lambs – the lambs were dying – what a time we were having.

Dr. Air Higgs came, with Ora Bean nursing. The afternoon of Feb. 22 my cousin Jim Butler came to see us – while there he cut Erin’s hair. We were rather a sorry pair, me not well, but Erin insisted on sitting up by me. Helen and Waldo were taken to Joshua Thurber’s place to stay all night. Erin B. was but five years old so we put him to bed. Grandmother Thurber also was there, as my mother passed away about three years before this, on April 21, 1913, at Manard – at her home near there. We took her to Richfield, Utah and laid her away by her companion, my father John L. Butler.

Milton arrived that night 25 minutes after midnight. Poor Helen was so disappointed, as she had asked for a little sister. It took her some time to get over that, but she learned to love him very much.

The climate seemed to be against us. That spring our wheat crops froze, being the fourth year in succession we lost our crops from frost. My husband’s health was failing. We decided to move. We had 160 acres here.

WE MOVE TO FILER, IDAHO

In October of 1917 we traded our place to a Mr. Jensen, of Filer, Idaho, for his forty acres, thinking we should get into a warmer climate for Erin's health, and so we moved there. We belonged to the Twin Falls Ward 13 miles away.

One month after our move there, Erin took pneumonia. Those Snake River winds seemed to be too hard on him. We all took "flu" the following summer. That year we raised mostly sugar beets, some onions and grain. Erin took out a \$1,500 life insurance policy, as other policies had lapsed during our four years of frost.

WE MOVE TO EIGHT MILE, NEAR BOISE, IDAHO

Erin decided to find a warmer climate, taking him to Boise Valley. That fall, in October 1918 we moved again. We sold our place for cash, and bought one (forty acres) on Eight Mile, west and south of Boise, from a Mr. Tom Bowler.

Conditions there were such we felt we could not raise our little family of five there at all. A one teacher school and the wildest community I was ever in. One could hardly believe conditions could be such, as close as we were to a city as large as Boise. So many were immoral. Even the minister there did not seem to raise the standards. I remember that Faye Paris, a neighbor girl was riding a horse and the minister tried to pull her off the horse. Faye's father was a big farmer there and was considered one of the best of the community – later, when he was in the hospital in Boise, we called on him (after we had moved into Boise) Mr. Paris told us, "you folks did not fit in that community. As for me, I have never known any other kind of community, but as soon as you folks moved there I knew you were different.)

His health (Erin's) was failing all this time. His aim was to get into town in case of his passing and leaving us alone.

WALDO

I think I should mention here a little about Waldo, for he helped us so very much on this farm. There he was, only 11 or 12 years old – but he could do the work of a man. He could harness those mules and horses as good as any man. And he was such a good worker. He plowed, harrowed, anything that needed doing on the farm he could do, and he did it well, and he seemed to like to do it. And while Erin's health was failing we depended a lot on Waldo. Why, when Waldo was a little tyke, only six or seven, up on the Prairie, he would harness the mules or horses. I have seen him stand up on the manger in the barn and pull the harness over. We used to marvel at such a little tyke being able to do the things he did.

WE MOVE IN TO BOISE, IDAHO

After living a Eight Mile about a year, we sold that place back to Mr. Bowler and bought an 80 acres place at Eagle, which we rented, and we ourselves moved in to Boise, moving 25 March 1919. Sam W. Worthington was living in Boise running a coal business. Erin went into partners with him, doing the office work mostly. We first moved into a small building there at the yard at 11th and Front Streets where there was a livery stable.

While at Eight Mile we bought the first car we ever had, a Model T. Ford, and Waldo was only 12 but he could sure drive it. Now Erin loaded our things on the wagon, bringing all our teams, etc. The children and I drove in, in the Model T. with Waldo at the wheel. As we reached the city limits, it occurred to me Waldo was under age to be driving a car. We were

discussing this when a cop drove up to us, stopped us, and asked how old he was. I told him and said we were just wondering about that also that we were just moving into town, that my husband was coming with the teams and such. I asked him what had I better do, should we stop by the roadside until my husband came. Well, he said, if he has driven that far, and we were going just to Front Street, to drive very carefully, but if the officers saw us it would be all up. We continued, reached our destination in safety. Waldo was so impressed with the way I told the officer the truth, not trying to cover up his age, he told me after that it was a big lesson to him, that telling the truth and being honest surely paid.

Erin said, he felt sure he was divinely sent to Boise to live. He took several trips around the country, looking for a location, the nearer he got to Boise coming back the better it looked. Also he felt, if we had come to Boise twenty years before this, he would have lived twenty years longer.

[*Clarification note by Helen Thurber Dalton about homes in Boise:* In March 1919 we moved in to Boise to the Feed Yard, 11th and Front Streets and went into the coal business with Sam Worthington who had previously moved to Boise from Manard. They called it the Worthington & Thurber Coal Company. In September 1919 they bought the house at 1610 North 11th, for \$1500.00. It was a two story three bedroom house without bath or toilet but it seemed like a fine home to us.]

That summer of 1919 Erin's health was very poor. In October we bought a home at 1610 North 11th St. moved in there. Erin went to the hospital, had his tonsils out, they found them badly embedded. One month after this, his complication cleared up, he was much better that fall.

A real epidemic of flu followed the close of the first world war. In January of 1920. One of the teamsters was down with flu also his wife and daughter. Erin phoned me to go see them and arrange for some neighbor to see to their needs.

I might add here, Mother Thurber [Agnes Brockbank Thurber] was living with us. Iva Ward had asked her to come stay with their children, she stayed all night then spent that day helping Iva with some sewing until late afternoon. She then went out to catch the streetcar to come home. Iva stood watching her to see she got on all right when she slipped and fell breaking her wrist. Iva took her to a Dr. then called Erin.

At this time Philip Worthington, 12 years old, son of Sam, Erin's partner, was very ill with a heart condition. Erin had asked me to go see them. I had been there a while when I got nervous, feeling I should go, when the phone rang. Erin called to tell me to come to his office as Mother Thurber was at the Drs. Office having her arm set. I left immediately. We took Mother Thurber home, it was her right wrist, making it hard for her. The next day was when Erin called me to go see about this teamster and family being crosstown and a Saturday. I just finished cleaning the kitchen floor, then walked across town as no bus service was there. On my way back I stopped into Iva Ward's place to get a little netting bag Mother left there, getting home just in time to fix our evening meal.

ERIN'S LAST ILLNESS

That night, January 14, 1920, Erin was restless all night, coughing, etc. we were so tired the next morning, our bed rooms were all upstairs, we felt sure he had this flu. We moved a bed down stairs in our living room, so we could give him better care. We sent for Dr. Handy who said he had influenza. That winter there was an epidemic of influenza.

I might add here, shortly after we moved into Boise, the Boise Stake had been newly organized, with headquarters in Boise. Heber Q. Hale was President, Brother Sam Worthington

and Erin were called as High Councilmen. A little later when they organized the Relief Society Stake Board with Bessie Hale as President, Ruby Rawlins and Eva Robinson as Counselors, a sister Davis Secretary; and Sister Mary Martineau, Alma Benson, Iva Ward, and myself (Caroline B. Thurber) as members of the Board.

Erin had the flu and then he took double lobar pneumonia. He had been ill for ten days. Several doctors, Dr. Higgs, and Dr. Handy, who was LDS, and a specialist from the Veteran's hospital came out, and examined him two different times. During the latter part of his illness Dr. Handy took the "flu" himself and then we had Dr. L. D. Andersen, a new doctor who had just moved to Boise to start his practice.

My brother John Butler came down from Acequia, Idaho, to see us both because Erin was so ill. This early evening he was very ill. I sent for Dr. Handy -- he came in with his wife Julia who was a friend of ours. Dr. Handy examined him, went out and told John he was dying and would not last more than an hour or so. John telephoned the Stake President Heber Q. Hale and gave them the message. President Hale and his counselor Orson Rawlins came. They went in to another room, had special consultation and prayer. President Hale came out and asked me to cooperate with them in their administration, which I agreed to do.

I sat down at the foot of the bed, with all children around, John, Doctor and Mrs. Handy, President Hale and Rawlins. They administered to him, and in that prayer they dedicated him to the Lord. Erin then realized, for he said "I see you have dedicated me to the Lord." Then Erin quietly gave a little talk, although he was breathing hard and with difficulty. In it he said: "I have never stepped aside to knowingly wrong any one in my life. I never wronged the hair of any woman in my life. Pretty soon he called each child to his bedside and gave them a father's blessing. He set Waldo, age 12, at the head of the household. To his daughter Helen, he said, "you are as pure as a lily and someday you will find a happy home." To his mother (Agnes B. Thurber) he said, "The Lord loves you, etc." To me he said, "My dear wife, virtuous and true -- you will be blessed in your efforts and labors, and you will be looked after."

I was kneeling by him to get every word -- he then was going thru the death struggle, breathing with great difficulty, and with a rattle in his throat. The doctor held his pulse. Waldo was on the opposite side of the bed and he said in anguish, "Oh, daddy, don't go." He relaxed and quit breathing. Dr. Handy raised his head to say he had gone. We were all quiet.

All of a sudden he opened his eyes and said in clear, unfaltering voice "I have come back, brethren. They say I can suit myself whether I go now or wait awhile." We were awed. He was breathing quietly and with ease. Finally President Hale decided to leave. Sam Worthington, coming up steps asked "what happened" -- Pres. Hale couldn't talk, he just said, "go in. Brother Butler will tell you."

Erin talked quite a while. I was weak. Children finally went to bed. John stayed in room. During the night Erin got to thinking he didn't know for how long he would be here, so about 3:00 or 4:00 A.M. he asked to have Clarence T. Ward, the lawyer, come. He asked Clarence T. to help mother out with legal matters. He made disposition of things with the lawyer.

In the early morning John felt like he should go home as he had a store to keep. He thought of taking the early train, but Dad said, "I would rather you wouldn't go now -- I don't know how long I have to stay." When John came in about 7 or 8 in the morning, saw Erin was struggling for breath again. John walked up to him, and I was sitting by him and John said, "Oh, Erin, we love you and want you to live. Won't you try to stay with us?"

Erin looked up and said in a firm voice, "all right, I will. But you do just what I say. I want to get up and have a bath and have all clean clothes put on me." Now I had called Dr. Handy to say he was breathing hard again, We got a tub with warm water and put on the floor. Erin got up, walked over and stepped in his tub. John held blanket around him to keep him warm, while I washed him off. Dr. Handy walked in while we were getting the tub ready. Erin

looked at him and said, "Now, Doctor, I don't want you to interfere. I want you all to do just exactly what I say." Dr. Handy was a High Priest, but he just wilted, dropped his sachel on the floor and said, "I won't interfere."

Dr. and John put Erin's underwear on, his best suit, shirt, socks and shoes. Then he stood up and faced John and said, "I am going to fight you." He walked over to the big north window and took hold of the blind and flipped it up. Outside stood next door neighbor Mr. Larter, who was amazed, knowing how ill he had been. Erin turned and raised his fist and hit John on chest.

Then John realized all at once that Erin was possessed of an Evil Spirit. John immediately telephoned for the Stake presidency. Heber Q. Hale and Rawllns came immediately. All members of Priesthood there were organized. Then they filed in according to standing in Priesthood, Hale, Rawlins, John, Dr. Handy, and Mr. Larter. They laid their hands on Erin and rebuked the Evil power from his body. Erin immediately lost all strength. The brethren removed his clothing and carried him back to his bed. He was extremely weak. And there, during his illness before he was so ill we had to turn him on his side!

Then it was that the Stake Presidency organized a chain of the Priesthood to be in charge in the home day and night. At first it was members of the High Priests Quorum. At least one member, and sometimes two at a time.

John had lost a lot of sleep, and during the day he went upstairs to rest. During the day I had the feeling "I should go up to John", then I would think, "no, he needs his rest." Two or three times I went to stair steps to go up and then would think "no, I mustn't disturb him." and I would go back. The third time I was so impressed that I went up. When I entered his room he was sitting on the side of the bed, "I have been praying for one hour for you to come" he said, and he put his arms around me. "I have been fighting with Evil spirits. Thank God you have come. Sister, I shall go home a different man. I never thought there were such evil spirits. I thought it was all a pipe dream when I heard about them."

Later in John's life he told me that that was the biggest testimony he ever had, and he wondered and wondered why we had to have that experience, and he even prayed about it, and this is the answer he got "Erin wanted, so badly to leave something -- a testimony for his children -- and that is the reason why the Lord permitted it -- it wasn't for the public, it was for the family."

Erin at this time was a High Priest. Dr. Handy was a counselor to Bishop Edgley. Erin gradually got more strength, and lived about a month after this first experience happened. When John left that same day to return to his home he said, "I am going home but will send Bertha back so she can see and know about these things. She came and stayed several days.

The Doctor from the Veteran's Hospital checked his bad lungs. One day while Bertha was there Erin told Bertha and I that something unusual was going to happen that day, and he told us at a certain hour to have Dr. Handy there. "I am going to be given a new lung" and he said to Bertha and me, "Oh, put on some nice white aprons." The room seemed to be filled with angels, the air seemed so bright I could feel it on my hands and face. Dr. Handy checked his lung and said, "A very radical change has taken place in his lung. These things are beyond me." Later had Vet. Hospital doctor and after the examination he said, "all I can hear is just a little 'rawl'. His lung is all right!"

Bertha went upstairs and rested in the same bed John had previously, and when she came down she said, "there the room was full of angels, and I was permitted to see them. I laid there and watched them. In the room below, where Erin was, you could feel the bright influence and calm peace."

Several times during the next ten days or two weeks Erin was bothered. One day when my brother Leland Thomas was there I went in, and Erin said he was going to go now. He advised me and said he would help me buy and sell property, and advised me not to have

anything to do with Brother Worthington in a business way. I leaned down to kiss him goodbye and then all at once I knew it was the wrong source and I turned to Lee who was crying. I called, for the Elders. A man, a relative of George Lewis came and when he got here he told me "I met with Evil spirits on the way up here, and I had to stop by the fence and pray." After administration, Erin was all right. Erin told me "They (evil spirits) have a beaten path between Worthingtons and here." Their son, Philip Worthington, 12 years of age was at this time very ill with a heart condition -- he died probably ten days or two weeks before Erin did.

Erin got better enough that he sat up, and one day even walked out into the kitchen and got a drink of water. The last week of his life he started to feel distressed and bowels ceased to function. Feet started to swell. Previously the chain of the Priesthood had been stopped. Now he sat up every day for some time -- at least during that last week.

The night of 13 March 1920 he asked me to have Sam Worthington, who came and stayed the night. I was so very tired. Sam urged me to go in and lie down on the couch in the dining room. About 5:00 A.M. Mother Thurber came down stairs, and talked with Sam and asked how Erin was. Sam said, "he has been restless all night. He wanted to sit up about 3:00 and when I helped him, putting on his sox, etc. he then said he didn't believe he could make it, and settled back again. Now for about the last half hour he has been resting real good, and they both looked over to him, some six or seven feet away from the stove. He was resting with his hand at side of his face and his knees up. Presently Mother Thurber went over to him -- and he was gone! And there they thought he was peacefully sleeping!!

Rex said later, "I guess the Lord must have wanted him."

His funeral was held in the little one room Church at 4th and Jefferson Streets, Boise, and he was buried in Morris Hill Cemetery, on 17th of March, 1920.

It was not long after this until my brother John moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, and there it was that the Stake President, Lawrence Kirkman, who had heard something about this, and as he had known Erin, he asked John there in the Stake High Priests Quorum meeting if he would mind telling them a little about it. He did, and when finished, John turned to President Kirkman and asked "Please do not ask me to relate this again." They were all so impressed and full. When the Priesthood Quorums assembled back together again, President Kirkman said, "I wish you could have all been with us in our High Priests meeting. Now you may never hear the experience Brother Butler told us of."

Note: The following two notes should be added, as they were left out, about Erin's last illness. During the time Bertha was here I want to testify to you that the house was filled with angels.

President Hale spoke of Erin in Church, and also Sister Handy said substantially the same thing: "That Erin had lived a pure clean life and that he had lived such a life that it looked like the adversary had sought to get the upper hand of him, in his weakened condition."

[In addition to this, I have accounts of the events of his last illness recorded by John and Bertha Butler, Helen Dalton, and another earlier account made by Caroline for her son Milton in 1936. I plan to compile all of these into one seamless account in the biography that I am now writing. – Craig Dalton]

PLEASANT MEMORIES

The last few years had seemed pretty hard, but I do have some very pleasant memories, especially of that last year while we lived in Boise before Erin's death. Picture shows were very new, at least to us. I remember one day, while we still lived at the livery stable at 11th and Front, which would be during the summer of 1919. Erin and I went over to the Old Majestic Theatre

and saw the picture show "Riders of the Purple Sage". We were so thrilled with it (even though it was a silent film) that we hurried home and had our children go over to see it. The show house was only about two blocks from our place.

And how we did enjoy going to church, and mingling with people. I personally never had liked farm life, and now this seemed so delightful to me. I remember especially one day when the weather was so nice, that after Church Erin and I walked home so leisurely. It was so nice. The trees seemed so lovely and green and I was walking beside my dear husband, and we were not in a hurry. It was so nice. That walk home is a beautiful memory to me.

I, Helen (Thurber) Dalton, have been copying the above journal written by my mother in her own hand in black note book, which she wrote herself during 1948, while we lived at 3610 Overland Road, Boise. When she came to Dad's last illness in her journal, she just did not seem to be able to go on, and so she let it rest.

Now, after my father's last illness, I often talked with her about recording the facts down, but she said she just couldn't seem to. Finally, some two or three years after, she did write it down, in pencil, and kept it. Finally, on 17 January, 1957, while we were living in the Eighth Ward, southwest of Boise, I especially asked mother to dictate to me the account of my father's last illness. She read from her pencil copy, and then went into more detail and dictated a more full account of it to me as I wrote it down. Now the above account of his last illness is the account she dictated to me on Jan. 17, 1957, thirty-seven years later.

I was a girl of 15 myself, and I witnessed most of these things, and I testify that they are true. One of my mother's traits is strict honesty and clarity of thought, and I know that her memory of these things is true.

We wondered sometimes why these experiences came to us, and Waldo and I feel that our father yearned so to stay with his family, and when he knew he had to go he yearned to leave us with a testimony. Perhaps this may be so, but when I read not long ago one of the things Brigham Young said, I related it to that experience, and I quote:

"I ask, is there a reason for men and women being exposed more constantly and more powerfully to the power of the enemy by having visions than by not having them? There is, and it is simply this -- God never bestows upon His people, or upon an individual, superior blessings without a severe trial to prove them, to prove that individual or that people, to see whether they will keep their covenants with Him and keep in remembrance what He has shown them. Then the greater the vision, the greater the display of the enemy. And when such Individuals are off their guard they are left to themselves as Jesus was

"So, when individuals are blessed with visions, revelations and great manifestations, look out, then the devil is nigh you and you will be tempted in proportion to the vision, revelation or manifestation you have received. Hence, thousands when they are off their guard give way to the severe temptations which come upon them and behold they are gone." -- Brigham Young, Journal of Discourses, volume 3:205-6, recorded in book "Temples of the Most High" page 357.

Now, the rest of this history is as my mother, Caroline Butler Thurber, dictated to me, or has written it herself. Yet here is a further comment by myself, Helen. In those days of 1920 we all felt that we had a most wonderful Stake Presidency. Heber Q. Hale was a most outstanding man, a gifted speaker, and such a handsome and fine looking man. He had such spirituality. And Orson Rawlins was very fine too, and had such a fine wife. And Clarence T. Ward was a

very outstanding leader and member, being a lawyer, and fine singer, and fine personality, he gave much to us all. And then, some few years later things seemed to change. Orson Rawlins wife died not too long after my father, and he appeared for a time as a man who had lost his moorings – there he was with his family of rather small children, and when, a year or so later he married again, it was to a woman who did not belong to the Church, and he and his family ceased activity. He died several years ago, leaving his second wife a widow, and it is my belief that none of his children are active in the Church.

Clarence T. Ward continued on as counselor to Heber Q. Hale and later Fred Dalton Aub's oldest brother was first Stake Clerk and later second counselor. And for several years there were rumors of things not being quite right in the presidency. Be that as it may on Dec. 2, 1934, George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve, came to our conference of the Boise Stake (George F. Richards and Joseph Fielding Smith were authorities at this conference) and Heber Q. Hale and his counselors were released, and Fred Dalton told us it was done firmly, and that it was a shock to President Hale and his counselors. Heber Q. Hale had served for nine years as Branch president, then when Stakes were divided he was made President of the Boise Stake, and I am quite sure he was the first Stake President of this area. He had served in this capacity for twenty-one years. When he was released he was 54 years old. This was all a surprise, but we also had another shock. While Clarence T. Ward was giving his farewell talk at conference, a message was sent up on the stand to tell him that his wife, Iva, was in Mountain Home, on her way home, with a heart attack! She was brought to Boise and died that evening.

This was all a severe shock, and a severe adjustment for Clarence T. Ward. He said later, much later, that the reason he didn't have his smaller children baptized in the Church, "was because he didn't want them to be hurt as he had been!" He had said that when Iva was so ill and died, "that none came near." Well, I guess there was so much happened all at once – the surprise and shock may have affected other members, and perhaps they didn't rally to him as they should have done in his sorrow. Nonetheless he dropped from activity. In a year or so he married again, a very lovely girl who had been a teacher at the Brigham Young University. Although she was LDS they did not come into activity in the church. As of this date, (12 May 1959) they have a very lovely home at 5824 Randolph Drive, Boise, but they never have returned to activity in the church. A few months ago his daughter Margaret requested her name be taken off the Church records, in the Boise 2nd Ward.

Heber Q. Hale, after his release, remained in Boise possibly two years or so, during which time he sought a political job in an election – it seems like it was for Senator or Representative. He did not win, and a little later he moved to Salt Lake. Some time later I saw an article in the Improvement Era written by him, and I heard he was being asked to speak at various things, but I believe he is not active in the Church. One member of his Ward in Salt Lake told us "they were not using him."

Now to me it seems so sad to see these three men, who all seemed so wonderful and so fine, in those days of 1920, and then see them drop out of activity. Heber Q. Hale was such a dynamic speaker, and so successful as Stake President in those early days. One thing he told us was most impressive – speaking at Conference: "Do the best you can, with what you have, where you are."

And now to return to that dictated by Caroline Butler Thurber to her daughter Helen on 10 May 1959:

THE HARD YEARS

My husband's funeral was held 17 March 1920 in the little white church on the corner of 4th and Jefferson Streets, here at Boise, under the auspices of our new Bishop Wm. E. Edgley, who replaced Bishop George Lewis during my husband's illness. He was buried in Morris Hill Cemetery. During the funeral my youngest child, Milton, was taken outside as he "whooped" and was coming down with whooping cough. He was three years old. We all had it. We got over that and had influenza, and then we had scarlet fever, and the measles. We had lived out in the country and we had never had these diseases and now it seemed like we had them all, and the children were real sick. A day or so after the quarantine was lifted from measles, Helen, age 15, started working at the telephone office, on 6 July 1920.

Before Erin's death, at the time we moved into Boise, we had purchased a farm at Star, 80 acres, and had a renter there. And out of the rent I had planned to keep up the payments on it, as well as pay a debt we owed to Mr. McCan on the Prairie – but the renter took the crops off and then just moved away and left. I had nothing to pay the amount due, and the previous owner had his attorney give me one week's time to raise \$1,500. I could not raise it, and so we lost the farm. My brother Taylor Butler went up to see that attorney, and told him off. The attorney said, "why I thought she had the money!" Another man, a business man, who found out about that crooked deal, said to me, "I have seen men treat other men in such a way, but I never in all my life saw a man treat a widow with a bunch of babies in such a manner." The church people who knew about it were so good to us.

"Helen, if it hadn't been for you children, I wouldn't have tried to live."

When we lost the farm I hit a new low -- but I stuck out my chin and said, "we'll make it anyway."

I got \$1,500.00 insurance because of Erin's death, and with that I paid debt to Mr. McCann on Camas Prairie, and I paid burial lots, casket, and finished paying for our home.

I remember now one time when Old Man Plant came over to me once and said, "Sister Thurber, I have noticed that you always keep your chin up -- even if it does quiver sometimes."

I remember one time Erin, my son, wanted a pair of socks, and he needed them too, but I just didn't have the money. But I tried not to talk about it much – my children were so good and rallied to me in such a wonderful way and I was so proud of them – how I would like to have been able to give them things they needed. Now when the children sometimes talk of those times, it just makes me shudder and I just don't want to talk about it or try to remember it. I never expected people to run and help us – we tried to make our way ourselves.

My daughter Helen just asked me now, if the Bishop ever helped me out of the fast offerings. I was surprised at her asking. No, he never did, and I didn't expect it. However, about a year after Erin's death the ward planned a party and dance, charging a dollar a ticket, and the proceeds were to be given to me to help me. And they gave me \$50.00. Among this \$50.00 was a check for \$5.00 given them by Glen Labrum, as he had given them that check so he could get \$4.00 change. The bank closed its doors and that \$5.00 check was not good. They took it to Glen but he never made it good.

I should mention here that we moved in to Boise in March 1919 and lived at 11th and Front streets during the spring and summer, and in the fall, in Sept. 1919 we bought this two story house at 1610 North 11th Street for \$1,100.00, and Erin died the following March 1920.

Erin's interest in the Worthington and Thurber Coal Co. was finally sold to Mathias J. Benson, and he paid me a little once a month for a while. I don't remember now how much it amounted to – not very much.

Helen was working at the telephone office and during the winter of 1920-21 Waldo got his first year of high school at Boise High, which is all he got. Then he got a job at Jenson

Graves Typewriter Co., and together they saw that Rex, Erin, and Milton all finished their high school, all four years. From about the time of my husband's death I was not well myself, and about a year after I had a major operation for a fibrous tumorous growth on my uterus. They sent some of the tissue to Salt Lake for analysis for possible cancer, and we were all so relieved and happy when the report came back it was not cancerous.

My father and mother were both dead, and my brothers and sisters all lived elsewhere. I had no people of my own here in Boise. Those were hard years, but I remember one special kindness – John Christensen, my sister Zettie's husband, who lived in Richfield, Utah, sent me by freight, a washing machine. My, that was a blessing, for I had been doing the washings with tub and wash board. Now this washing machine worked so I moved a stick back and forth.

Our home at 1610 North 11th was a two story home, with three bedrooms upstairs, and kitchen, dining room and living room downstairs. It was not modern, as all homes are today – there was a kitchen sink with running water, but there was no bathroom or hot water tank, and we had old fashioned black kitchen range and burned coal. After several years the children bought a gas range, and later also built on a modern bathroom with hot water tank. It was about 1925 when they bought a Wilton rug and davenport set for the living room.

I thought of going to work during that first year or so after Erin was gone, but both Helen and Waldo urged me not to. They said, "you stay home and make a home for us, and we will try to get along."

As the children grew older I was thrilled to see how they took part in Church activities and in school. When Rex, Erin, and Milton were up into high school age and was attending school dances and also church dances and parties, it was a thrill to see all four of those boys when they were all dressed up and ready to go – they all looked so tidy and neat and handsome and I was so proud of them. They participated in the contest dances at Mutual, and it seems to me there was one year when Waldo, Rex and Erin all three participated. They were very graceful and very good in dancing. I remember when Waldo was about 17 or 18 he did some exhibition dancing with a girl, tango dancing. He and this girl danced at the Owyhee Hotel for the Woolgrowers Association, and I believe she was the one who tried to get Waldo to go with her and dance professionally – but I told him I didn't want him to "have his brains in his feet." He and this girl danced several places as special number on program.

Waldo worked for a time with Jenson Graves, then was given job at Boise City National Bank, and sometime later left there and worked for Homer Levander who had a number of stores in various small towns, then he was with the Boise Wholesale Drygoods Co. for many years, and at present is partners with Jim Hessing and they are HESSING-THURBER MOTORS, dealers for Plymouth, Chrysler, and Imperial motor cars.

Helen worked for about three years at the telephone office, then she went to Links Business College for six months and learned to be a stenographer, then worked as a stenographer until her marriage 1 November 1928, to Audobon Mathias Dalton.

Rex finished high school and was especially good at drafting. He first worked at the Telephone Office as a draftsman, then was with the State Highway Dept. in the State House for a number of years then went to Portland, Oregon, with the Bonneville Power Administration, and he is still now with them, May 1959. He married Catherine Samuel on 15 June 1929.

Erin finished high school, and I believe he first worked for Homer Levander, along with Waldo, then he went to work for the New York store as an accountant. Later he moved to Ontario California where he worked as an accountant. Before his marriage he filled a two year mission in the Eastern Canadian Mission, headquarters at Toronto, Canada. He married Afton Mary Crowley on 9 Sept. 1936 in Salt Lake Temple. He died 19 July 1948 from cerebral hemorrhage. I'll have to write more about this later.

Milton finished high school and went to Boise Junior College. He also worked in the State Highway Dept. He married Madge Mary Crowley, sister of Afton, on 13 April 1937 in Salt Lake Temple, and they continued right on their way from Salt Lake to Washington D. C. where Milton worked with the F.B.I. fingerprinting dept. and he also attended George Washington University night school while there and was graduated from college. He served with the U.S. Navy during World War II, then went in business with his brother Erin at Ontario, California. After Erin's death he went on with the accounting business, became a Certified Public Accountant and now has his own business there.

CHARACTERISTICS and PERSONALITIES OF MY CHILDREN

Helen has asked me to write about these things, and so I shall try.

We were blessed with five children, one daughter and four sons.

Helen was born 7 Nov. 1904 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah. She was a darling, we felt there could not be a more wonderful child ever born, even if her father did ask for a son. I remarked later, saying, "I believe you think as much of her as if she had been a boy." He replied "more so." She was our pride and joy, the best natured child. I would dress her for bed, feed her, then put her to bed, and she would not go to sleep until I put her to bed, then would sleep until her time to be fed again, (4 hours). It was cold that first winter and I made a little outing flannel cap to keep her warm. She looked so sweet. I never had another child that would go down like that. I could go out to socials etc. and know she would sleep until her feeding time, but she finally took to sucking her thumb and did so until she was five years old, then she broke herself, but she always had to hold a piece of white silk to hold in her hand. I had to keep pieces of silk washed up for that purpose. I had a nice white silk long dress for her and feel she liked the feel of it, got her started doing that.

Waldo Arion was born July 21, 1906 at Soldier, Blaine Co., Idaho. What a thrill, now Erin has that son he wanted, and what a thrill it was. I had to feed him until he went to sleep – it may have been because I was frightened to be out on a farm – and felt strange and lonely. Coyotes would howl, etc. Waldo was a good natured boy. He would cry for a lead pencil if he saw one in any man's pocket he would cry for it – so I would buy pencils for him to comfort him – and he has been pushing a pencil all his life. At a Ward Christmas tree they gave him a small tablet and lead pencil and that pleased him immensely. Other children cried because all Waldo got was just a little note book and pencil!

Helen and Waldo played together a lot and got into a lot of mischief together, as well as many nice things they did together. Later on when their father passed away they teamed together and planned the managing of the home as best they could to care for the family and did a swell job of it. They took over like little veterans – planned if I should die (a year after my husband's death there was great fear I had cancer, but that did not turn out to be the case) how they would take care of the three younger boys and care for them. What would I have done without them? Those younger sons grew up to love Helen and Waldo as much as any man or woman on earth after they grew up as young men. I know they really felt that way and still do.

Rex Gordon was born 16 April 1909 at Manard, Blaine Co., Idaho. What a character he was. He always wanted to do things just right. He would not try to say a word out loud until he could say it right – instead he would dance around so excited, saying "yo-yo" to attract our attention, until he was sure he could say the word plain which he had in mind. I would sometimes catch him saying the word to himself – and if it worked okeh he would add it to his vocabulary. I never knew what to expect of him next. One day at Church he slipped way from

me, went up the steps to the stage (at the Manard hall where we held Church. My husband was Bishop and the Bishopric and others sat in row beneath the stage with their backs to the stage) tiptoed along back of all the good bretheren, some eight or nine of them, and scratched their heads, then slip away from that one on to the next one, until the congregation was in stitches laughing. I had baby Erin in my lap, and finally I gave him over to someone and went up those steps and caught him. He had not made a bit of noise, but was having a lot of fun – as one man would turn he would slip away and tiptoe to another fully unconscious of anyone looking at him. He was then three or four years old, I think close to four.

He never liked people to laugh at him. He and Ray Butler were about the same age. Sister Wray, primary president, taught them to sing a song together. She composed a little ditty, and with arms around each other they sang. He was a real character. He still likes to do things in the best way.

Erin Butler Thurber was our next child, our 4th. He was born 26 March 1911 at Manard. He had the largest best built little body, weighing nine lbs, the biggest child we had. At his birth his dad looked him over and felt his little body and said “why he has a perfect body.” But the next day after his birth, Aunt Annie Thurber our nurse discovered the opening to his rectum was only the size of a darning needle – he could not have a bowel movement. The Dr. Higgs’ came and immediately performed an operation on him. The poor little dear, we had a bad time for the next few years, as the Doctor had made the opening too high, so had to shift down, making a crook. He could not make a very big opening at first or it would lose its control. The Doctor finally had to enlarge it a couple of times, then when he was about five years old he enlarged it once more, as we were moving away to Filer, Idaho.

Little Erin’s tonsils were also very bad that last winter on the Prairie, and when we took him to Twin Falls where a Doctor removed them, but he did a very poor job, as he just cut one tonsil and left it half in. When we moved to Boise we had to have it done over. He finally outgrew these two operations, but I used to have an instrument to help him. I finally had a nervous breakdown, working so hard to help the dear little fellow for a while.

When we moved to Eight Mile, near Boise, in 1918, Erin B. was so good to little Milton. One day they two were on the flat wagon bed when we were all out helping my husband load some beans. We put those two little ones on the wagon, and all the rest were helping load. All at once the horses started to run. I followed as fast as I could screaming and praying. Once Erin could have slipped off when they went through a dry ditch, but Erin would not leave his little brother alone, and was always that way with his little brother, who was five years younger.

Erin was the most obedient child. I could set a bucket of water on the floor and tell him (Erin) not to touch it and he never would.

When Erin was out of High School, he wanted to go to Moscow, and he took a trip there (to the University of Idaho) to see if it was possible for him to go. They promised him if he could raise enough to put himself through one year they would give him jobs enough to do the rest of the three years, and he planned to do that. He saved all he could that summer. Now Helen tells me he had saved up \$700.00. I cannot remember the amount but he had saved quite a lot, and in the fall here came Bishop Frank Kleopfer and asked if I would let him go on a Mission. I would not stand in his way as I had no means to help him with. When they asked him he was so surprised. Erin came to me and said, “What shall I do?” I said, “son this is one time you will have to make the decision.” He went along for two weeks, lost ten lbs weight. Finally he came to me and said, “I have decided to go on the mission – I know you would like me to go,” then he settled down and told his Bishop: “I will go on this mission and stay as long as my money lasts, but I do not expect a cent from my brothers – they do not owe me a cent. I won’t take it from them.”

He was sent to the East Canadian Mission, leaving Salt Lake December 1st, 1932. He took all his money with him and put it in a bank there. The exchange was good, and he thought it would last one year. It lasted 1 1/2 years. At that point he wrote home saying “my money is about gone, what shall I do?” I worried for two weeks and felt he would have to come home, a humbling experience. Bishop Kleopfer had indicated that they would help – and they did – for the Bishopric sent him \$10.00 the first Christmas he was out – but that was all.

At this time Milton was working in the Highway Dept. in the State House, making blueprints, and also going to Boise Junior College. One day he was walking out in the foyer and met the man in charge of the Accounting Dept. He stopped Milton and said, “how would you like to come into the accounting department?” and he raised his wages to just the amount it took to keep Erin on the mission, \$30.00 more a month. Milton came home and told me about it, and said, “now we can keep Erin on his mission so he can finish his two years.”

Later Erin got married and Milton did also. Erin went to Ontario California, and urged Milton to join him there when Milton was released from service in the U.S. Navy during World War II. They were partners in accounting and had their own business, doing income tax work. Erin paid back to Milton the money Milton had sent him to help him on his mission.

Erin had a wonderful experience on his mission. He spent the first three months out doing missionary work, then was called in to the office as Secretary of the Mission – a big responsibility. During the time he was Secretary, the President of the Mission was ill, and was operated on, and so Erin had full charge, and went out to tour the Mission with the Apostle, Richard R. Lyman, Erin taking the Mission President’s place. They went way up to the very outposts of the mission, way up near Greenland on that trip. Another time Apostle Melvin J. Ballard was visiting there and because of the President’s illness Erin went with Apostle Ballard for at least part of the Mission.

I have always been thankful he decided on the mission.

Milton J, my youngest, was born 23 February 1916 at Manard. He was a wiry little thing, moved so fast and made his own decisions, and when he made up his mind it was made up. He was so different to Erin – when Milt was a year old he could walk well, danced a jib the day he was one year old when I put some little new short pants on him. That day I was taking some pans of milk out of the cupboard and put them on the table to skim the cream. I put one over in a hurry, and before I could turn my back he (Milt) ran over and threw an old muddy shoe into the pan of milk, cream and all. Why two little boys could be so opposite. Milton kept me on the run. I looked out the door one day when he was about 18 months old (when we lived at Filer, Idaho) the ditch was full of irrigation water and I looked out and saw him coming out of the ditch, crawling. I ran to him screaming – he looked like a little drowned muskrat, and there he had climbed out himself. He said later that he remembered how he sat down on the bridge and leaned over and tried to see how far he could lean over – and he fell in. He said he paddled like a dog, and he seemed to know it was up to him to get out himself – and he succeeded. It still is hard for me to understand how he did it.

At first, when our last child was coming, Helen wanted a little sister, and when Milton came a boy, she took it hard, but as time went on she became attached to him, then she took him many places as he grew to be a very outstanding loving brother, so he never suffered for want of love from his sister.

How thankful I have always been that I was privileged to have those five choice spirits, and that I could live and help care for them until they could go on their own.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

My husband, Erin was made Bishop of the Manard Ward on the day Waldo was one year old, 21 July 1906; and on that same day his mother, Agnes B. Thurber was made President of the Relief Society of the Manard Ward and I was sustained as her Secretary, and I served in this capacity until we moved to La Grande, Ore. Where we stayed just a short time. I believe two months, then we returned to Manard and I was called to be 2nd counselor to Sister Borup in the Mutual, for a year or so. We returned from La Grande. Six weeks before Milton was born I was called to be President of the Mutual, with counselors Christy Dixon and Issie Borup, and served there until we moved to Filer in 1916.

I was appointed a member of the Relief Society Stake Board to represent the Manard Ward during the time I was a counselor. This was when Wm. E. Jack was President of the Stake. He lived at Carey, Idaho.

The Stakes were divided in 1918 or early 1919 and Heber Q. Hale was made President of the Boise Stake.

In 1919 I was called (in Boise shortly after we moved in to town) to Relief Society Stake Board under President Bessie G. Hale, and served for about a year. Alfred Hogensen was made new Bishop of Boise Ward while my husband Erin was in his last illness; in February 1920. In 1920 S. Emma Labrum was called to be President of the Ward Relief Society, and asked Julia Handy and myself to be counselors, they took me off the Stake Board to fulfill this call, and I served with S. Emma Labrum for several years.

Later, when Wards were divided into First and Second, Myrtle Arthur was made President of the First Ward, with myself as counselor, and also Mary Anderson as counselor. Served here for about a year.

I served for seven years as Secretary of Boise Stake Genealogy, and when I was released was immediately put on the Relief Society Stake Board in the fall of 1935, under Stake President Mabel S. Nokes, and I was called to handle the Temple clothes. Bishop Edgley was Bishop of the Ward then. I served in this capacity until February 1941 when the Temple clothes were sold by the new Stake R. S. President Josephine Anderson, to the Boise Funeral Home. I was released from the Stake Board, but continued making the clothes for the Boise Funeral Home, with full authority. Several years later the Boise Funeral Home changed hands, it being purchased by men who were Catholics. I handled them myself for a while and when the Relyea Mortuary was built the clothes were placed with him and I continued making them to supply their needs. I also made Temple clothes for many people, and I still do to this day, 31 May 1959. I have always loved this work.

SCHOOLING

I attended the first seven grades in Richfield, Utah, and for the Eighth grade I attended the L. D. S. College in Salt Lake City; so I just finished the Eighth grade.

ILLNESSES and OPERATIONS

So much of my life I have really not been well. When I was five years old I fell and broke blood vessel back of my left ear and I was very ill and my nose bled so often; sometimes it bled for eight hours at a time; and one time it bled for 12 hours. At the age of nine it bled for 24 hours, and the Dr. said I had so little blood left it would turn to water and develop into Dropsy. One week later my father took me to the Manti Temple where I was healed.

I developed a hernia in my groin which I carried for forty-two years before having it operated on. Had a lot of trouble with it.

My first operation was when I was sixteen, for appendicitis. These operations were rare in those days. I was in the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City for three weeks and three days. Dr. Chas. Wilcox and Dr. Richards, and three others who conferred and helped, so there were five doctors. The appendix had broken. They took large basin of water, took the insides out and washed again and again in water to get pus out.

Second operation: In 1921, a year after my husband died, a fibrous tumorous growth. In St. Alphonsus Hospital for ten days, came home for week or so, then went back to Hospital. They had growth sent to Salt Lake for test for cancer, but report was that it was not cancerous, but was a fibrous tumorous growth on servix.

Third operation: In St. Alphonsus Hospital, for about three weeks, was for the above fibrous tumorous growth.

Three years later she went to the Hospital four different times to have high powered therapy treatments at \$25.00 each, to stop period.

Fourth Operation: Ulcer on Uterus in St. Lukes Hospital for about ten days. Operated on 12 December 1936. Dr. Stewart, with Dr. Nokes assisting.

Fifth Operation: April 9, 1941, Dr. Herald T. Nokes. This was to fix hernia on lower right side due to improper surgery on appendix when 16 years of age, 42 years before. Dr. Nokes said "it was a terrible mess, that the bowel was so twisted and nearly tied in knots and so many adhesions."

Sixth Operation: On March 23, 1944 took quite ill and Dr. Nokes ordered her to the hospital as she was having severe attack of Gall Stones. Was operated on first part of October 1949. (see her diary of 16 Oct. 1949) (Helen's diary). She had 72 stones, one was a large one. They found gall bladder had bursted and one stone had floated up into stomach. Dr. Herald T. Nokes operated.

Seventh Operation: February 10, 1953, at St. Alphonsus, for cataract on her eye. Dr. Norman B. Hedemark. Both eyes were affected but only one eye could be operated on at a time. This was the hardest operation to get over. It was nerve wracking and harrowing, and Helen has said that if I can see reasonably well with the one eye she would strongly disapprove of my having the operation on the other eye -- it is too hard. I was 73 when this operation was performed.

Then I had a Car accident on the evening of May 24, 1945 (Helen's diary of 3 June 1945) We were returning home from Daughters of Utah Pioneer's meeting at Elizabeth Thomas'. A car hit us from behind, causing me to ram my head at the car window in the back seat, breaking the glass. This was thick glass. I was taken to the hospital. It took me a long time to get over this, and my head has caused me trouble ever since. Have experienced much pain as a result of this accident.

Then I was in a Bus accident on 9 May 1946. The driver had to swerve the bus and I was thrown to floor into the aisle. Hurt the lower part of my back. It took me a long time to get over this.

My son Erin Butler Thurber died 19th of July 1948 at Long Beach, California. This was a great shock and then when Erin's son Edmund was accidentally killed one and one-half years later on 23 Dec. 1950, the shock was even more terrible. I believe it was because of this partly that I developed stomach ulcers, and Dr. Roy C. Crosby treated me for this.

Coronary Heart attack, 30 Sept. 1949, while living at 3610 Overland Road, Boise, Idaho with Helen and Aub. For several years she had suffered with pains over and around her heart way in deep, also pains in shoulder (left) and down arm. I was in the hospital for ten days with this attack, under care of Dr. Roy C. Crosby, and was under careful treatment from him for a

long time after. Helen's diary says, under date of 25 Nov. 1949: "Mother took sick eight weeks ago today -- the last four days has shown real improvement though."

Helen's Diary says, under date of 9 Feb. 1953: "For two or three years now (mother) seldom has a good night's sleep -- stomach upsets. She should eat only baby foods, as anything out of ordinary will cause gas and upset. Her diet includes milk, cereal, bread, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit, jello, ice cream."

Now, for all these illnesses and operations since my husband died, my boys have paid for the hospital and doctor bills -- there have been a good number of them. I am grateful for their loyalty and for their goodness to me.

OTHER ACTIVITIES and HAPPENINGS

It seems like there are a few other things I ought to write about. I was thinking about our house at 1610 North 11th, Boise. Erin and I bought that in the fall of 1919. He died the following March. We paid \$1100.00 for it. Finally Helen, Waldo, Rex, and Erin were all married, leaving Milton and I at home alone, and I remember so well how I missed the children. Perhaps I had tried to devote so much time to them, and at least we was interested in their welfare, that it left scars when they left to be married. I wouldn't have had it otherwise, for I know they had to make homes of their own, but I guess because I was not well so much of the time, I experienced loneliness. I remember especially during the summer of 1936, when just Milton and I were at home -- how especially kind Milton was to me. When the weather was so hot that summer I really suffered from it -- and nearly every evening when he could Milton would come and say, "come on, mother, let's go for a little ride," and we drove someplace perhaps to get a root beer, or "just to fan the breeze." How good those little rides were! I shall always remember them. Then that fall, on 22 November, 1936, I took sick, and they (Helen and Aub) insisted that I come to their place so Helen could look after me. This is when I had Ulcer on Uterus and was operated on 12 Dec. 1936.

My children all decided the old home ought to be sold, especially when the following Spring Milton was married 13 April 1937 and moved to Washington D.C. So, we sold the old home on 27 July 1937, for \$1,700.00. The agent's commission was for \$85.00. The people who bought it could only pay \$250.00 down, but they paid \$20.00 per month until it was paid for. It gave me a little money of my own. Helen recorded the price, etc. in her diary of 27 July 1937.

So, from 23 November 1936, I made my home with Helen and Aub, and going with them the three different times they moved, until July 3, 1958. At this time Helen and Aub bought a 160 acre farm at Parma, Idaho. I did not desire to go out on the farm, and besides they had just a small basement house so there was no room for me. Waldo found this little white cottage at 1315 1/2 Washington St., in Boise. I have had a new adventure living in this little cottage by myself. For one thing I can kind of be my own boss and eat when I want to, and I can prepare just the kind of foods which I know are good for me and that I can handle. It is just like a doll house. I live just four and one-half blocks from 2nd Ward Church, in the same ward where Waldo and Evian live. I am just a block or so from shopping center, and one-half block from ice cream stand where I can get "softies." On the whole I believe my health has been fairly good the past year. I have lived in this little cottage 11 months now.

In looking back over the years I feel that I have many rich lovely experiences for which I am grateful.

For one thing, when Milton and Madge's first baby Tony was born, they asked me to come back to Washington D.C. and paid my way. I left Boise on 28 March 1938, and was there for several months. That was a wonderful trip.

Our John C.L. Smith Family have held reunions since we organized that family after my brother John Butler's death. This was organized two days after his funeral (John's). Helen's diary of 16 July 1937 says: "Two days after Uncle John's funeral and while family was together, they held family reunion at Minidoka dam, on July 3, 1937. There were 38 present. This family was organized, with the following officers:

Uncle Horace Butler, president
Aunt Bertha (Thurber) Butler, secretary
Mother Caroline (Butler) Thurber, as genealogist
Laurel Christensen Hansen, historian
Gomer Richards, in charge of temple excursions.

"Mother said Uncle Taylor and Reed Richards took charge of athletics and sure kept things popping. They surely had a fine time."

We held these reunions at various places, most of the time at Fir Grove at Elmer Nielson's on the Prairie, or at Taylor's at Gooding. Two different years the Reunion was held at Richfield, Utah. I believe I have attended them all, and it has been wonderful to get together with my brothers and sisters and family members. This year of 1959, Waldo is the President, and the Reunion is to be held at McCall, Idaho where they have a cabin on the Payette Lakes.

In January of 1948 I went to California where I had a fine trip, as both Erin and Milton with their families lived, in Ontario. It was the following July 1948 when Erin died.

On 26 May 1949 Minnie Borup and I had a fine trip to the Oregon Coast, staying about two weeks. That was surely a lot of fun.

By the way, in commenting on my trip to Washington, D.C. at the time Tony was born, Helen has written in her diary of March 28, 1938: "Mother left yesterday on the bus at 8:35 A.M. for Washington, D.C. She is thrilled and I hope she has a grand time. At the bus station Afton said to me, 'This is quite a trip and quite a thrill for Mother Thurber, and one she has deserved for a long time.' I surely agreed"

Besides my immediate family, I have such fond remembrances of Winona Richards, my niece, daughter of my sister Sadie. She has been so lovely and sweet to me in so many ways. For some time she has rarely missed a year coming up from Salt Lake and spending some few days with me, and I have gone to Salt Lake and stayed with her for short periods. I feel very close to Winona. She took leukemia, and died 19 May, just week before last. I still grieve for her, and because I was not well enough to go to her funeral – Elmer and Jane went down and I could have gone with them had I been well enough.

I have had some good friends over the past years, among them are Marie Sanford, Minnie Borup, and Karl Davis and his wife and their children Eddie and Karen, as well as close acquaintances in Wards I have lived. Right now I live so close to Ida Fleming and Sylvia Hogensen. A number have come to me and said: "Why Sister Thurber, I shall always remember you because when we first came in this ward you were the very first one to come and speak to us and make us feel at home."

On the 19th of May 1958 our West Boise Stake held Visiting Teachers Convention, at which I received a special honor – of having fifty-one years to my credit of being a Visiting Teacher for the Relief Society. They were not continuous, as two or three years were out because of ill health. Sister Elnora Loveland, President of West Boise Stake Board presented me with lovely corsage.

There have been many High Priest parties where I have been especially invited because I was a widow of a High Priest. All have been lovely parties – many at the home and yard of Amos Belnap, and I have many pleasant memories of them.

I especially enjoyed my association with Boise Stake Board of Relief Society under President Mabel S. Nokes. I have most pleasant memories of my work there, and of trips I took with them to General Conference at Salt Lake. They were all good friends.

I also have most pleasant memories of my association with members of Sacajawea Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers which I joined in May 1937. We held meetings once a month in the winter time and I always went along with Helen, and I still now go with them to these meetings.

MY TESTIMONY

1315 1/2 Wash.
Boise, Idaho
May 1959

I desire to leave my testimony for my family and my posterity, that they may know of my love of the Gospel and my appreciation for my many blessings.

I am very proud of my heritage. Seven of my ancestors joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in early days of the Prophet Joseph Smith and they and their families came across the Plains over a thousand miles to Utah before the time of the Railroad in May 1869, therefore they all came by covered wagon.

1. My grandfather, JOHN LOWE BUTLER I., born 8 April 1808, at Simpson County, Kentucky, came across the plains to Utah November 1852, and was a resident of Spanish Fork, died 10 April 1861 in Spanish Fork, Utah. He was one of the Twelve chosen as members of Body Guard to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and one of the few who were forced to return to Nauvoo and leave the Prophet Hyrum and Willard Richards and others who were imprisoned at Carthage, and murdered. He wrote his History in his own hand writing, the original is in the Church archives in Salt Lake City, and no one is allowed to take it out of that room. Winona Richards and Erma Osmond went there shortly before the Utah Centennial and copied this history, so we do have a copy of that history. He settled at Spanish Fork, became one of the first Bishops there, with Albert King Thurber as one of his counselors. When he died, then Albert King Thurber was made Bishop. Also coming with him across the plains was his wife

2. CAROLINE FAROZINE SKEEN, who was born 15 April 1812 of Simpson County, Kentucky, died 4 August 1875 in Panguitch, Utah. Also coming with them was their eight year old son

3. My father, JOHN LOWE BUTLER II., born 28 February 1844 at Nauvoo, Illinois. The Prophet Joseph Smith held him on his lap when he was about two years old [she must mean "months old" here not "years old"]. When he was eight years old he helped drive some stock all the way to Spanish Fork. He died in Richfield, Utah 30 Dec. 1898. The three above were detained at Winter Quarters for some time as he was a blacksmith and by request stayed to help many of the pioneers fix up their wagons. Also he had some horses there and would trade some fresh ones for the worn out ones.

4. JOHN CALVIN LAZELLE SMITH, my mother's father, born 8 Sept. 1822 at New Salem, Mass., came to Utah in 1848, and was a resident of Parowan, Utah, died 30 Dec. 1855 and was Stake President there at the time of his death. He was only thirty-three when he died. Coming with him was his wife

5. SARAH (FISH) SMITH, born about 1830 at Leron, Canada. She came to Nauvoo to live with her parents, and she and John C. L. Smith were married in the Nauvoo Temple and they went ahead and drove a pair of white steers all the way to Utah. They resided at Parowan and she died there in 1905.

6. HORACE FISH, born 6 January 1800 at Hatley, Quebec, Canada, coming to Utah 29 August 1850, and was a resident of Parowan, Iron County, Utah, died 6 July 1870 at Beaver, Utah, buried at Parowan. Coming with him also was his wife

7. HANNAH (LEAVITT) FISH. She was born 26 Dec. 1805 at Johnsbury, Vermont.

My two grandmothers and one great grandmother were all three members of the Nauvoo Relief Society. I am proud of my heritage -- they are among those who accepted the Gospel in early days, loved it and sacrificed and came with the Saints to Utah. Their honesty, humility,

thrift, their spirituality and faith -- all are qualities found in my people, and I am grateful for such a heritage. My parents loved the Gospel and they taught it to me. We had family prayers in our home night and morning -- we would surround our table with chairs back to the table. There was close unity and love in my father's family.

I am thankful to be a member of this Church, and that I married a man who loved his Priesthood callings. He took me to the Temple to be married by the New and Everlasting Covenant, and it is my hope that this marriage will endure through the eternities and that our families may all be linked together through the sealing power of the Priesthood. I am thankful that I was privileged to live with my husband for seventeen years before we had to be separated by his death. He has been gone now for a little over thirty-nine years. I am grateful for the five fine children we had.

I have known sorrow it is true, but I have experienced joy also. I have been blessed with the gift of Faith.

I love this Church. I believe with all my heart that Joseph Smith is a true prophet. I sustain and uphold President David O. McKay as a Prophet and as President of this Church, as well as all the constituted authorities.

I feel grateful for the special calling and blessing of being able to make the Temple and Burial clothes for so many years. I have always loved this work, and still do, and I have sought for the influence and spirit of my Heavenly Father in doing it and there were many times I was blessed in it. There were times when my health was poor and I prayed for strength to get it finished, and my prayers were answered. I loved those robes of the Holy Priesthood, and wanted those who used them to love them as I did. To me they are beautiful, when made right, especially since the new instructions to make them were sent out and better materials were available, and I am thankful I have helped others to show them how to make them for themselves.

I have been miraculously healed in the Manti Temple twice, once when eight years old, and another time when 21 years old. My Heavenly Father has been good to me many times. Sickness, trials, hardships and all, I feel are a universal thing with us all here on this earth. These things have only helped make my faith stronger.

I am still making Temple clothes, but am getting slower at it. My hearts desire is to help any one I can to make their own -- I don't charge for that, but feel it is one of my Church duties.

I was called and set apart to put the Burial and Temple clothes work in the Boise Stake in the fall of 1935 under President Mabel S. Nokes, Pres. of the Stake Board of Relief Society.

During my father's last illness he was concerned about me because I had been ill so much, and so he wrote me a letter where I was working in Salt Lake City, and urged me to go and get my endowments, and so I did in the spring after my eighteenth birthday, in the Salt Lake Temple. When I was 21 my health was poor and I spent six weeks working in the Manti Temple. And during the time I belonged to the Stake Board I never missed a time of going through the Temple at Conference time, or other occasions. Later years in Idaho I would go to Logan Temple on special Excursion trips to do endowment work for the dead. After Idaho Falls Temple was built we went many times on monthly excursions.

(signed) Caroline B. Thurber
Parma, Idaho
2 June 1959

The above autobiography
has been copied by her
daughter Helen (Thurber) Dalton.

ADDITIONAL HISTORY OF CAROLINE BUTLER THURBER

To be added to her Autobiography

Written by her daughter

Helen Thurber Dalton

Parma, Idaho

2 June 1959

Mother and I have both been members of the Sacajawea Camp of Daughters of the Utah Pioneers since May 1937, and while I moved here to Parma a year ago, mother is still a member and attends their monthly meetings through the winter, and she has always enjoyed it very much – she has made many very close friends there.

HER PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

Copy

A Patriarchal blessing given by Joseph S. Horne in Richfield, Utah, July 2, 1902
upon the Head of Caroline Butler, daughter of John L. Butler and Nancy F. Smith,
born in Panguitch, Utah December 2, 1880

Dear Sister Caroline: In the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I, a servant of the true and living God, lay my hands upon your head to bless you. I say unto you, let your heart rejoice, for the Lord has rich blessings in store for you.

You are of Ephraim, through the lineage of the Priesthood and justly entitled to the blessings of the Everlasting Gospel. If you will live humble and be diligent in serving God your life shall be fraught with much joy and satisfaction. I bless you with faith and courage, with fortitude and integrity to enable you to act well your part in the great drama of life. Should you be required to pass through trying experiences, your courage shall not fail; the Lord will be mindful of you, and you will be enabled to endure all with that fortitude which is becoming of Saints.

I bless you with wisdom, intelligence and grace sufficient to your day; that you may be an instrument in the hands of God of doing a great work upon the earth.

I bless you with health and strength of body and of mind and say unto you; You shall have great testimonies of the goodness of God. And in due time, with a companion of your choice you shall be successful in establishing a home in Zion, and in rearing sons and daughters to the honor and glory of God.

Your home shall be a place of comfort and you shall not lack for those things which tend to make life enjoyable; Yea, I say unto you, every righteous desire of your heart shall be realized.

I bless you with all the blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting Gospel, with peace, joy, and happiness during your sojourn in mortality, and with eternal life in the world to come; that you may rejoice in the midst of the Saints and assist in accomplishing the purposes of God both in this life and in the hereafter.

And now, Sister Caroline, I seal all these blessings upon your head in consideration of your faithfulness and in the name of Jesus Christ, Even so, Amen.

I. E. Thurber, Scribe

Copied by Jos. S. Horne

While this blessing promises her many wonderful blessings, it also forecasts that she would have trials to go through, and she did.

There is no one I know of who loves to have friends and mingle socially, more than mother – yet this association had to come for her, since she was 39, from among the sisters. If she could have had her companion she could have gone to so many of the social functions which call for husbands and wives. She is now 78. She has never complained about it though – it was just one of those things.

OTHER ACTIVITIES AND HAPPENINGS

Mother was always very independent, and if she thought it possible at any time she was where she was not welcome, or was a misfit, she would immediately withdraw, and I think it very possible that she was a little too independent in those early years after my father's death. She felt her responsibility keenly in caring for us children and did the very best she knew how. There has never been a lazy bone in her body, in fact she has much more ambition and energy than she has had physical strength.

Because she devoted her life to her children during those years, it was quite a shock, needing readjustment, when her children started getting married and moving away. I was the first to leave and even so I was almost twenty-four when I was married, 1 Nov. 1928, next Rex was married 15 June 1929, which was just about six months later; Then Waldo was married 27 Nov. 1934, and two years later Erin was married 9 Sept. 1936. Now she and Milton were home alone and she had quite an adjustment to make, but only two months later on 22 November, 1936, she took real sick and we brought her to Aub's and my home, and on 12 Dec. 1936 she had the operation for ulcer on the Uterus. Well, there was their rather large home and Milton could not "rattle" around in it alone and we urged him to come live with us also as we had room. Mother's health was definitely not good and Milton was trying to get a job back in Washington, D.C. so we all thought it a good idea for her to sell her home and remain with us, and the money she would get from the home would give her something to live on. This was all under consideration when Afton's sister Madge came up from California. She and Milton met, fell in love, and within two weeks were married 13 April 1937 In Salt Lake Temple, as they were on their way to Washington D.C. to his new job with the F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Investigation, Finger Print Department).

I suppose this almost "capped the climax" for her. Milton was always one to make quick and thorough decisions and this was no exception. The rest of us children had rather long courtships -- gave mother time to get used to it, but this one was quick and sudden. She was recuperating still from her operation, facing the breakup of her home, and I believe she was reluctant to start living with us because it would need a new readjustment. She shed a lot of tears at the time but did not remonstrate nor stand in Milton's way. She has never stood in the way of any of her children's marriages. Also I might say that she never chose the companions for any of her children, for she figured that that was their privilege.

I believe she has liked and respected, and loved her children's companions. If there has been, or if she has seen there has been unhappiness among any of her children, she has been a natural mother -- and has sorrowed and had heartaches, and others where she has seen true happiness, where she has observed that they lived the laws of the Gospel and were growing and progressing, and where she has observed that there was harmony and love in the home, she also is a true mother and has experienced happiness and joy because of their righteous living. She has lived with us all these years, and I have never known of her trying to run the lives of her children or their companions, and in our family prayers I have often heard her say, "help us to understand

and know our true position here on earth,” which I took to mean “help us to learn not to get out of place” in our relationships with others.

WHERE SHE HAS LIVED

She lived in the two story home at 1610 North 11th, Boise, Idaho from Sept. 1919 until 22 Nov. 1936, or seventeen years, and from 22 Nov. 1936 she lived with Aub and I at our home at 1302 North 7th until we sold this and moved on 2 1/2 acres on bench at 3612 Overland Road, moving there 22 March 1942; then in 1945 we built the big house next door, 3610 Overland Road and lived there until we bought the 40 acre farm at 6204 Victory Road, Boise, where we lived until after Aub retired from the Post Office, when we traded, that place on a 160 acre farm here at Parma, Idaho, moving here July 1, 1958. Mother lived with us for 21 1/2 years, going with us wherever we went, without complaint; but I know that each time a severe new adjustment was necessary for her.

At three of the places we lived, she has had a lovely bedroom of her own -- for three years when we lived at 3612 Overland Road, in the little house, we had a full finished basement, and in the Recreation room down there we had a pipe from the furnace piped into there. The walls were plastered nice there and clothes closets, but it still was a basement, and when the weather was real, real cold it just wasn't too pleasant for her, and perhaps it just was not healthful either, but it was the best we had. Dr. Nokes had told her to “get up out of the basement”, and we knew that we couldn't have mother spend another winter there, so it was partly for her that we built the big house next door and she had a fine bedroom on the main floor.

Here at our farm we just have a basement house -- there just isn't any room for her. Anyway she did not care to come here -- she said it would be too hard -- she does not have pleasant remembrances of farm life I know. So Waldo found a little white cottage at 1315 1/2 Washington Street, Boise, and she is living there now, moving there 3 July 1958. She has been there almost a year. This was another new adjustment for her. I believe she was lonesome for us. She thought so much of our children King T. and Carolyn; but nevertheless, I think she has really enjoyed having the little home all of her own. As she said, she can surely have her own way -- she can go to bed early or late, sleep in the morning early or late as she chooses, and she can eat and come and go when she wishes! It is like a doll house, composed of living room, kitchenette, bedroom and bath.

I really believe her health is better in some measure, for she knows what she can eat and she prepares that kind of food. In our family we had to have other foods a good deal of the time, for the rest of us could eat anything. She could not handle fried foods of any kind, nor macaroni dishes, nor extra rich foods. She never complained if wrong foods were on table, but I would have a guilty conscience. During the three years I was Relief Society President of the Eighth Ward, West Boise Stake I often got "pushed" and neglected preparing the right kind of foods for her.

AMONG MY MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

I have many lovely memories of my mother. And because it is right fresh on my mind I shall first record the most recent one. Just a little over a month ago I invited her here to spend Mother's Day, 10 May. She stayed for three days, or rather four days, and how we all enjoyed her. Carolyn loves her so and always has and genuinely enjoyed having her here. King is not very demonstrative but he and Sharon, his wife, were so lovely to her. Sharon does beautiful hand work and she made a lovely white organdie apron with three flowers worked in floss across the bottom. It took her a long time to work this, and I think it was real nice of her and so

thoughtful. And Aub seemed so happy to see her -- he has always liked her so much. And as we were all dressed ready to go to Sunday School, celebrating Mother's Day, here Carolyn came and presented her grandmother with a lovely Hawaiian Orchid made into a corsage. When her grandmother saw this Orchid, she was overwhelmed with surprise. Her chin quivered and her voice trembled as she said, "Oh, you are so sweet -- I didn't know." Those may not have been the exact words but they were similar. We had such a lovely day that day. Mother and I were both being honored as mothers. Sharon's turn was coming as a mother, for their son Kevin was born just six days later, on 16 May 1959.

We had especially invited her to come over if she could as early as Friday so that she could go with us to attend the Nyssa Stake Seminary graduation at Vale, Oregon, as Carolyn was graduating then. She did come over and we went to Vale and enjoyed the graduation so very much. Mother and I were so proud of Carolyn -- she had a lovely white dress with red belt and red flower, and red shoes, all for this graduation. Mother had given me the material to make the dress. She looked so nice. And mother looked so nice too; her hair was curled up so pretty (her hair is white), and she wore such a lovely silk suit Waldo and Evian had given her.

For this trip over here I had asked mother to bring her book where she had previously written her own history. She had gotten as far as my father's death and it had depressed her so that she had written no further, so I commenced asking her questions and wrote down at her dictation a number of her remembrances. When she spoke of those early hard years after my father's death, and how it made her shudder to think of that time, she called to my attention the current Visiting Teacher Topic Message for May, and how she had been particularly impressed with it. She didn't apply this message to herself only, but pointed out that afflictions are having to be borne by all people everywhere, and because she was so touched by this message I want to copy part of it here:

TRUTHS TO LIVE BY FROM THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

Message 16 – “Be Patient in Afflictions, for Thou Shalt Have Many; but Endure them, for Lo, I am With Thee, Even Unto the End of Thy Days”
(D&C 24:8).

"If we keep his commandments, the Lord has promised that we will find much joy in this life. Yet, he has never implied that this joy may be earned without troubles and afflictions. In fact, without the bitter we cannot fully appreciate the sweet. Full enjoyment of our blessings cannot be realized without the contrast of adversity.

"Affliction, if we meet and bear it wisely, can bring us closer to the Lord. It has been said that 'You are never at any time nearer to God than when under tribulation, which he permits for the purification and beautifying of your soul' (Golden Nuggets of Thought by Molinos, page 8). It is by our Father in Heaven's own design, that along with our joys and successes, we must meet failures, disappointments, and afflictions. In bearing these afflictions, it is important for us to remember two basic facts. First, affliction is universal. It is the lot of all mankind. Although, undoubtedly some carry heavier burdens than others, none who trusts in the Lord is called upon to bear his burdens alone

"Another fact we must remember about our afflictions is that, actually they can be the source of great blessings to us. Out of the crucible of adversity we can mold the great character qualities of courage, fortitude, understanding, and obedience. In Hebrews 5:8-9 we read that even the Savior:

"Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered."

"Someone has wisely said that afflictions are God's educators. It is not the afflictions themselves which count, but rather, it is what they do to us

".....remember, that as much as ye shall put your trust in God even so much ye shall be delivered out of your trials and your troubles, and your afflictions, and ye shall be lifted up at the last day." (Alma 38:5).

-- Recorded in Relief Society Magazine for February 1959, page 128.

Now among my memories of mother this one fact stands out to me, that while she had trials and afflictions through illness, loss of her husband in early married life, financial difficulty, and other disappointments and sorrows, she has not been one to feel sorry for herself. She was not a victim of self-pity. She has not been one to cry about her problems to others, to seek sympathy. But I know her well enough to know that she did take her problems to her Heavenly Father, and because of her great Faith and her Trust in Him, she received the gift of Comfort, and understanding which brought to her consolation, peace of mind and soul, resignation, tranquility, and serenity in times of suffering, fear, doubt, and uncertainty.

I remember a long time ago of my reading to her something which impressed me: "that the measure of one's intelligence is gauged by his ability to adjust to conditions as they are." This helped me and I believe it helped her. I do know that each time we moved, within herself she felt such dismay and disappointment. But did she fret about it? No, she would just say, well, now, we'll just have to do this, and this, and she saw the bright picture of things. My heart ached for her when we moved over to this farm, causing her one more great new adjustment to make -- and older people do not like perpetual change -- they like the feel of old familiar things about them. I feel that she and I liked each other and it was hard on me to give her up to go to herself.

Mother has always been independent and never imposed on people, and up to April 16, 1953 we always lived on a Bus line so that when she needed to go to town she could go by herself or with Minnie Borup, or Marie Sanford, or Mrs. George Lewis before her death. But after we moved out on the 40 acre farm away from a bus line, she was helpless and could not go anyplace unless I or someone took her, and that really bothered her. But I really remember with pleasure the times I took her shopping -- she often had to go to get more materials for Temple clothes, etc, and she and I always went to Daughters of Utah Pioneer Meetings together once a month, and of course to Relief Society meetings, and of course to Sunday School and Sacrament meetings.

I was always proud to take her with me to meetings and make her acquainted with people I knew. I well remember the first time we all went to Sunday School in the Eighth Ward -- that would be about April 23, 1953, I was real proud of our family -- all going there together, Aub and I, our two children, King and Carolyn, my mother, and grandpa Dalton, Aub's father, who also lived with us. Another reason I have always been proud of mother is because she was always so careful about her appearance. I consider that she was rather fastidious. She could really wear clothes, and during the last few years she had really good clothes, and she always looked so nice. Just last month when she was here for Mother's Day, Merle Bake told me the other day, "why your mother is just beautiful." Waldo's wife Evian has picked out some very smart and cute dresses and dress suits that just fit her to a T. She wears size 16. She likes good shoes and smart hats. She is very careful about her hair. I did it for her for a long time, and now it worries her for she surely likes to have her hair looking nice. She has such nice hands, with long slender fingers, and she keeps her nails real nice.

At the West Boise Stake Visiting Teachers Convention held at the Eighth Ward 19 May 1958, under the direction of President Elnora Loveland, mother was highly honored, I think, for

she had to her credit fifty-one years as a Visiting Teacher -- with two or three years out for ill health. No one there had a longer record. They gave her a lovely corsage.

Mother has the gift of Faith to a high degree. She likes to read Church books very much, and she honors and sustains the authorities of the Church. She has always paid her tithing and lived the Word of Wisdom, and always been fully eligible for a recommend to go to the Temple.

She has always had great love and affection for her brothers and sisters, and her father and mother. I cannot remember hearing her speak ill of any of them. They were always so delighted to see each other -- there was a real close bond between them.

Now, as I was growing up with my four brothers, what I remember of my home was that there was peace and harmony and love there. I never remember quarreling with my brothers. Mother would not countenance sharp bitter words. I never remember hearing my father and mother quarrel or say sharp words to each other. If they did, it was not to my presence. Now this is so different to the atmosphere of the Dalton on home. Now their home was good -- it was just different to ours. The Daltons loved to argue, express their opinions in no uncertain terms, and so often instead of portraying the good qualities of the children, they pointed up the bad qualities -- they surely had family loyalty -- but there was so much quarreling, and the worst one for that was Aub's father himself. Aub's mother had a lovely even temperament, but so many times when I have been there I have come away feeling like my head had been battered against the walls -- just from hearing them argue in such loud voices. Mother Dalton was the peacemaker, and after she died 2 April 1936 it seemed like the whole family sort of lost their moorings.

The childhood influences in my home were fine. Mother taught us strict honesty, dependability, and she taught us all the virtues becoming to true Latter Day Saints -- if we have failed it has not been because she did not teach us. I remember how she taught us about living a clean moral life -- that she would rather lay us in our grave than have us lose our virtue. She was not prudish, but taught us plainly about these things, and I appreciate it. What anguish and sorrow she went through when my brother Rex, after his rather hurried marriage, and it was found that their first child was born about six and one-half months later. He was made President of the Ward Mutual and gave great promise as worker in the Church, but he had married a girl who had been raised mostly as a Catholic -- at least when her mother died her father placed her in a Catholic convent -- and that was about the size of her religious training. She didn't like Rex working in the church, and before long he dropped out "to keep peace in the family" he said. He is a fine man and mother loves him dearly, for I know her well. And we all know it is not our place to judge others in their actions -- for we do not always know the initial circumstances, but we do know the standards of living which we have been taught all our lives. No son of mother was more faithful in writing her letters than Rex and I know that many times he has felt and expressed love and concern for her and her welfare. He lived in Portland, Oregon for many years.

Another good memory I have is that when we were together at Family Reunions, or with others, I have overheard her tell about "her boys." She delighted in telling of the fine things they had done or were doing. And she has had reason to be proud of them. My goodness, before they were married, I remember with such pleasure seeing those four boys getting ready to go to a Church dance, or to school functions, and how they dressed up so spic and span. They all four inherited their mother's fastidiousness about clothes, and also her ability to really wear clothes well. I remember such pleasant Sundays, after coming home from Sunday School, having good dinner, and then likely as not the boys would play out on the lawn, half wrestling with each other good naturedly, etc. I remember how Rex could do such hand springs, and he often had his close friends there, Clayne Robinson and Stanton Hale, son of our Stake President.

After Waldo was married, he and Milton, the youngest boy, attended the same dance, and a girl with whom Milton danced congratulated him on his marriage, thinking he was Waldo!

Many people thought there was a strong family resemblance among them, and I myself glowed with pride over my four brothers.

Mother had other reasons to be thrilled and proud of her sons -- Waldo worked hard, had good jobs, succeeded in passing the test to become a Certified Public Accountant, and besides being successful he has such a wide variety of interests, and hobbies and is now so well thought of and looked up to by so many, both in the business world and, in his Church work. He has been a Bishop's counselor, class leader for the Gospel Doctrine class, and now is on Sunday School Stake Board. Rex worked hard, was a very fine draftsman in Bureau of Highways as a young man. He was very good on detail work. After some years he went to Portland to work for the Bonneville Power Administration where he had charge of 200 draftsmen. He qualified as an engineer in his work and is still with them. Erin's sweetness and love of the Gospel has been such a comfort and delight to mother. She was so proud that, after he had saved money to go to University of Idaho, and when he received his call to go on a mission, that he chose the mission -- and he never regretted it. He came home, was a very fine accountant, moved to Ontario, California and continued in that work and was very successful in his business ventures. He was always a real missionary, and shortly before his death he spoke to his Bishop about sending him on another mission -- perhaps he was called on his mission -- in the Spirit world. Milton is solid, the Rock of Gibraltar, in his Faith, his character, and his love of the Gospel. He is thrifty, and he has prospered. He put himself through College, the only one of the boys who even attended College. He is a Certified Public Accountant. While he is thrifty, I have great admiration for him and his outlook on life -- he does not deny himself the really worthwhile things in life. They have a fine swimming pool in their back yard. He and Madge attend Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University at Provo every year, have done for about four years now. They both have a yearning to gain knowledge. He has been a Bishop's counselor there at Ontario, California, and at present is filling his second call as a Stake Missionary, which work he loves. How could mother help but be proud of these boys?

I am remembering that during that first summer in Boise in 1919 that one afternoon my mother and father attended a picture show at the Old Majestic Theater, which theater does not now exist. Now these picture shows, even though they were the silent films, were a marvel to us. The first one I ever saw was at Filer, Idaho when I was 11, and we had not yet seen one here at Boise. It was a novelty, and a wonder. So mother and dad went and I stayed with the children. When they came home late in the afternoon their eyes were just sparkling -- they said it was just a wonderful show and they wanted us children to go right over and see it. How we hurried to get dressed and ready, and I imagine we got there about five o'clock. It was "Riders of the Purple Sage," and the same book written by Zane Gray. I was 14 then, Waldo 12, Rex about 10, Erin about 8. Milton was too young to go.

Another memory I have is how mother made friends and developed acquaintances as she went to Church. I know of a number of people who have said, "Why Sister Thurber, you were the first one to come and shake hands with me when I came as a stranger." Mother told me once why she tried to go out of her way to shake hands with strangers as they came to Church. She said that the time when she went to LaGrande to live -- she never felt so lonely and strange, for she and Dad, and the rest of us of course, attended Church several times, without a soul speaking to them. When they finally did "break through" they made nice friends, but as I remember mother telling about it, the first time or two when they returned home from Church she just told Dad she was not going again, but he in his quiet way saw that they did. I was eight years old then. Because she knew how it felt to come into a strange Ward she has since then made a special effort to try to speak to new ones, and a number have blessed her for it.

In thinking of this one little experience I cannot help but comment a little further. I was thinking of our song "The Lord Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to perform." And I

have applied it to mother in this one instance. Mother has always lived among folks and friends, and when she moved to a strange Ward, that great truth came to her how it felt to be lonely. Understanding came to her through her experience. Friendliness had a new significance to her. And I have thought of the same thing in relation to other principles in our Gospel -- experience is the best teacher -- some of us are so hard headed in wanting to have our own way that we will learn, in no other manner. The principles of the Gospel are guides to us and those of us who can learn obedience to them and to all the counsel of authorities over us, particularly the General Authorities of the Church, we do advance and grow in our characters and personalities, and we grow in knowledge. But most of us are not receptive enough to all these influences and we have to learn the hardest lessons of life through experience. And going a little further, in one of our Genealogical lessons this winter we learned that our Father in Heaven grants unto us the great blessing of being partners with him in giving mortal birth to his Spirit children -- that we have father and mother and children, a family, as a prototype of a Celestial family in Heaven, and since experience is the best teacher we learn so many fundamental lessons in our family life, lessons for our growth and development.

Who is it that can tell you best how to raise your children and how to deal with special problems that come up with them? It is generally one who has no children. And I am as guilty as any. Aub and I went over ten years in our married life without children -- and our observation of others children often caused us to say, "if that child was mine I would do thus and so." There were a number of instances when I said the same -- and then when we did finally have two children of our very own, we broke every one I think. Situations were different, children's personalities are different. Now Aub and I are so far from perfect as parents and we know it, but we have learned a lot in having them. Having these children taught us so much more in the way of tolerance, love, charity, and understanding. I am grateful for having these children -- they are a blessing to us.

And going still further with the same thought, I remember two or three years ago Waldo told me that now that their family was practically raised and he had learned so much in doing it, he wished he could have another chance to raise a family! I believe many faithful and true Latter Day Saints feel similarly -- for when we are humble enough and truthful enough to recognize our errors in raising a family and dealing with our children, we would like to live our lives over, and have another chance. Experience is a great teacher, and sometimes the best teacher.

This same genealogy lesson I first spoke of the fact that those who are faithful in all things, glory will be added on their heads and that their experiences here in raising a family righteously would help to qualify them to some day have and raise a family of Spirit Children. The Prophet Joseph Smith, while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri in March 1839, was heartsick because of the persecutions against his people and himself and he asked in humble and mighty prayer how long would He stay his hand, and pleaded for succor and protection of his people, and the revelation recorded in Section 122 of the Doctrine & Covenants was given the Prophet which gave him comforting assurances, nevertheless further persecution was forecast, but one sentence is outstanding to me: "If thou art called to pass through tribulation If thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; If thou be cast into the deep; if the billowing surge conspire against thee; if fierce winds become thine enemy; if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good."

Perhaps I have "waxed eloquent" but to me these things touch my mother's life. She is not small or petty. She is strictly honest and truthful. When I have related an incident which happened years ago in my youth and even the smallest detail was not correct, she would correct me. She wanted to pay her own way, and did, to anything. When she mingled with friends such as Florence Lewis, Minnie Borup, Marie Sanford or others as they occasionally went to shows, if

they paid the way, the time soon came when she would return it in kind. Even when we lived on the 40 acre farm at Boise during the last five years, where she had no access to busses and I needed to take her shopping, and did, she insisted at times on buying me a slip, pair of stockings, or something, saying that would help pay for gas for the car.

She has always been a very prayerful woman, and I have heard her tell about Waldo years ago when he was dealing with some special problem and he would say, "well, I don't need to worry because I know my mother is praying for me." Very spiritedly she would say, "yes, but you mustn't leave it all to me -- you must pray also!" When thinking and worrying about a certain child I have heard her say, "there is never a time to give up", and so her Faith is strong.

I remember about a year after my father's death when mother was very ill and facing an operation. She has told me how she was so heartsick and discouraged, having always leaned on my father so much, and this particular time Waldo, age 14, came and sat by her bed, and in her stress and concern she said to Waldo: "If only your father was here." Waldo had his hand on her forehead, seeking to comfort her, and then mother heard these words spoken aloud to her: "Waldo has stepped into his father's shoes!" She was very impressed and comforted, and realized that now of course Waldo did hold the Aaronic Priesthood, and I believe from that time forth she leaned on him.

Lest we think that I am trying to portray her as a perfect person, I cannot resist mentioning one or two negative qualities, in all kindness. While she read a lot, and spoke excellent English, she was not a very good speller. She spells so many words just as they sound. When going to some appointment, or to Church she had the habit of waiting until the last minute to get ready, and it always took longer to get ready than she planned, therefore was so often late. While living across the street from Third Ward she so often managed to come in during the first song, or when we were ready to go in car we needed to wait for her to finish getting ready. And then the idea of keeping anyone waiting for her distressed her and made her half sick sometimes. She has told me she just couldn't hurry, for when she does she gets "rattled" and can't find things, etc.

Now I do not think these are very serious negative qualities and I surely don't hold them against her, for she has so many that are wonderful qualities.

I remember once years ago when mother was still living in her own home at 1610 North 11th, Waldo needed to make a quick and sudden trip to Rupert, or somewhere beyond. Anyway he asked if she wouldn't like to go, and probably gave her about 15 minutes to get ready. She would be going to Uncle Horace's at Rupert, if I remember right. In her last minute looking around the house she noticed a nice cabbage she had and decided to take it along. And forever after that whenever he took her to places out of town, he would often say, "Now mother, no cabbages!" We had lots of laughs over it.

Another memory I have when the boys were growing up and getting married, when holidays came, such as Fourth of July, Labor Day, etc. they most often took outings and trips away, perhaps just no more than picnic trip -- but away. If mother had had her companion she no doubt would have done the same. As it was she most often remained home alone as on those days her women friends were also away or busy with their husbands and on this particular Labor Day, first Monday in September, she did her regular Monday washing, and also burned up some trash in the kitchen stove -- the roof was so dry from hot summer, some sparks from it ignited and she had a rather bad fire, burning part of the roof and the upstairs. Fortunately we had fire insurance and it was repaired. At the time I was married and living at 1302 North 7th and Zina Labrum Sheets called me, and since I didn't have the car as Aub was away someplace, I ran all the way, some ten or eleven blocks -- the Fire Dept. was there. Mother acted like she was stunned and couldn't think of a thing to do. To me her face looked awful, and then I found that she had tried to get her big trunk down the stairs all by herself, for it had the Temple clothes in it

which she made and they belonged to the Stake Board, and in her almost frenzy she probably caused one of her hernia's – at least she thinks so.

Other remembrances may come to me, but for now I shall close this account. I am glad she is my mother, and I pray that while she yet lives she may enjoy good enough health so that she can enjoy life. Her influence has greatly enriched my life, and that of my children as well.

(signed) Helen Thurber Dalton
Parma, Idaho
12 June 1959

[Although not part of the record I have been typing from, I shall include here an account writing by Helen Thurber Dalton chronicling the final years of Caroline Butler Thurber's life – Craig Dalton]

THE FINAL YEARS

2441 Menlo Drive
Boise, Idaho 83702
25 June 1969

I should now briefly sketch the rest of happenings in my dear mother's life.

She lived alone in the little white cottage belonging to Ida Fleming, at 1315 1/2 Washington St., Boise, from about July 1, 1958 until about May 5, 1961.

Aub and I were still farming on the 80 acre farm at Parma, Idaho. King and Sharon were married 20 August 1958, and Carolyn finished high school at Parma, and then in the fall of 1960 she started college at the Brigham Young University. I took mother with us to take Carolyn down to Provo, and what a day that was, about the middle of September, such a long drive. After we got Carolyn settled in her dormitory, mother and I stopped at a motel, and I remember I was so very tired.

The next morning we drove down to Spanish Fork and found the cemetery where our John Lowe Butler I is buried, I took pictures, and then we drove to Salt Lake City, and went thru the Temple. That was a lovely day.

By December our Carolyn and David were engaged and planned to be married 12 April 1961. They were, and then some two weeks later mother being unhappy with conditions at her apartment, we moved her over with us at Parma.

Ronald Thurber was married to Rena on 12th of September 1961 and we came over to lovely reception at the Hillcrest Country Club. And within two weeks from then, mother decided she wanted to return to Boise, and so Waldo found her a nice apartment, and we moved her there on the 10th of November 1961. This meant that Waldo and Evian would need to kind of watch out for her, and I could not blame her although I felt I really needed to watch out for her. On 23rd November 1963 she had Cataract removed from her left eye, but she was left blind in that eye. This was a severe operation, but she again came out of it. Dr. Roy J. Ellsworth, was the eye specialist.

On April 1st 1962 Aub and I had sold our farm and had moved to Meridian, for about six months, and by 10 Nov. 1962 we had moved to north end of Boise in a house at 2451 Menlo Drive, some six or seven blocks from mother's apartment. And so after her operation on her eye, I had her home with us until she got better.

On 17th of April 1965 we moved her from her apartment to our place. She really should not be alone, and she needs a little help.

27th of March 1966 we all moved from 2451 Menlo to our house next door, 2441 Menlo. It was my great desire from the first to live in this little house, and finally Aub was good enough to let me have my way. I have never been sorry. I still just love this little home. I took mother with me nearly everywhere, to Sunday School, Sacrament meeting, Relief Society, shopping, visiting friends, to our monthly Daughters of the Utah Pioneers meetings. But she continued to get weaker, and her mind was so confused.

Waldo and Evian had an Open House in their lovely home for mother on her 86th Birthday. This was very lovely.

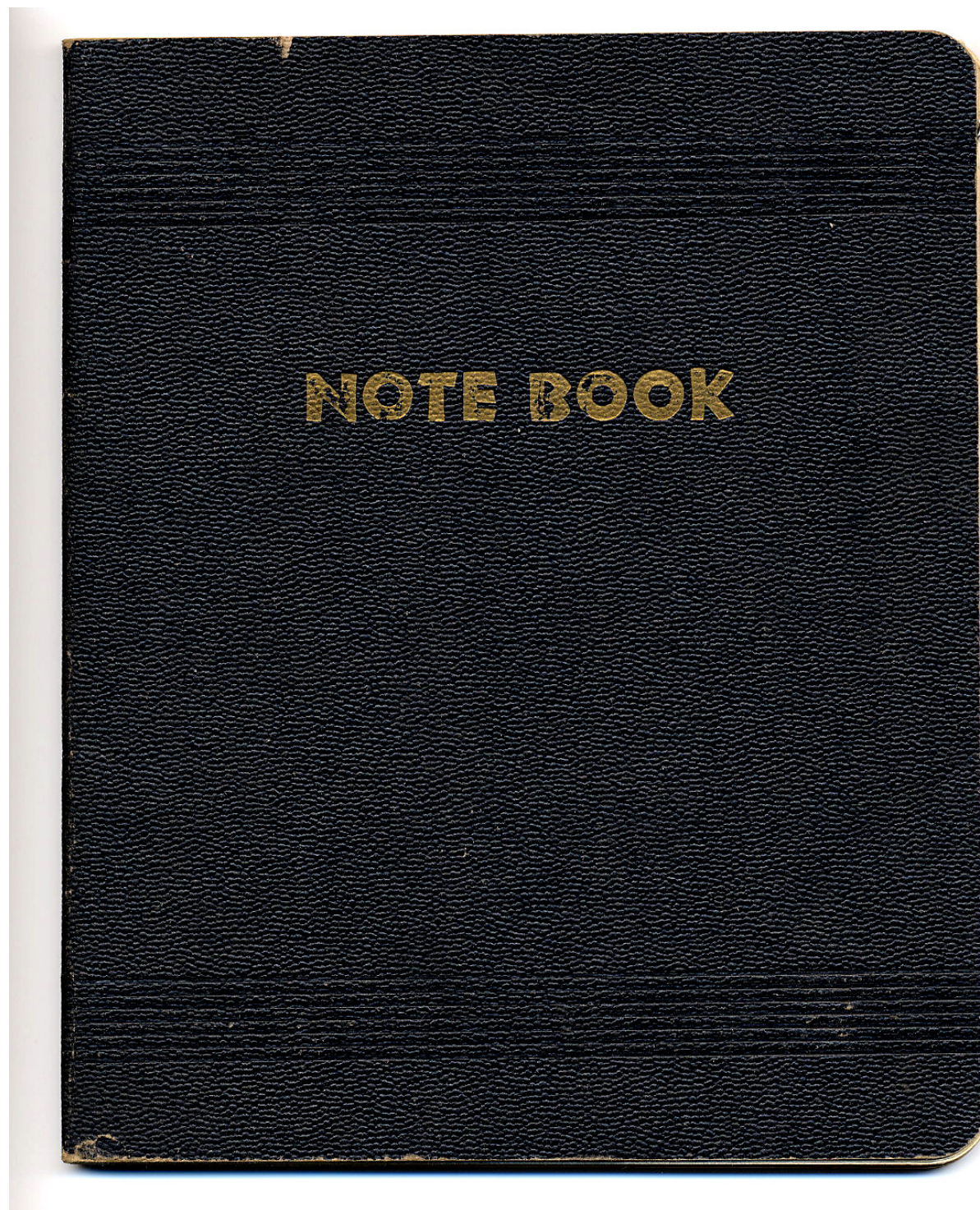
This year, our Carolyn was expecting her 5th child about 21st of April, and we desired to go down, and it concerned me very much about mother's care. She needed more and more help,

and finally it seemed necessary, because in her senility and confused mind she rejected me, did not know who I was, etc., and so, on January 20th, 1969 we took her to Sunset Homes, but I went nearly every day to see her. In Upland, California, Carolyn's new daughter, Shannon, was just five days old when Waldo called saying that mother was not good, and so we left almost immediately and returned home, and I am so glad we got here when we did. We had been home almost 3 days before she passed away, on Mother's Day, Sunday, May 11th, 1969, at the age of 88 1/2 years. She had been a widow for over 49 years -- such a long time. Her funeral was held in our 4th Ward Church, at 2:00 p.m. Tuesday, May 13th, and she was laid to rest beside my father in Morris Hill Cemetery. Because of her age and physical and mental condition, I am grateful she has been called "home". She had so many lovely qualities. I do miss her, but would not call her back even if I could.

Helen Thurber Dalton

COMPILER'S NOTE

My name is Craig Dalton, I am Caroline Thurber's great-grandson, it is December 2007 and I have been in the process of writing a biography of Isaac Erin and Caroline Thurber. In researching, gathering, and compiling information, I found several references, even excerpts from an autobiography written by my great-grandmother. Having copies of what I thought were all of my grandma Helen's family history records, I was disappointed that I couldn't find it. I then contacted every relation I thought might possibly have it and none even knew such an autobiography had ever existed. Finally my Aunt Louisa Thurber, wife of Milton, searched through boxes of his records and found a copy in an old green notebook containing various family history documents kept by him. This was a type written transcription that my grandmother Helen Thurber Dalton had taken from Caroline's "black note book" in May 1959 as well as oral additions made by Caroline to her daughter at that time. I was thrilled when Louisa loaned this transcription (an original not a photocopy) to me so that I could preserve it on computer media and make it available to other family members as well as provide critical information for the biography I am writing. This was on light paper and so I could not use OCR technology, but have instead been retyping it via word processor. In doing so I have not corrected grammatical, spelling, or other errors, except for obvious typographical errors, thus trying to keep the result you receive true to the original written by Caroline. Part way through this project I hit a snag as pages 15-18 from the account I received from Louisa were missing. It is not uncommon for pages held in a three-ring binder to be at times loaned out and undoubtedly at some point over the previous 50 years, these four pages were removed and never found their way back. It is not surprising that these pages would be the ones missing because they contain the most dramatic part of her story, that of the miraculous circumstances surrounding the death of her husband. At first I was heartsick to find this part missing, but then I realized that grandma Helen had included 3 pages of "excerpts" from the missing portion of this autobiography (virtually everything on these missing pages) in the history she compiled of her father. So I initially included those "excerpts" in lieu of the actual missing pages. Finally in August 2008 and I found Great Grandma Thurber's original black journal books (the one being mainly a copy of the other, which appears much like a rough draft). I thought, "Oh boy, now I can transcribe those missing pages!" And began transcribing the missing pages from her original, however her original only included a few paragraphs of the missing pages. As her daughter Helen relates, Caroline was unwilling to write the account of Erin's last illness and death in her journal book, but instead dictated it verbally to Helen who recorded it (but not in the Caroline's black journal books). Fortunately I also found the original transcription that Helen made, including the information dictated to her by Caroline, and so I was finally able to include the full account. The missing pages are included under the headings "Erin's Last Illness" and "Pleasant Memories"

JOURNAL BOOK & HANDWRITING SAMPLES

My Dear Mother:

This is perhaps a very strange birthday present, but how else will I ever get you started?

I am very happy that you are my mother, and I feel that it would be of great value ~~to~~ to me and my children and my children's children if you would write the interesting and fascinating stories of your childhood, faith promoting stories, how you came to marry dad, and many more.

Hope you will write these during the next year.

With love, Helen

My father died 30 Dec. 1898

(Whispering Hope Song)

Her mother was

Sarah Fish - born 24 Oct. 1828 - Hallowell, Maine Co. Canada
daughter of Horace Fish & Hannah Chase
born 1799 or 1800 6 Dec. 1800 - Hallowell, Maine Co. Canada

Her mother's parents were
John Calvert Gifford, born 8 Sept. 1822,
son of John Gifford & Mary Smith, born 1822,
son of John Gifford & Mary Smith, born 1822,
son of John Gifford & Mary Smith, born 1822.

January
Dear Mother
Hallowell
requesting
of my father
all day
all day
all day

all day as I am going along.

I was born Dec. 2-1880 at Panguitch, Utah.

where my parents were living

My father John Love Butler born 28 Feb.

1844 Hallowell, Me. was the son of John Love Butler

who was born 8 Apr. 1808, Simpson Co. Kentucky

and Caroline Farquhar Skene, born 15 Apr. 1812

Simpson Co. Tennessee

They had 12 children, 4 sons & 8 daughters

being the 8th child and second son.

My mother, Nancy Frangella Smith, born

4-Mar. 1853 at Piquette Iron Co, Utah

My parents were married 23 June 1873

in the Salt Lake Endowment House, Salt Lake

the first cases in the state of Utah there was a lot the Lds did not know. Ldr. reuelson would administer to me. one day he came in to say. Ghostly. Oghm Henry Smith was in the Hospital, would I like to have him come in and administer to some a disease I was grateful to have him. After a month I was relieved from the Hospital. Feeling I had been greatly blessed and once more my life had been spared.

Butler Beck Mrs. Jones

ever first

my father located a mining claim up in the ~~Hammar~~ ^{Hammar} in the Gold Mountain Country. The first tunnel was called the Carrie mine, later it was developed in other tunnels and called the Butler Beck Mine Co. they had a 5 stamp mill to crush the hard quartz. Mother and we children used to spend the summers up there.

One day I was having a horse back ride, going along the dugway leading from the cook-house on past the upper part of the stamp-mill on out to what we called the knowall. several cabbins were built just below this dugway. when families died. many way back. I heard a crashing in the bushes above the road, but thought it was some cows, when I made the turn going down by the cabbins, there stood my sister. It was a wife of one of the working men. Looking very frightened, two large mountain lions just crested the road above. went down

CLOAK PIECES

written about 1920.

These samples are from the large
cape grand father John Lowe Butler 1st
had when he was one of the 12 men, guards
treated men for the Prophet Joseph Smith
It was blessed by the Prophet. my father John
L Butler had this cape after his father died
It was put around me at times when ill
it was blessed to heal the sick. C B Thurber

These samples are from the large cape
grandfather JOHN LOWE BUTLER I. had
when he was one of the 12 men, guards,
trusted men for the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It was blessed by the Prophet. My father
John L. Butler II. had this cape after
his father died. It was put around me
at times when ill. It was blessed to
heal the sick.

Caroline B. Thurber
written about 1920, at Boise, Idaho.

