

The Personal Journal of George Stephen Smith



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Remarks

As one of George Stephen Smith's grandchildren, as you look at the pedigree chart you will notice he had 25, I want to impress on any who reads this that it is not complete. It has all the information I was able to research. I'm sure there is more that any grandchild or great grandchild could find. I was driven at times to get this completed. I don't consider myself a historian but I was very interested in the events that Grandpa, George Stephen Smith, so magically put together in words that are unique to him.

I was told that changing the spelling would ruin the story. Since most of the words were written in George's hand writing there were times I could not understand what he meant. After many hours of pouring over his written pages I started to understand how he thought. I left his journal and diaries in his actual spelling and sentences. I tried to clear anything up if I knew the story.

My most clear memory of Grandpa was his mission and going to his missionary farewell. We stayed at Ray and Margaret's with our Smith cousins. I remember wearing large curlers so my hair would be straight. I know I didn't sleep very well. My next clear memory was when he took my mother, Neva, Aunt Lavina, Wendell and myself to North Carolina to be with her dying father. For some reason my father couldn't take us so Grandpa did. It was a great sacrifice on his part. I remember one incident while we were there that still keeps me chuckling to myself. My mother was deathly afraid of snakes. In my other Grandpa's house he had wadded up rags under the doors so the cold air wouldn't get in. At night when the lights were so dim Neva thought she saw a snake. When Grandpa George went to get the snakes they were just rags. We all got a good laugh from the experience.

I know this book isn't perfect by any means, but it tells the story of both Grandpa and Grandma Smith. I wish there was more about Grandma. Maybe one of their other grandchildren can add to this story. I'm grateful for the things I found that gave me a sense of who Grandpa was, even if it were only a few pages. Grandpa George and Grandma Hazel were amazing individuals that we should all be proud of.

I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I did. Compiling it was not an easy task. I spent at least two years figuring out how to make this a book as true as the material I found. My only editing came when I wasn't sure what the written pages were saying. I felt at time I was guided to say what I couldn't read. Thank you Grandpa Smith for being a great example to your posterity.

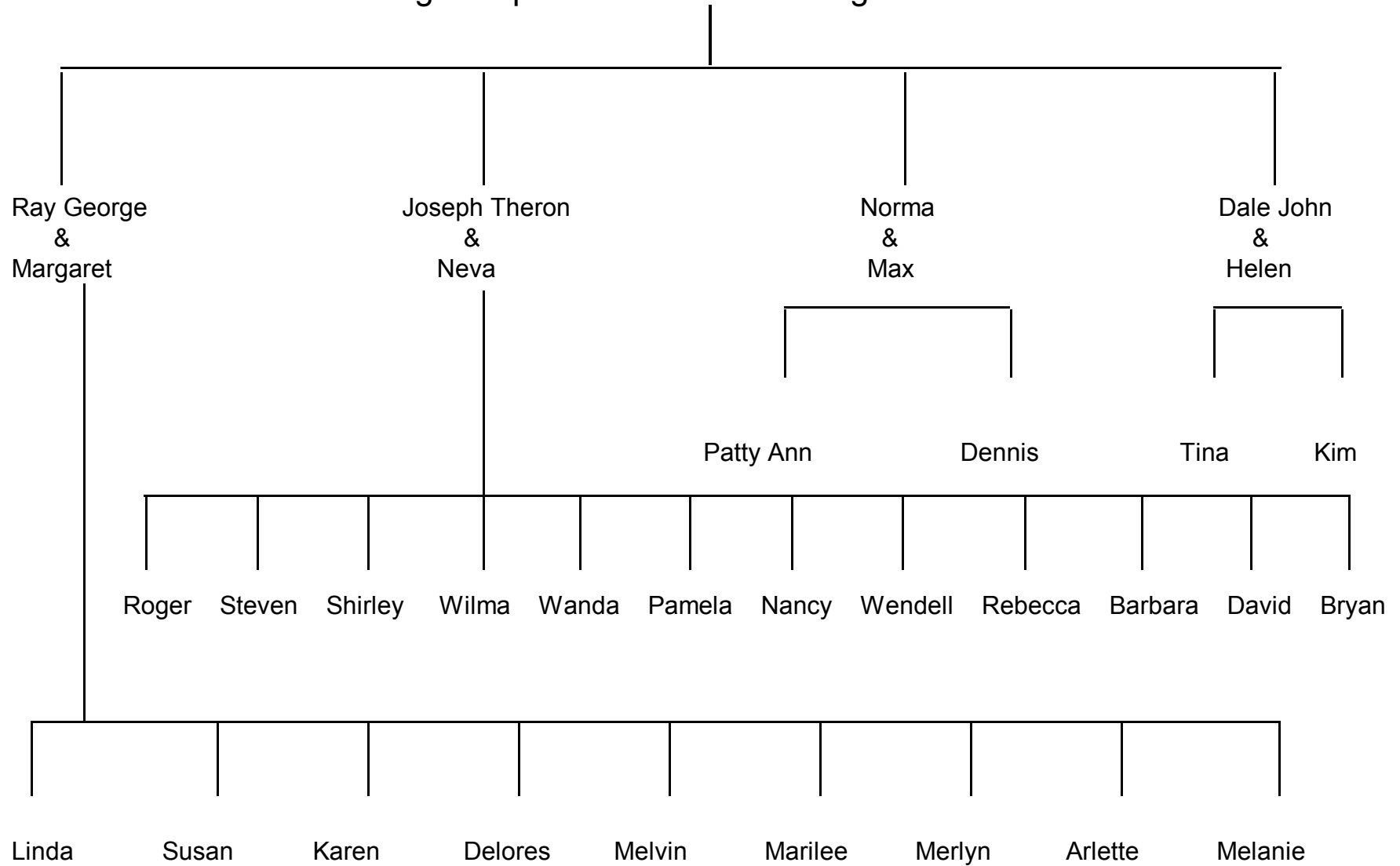
Wanda Sue Smith Wood
June 2005

Epilogue

George's mother, Charlotte Rachel Anderson, should have a book written about her. I

thought about putting it in this book but it would be over 200 pages. Her grandfather, Thomas Henry Clark has a book coming out at the same time as this one.

George Stephen Smith and Hedwig Hazel Kunz



HUSBAND GEORGE STEPHEN SMITH
 Birth 27 April 1896
 Place Grantsville, Tooele, Utah
 Chr. _____
 Married 8 May 1918
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Death 26 April 1963; Idaho
 Burial 29 April 1963; Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Father Joseph William Smith
 Mother* Charlotte Rachel Anderson
 Other Wives
 (if any) _____



WIFE HEDWIG HAZEL KUNZ
 Birth 29 September 1896
 Place Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho
 Chr. _____
 Death 30 April 1956; Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Burial 2 May 1956; Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Father John Kunz III
 Mother* Elizabeth Boss
 Other Hus.
 (if any) _____
 Where was information obtained? Theron Smith
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



1st Child RAY GEORGE SMITH
 Birth 21 November 1919
 Place Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho
 Married to MARGARET HOWELL
 Married 13 September 1940
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah



2nd Child JOSEPH THERON SMITH
 Birth 10 November 1921
 Place Grantsville, Tooele, Utah
 Married to NEVA HARPER
 Married 28 June 1944
 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah



3rd Child NORMA SMITH
 Birth 12 November 1923
 Place Herriman, Salt Lake, Utah
 Married to MAX WASHINGTON URRY
 Married 25 April 1942
 Place Evanston, Uinta, Wyoming



4th Child DALE JOHN SMITH
 Birth 13 December 1925
 Place Herriman, Salt Lake, Utah
 Married to HELEN GRAHAM
 Married 14 October 1951
 Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho

6th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

7th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

8th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

9th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

I was born April 27, 1896 in the little town of Grantsville, containing about 1200 people, in Tooele county; nestled beneath the shadows of the great Stansberry (Stansbury) Mountains, the birthplace, the playground of my youth. I lived in the north east end of the town, in the outskirts of the village, having access to the open spaces. I cherish all of these memories of the past, and want to leave some of them here.

My brother, Henry, just younger than I, died at about 18 months old. My brother Frank, two years older, died at the age of 48.

My mother tailored most of my clothing. She was an excellent seamstress. She made all of the clothes for the family.



“Years wrinkle skin, but to give up enthusiasm recalls the soul.”

This fits my mother to a “T”, here she is, 84-years-old on February 28, 1952, and she still has most (of her) old enthusiasm and pep.

I remember my aunt Esther, my dear mother’s sister, and I love them all. She clerked at the old co-op store, and on my birthday, my sixth birthday, she gave me a white shirt, tie, and a pair of shoes. Was I proud, not only for my aunt, but of those shoes they were the prettiest shoes on the earth.

Like most of the other boys in the town, I couldn’t wait for school to be out, so I could go outdoors, and herd cows in the summer. It was hard work, and I loved it, always looking forward to the hardest jobs. My mother was that type of a woman, she worked hard all of her life, and she was very determined in whatever she did. I had the worries that school children have, but my mother always was there to comfort me.

I give praise to my Aunt Tillie Johnson. She was a very profound and praiseworthy character. She loved to take care of us young children, and help us to learn dancing, and other things applying to the stage. She was outstanding in the community where she lived, and was known by us, and others knew her as a theatrical genius. She worked in show business, and helped get people to realize the importance of culture, and the arts, in the entertainment field. A beautiful woman! We as children loved to be under her support in performances. She drilled many children in different dances. One time, I was in a dance called, “The Cakewalk” and four of us dressed up as Negro children and danced and sang. We were in great demand after the first performance. We were on the stage for two weeks dancing at every show. The house would be packed every night, and many would throw nickels and dimes, and sometimes even quarters on the stage. Of course, we would stop in the middle of the dance to pick them up. The crowd would shout, and stamp their feet, and throw more money at us. What a time of rejoicing. After the great show, people came upon the stage, and picked us up to hug and kiss us. But, as we grew older, I guess I grew homelier, and everybody seemed to lose their affections. My Aunt Tillie died early in

life, leaving a large family, and the wonderful townspeople mourned for a long time at her passing.

“Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hidden. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.”

The old rock cellar still stands in the same old place, doing the same old job, but not the same job it did when my grandparents were living in the old home. They stored milk and butter, and honey along with other things in this cellar. My cousin Stanley Johnson and I were left with each other one Sunday afternoon, while the rest of the family were in church. We really made good use of the time when we were alone. We got into the cellar somehow, and found some old paint brushes. So that gave us an idea. We got to work and mixed our paint, consisting of milk with butter and honey to make it thicker. We painted everything we could see and reach. Stanley wore curls, and when mother found us, we were painted from head to foot. My mother put us in a big wooden tub of water, then cut Stan's hair with the paint still on it. She sent it to Aunt Tillie, Stan's mother, who didn't speak to mother for weeks. But in spite of it all, my mother laughed about it, and still laughs when she thinks about it.

I once had a narrow escape when I was learning to ride a “gentle” horse. The first time I rode alone, I tried to get the horse to gallop. As it sped up, I fell underneath, and the horse stepped on my face. It mashed my nose, and blackened up my eye. I could hear them say, as they picked me up, to take me to a doctor, “He's OK.” My mother, dear old soul, said it in her calm way.

With that, I opened my swollen eyes, and smiled, and said, “I wasn't hurt.” Then my mother told me afterwards, “Oh, your tears were streaming down your cheeks, but as long as you were crying you weren't very dead,”

As the years went by, I became engrossed in school, the worries of lessons, the love of taking part in plays, cantatas, parties, and the love affairs. The last mentioned were with my school class chums. I guess I was the only one of the class that wasn't unkind to the girls. Yes, I was a tease, but that's not unkind. I still stop to wonder what became of my school friends. Most of the boys have passed on. Others, like myself, haven't lived there for sometime. The girls, most of them to my knowledge, did marry home town boys, some moving away and some staying. There are those that have more or less grandchildren than I have.

My love affairs during my school days weren't any different than the rest of the boys and they teased me. At times I thought they were so serious. I prayed about them. Olive was slim of form, one of those freckled nose, long braided hair, tied with a ribbon that held the hair on top of her head, type of girls. We were in “love”. To me, she was the only one in school. We traded Christmas gifts, Valentines, and birthday presents. I took her to parties, dances, horseback riding, canyon parties, basketball games, buggy riding, drew love letters in the sand, sang love songs, but all to no avail. She grew up out of my life entirely. I was sad, because she got older than me somehow, and while I respected her as a school chum, I'm sure glad that she married early.

In my older school days, I became skillful in wearing out my overalls, and knuckles on my right hand playing marbles. I still delight in showing my grandchildren how to play the game. I did have my share of the take, and sometimes more, but I got into more trouble at home than any of my brothers, for I would forget to come home after school to do my share of the chores.

I received counsel from other's experiences and guarded against the mistakes of others. But with all of this, I still make mistakes, some of them rough ones, and to overcome them took a lot of hard work, and prayerful heart counseling from my parents. I overcame a lot of them, and gaining the experiences that tend to make people strangers in the correct way of thinking. It is a common experience in history that when a man's physical world begins to crumble, he looks for refuge in the realm of those spiritual and intangible things that he had ignored before or neglected. So with these few spots in mind, I leave my school days for a while and start the first really ventures in my teenage life.

I was forced to leave school early one spring on February 15, 1911. The morning was overcast with storm clouds, and the roads were icy and muddy. I had to gather a few belongings, and tied them in a sack to my saddles pommel. I kissed my mother goodbye, and remembered all the good and kindness, love and understanding, she had given me. I, not knowing how much anxiety in heart aches I had already caused, got into the saddle, and with a small tear in my eyes, with the forced, turned up smile, I got on my way, heading south over the Johnson Pass. I pushed my horse hard that day, and the way was rough. My destination was Skull Valley, and it was a distance of about 40 miles. I stopped first at the Servier's ranch that night, and had supper. They gave me a bed to sleep in, and as soon as I could get up, I was on my way again. These kind people put up a lunch for me. My horse was slowed down considerable, because of the sleet and rain. I had to ride another 50 miles from the Servier's ranch to the north end of Dugway, to where my father was with the sheep. The way was dark and a hard ride. The wind and sleet, rain and snow beat down all day. My vision was limited, and the roads and trails were covered. The wind blew so hard, and the rain and snow fell so fast, and I was knocked from my horse. I finally arrived at a place called Simpson Springs, which was the halfway point. I fed and watered my horse, then ate by myself. I left the Springs, and had to go northwest. From there I traveled south, because I had returned (strayed) from my course, letting my horse have its head.

I was lost, cold, and further south from where I should've been. My matches were wet, and I wasn't any dryer. Darkness was creeping upon me, and where I was only God knew. The encircling oppressions and the gloom of being lost crept upon me, and the fearful experiences that can come to any boy, that terrifying fear, this is where the greatest test comes to the most common of us all. The test came to me. I was more afraid than I had ever been. I had been taught faith and prayers all my life, and now the time was here for me to test my spiritual faith, and conquer evil and fear within me. I prayed, even my horse hung its head, not trying to find food as I prayed.

The storm was over, then, I discovered the loveliness of the sunset, in all its glory, as one raises the eyes up hard at the close of day. Have you ever been in between the last few moments of day, light, and dark, with a tired horse and yourself cold and hungry? In all fourteen years of my life, I had never had experience where I only had a few seconds to

make my decision. The collected pleasures of every day life, faced quickly, you become old in your youth, in spite of, or perhaps because of, this split second decision. Many of us lose confidence in prayer because we do not realize the answer God gave us. God gives us difficulties which make us strong. We pray for wisdom in good health, and God sends us problems. The solution of which, develops wisdom, and strength. We plead for prosperity, and God gives us brains and brawn to work. We plead for courage and God gives us dangers to overcome. We ask for favors and God gives us opportunities.

As I got off my knees, and swung into the saddle, the horse turned northeast, and galloped off. I gave it its reign, but who had told it where to go? Who had made the decision? About midnight I arrived back to Simpson Springs, half frozen. I managed to get off my horse, and Sam Neff just rode up to the Springs. He managed to put me to bed and take care of my horse. Early the next morning, I went to find the north end of Dugway Mountain. This time I had someone to show me the way. Sam Neff and I rode 25 miles west, then our trails divided. Sam went south, and I turned north. Without any trouble, I arrived at camp at 3:30 in the afternoon. My father was very happy to see me, and the horse was happy to rest.

It was here that I began a new life, cooking, tending camp, and helping with the sheep. I wanted to learn while I had dad to help me. I asked him to help me learn to cook. Most of the cooking I could handle, "the art of frying mutton", said my dad, "was more than just putting it into the pan. You had to know just how to cut it, and how deep the fat should be in the bottom of the pan. Once a week, you have to clean the fry pan good. Then you put back some of the old grease to start your meat again. The 6th day will always be the best tasting mutton."

Now, as for cooking fine old sourdough, to begin, you mix some flour, water, and a spoonful of sugar. Stir well, but let it stand until sour, mix more flour with water until it is a thin paste like mixture, enough to have a good mixing, and then let it set until it starts to raise halfway up in your pan. Pour it out into your baking pan and be sure to leave enough for a start, mix with fork until it is like dough, and mold into biscuits. Put them into another pan, and on the fire, about 350 degrees even heat, until they are brown on the top. Take them out and try to eat them. If they are not good, start all over again. Don't give up and you will become an expert. By then you will have retired from herding. Dad didn't relish my first few months of baking, but he never complained. Of course I could get away with a lot being that I was his son. I made him laugh a lot, though it wasn't very pleasant for me. The four months I was with him, I experienced the elements of camp life. Dust storms, wind, rain, snow, mud, and sunshine, the latter I most enjoyed and saw the least. It seemed I had a time keeping my directions at night. Often I would tell my father he was wrong, but he would convince me, I was wrong, then when the sun came up the next morning, I could tell I was the one that had been wrong.

So the next few months that past, there were camp duties to perform: cooking; melting snow for both the horses and the camp where and when ever needed; fire wood to get into camp; feed to find for horses and sheep; looking after the 5 thousand sheep or more; keeping the sheep together;



finishing chores; finding and counting the lost sheep; and mysteries of the desert to explore; wind, rain, and sorrow to battle; roads to find; supplies to go after; miles of travel every day; dogs to take care of, as this is very important; feet to keep from getting sore; and horses to shoe. One million things to do and not a dull moment. All an experience in a new field. But I love that great desert for it gave a feeling of self-reliance, and responsibility to endure and achieve, and accomplish the purpose of life. It's the hardships to make, and be friends to those strangers we meet. To be honest and helpful to our fellow men. It brings out the best and destroys the worst. This was a turning point in my life. I loved the great outdoors, the animals I had for companions. The animals were dumb, but when your life is taken up with them, they teach you lessons never to be learned without experience. That old saying, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't get him to drink," didn't work with sheep. Sheep almost always would go to the opposite way you wanted, as displayed by the time a ewe and her lamb became separated from the herd, and I was sent to get and bring them back. She ran up the steep side of a mountain, and try as I might, I couldn't get her to go back down. If anything, she was going further up the side of the hill. I tried several ways to outsmart her, but failed. I sat down for a few minutes and thought things over. I then decided to ask the Lord what to do. I said out loud, "Lord, I have done everything I could think of but swearing and cussing, now what am I going to do?"

At that very moment, I got an idea. I picked up a rock, and tossed it down the hill. It rolled behind the ewe and its lamb, and they both raced down the hill. I realized it was the Lord's inspiration. He had answered so quickly, I hadn't even thought that throwing the rock was his idea, until I saw the lamb running.

One time, I was following some lost sheep, and was rapidly becoming discouraged. I had lost their trail, so I sat down on a rock, and prayed out loud that the Lord would give me a little help. As I sat there, a dog started coming toward me. It was a strange dog, and I stood up and he came up to me. I patted his head, and made friends with him. He had welts all over his body, so I took him into camp to get something to eat. He followed me the rest of the day. About 4 o'clock that afternoon, I missed him, so I thought he was just a bum. I ate, and started out to look for the lost sheep, confident the Lord would answer my prayer.

As I stood on a knoll, overlooking the small valley, I saw a flock of sheep coming in my direction. I stood there, until they got a little closer, here and there, a few sheep started to stray, and a dog was at their heels, keeping them in the herd. As they got closer, I recognize the dog. It was the same one I had lost before, and again I realized that the Lord had answered my prayer. I was amazed, and so was my father when I told the story. We kept the dog for some time.

I had to see that all the dogs got plenty to eat, for the dog means the difference between easy or hard work, life or death from wild animals, and they are the pal for a lonesome shepherd.

(A few papers were found in a journal that George kept. This is some of his writing that happened about the same time as the previous stories.)

It was a long and dreary day. Snow had fallen in most parts, in higher latitudes and rain in the valley. Along the foothills vegetation was plentiful, for the herds of sheep scattered out to feed. A rider on a bay horse with a rain coat spread over him like a pup tent in a cap of scouts, protecting him from the storms, and cold days watching like a sentinel over the vast range land, that spread before him. How could he ever forget that God was good and kind to provide for his sheep. A prayer went up from the heart to him who made life, for the good thing in life and for the family who had thoughts of being kind and loving in times of trial and tribulations, as he looked far at the towering peaks, he saw a star with its self out, and he thought of Christ at his birth, how wonderful the bright star lead many people to his birth place, many gifts were given to show love and honor unto him. He then remembered the story of how he gave to the people, great joy to his teachings, love one another, to this day he has been able to live by example. This great desert isn't a place for drones, for the weaken that try for existence, and he looks across that immense vastness. The thought could there be that God has a place to live there why does people say only fools would live there? No churches no schools, why all this waste lands?

As this man works everyday as a shepherd, it seems to him the desert is God's cathedral and it is clean, grand and good, even the summer field rest and have time to think and repeat, no one can be locked outside, even the west winds acts as a choir, as the coolness blows passed your cheeks, and the sound of the rustling sage beneath you feet sound as though the organ was playing for that throne of people in the distant mountain where the throne of beauty rare, the only place for God to be is there, a place of learning of life's daily lessons, this sweet and everyone deals fair with those who lave and die have found blessing there and as he looks into that red glowing ambers of sun set, he discovered in all its glory - one raise his eyes upward at the close of day and thanks God for all beauties of life and generous gifts. Some of these are, lovelier than the understanding look a gentle smile of a friend, a hand clasp with out words, a prayer breathed silently in. I thank the Father for these rare beauties of life for Christ gave his life that we may live.

The dark clouds were gathering fast as supper was ready. My father came and said, "We are out some sheep." We are short at least one wether. I knew that this could be from one to one hundred. Some where out on that vast waste lands, where every day nature and wild animals fight for existence. High upon the mountains side I could hear the bleating of a lamb. I asked my Father if I could go and look for the lost ones. He said in one half hour it will be dark and hard to find your way. I insisted I should go to the bleating of that lamb. I know that wild animals would takes its life, so I took the lantern and started out. The horses were to far to even think of riding one. The road ways was good, but as I climbed higher, it grew dim and the clouds grew thicker. The west wind began to get stronger. I buttoned my rain coat tighter. Rain started and began to beat against my face, like rain beating on a window pain. The way became rougher and darker. No sound, only the

rain and wind tried to make me turn back. My lantern was blown out by the strong wind, the blackness of the night, was so dense, I had to feel my way carefully along the ruff cliffs, of the soaked earth. I wondered what way was I going. But I remembered the west wind, so I must be going the same directions. My heart beat fast, as I climbed higher and higher, my nerves was on edge. When at my very side a bark of a coyote, tingled every fiber of my being. I remembered the song "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd", it gave me courage. Then I remembered the prayer my mother used to say." Bless us that we may have courage to face trouble, with faith and in humility, to over come the advisory and difficulties, that press us in our life's journey's." Then I remembered one passage of scripture that I learned at mutual, "Be thou humble and the Lord God shall take the by the hand and give thee answers to thy prayers."

Would God answer a boy of 13? I was doubtful at first, but as I grew tired and had very little success, I decided the only way I could possibly find the lost sheep was to humble myself to prayer. I finally got the courage to kneel, then I asked God to help me find the lost sheep. I arose from my feet, the wind had stopped to a breeze. The rain had subsided and I called and my voice sounded as an echo. I listened for the bleating of the lamb. But no sound. I traveled a short distance called again, then far in the distance I could hear the bleating. That was thrilling to my hears, I had found the lost sheep.

I enjoyed my four months with my father. The hard work, keeping busy, was my greatest desire so I would go out into the flats and ride into the mountains for a look around, scouting for feed. I would spot the good food, and then father would drive the sheep to the feed where we would camp for a few days, taking care of the horses, fed them oats, melting snow for them in the winter. Sometimes I would have to travel long way to find a snowdrift, but after I watered the horses, I would pack snow in the saddlebags on the pack horses, and then bring them back to camp for our own use.

Sometimes the water would be very dirty, and I would strain it through my dad's filthy shirts. Sometimes we would have to dip water out of holes in the wagon tracks, or gullies where we found bugs, the flavor of rabbit dung, sheep remains, and many other wild flavors that go with the desert.

The clouds that bring fresh life giving moisture, and life taking floods, in winds that cool, and refresh, or slash and destroy, the heat that makes the earth bloom, or sears it, the cold that gives it rest or shrivels tender sprouts. We cannot stop the wind, the rain, or the cold, yet it effects the lives of all of us.

I returned that spring in April. The days that followed were quiet, except for a few parties, most of which were Sunday school parties and school parties. I still went to school, and they had what they called a class day, each class matched for strength and power.

There was a consolidation of the three upper grades 8, 9, and 10, into a high school at the time I was there, and by the good graces of the school board, I was permitted to enter the 9th grade. So that spring, the day afore mentioned, I was matched with a boy 4 years older than myself in a wrestling match. I had worked hard all of my life, so I had developed early in my youth, and liking sports of all kinds I used to participate in all the major games of the day. I was used to wrestling with my oldest brother and he was there to witness the challenger, the name of whom I will omit. My brother had warned the challenger of my strength, telling him that he himself had bowed down to my power and strength, and he was pounds heavier. A great crowd gathered around and we took our positions. I was schooled in the art of wrestling, and the other boys had been, to some degree. But my strength and endurance won the match. The crowd booed the loser, and of course he challenged me to a fistfight. I answered him quietly no, but in another wrestling match, I was booed. My golden pal Grant came to my rescue. He challenged the loser, but the battle was never fought. The bell rang and the whole affair was closed out of my life. Soon I left with the sheep on the south mountain for Judge, a Grantsville man who had hired me. I worked there for one month.

Mr. Judge had a dog, an excellent dog, who did everything I told him. I worked with him for several weeks, and grew attached. His fame grew throughout the countryside and a man called Bob Brown came to me and claimed the dog was his. He said he was going to take him. The dog had been with me enough to become attached to me. He was standing by my side when Bob came toward him. To my surprise, the hair on the dog's back came up over him like a grizzly bear, and he gave a lunge for Bob. If it wasn't for the long tail on the dog, I might have a law suite on my hands. I kept the dog, and when Mr. Judge came to where I was staying, I told him the story. He was glad that I had kept the dog, for he had paid \$50.00 for him.

I left that job and went to the Brown ranch in Skull Valley about 35 miles west of Grantsville. I worked for them all summer then in the fall I went to school. However, the summer seemed very hot, and one day about 3:00 I was out on a hay wagon when an electric storm came up. I had just about loaded the wagon with alfalfa to bring into the stack, when the lightning struck. It was so close it lifted me off my feet. The horses started to run, and I managed to stop the horses before they tipped over the load. An Indian who had been on top of the hay threw the forks away in case the load tipped. Just then another bolt of lightning came and completely destroyed one of the pitch forks. A close call from the great beyond.

The winter months passed without very much excitement until I got a wire from Dad dated Feb. 25, 1912. It read something like this, "Sheep dying, need help. Kelton, Utah." The next day I was on my way to help my Father.

It had been a hard winter and the snow had crusted and was so deep that we couldn't get enough feed. It was crusted, but still soft enough to let the weight of the sheep go through the crust, and get stuck in the snow.

The weather had broken some when I got there but it was still cold. The man my father worked for was Will Howard. A nice man, he met me at Kelton which is about 75 miles west of Brigham City. I threw my suitcase into the commissary or light wagon and went to work that afternoon. Mr. Howard just got through unloading sheep pelts, about 300

of them, and we loaded a ton of corn to take back with us. The road was rough and I mean rough. We arrived late that night to camp. Father was happy to see me, and knowing somewhat of camp life, he gave me very little instructions. It had been a long day and so I had a very good sleep. It was a little crowded in my bed with all the visitors, but I slept well because I was in the middle.

The days that followed was unbelievable when it came to the melting snow. Mud, rain, snow, it seemed like all the elements had been turned loose on us. Sheep dying, hundreds of them like flies gathered around a honey can. I pelted sheep until sometimes I would almost collapse from exhaustion. I got up at 4 in the morning, and got to bed at 12 and 1 the next morning, trying to get the sheep to higher ground, away from the snow. I carried sheep up and down hills, and fed them corn, only to see them die. It was a trying condition.

The pleasure of the senses pass quickly. Those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

With spring on it's way, we decided to kill some of them to save others. Even the eyes of the dumb animal seemed to look up into our faces just before they died and tried to thank you for what you tried to do to make their lives easier in their last moments.

We prepared for the trail to a lambing ground when spring came. Our sheep were poor and the travel each day was slow. From one to two miles a day, the weak fell by the wayside. Some died, others were picked by other herds. Some were returned, yet others were stolen, and re-earmarked and found at shearing pens. It took us 45 days to go twenty-five miles to Cowhowler where we lambed. Dad counted the sheep, from 6500 head, we had a loss of 2495 head of yearlings, and 345 older sheep. The days that followed were long and hard work, but by this time father and I were alone. The boss had gone to Malad to farm, so it was up to the two of us to do the lambing. Dad took care of the dropping band, then I would have to flag each day's lambs. The dropping band are the sheep left after each day lambs are born, and all the lambs born in a certain day are kept separate for 5 days, then they are driven together to make up a herd of lambs. The flag is made of a stick about 6 feet long, sharpened on one end so it can be placed into the ground. Firmly, a piece of colored cloth is tied to the other end. This is to keep wild animals away. The coyote is a very destructive and yet a very curious animal. It is careful, but the waving flag keeps him at a distance, protecting the small bands of lambs. This was my job, so if I wanted to eat at camp, I would have to work most of the night before getting back to camp to spend the night.

Sometimes the ewes don't claim their young, and we have to catch that mother, and feed the offspring. Some ewes would lose their lambs either from the cold weather or from being too weak to get on it's feet to eat. We would skin the dead lamb, and tie the skins on these unclaimed lambs. Then the mother of the dead lamb would claim the lamb. It seemed like a lot of trouble, but we had to follow a certain code in order to be successful. After 8 to 19 days, the skin is taken off and the lamb has a mother.

The sheep depended entirely on the dew that they could gather from the early

morning grasses for water, for the horses and camp we depended on snow banks in the canyons or around a spring. Sometimes I would go 5 or 6 miles to get water every other day for thirty days. The lambing lasted for this long, about a month, and every 5 days, we had to round the small bands of sheep into the dock for docking them. This is castrating, and cutting their tails off. It is hard work.

Shearing time rolled around when we got through lambing, so off to the shearing pens they went. Before we got there though, the boss came with some stray lambs and it fell my lot to take them back to the owner. When I got to my destination the owner was a Greek, and I shall never forget what he said, "Howard will never be a rich man because he is too honest." I told the boss that, and in his quiet way he answered me. "Honesty is more than a full pocketbook."

In this corral they have a pen for strays, and they have a man there that knows the different brands of owners of sheep. Then he pulls them from the flock they are in, and the rightful owner is notified, so he has to come and get them. Before we drove the sheep to the shearing corral, Father sent me to this pen to see if any of Howard's sheep were there, and how soon they could be pulled. As I was walking by this stray pen, Mr. May, a good friend of my father and of my boss asked me to step into the pen, and to my surprise, I found that someone had re-earmarked some of Howard's sheep. Then a Greek Sheepman came over and claimed those sheep. To my surprise it was the same man that Howard had, had me deliver the stray sheep to a little while ago. Mr. May became very enraged over the act, and a terrific fight was started. The Greek pulled a knife, but Mr. May knocked the Greek out with a right to the chin. The Greek didn't know what had hit him, and dropped his knife. Mr. May might have killed him right then if Howard hadn't come on the scene. He didn't know what it was all about, but he stopped Mr. May, and thanked him, telling him he was very sorry that they have to fight over a few lambs. Mr. May replied that it wasn't the sheep so much as the principle, and to steal from a man that to him is so honest is dealing with his friends and enemies.

The days went by with these thrilling incidents, trying to be driven from my mind. We went up on our way between springs shearing corral. Long will I remember, it sets in a cove or rock. Two small streams trickle down over solid rock and greet each other further down the cove. Thousands of sheep and different kinds of animals were in the remote section. It is the life giving food to all who pass by. Even the tops of the high mountains seem to reach to sip (take a sip) of the cold clear water. So I believe in the out-of-doors, the wild flowers, trees of the woods, and the flowerless plants of the by-ways are to be enjoyed. I believe, to be happy and free, we must respect all life, that those things that are our Heritage may be enjoyed by our children.

As we left that part, and traveled north east, the last of May 1912, through Snowville Utah, the last little village before we stepped into Idaho, we came to Stone. Stone was a little trading post for most sheep men, so I made many trips there to get supplies.

The next little town was Pine Valley. This was just a post office, a few dry farms, and a little store. We encountered many windstorms and rain in this Valley, and we soon moved out of this part into Sublet over looking Holbrook, Idaho. The little village of Sublet is in a pocket like it might have been left there by the Indians. There was only one way in, and one way out.

It was there that I hired a lady to do my and my dad's washing. She only charged 25 cents, which didn't even pay for the water she had to carry. Everybody carried the water from the little stream that made its way through the village, so I gave her \$1.00. She almost smothered me with her way of thankfulness. As I passed through the next day, I had dad give her some canned goods, for I learned she was a widow with 3 small children.

The next stop was Dairy Creek, just a shearing corral. This little Creek is the first of the arteries feeding into the Malad River. It was here that we encountered a sickening sight and pitiful condition. A man and his wife and small daughter of 5 years, and their small baby of only a few months had squatted on a piece of land near a stream, and the house was merely a shack. The cracks were so big in the wall, that you could throw a can through it. This was not farm ground, and when we saw it, my father asked the lady what they planned to do there. The woman was thin, and hollow eyed. A fairly pretty woman, the little girl thin, but very pretty, and the baby was cute, and crying. She told my father that her husband had brought them there to help prove-up on the land, and they had to stay there for three years. Through her tears, she said that they didn't have anything to eat, and that they had been killing ground squirrels and whatever else they could for food. Now that the green grazing grass was growing, she said that they might be able to get a long by baling it, and selling it for hay.

My father gave them all the canned goods, coffee, eggs, bacon, oatmeal that we had in our camp. The next day, I was sent to the store for more for us and for them.

Here I would pause, and say something about my father. Too little was ever said of him, I suppose because no one ever understood him. I think I knew how he was more than anyone, but I still couldn't understand him. I had lived closest to him. He was always planning for his family's welfare. He believed that it was his duty to teach others, that they may learn as they follow the, "Long brown paths, to find the peace and contentment which others have all found." If a friend of his gave a feast and did not invite him, he wouldn't mind it a bit, but if the friend had a sorrow, and refused to let him share it with this person, he would feel it most bitterly.

"So God sends messengers of love to earth, and they are Angels, but we call them friends."

The month of May had come to a close, and the long days of June were well on their way. I recall the tenth of June we crossed the Arimo Valley. There was 10 miles of lane, with no place to turn off to rest our sheep. Several herd of sheep had crossed before, so the lane was dusty. Two-o'clock in the morning we started. The moon was full, my father and I ate breakfast, for I had gotten up before so we could both eat together. I went out and rounded up my horses, hitched them to the camp wagon, and was ready to leave by 2:00. Then we started up and went down the lane again. I didn't have to fix dinner, because we wanted to get through the lane before the heat got bad. To drive the sheep in this much heat would cause them to die.

We had enough loss and we rented a field that afternoon, and camped for the night. The next day we went through Lava Hot Springs. There were many people of all walks of life coming to cure their aches and pains, and to try to get back what they have destroyed

by disobedience to the Laws of Nature.

The Portneuf River runs through this city, and while crossing the bridge, two lambs fell into the river. I called to dad, because he always carried a rope in his saddle. He threw one end to me, and I tried to get down the bank by trying one end around my waist. Both lambs were side by side, so I grabbed both, but couldn't get back, for I thought the rope would break. I couldn't swim with both the lambs, so I dropped one lamb, and threw the other out. By the time I could get the other, the current had carried it down the stream.

I was wet up to my waist, so I got out on the bank, and ran down along the bank below where the lamb was, and waited for the lamb to come to where I could reach him. I saw him headed for a whirlpool. Down he went. It seemed like ten minutes had passed until I saw him. By this time he had just about drowned. I managed to get out, but too late, I thought.

I pulled him out on the bank, and gave the artificial respiration I had learned in scouts. It was only 15 minutes, but it seemed like an hour. I was just about to say quits, when I thought I saw it move an eyelid. I worked faster than before. I would press forward from the back of the left shoulder to try to keep his heart going. To my surprise, the lamb jumped to his feet and ran after the herd.

The days that followed were getting warmer as we moved very carefully through the lanes and valleys. While crossing a railroad just out of Banderose, Idaho, we had a close call. As a passenger train passed between a mule, and just behind the camp wagon I was driving. I had to jump to keep from getting killed.

We traveled along the ten mile pass, into the Soda Springs Flats. Over the Blackfoot bridge, and up along the river, through the Narrows into the Wolley Valley, from here into Williamsburg. This was the first day of July, 1912. The next day we passed into the lower dairy. It was 5:30 in the morning, and there were about fifteen people out in that farm milking cows. I wondered what they did with all the milk, but I didn't bother to find out at that time, so we went on our way. This evening we camped at the edge of the forest reserve. Here we could camp for the summer. That evening I got supper, and dad came over and wanted me to get some milk and butter for supper. We had to have some salt for the sheep. He had tried to get some salt at the lower dairy, but they didn't have any, saying the upper dairy had some.

We were in Bern, Idaho, and I usually didn't ask my father any questions. Sometimes he had a twinkle in his eye, and I knew he was waiting for me to ask a question. I asked him if he knew anybody there, and he told me he knew a man known as Johnny Kunz for some years, and that he was the owner of the upper dairy. They made cheese and ran cattle on the range in the summer. Mr. Kunz was very respected, and loved by those whom ever graced his table. I wanted to know many things, and for one of the first times in my life, my father was obliged to tell me.

I went to the upper dairy about a mile from where we were camped. When I arrived, I asked Mrs. Kunz if I could get some salt for the sheep. She told me I would have to see the men folk. Then I asked her if I could get some milk and butter for our supper that night. She told me of course, and gave me some. She said the boys and men were away, and that I could wait, or come back.

I left for the camp, and came back that evening. They had just gotten through with the milking. The corrals consisted of native poles and lumber, a milk house, a vat where the milk was strained and colled, the running spring water was on the ground. The evening and morning milk was put into these vats, and one of the girls did the cheese making. I believe they called her Hedwick, or Hazel for short. (*Her name was Hedwig Hazel Kunz but she went by Hazel*) There were several girls and boys and they were always kept busy. I wasn't too interested with girls, although they were attractive. Each time I came there I was made to feel at home.

My father and I put our camp wagon there for the summer because the supplies were plentiful, and it was closest to where we got our mail. The summer went by all too fast, and while I helped milk the cows, and went to dances, I was taken away from my father, and the sheep. I don't think he regretted my having a good time when he knew I was in good company. The girls became more and more attractive to me, and I found myself lured closer to the snare of matrimony. I became prey to the twisting all the girls were noted for, especially around their finger, the detail I shall not go into.

That September 6, 1912, we went off the summer range. The dairy owners were getting ready to leave their summer quarters and make for the winter home about 50 miles south. Dad and I headed for Soda Springs where we were to cut out the lambs for shipment back east. We were counted off the range by the forest ranger, and to our surprise we had lost only four head of sheep. The ranger stated that this was the best for the summer.

We encountered a snow storm about two days off the range, so we held up a day or two, so the lambs wouldn't lose flesh. I took advantage of this time, and made my last visit that summer to the girl who I had found a warm place in my heart for. I didn't know if I would ever see her again. I bid all the family goodbye, and left for our camp.

My father and I traveled through Wayne, through the mountain pass, through Long Valley, into Henry, and on to Soda Springs. It was the last of September, and Mr. Howard came and helped us cut the lambs for shipment. A buyer came over and told us that these lambs were the best and fattest lambs that had come into Soda. Me and my father, and Mr. Howard sold the lambs, over 1000 of them, for \$8.50 a head. Out of 1265 head of lambs, we had only lost 8 head. Three of these we had killed for our own use and the rest were taken by wild animals.

We left Soda and made our way through the ten mile pass into Bancroft. We went west to the Portneuf River, south to Lava Hot Springs. While at Lava dad took sick and I prayed to get him out of bed. He insisted on staying with the sheep.

That evening he had a high fever, so I got him to stay in bed. I had a feeling it was pneumonia and I rode my horse to Lava, about five miles away, and got a doctor. I told him what I had come for and he gave me some brandy and quinine pills. I gave him some money and went back to the camp.

I gave my dad a hot toddy, and one of the pills. I guess I gave him too much of the brandy because he went to sleep all that day, and half-way into the next. He was much better, with only a cough. I got him to the doctors the next day and the doc told me it was pneumonia.

I had a hard time for the next few days. I took over the sheep and dad stayed with the camp. We went through Lava and we held up for one day at the Gibson ranch where dad knew the Gibson family. They thought a lot of dad and Mrs. Gibson gave him some cough medicine, and in a day or two dad was back on his feet.

The fall weather was well on it's way. October came and we crossed the ten mile long lane to Dairy Creek, and along the Malad Mountains to the south. There the summer herds were called Drays. These were the sheep without lambs during the summer, and these sheep and the sheep dad was in charge of, were mixed together. Now they were ready for the winter trail. This was the happy, and unhappy ending for me, as far as the sheep were considered. I took the train out of Malad, Idaho and came home.

That winter I went to school. Nothing in particular happened that year, except I lost my wrestling march at the end of school. I kept in touch with the girl I had left behind and when the spring came. I was very delighted to learn that dad was taking the same herd of sheep back to the summer range and had asked me to accompany him. Of course this meant I would have to leave school as soon as it was out. The lambs were already at the lambing round west of Malad, Idaho. As the boss met me at Malad, I spent the night at his ranch. The next morning I rode northwest towards the grounds, and met my father there.

He had been having a lot of trouble with the coyotes. I helped him and then went to the other herd, the dropping band. The herder was sick and I had to take over dropping band. (Explain this process) For three day and nights we were alone and almost dropped when the boss came back. He was humble in asking our forgiveness for not getting help sooner.

A man by the name of Hansen came to take over the sheep after the lambing and docking. We had 1260 head of ewes with lambs to take for the summer range. The shearing took place at Dairy Creek, and then to the summer range. We arrived at the summer range the first of July, 1913.

I hadn't written to the girl I had left behind for a long time, so it was a surprise to see me ride into the yard the customary way. I was greeted coolie, as I asked for the milk and butter. I pulled by the camp in the willows, and Parley, one of the boys, asked me if I would come the 24th of July and play ball. I said yes. Dad told me I could go, and I rode the horse to the Dairy. Parley insisted I should ride with them in the white-top buggy. To my surprise, the girls had gone with another white-top buggy, just ahead of us. I guess this took me down a notch or two for it was quite a while before I got back to camp, with the supplies, and mail.

The 24th was a great day for me. The sheep herders played the ranchers. As the boys will, I loved the game, and tried to show off. I had some good luck. I knew a few tricks of the game, and I made good use of them when the time came. I played center field, and a good portion of the fielding came my way. I made fairly good my part. It was the last inning. The ranchers were one run ahead, and it was the first half of the ninth inning. There were 2 men down, and 2 men on base. It looked like they had the game in their hands. They put a pinch hitter in. His name was Frank, and he was one of their best batters. He was no older than I was, but good. The anxious moment came. Two strikes and two balls. The next ball was a foul, the next being another ball. The count was three

and two.

Now the decisive moment. Could he do it? The pitcher took his time and on the next one, a hit. A long drive into center field. Everybody was on their feet. The ball looked like a tiny speck way up into the blue. It was coming towards me, and I took the measurement with a steady eye. I turned and ran, jumping over the brush trying to keep my eyes on that ball. Something my father had taught in playing ball. Now was the time to show my colors. Could I make the catch? The ball was falling at a tremendous speed and it seemed that the brush was so thick I could never make it. With one last effort, I jumped to overcome a large bush and at the same time put my hand up to balance myself. At the same time, the ball fell into my hand and I fell to my knees. I kept my hand in the air to show I hadn't dropped it.

The cheers, and the jeers....I would never forget that moment. I got up with two skinned shins, and went to the bench. My only thoughts were of the next half of the inning. The ranchers were still one ahead. I sat on the bench as two of our men got out. Then the boy before me somehow hit the ball over the right fielders head and got to second base. I would have to hit a home run to win. I had hit a few homers in my life, but they didn't matter as much as this one did. This meant more to me than at any other thing in the world. The young lady was somewhere in that crowd and I thought of her. She might even be caring as much as I did.

The first ball was a strike, the next was a foul.....strike two. I hit a little too low. The next was a ball. I closed my eyes for a moment and I uttered a prayer in my heart that I may hit the ball. The next ball was a foul. I uttered another prayer this time that I might win the game....the next one was a ball. I was trembling at a terrific speed. The pitcher took his time on this one and it gave me time to collect myself, for I knew all eyes were on the batter and the pitcher and which one was going to prove the better man. The pitcher rubbed some dirt on the ball, that was a sign to me he had felt the pressure. He had fanned before and I had also gotten a two-bagger off him. Now would he do it again? Up came his arms. He eyed second base and with a quick jerk the ball went to second. Everybody was safe. A quiet hush came over the crowd. The ball came with all the speed Burt could put on it. I met it in like manner. I felt the impact on the bat. It was so hard that I felt it was headed in the right direction, halfway between the center and right field. I ran with all the speed I had and as I rounded the third base someone yell to slide, which I did, only a fraction of a second did I beat the ball. The game was ended and the Shepard's were the winners.

That evening, the dairymen gave a dance at one of the homesteader's places. I loved to dance the waltz and two-step, which were popular in that day. I still hadn't had a chance to date the one and only girl I did care for, for others had beat me out. But the old waltz tune was on and I quickly saw my chance to get that dance with Hazel. To my surprise, I was accepted for the first time. I had a chance to put my arms around the waist of the girl I loved, and like all young boys, if heaven was near, I was in heaven at that very moment.

We were wonderful dancers together I thought, for the very moment we started to dance, time seemed to leave. I never knew how she felt about time for I received no

encouragement whatsoever from her. I accepted her ways to suite her. In the next few dances, to which I came stag, I could always get a few waltzes in with Hazel during the evening.

One day, I asked her half heartedly if I could escort her to a dance they were having at the neighbors. To my surprise, she took me at my word.

I went back to camp and told my father I had a date with one of the dairy maids to go to the dance. I asked if he wanted to come along. He asked me which one and when I was going. I told him her name was Hazel. His eyes lighted up like stars in the heavens and said he was very pleased to think I was going to have a girl for a partner that was of his choosing. I was embarrassed. He never came to the dance. My father was a good dancer and he loved to do just that. I was disappointed when he couldn't come, but I had one of the happiest moments of my life.

That night at the dance, Hazel told me she had often thought how bashful I was not to ask her for a date before. She had boasted to her sisters that she had set her cape for me. But I asked her if she said that to all the boys.

As time went on, the summer came to a close. I grew more fond of her and often went horse back riding with her. Of course they couldn't trust me alone with her, so someone had to go along with us. One glorious day, I seemed to win the hearts of her parents. I got to go alone with this beautiful, beautiful girl.

The summer ended quickly, and my father and I would soon be on our way to Soda Springs to cut out the lambs to ship. The time came for us to say goodbye. The mother wept when I left. She said I had acted like a good boy and how she hadn't trusted me like she should have done. But she had taken the place of my mother while I had been away from home, so I kissed Hazel's mother goodby and told her not to feel bad for she had fulfilled her obligations to me and that I appreciated all she had entrusted to me. I didn't know whether I would ever see them again. We were young, only 15 years old, and we would forget each other as time went on.

I had to give her a formal goodbye, because I thought that if I embraced her, I wouldn't let her go. As I turned to go, she told me that I hadn't said, "Goodbye." You know....girls are funny creatures. They are never satisfied. So, I said goodbye, and a long good night kiss, then I mounted my horse and rode off. It was my first kiss from a girl, except my mother and sister. The next morning, my father and I were on our way, early, to the winter headquarters. We had good luck selling the lambs.

That winter, I came home to go to school. It was to keep the lessons in my mind. I was often caught in deep thought. Finally, I finished school for that year. To my surprise, Mr. Howard wanted me to come back for the summer, and of course dad was joyful when I came to the camp. He didn't know I was coming because of Hazel.

My mother knew I was writing to a girl, but never made it her business to inquire too much about my private affairs, for she knew sooner or later I would tell her. So, before I left that spring, I had related the story of my young love affair. This is what she said as I kissed her goodby, "Be kind and honest with whom you come in contact with. Pray always, and when your mind is troubled, keep all the laws of God at your bed-side."

I loved that last sentence, for she handed me the Bible as I left. I kept it at my

bedside for many years afterwards. Often, when I was troubled, I would open up the Bible, and read a passage or two. That spring wasn't so hard as the one before, and I had something to look forward to.

We lambled west of Malad, Idaho that spring. With a few storms and sunshine we managed to lamb 7570, which is a good rating. So, I was told by the boss, that as long as he was satisfied, I could be pleased, as well as my dad.

I remember on one occasion, we had just got through counting and separating the dry sheep from the wets for the summer range, and we were all eating dinner. Dad told the boss why I was so happy about going out that summer, and in his sober way Mr. Howard said for me to be careful, or I would be in the same fix as him. We all laughed.

That spring, I saved a lot of lambs, I fed them on canned milk, and the boss came and took them to the Ranch in Malad. I hated to see those 25 lambs go because they used to follow me around the camp waiting for their food. I could just whistle, and all those 24 lambs would come running like mad. A lot of the others would come running too, but would stop when they got close. We don't find really happiness until we become the giver of life. Even dumb animals have their way of thanking you for those things which mean life for them, and they give thanks in many ways. You have to know and understand them to catch the thanks.

I sent 24 of them with the boss, and kept one. I fed it all summer, and when I called it, it would come scamping up to me, and ask me for milk with its bleating call. I loved those great outdoors and freedom to give vent to my feelings. When I felt only the presence of God near me, and the handy work of his creation, I would think what a masterpiece for us to enjoy.

The trail wasn't so rough on my father and I, as it was on the ewes and lambs. This hotness, for the spring, was very unusual, and many lambs dropped by the wayside, their mothers leaving them to make out the best they could, to shift for themselves.

As we went along the trail, we came to a creek. There were a few houses along the bank. We decided to get our clothes washed there, and ask where the village was. The trail wasn't new that year, for I knew the way fine, and I managed the camp and grounds. I tried to make life more pleasant for my father, and oft times he would say, "I'm, glad you could come this summer."

Of course, I agreed, for my interest was at the end of the spring trail. We passed through Dairy Creek and then came to the lane. It was a hard day's work and very dusty for we hadn't had any rain that June. We hit the trail at 2:00 a.m. under a full moon, which seemed to be smiling and saying time would make us happy. Everything went fine until about 10:00 the next morning. The sheep got tired and hard to drive. The heat was terrible and so dry that the little lambs staggered in the sweltering heat.

We still had miles to go. The dogs were tired as well as the herders. The horses were thirsty and tired. I said to dad, "I'll go ahead and see if I can find a place to feed and let the sheep stay for the rest of the day."

He let me go and I managed to talk a fellow dry farmer to let us take the sheep and feed on some of his volunteer wheat for \$10.00. He had some water for our horses, so we stayed there. The sheep were too hot, so we had to keep them from the water until they

cooled of a little, or they would split open. It would be the next day before we got to the Gibsons where we could stay for a good rest and a good watering.

We didn't trail through Lave Hot Springs that year, and we went overland by Malad, which was a little shorter trail. We came into Bancroft from the southeast instead of west, and north way. We left by the northeast way to the 10 mile pass. This was the way to Soda Springs.

To our surprise, that country had been opened to homesteaders, so we had to follow the section lines. One day as we were passing through, I stopped, and something told me to go into a farmhouse there by the side of the trail. There were a couple inside the house and both were about 50 years of age. The little shack they lived in was small and cozy, but empty except for an old rocking chair, and a couple of homemade chairs and an old table. A small empty cupboard stood in the corner. I said I had come to make myself acquainted as we passed through. I asked them if they knew how we could go on, and not trespass on peoples property. He thanked me and said it sure wouldn't matter much for they were frozen out last year, and they didn't have much to go on with until fall crops came on. I took a quick look around, and asked them if they had anything to eat, and they said not much. They looked sick, so I, with a sad heart, departed. I told my father what I and found, and we had just killed a lamb for our food, so he said to take half of the lamb, and some flour, and canned goods.

As I approached the door, the man came and asked what I was doing. I said my father told me to bring this to you, and this \$5.00 bill for letting us pass over your land. Tears came to his eyes and he thanked me, and said we would always be welcomed to his home. He wanted us to stay all night, but we couldn't. The woman came out and she had tears in her eyes, and couldn't give enough thanks. I departed.

"Life is a measure to be filled, not a cup to be drained."

The days were getting longer, and hotter. On the 21st of June, we had about 2 ewes die and two weeks of travel left before we would be on our summer range. It looked like we would be a little late. We had to cross the Blackfoot River. While crossing, I noticed lots of fish in large schools swimming around on the bottom of the river. Some were of anew species, and I had never seen them before. We had not gone very far, when we met the forest ranger. He said someone had poisoned the river and killed lots of the fish. There were thousands dead along the bank. The stench was awful. I was sure happy to get away from there.

The next few days were plain ones as we had to go over the mountain. That evening we came to a small stream of water and the willows and brush were quite thick. The sheep just wouldn't cross. After working hard to get them across, I got quite vexed, and caught 2 sheep, and up and pulled them through the water. They were wet, and so was I, but when I got them across, there were two or 3 more that followed and it wasn't long until they all followed. "What an animal," my father use to say.

Two more days and I would be at the range station where we would be counted. When we were counted, the ranger said good luck and away he went. That evening I met

one of the lower dairy people and he was supposed to learn if I was up in these parts and if I could go for a ride with him. With a smile and some twinkle in his eye, my father said I could if I would let him come along. I said he could follow along behind if he didn't get too close to my girl. Dad was a good looking man, and just backward enough to be very popular with the ladies.

That bashfulness controlled his manners, which were very pleasant then. I said I would be glad to have him along. He never came, for I know he was kidding me. That was the first time he had ever kidded any of the family. He didn't like to be kidded himself. He never asked for praise, nor did he give any away. He let things stay the way they were.

I had high spirits when I started in my way to see the girl I had always thought of more than any other, as I rode on my gay horse. I noticed a rider coming toward me on a quiet high spirited animal, and I was sure it couldn't be a mare, and I was surprised to find the rider a girl. As I rode close, I could see it was Lucy and not the one I expected. She had heard of my arrival, so when the folks saw a strange rider she knew it was me. I shook hands with her and she was very polite and graceful. She rode a riding skirt, and she did and does now look pretty to me. I asked one question and that was, "When could I get some milk and butter?"

"If I came up to the house, I could", was my answer. There was a few minutes of silence and I knew she had some to tell me something. I asked her what was bothering her. When she told me that Hazel had a date with someone else, and that I shouldn't expect to see her that night. I thanked her. No one will ever know, nor can words express how depressed I was the next few seconds until I could gather my thought and actions.

I said that maybe I didn't come to see her anyway, but I came to see the whole family. I said that I would just drop in to the pasture there for a while. I never thought Lucy caught on how I was hurt, and I hope she will never know.

I loved Hazel, but I didn't want Lucy to know it. I was humble and prayed in my heart that I could forgive and be forgiven for writing all winter, and accomplishing nothing. I thought of the time I rode 5 miles to mail the last letter letting her know I would be up to see her that very day, two weeks ahead of time. It was milking time, but I didn't see Hazel there to milk. They gave me the butter and milk, and Lucy said goodbye. That was when she made a mistake. I didn't intend to go so fast, but just stick around. I knew that Hazel was still around, and she would have to milk her cows before she could go on her date. I learned that last year, and things hadn't changed none.

Lucy got very nervous, so I told her Hazel wouldn't have to milk her cows, and that I would do it if she had a date. There were 25 cows to milk, and that was a lot of cow, but I had a lot of experience in milking cows, and they didn't frighten me. When Lucy saw my determination, she went into the house, and Hazel came in her milking clothes and said hello.

I acted as if nothing had happened. I knew she was going on a date with another person, but there was nothing I could do about it. After milking I got my milk and butter, and rode away. When I got to camp, I told my father what had happened. He patted me on the shoulder and told me I had done the right thing. "Out smart the girls, and you'll win every time," he said. He gave me a lot of courage, and I'll never forget that.

“Be alert and always ready for the trials and heartaches, and out smart your opponents.”

I had the blues all day and the next day and it was three days before I even went near the dairy. Dad asked me to take the camp and put it down in the willows by the dairy. I did that very thing and I didn't go near the cheese house where Hazel was making cheese. I asked Lucy for some butter and she said I would have to go down to the cheese house for it. I thanked her and said I would wait til I came again. She said I wasn't going until I saw Hazel. I asked her who was going to stop me and she said only myself. She took me by the arm and got me to go along. I wasn't very hard to convince and Lucy was just the one to do it. I was treated quiet and coolish when we met. I passed if off with a smile and asked her if she had, had a good time at the dance. Lucy had disappeared and to my surprise I noticed a tear in Hazel's eyes. This softened me very much. I excused my roughness, and begged her pardon. She was making cheese and had just gotten through cutting the curd. She was depressed, so I asked her if she would go riding for an hour. I told her I would ask the boys and her mother if it would be alright. Nothing seem to help those tears.

I had longed to put my arms around her and give the comfort I wanted to, but I guess my timidness just wouldn't let me do it. I asked what I could do to help her. Her eyes met mine and asked me to forgive her for the things she had done to me the other night. I asked her to forget the past and we'd only think of the present. I realized that she couldn't get word back that she had a date for that evening and I had just been worrying about my feeling so badly. These problems are big problems in the lives of young people and hard to overcome.

I finally got courage enough to put my arm partly around her and she seemed to press close, until I had both arms around her and had kissed her tears away. At any rate the tears disappeared and together, hand in hand, we walked to the house. Lucy met us at the door and she said, “I knew you could do it.” She told me Hazel had been in a sort of coma and she couldn't do anything right. I greeted her mother with a hug and a kiss and the boys said they wondered what was the matter with Hazel lately. They always liked to tease and I told them in a high and mighty voice that I had known all along.

Things went along fine until the ball game on the 24th of July. Again it was the old game of the shepherds versus Williamsburg. Sad, but true, we were on the losing side that time and that game. During the summer I managed to hit 273 home runs. I didn't know about the dance after the 24th of July game, until I was through playing. I tried to find Hazel, but she had gone with a handsome guy and with her brothers, so I thought I was left out in the cold. I thought there wasn't a chance for me, so I didn't go to the dance. I told Lucy I wouldn't be going for I was just too slow. About two or three days later, I came to the dairy to get supplies, and I met Hazel. She told me she had waited for me to come to the dance, and because I didn't come, she said she went home early. She didn't have a date, for she had refused this date just for me. I felt bad.

I asked her to go to Freedom, for there was a dance there. It was 15 miles away from Williamsburg and by horse and buggy this was a long way. But Parley and Able, Lucy

and a Miss Frost were there, so I asked my dad if I could take one of the pack horses to go to this dance. Of course he said yes.

I told him it would be an all night journey, so not to worry. I thanked him for being so kind, for he gave me all the money he had in his pocket, even though (I told him) what I had was enough.

We hitched the horses to the buggy with a white top, and away we went. The road was pretty rough in places. Young people enjoy that part of life, and I also enjoyed every minute of it until we arrived at Freedom. The dance had been postponed on account of a death. I wasn't too disappointed, because I had someone by my side with whom I could ride miles without tiring.

On the way home, I developed a tooth ache. It was very bad, and swelled and my jaw and face were a frightening sight. Hazel did all she could for it and finally I couldn't sleep in bed. I got up and went out to the horse stable and fell asleep in the manger. When I awoke, I was a sad looking mess with a swollen face, blurry eyes, and with not much sleep.

Dad asked me if I had, had a bad night and I told him the whole story. I was a sad looking mess and pretty miserable. Not only from my toothache, but from a knife cut on my thumb that I got while whittling. That day, I went to the dairy. Hazel saw my thumb and put a bandage on it. I wished I had two or three cuts for her to bandage.

That evening I didn't get back for camp until quite late. The boys said I should wait until the moon came up before I started for home. This day, I decided to wait and Hazel and I were up until the moon was quite high. All was utter quiet and all had gone to sleep, but the two of us.

"Tis the touch, the human touch in the world that counts.
The touch of your hand and mine, which means for more
To the fainting heart than shelter, and bread and wine!
For shelter is gone when the night is over, and bread lasts only a day.
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice singing on....
In the soul always stays."

As I said good night, I rode towards the camp. Nature in it's moonlit beauty, can never be painted as true as it is quiet. The rustle of the leaves, and the whistle of the breeze through the pines break the stillness.

The tread of my horses hoof sounded like war drums echoing in the night air. The mountain air is fresh and clean to breath. The cool breeze is like a choir, as it whispers low and sweet, and the sage brush is the organ, as it is restless neath my horses feet.

The mountains in the distance form a throne of beauty rare, the only place on earth for God to reign is there.

I arrived safely to camp. The next day my father said he had worried, and I said I guess I had the noose around my neck and couldn't get loose. He smiled and he knew I was getting a little serious, from then on, he would say to me don't stay too late. As time went on, I made more trips to the dairy.

One night I left her about one o'clock in the morning. I took some milk and butter with me. I was halfway to camp when my hat rubbed off on the pine bough. I was riding a mule and when I got off to get my hat, she started to buck, and she threw the butter and milk all over. She couldn't buck the canned stuff off. Then, she didn't want me to catch her. So I started out too walk. I didn't get to camp until just before daybreak. Dad was sure I was hurt somehow and was ready to come after me. I told him of my experiences and he said not to ride the mule again to see Hazel.

Once more the summer had passed quickly and the Indian summer was on the way. The nights were cold, and the clouds had gathered for the fall rains. We were soon headed for Soda Springs to ship lambs, and again I hated to say goodbye to the girl I had grown so fond of. Oft times I would sing some of the songs that she liked and when I left her this time I sang, "Farewell to Thee."

The family gathered around and I sang the song and the chorus. I held Hazel in my arms with tears in her eyes and a lump in my throat. I just had to sing the chorus over again. This was a sad parting, not knowing when I would see her again, for Howard talked of selling his sheep. As we pulled from the dairy, I waved a fair well and was on my way. When we got to Wolley Valley, I asked dad if I could go back and see Hazel for the last time, I thought, and he said yes.

I rode the horse fast and hard for three hours. I had covered 25 miles in a little less than three hours. Hazel seemed happy to see me, but she said she did wish I had never come back because it was the parting that was hard to take. I spent most of the night with her and left the dairy about 3:30 that morning. I arrived just in time to get breakfast started and the camp moving.

We met the boss just out of the dipping corral where they and had to dip the sheep that fall on account of Schab, a disease (the disease was called scabies).** Howard said he was going to sell and wanted father and I to buy. Father was to sell the lambs, and that would make the first payment. Father and I sat up one night figuring on how much it would cost by the time we got them paid for. The astonishing figures frightened father. The sheep were \$60,000 and Howard said we could take our time to pay for them. But dad said he couldn't go in debt that far. I tried to make him see that in a year or so we could sell out if we couldn't make it, but to no avail. Well, Howard didn't sell.

I went to Malad and stayed on the ranch until the next December, then I went home and went to school until April. When school closed, I was out with the Elison and Sulton sheep until May and then I got a job at Burnmester, about 6 miles north of Grantsville, which was a Potash plant. This was just when the war broke out with England and Germany, and so many potash plants were started for gunpowder, to supply England's war needs. I worked all summer on construction, and was made foreman over a group of men. Because of my young age, the old men would not work under me. The superintendent fired them and said I knew what I was doing and he was giving the orders and that I was only following them.

The reason he made me a foreman was that I that my brother-in-law, James Orr, Reed, and myself were digging a trench 7 feet deep. It was bad ground. Nobody would go down there to dig, for fear of the mud slipping in on them. We got the trench dug to the

pipe. When it did cave in I was buried up to my arms, and Grant Reed up to his waist, and Jimmy Orr had only his head out. I had my arms free and I got out with a little help. I lost my boots and I guess they are still there. I grabbed a shovel and went to work on Jimmy. I had a hard time getting him out, but we did manage to free him in time. That is the reason I was made foreman.

When the dikes that held the lake water were built I was made Dike Foreman. I had worked long hours. I almost severed the little ring finger on my left hand. So, I was given the job of running the pumps that pumped the water from the lake to the plants there. They made salt and potash.

The fairbanks Morris Co. put the 60 horses on the Dislet pump, and Eugene guaranteed it would run over 24 hours at a time. It didn't so they sent some of the men to run it for us. My brother-in-law was to watch them and see that it never stopped. The 4 nights it ran nothing happened. I then saw it burn up on the 4th night, and the men almost lost their lives. Jimmy got burned quite badly on the face and hands. I think he carried the scar until he died. I was off shift that night, so I wasn't in danger.

Sometimes I would worked 48 hours trying to keep that pump going, for the boss said he had to have that water in the pond by the first of September. The pipe was 2 miles long, and was wooden. It leaked because of the dryness and had to soak up before it would work.

We worked to tightened the stays on the pipe whenever it leaked. We managed to get the water through the pipe 2 days before the first of September. I had worked too hard, and was quite thin. I only weighed 145 pounds, and I should have weighed 160.

I got sick, when Canada called for men to harvest their crop up there as their men all had been called to war. So 4 of us boys went up there. I had never lost any contact with Hazel, and had written to her of my doings.

I quit my job at the plant and went to Canada. I did have a good journey, and met 2 girls from Utah. They wished to go with us while we traveled. They were going to Canada to teach school and were only 18 years old. (So they said, but they weren't any less than 25.)

I was 18 at the time, and we worked hard and had a good time. We got acquainted with lots of people. I had met many fine girls, but none could compare with the one I left behind. No, I had not forgotten her, but I began to think she had found someone else, for her letters began to sound cold. The fall in Canada got cold, so in December just before Christmas in 1914, I came home by way of Bern. I stayed and stayed with Hazel and her folks for two weeks.

Her father was utterly quiet when I asked her hand in marriage, and Hazel said yes. Her father gave his consent, but as he was a little ill, he had to have Hazel there with him. She gave her promise that she would come down to Grantsville to meet my mother, but she had already met father.

The next summer I went back with the sheep. Howard didn't sell out, so I went with him. But that spring, a pal of mine and a Grantsville girl that I had taken out a time or two got married. Just before the reception, to which I was invited, I got a call to come to Aberdeen, Idaho, for the Elison and Sutton to take over some sheep. I left that evening at

8 o'clock from Tooele. It was rumored around that I felt bad that this girl had gotten married, that I couldn't stand it and was leaving before the wedding. When I got to Salt Lake, my mother wrote, and told me all about it.

I arrived in Salt Lake at 9:30 and stayed at the Daily Hotel until about 11:30 that night. I left for Aberdeen, and arrived the next day about 3 o'clock. I ate breakfast at Blackfoot, and then went by rail to Aberdeen. The month of June I found 4000 weathers (wethers) hard to herd. Two other men were there to help. I had to ride 25 miles the next day to find a shearing corral. The horse I rode was hard and tough. He bucked every morning I put the saddle on. Most of the men around were afraid, but I surely loved to ride him. When I got back that afternoon, the camp horses had broken their hobbles, and started back to their winter range in Minidoka.

I rode until my horse was a lather, and when I caught up with the horses, the sun was just about down. There were about 15 miles left until I got to camp. I never stopped those horses until we got to camp. The men didn't have any water in camp, and I strapped a keg on the saddle horse, and after I got in on, he buck so hard, I had to take it off and put it on one of the others.

I had ridden that horse 75 miles that day. I got the water and the next day we sold the sheep. We traveled from Amana Falls to Pocatello, which was about 25 miles. We were headed for Henry, Idaho.

When I got to Bancroft, I got a wire that I should ride on to Russ's corral, some 25 miles northeast, to look at some sheep. They had a big herd, and I had to see if they were any better. They were dying like flies, so Ellison and Sutton didn't buy any.

Then, I met my father at ten mile pass, and he told me he had gotten home one hour after I left for Aberdeen, and he had sent a letter with Ellison telling me that Howard had wanted me for the summer at \$50.00 a month. I ate supper with him about 6:00 in the evening, and I bid him goodbye and said I would meet him at Henry. While they were going to cut the dries.

Well, I phoned Ellison and told him I was quitting and going with my dad. He told me he would give me \$60.00 a month, but money didn't interest me, for I knew where I was going, and whom I would see when I went with Howard. I was most worried, because I hadn't heard from Hazel for a long time. I met father at the corral at Blackfoot Bridge, and he was very happy. I helped them, but here was a young fellow working for Howard who took a disliking to me.

This boy always tried to get a fight with me, so I told him if he had wanted to fight he should go to Canada. This made him mad, and he said he would throw me out of the corral. To his astonishment, I had him pinned to the ground so fast he didn't know what had happened. Then he really wanted to fight, but Howard came and told him if that was all he came for, he had better leave. The next day he left. Father said he was always getting into trouble with someone lagging along the way.

I was very much pleased to know I was going close to the girl I loved, but I got a real setback. I thought I had Hazel all tied up, but she gave back my ring. The shock was terrible. She said it was because of another fellow. I went to camp again, wishing I had stayed away. I prayed about it and this gave me courage.

My father was shocked too, when I told him, for he asked me when we were going to get married, and I told him I guessed it was all upset. All during July, I played ball and other things to try and win her back again. We all went to a dance and this fellow who Hazel was going with got too much to drink and I must admire Hazel for this was something she would not tolerate and I got the next date with her.

The fellow had a model T Ford and I think that this was what she wanted more than the man. The family was on my side, and I had a hard time giving Hazel her way all the time. If ever a prayer was answered, it was when I asked the Lord for guidance in choosing a helpmate, and before summer was over, she had accepted the ring back.

The war broke out in 1917, and I was registered in Class A. I knew that I was spending my last summer up there for a while. Then we tried to set a date to get married, but every time we talked, the war came up in our conversation. She and I discussed whether it would be best to take the chance of her becoming a widow, or of her marrying someone else if she were single. The summer went by faster than any other summer we had spent together. That fall, it was harder to part than any of the others, for I expected to be called into the arena of war soon. As I said good by, she held onto me like a lifeboat in a raging river. Yes, we parted with tears in our eyes, and promised we would never let anything part us again. That settled it, and we parted.

That winter, I looked for a call from uncle (Uncle Sam), but it never came. I bailed hay that winter, and spring, and in the year 1918, Hazel and I were married. Her father had died the year before, and I promised I would take her through the temple for time and all eternity. How lovely she looked in her wedding gown. My Aunt Anne made it, and it was beautiful. The one who wore it was more so. Those gay thrills, the happiness, I never hope to experience again. My father and mother were with us through the temple. A new era in our lives had begun. I went to work for a brother-in-law, Hale Dansie, for his hired man had been called to war.

I worked all summer, and had to report each month. I was called on August 28, 1918. A sick feeling came over me, but I managed to choke it down. I had to report at Tooele, so I left Riverton and went to Grantsville to say goodbye to the family. My brother Will was there, and he was going to teach school at Cowley, Wyoming. I bid him goodbye, and he said I would come back if I kept the commandments of the Lord. This was the last time I saw him, for he died in November that same year of the flu.

My wife and I saw each other for the last time in Salt Lake. I reported in Tooele, and left for Salt Lake about 4 o'clock. Arrived at 5:00, and ate at 6:30. Parting from my wife was a trial, and sadness, I had never experienced before. It seemed it would tear my heart right out, for Hazel clung to me until the train was pulling away. An officer had to pull her away from me. I was blinded by the aches in my heart for her. I sang a song I used to sing her when times were rough, "Farewell To Thee". Boys cried, sweethearts brushed the tears away quickly as if ashamed. As I got to the chorus, everyone joined in.

farewell."

(I was able to find a loose paper with the words to the whole song in a journal.)

“We must part, our golden dream is ended and, love’s tender ties we now must sever, gone the hours, when down loves path we roamed, all those golden hours can never return.

Chorus: Farewell dear friend, I love you so. That to say
 goodby brings grief no words can tell. My love is
 yours, for well or woe. Dear friend of mine.

Think of me when oceans wide divide us, fond memories of the past
recalling love will live what ever may be tide us, if our hearts - be true what
eir be fall.”

Lucy was with Hazel to give her support, and it took both of them to give support to me. The train moved slowly and the sun set glowed from the Great Salt Lake. It shone over the blue like a thousand rainbows lit up.

I was put in charge of about 150 men. I had to see that they all got there, and had to check their names once or twice. I had a time with some of the boys, for they got drunk, and wanted to go back home. I managed to get them at the reporting station at Fort Lewis, Washington.

At Fort Lewis, I reported to the officers, and the names of the boys were given to a captain. The boys were all accounted for, and the officer praised me for a job well done. Of course, I had fellow helpers with me, and I told the officer they were the ones who gave me the support.

We were mustered in the formal rotation, and listened to the commands and the instruction given us, and when it came time to answer a few questions, I guess I got smart. One man asked me if I had ever driven horses. I answered yes. He asked, “How many?” I said I had driven 600 of them at a time. “All at one time?” he asked in surprise.

I said, “Yes, sir.” He asked me how I did it, and I said with another horse, which I rode behind the herd. He told me I was smart. I could see he didn’t like my answer, but nevertheless, it was true. He told me to go into another room, and report to the commanding officer. I reported, but didn’t tell the officer how many horses I had driven, but just that I had driven horses. I thought I was in for some kind of punishment. I was given the IQ test there, and I must have passed, for I was put into a training school to learn wireless, telegraphy, code sending, signaling, and target practice. Also, how to fire heavy artillery. The later, we didn’t have while going through the basic training. I wasn’t punished.

One day, a Sargent asked who could work a typewrite. I, and a bunch of other fellows raised our hands. We spent the day unloading a railroad car of typewriters. I never volunteered for anything again, for I had learned by this lesson.

I peeled potatoes, and did K. P. with the rest of them, polished the grounds, but never, did I have to pick up any cigarette butts. The reason for this was one day I asked the captain why I had to pick them up, for I never used cigarettes. The captain told me never to pick them up, just stamp them in the ground, and he would try to get me a job

better suited for me. He got me a job in the kitchen, and I didn't mind that part of K. P. I got what I wanted to eat, and all the bad soldiers had to scrub the floors, and do the other hard jobs.

The mess Sargent got to liking me, and when I told him I was married to a girl from Idaho, he and I became good friends, for he was from Boise. He would say for me to go into the officers' storerooms, and don't show up until meal time. That would be my assignment for the day. I could finish that work in 2 or 3 hours, and then would be free for the rest of the day.

I often hired out to those who had to take their turn at K.P. but only to those who could afford to pay me. I sometimes would make 8 to 10 dollars a day. I sent it home to my wife for 3 long months. She didn't get any money from the government other than half of my salary. I got \$30.00 a month. \$15.00 went to my wife, \$8.75 went for insurance, and I got what was left. It didn't amount to very much, and I payed my tithing out of what was left, so I didn't have much. I didn't need much for boys that had money sometimes got into a lot of grief. When we got out of basic, we got word we were going to leave Fort Lewis and everybody had to pack. We all met at the train, and one of the boys broke out with the smallpox, and we were all sent back and quarantined.

During this time my brother Will died, and I asked if I could go home. The captain said yes, and then the flu broke out. I received a telegram from my father telling me not to come, for the flu was so bad. I wouldn't be permitted to open up Will's casket.

I felt badly about Will, for I shall never forget what he said when I bid him my goodbye. The boys in camp offered all the help I needed, and I thanked them for their kindness, and for their help in keeping my spirits. I felt pretty low, and then I got word that my wife had the flu, and was quite bad. I hadn't heard from home for four days, and I got disheartened and quite sick, despondent, wanting to get away from it all. The boys around me did all they could to cheer me up and get me back on my feet again.

Life without strain would make me weak, and with everybody in a big hurry one doesn't have time for deeds of worth. It makes one wonder if God mapped out this mixed up plan.

A group of boys were working with the wireless machine and we got a message that the cease firing command was given, and World War One was ended! The officers said it was a perfect setup, and the machine was confiscated. We all received a good lecture, and K.P. We were lucky we didn't get more, for it was a court martial offence.

With this signed, we were given furlough, and leaves. I didn't want to go to my home until I could stay, so I did the K.P. for the boys who wanted to get home. Of course I was paid the price I wanted by some of them. I got a goodbye and easy work from 4 a.m. to 10 p.m.

One Sunday afternoon, the boys held a religious gathering in the barracks. I heard many men get up and bear their testimony. They were not of our faith, but they gave very good talks. A man named Lewis, he was also from Saint Lewis, and here at Fort Lewis, gave a wonderful talk. He bunked right next to me, and we had wonderful talks about Mormonism. In his talk, he said if he were to follow more closely the bible, he would join a church that lived it so well as our church did. That religion taught honesty and

trustworthiness. There were only one or two among us, and looking at me, he put his hand on my shoulder. I could have sunk through the floor. I guess I did turn all the colors of the rainbow. I did thank him, but this was one answer and fulfillment for my blessing given me, that I would preach the gospel by my character and living the gospel.

I am not afraid of tomorrow, for I have seen yesterday. We forget that sunlight tomorrow, for I have seen night. For every day there is a night. For every new joy there is pain. For every laugh there is a sob. Progress is never a straight line upward. Always it is up a little, down a little, and then around. Then will today's sorrows, and tomorrow's disappointments ring forth in a major key as a great and glorious melody. Who had kept me on the highway of life....my parents, my dear wife who was fighting bravely the ills of life, all to give me salvation from this unforgettable world.

The time went slowly on, until one day the commanding officer came, and said we would, or at least some of us, would go to the mustering office the next morning. They didn't get to the S's and it looked like I would be there a long time. Everyone was instructed to leave their personal belongings with the Sargent's desk. When the boys came back, some of the boys wallets had been stolen, for there someone had gotten into the office and gotten away with the money. The next muster, the men asked me if I would take care of their personal belongings. I felt honored, and refused at first, but they persisted, and I asked them why they could trust me. In reply they said they had been watching me very closely and they knew I could be trusted with anything they had. I said if they knew I was a Mormon, and that Mormons didn't have a very good reputation of being honest, and they only laughed and said if they were like me, they could all be trusted.

I felt they were putting me on the spot, but finally I submitted, and I had to take out all my clothes from my suitcase, and I had it full of their belongings. I made them put their names on a paper, and sign for their wallets when they came back. I never slept that night, or any night I was responsible for their belongings. One of the boys had \$1000, and another a diamond ring worth \$500 and many had watches and cameras. I returned all in good shape, and I did thank my Heavenly Father for the protection that I was able to be born of goodly parents and to be blessed with a good and lovely wife, for I felt her prayers often while I was making decisions.

I was soon discharged and I left, bidding my comrades goodby, for I had fulfilled my mission to Uncle Sam. I arrived at Montpelier, Idaho at 2 a.m. February 27. There was no snow on the ground, so I decided to take a walk.

It was only about 4 miles to Bern, so I told the station agent to take care of my baggage, and left on foot. A short distance from Bern, I could see a light in the house, and I was sure that they were expecting me, but about a mile from the house the light went out.

As I arrived closer to the house, my heart beat rapidly, and as I came to the door, I kicked a milk can. My big marching shoes! I was very careful in walking up the stairs, but as careful as I was, I kicked a chair right across the room. It seemed that a bombshell had exploded. It seemed that every door in the house came open. All I heard was, "Who's there?"

Before I knew it, the light came on, and I was greeted with a million kisses and hugs. The one that I had expected wasn't there. I guess I looked very disappointed, for

Lucy and her mother gave me a scare when I asked if Hazel was upstairs. They told me that Parley's girl friend was up there. I was stunned for a second, for I had been on my way up the stairs. Everybody was talking at once, and finally I got it straight. Hazel was with her sister, Julia, who was very sick and Hazel was just over the flu. I walked through the field with Lucy. As I opened the door, I gave them a surprise, all was still for a few seconds.

My wife Hazel, was laying on a couch with tears streaming down her cheeks. I gently took her in my arms, and for a few moments heaven couldn't have been any other place. As I arose from the bedside, Lucy remembered the parting, and now the reunion. Tears were in her eyes, and I kissed them away too. I met Julia's husband and his eyes were wet, for Julia, sick as she was, had expressed her happiness too. I went to Julia's bed, and took her in my arms. As I heard her say she was happy for both of us. I kissed her for the last time for her life was muffed out with the flu a few days later. She left two children and took one with her, for it had died of the flu also. I pay tribute to Julia with this verse:

Then let my deeds and acts be true, my love sincere and deep,
that I may bring these treasures back in thoughts which I would keep.
God gave a wonderful woman, and he taketh her away again.

The two children, Verona and LaNor lived with us for a while. Hazel recovered and I went to work for Parley and Able. That summer, and the following spring, Hazel and I went to Grantsville on a visit to see my father and mother. When we arrived, father was out with the sheep at Dell, about 30 miles west of Grantsville.

My brother-in-law, James Orr, had a wonderful model T. My mother, sister, Nellia, my wife, and I took a trip with Jimmy to Dell. The roads were good, that old mud flat was tricky. It looked very smooth, but as Jimmy drove to it, our car went down and we had a hard time getting back on the road.

We pushed and strained, until we finally got it back onto the road and were on our way. We found dad at Dell, and he was very glad to see us. This was the first time in my life I saw my father with tears in his eyes. I told him some of my experiences and we had a good visit. I started back to Grantsville, and we had a flat. It took a little time to get the tire changed. Hazel and I left Grantsville, and soon arrived at Bern. Hazel had gotten quite sick, and I took her to the doctor. To our surprise, we were to expect a new arrival. It was joy to our hearts. But the trials were hardships to Hazel. I kept were I could watch her for the next few months. I watched her every night and whenever I could be with her. I gave her the courage and faith that it takes to hold on to life. It seemed like years, and her cheeks became pale, and her eyes sunken. She asked me to pray for her and I knelt down many times at her bedside to ask God to help her. To help her bear a child, one that would bear our name. One that would attend church, and keep His laws and commandments.

Hazel gained a little strength after that and during a house cleaning, they were burning rubbish in a little heater in the front room. By mistake, a shotgun shell was placed in the fire, and it exploded. Five pelts went into Hazel's body. The doctor was called and I was driving cattle to the bottom lands. When word came, I arrived home about the same time the doctor and nurse came. I was nervous, but Hazel was calm, for there were no bad

results.

That spring before the baby was born, Lucy and Parley had gotten married. I helped George, Lucy's husband out to the dairy to drive cattle. We arrived at the dairy some 50 miles from Bern. It took us about 8 days. I cooked along the way and helped drive the cattle. On our arrival, a rather trying incident happened.

We were about to eat breakfast one morning. I had gotten some buttermilk from the lower dairy, but I poured it in a glass jar. I tried to get George to eat some, but he said he had never like it and never would.

I poured myself a glassful, and drank it down. Again I tried to get George to drink some, but again he said he wouldn't. I poured myself some more, but as I did, a fat mouse came out with the milk into my glass. I didn't have to have anyone tell me I turned pale, but I looked at George, and he didn't look much better. We both ate a very light breakfast. It was about a week before we ate anything much. But I still like to tell this experience. I always check my buttermilk before I drink it.

November 21, 1919, Ray was born. Hazel was in labor for 24 hours, and again the faith and prayers were in her behalf. The joy we had was wonderful. But once more Hazel wasn't feeling good, and the doctor said she had a goiter that was destroying her health. I took her to a chiropractor, (chiropractor) and he gave some treatment. She seemed to get back to her color, and felt fine again.

Ray was a good boy, noisy sometimes, but I guess all are noisy sometimes. The following, Hazel, Ray, Parley, and Hilda, his wife, went to the dairy. We had a good time, and I had forgotten the job of herding the cattle for the MacFarland Cattle company.

Parley and Hilda went back to Bern, and took over there. We would milk a few cows. And take the milk down to the middle dairy. Hazel's brother will run that dairy. We got cheese once a month from the cows I milked. We would hitch up the saddle horses to the white top carriage, and go to Wayne, about 15 miles away to get our groceries.

I rode the fence line every day but Sunday. Hazel and Ray, (and myself) would go for a ride to get the cattle that had gotten out of the fence, and sometimes we would cook our dinner out in the open. These were happy days, for the pleasure of life, and the wide open spaces, blue sky, and sunshine, and just as we were the happiest family ever. But, August, the Haymen, were wanting me to help put up hay. I called Parley, and he said he would bring a team from Bern, and I could go to work for Mr. Store. Mr. Store was Parley's father-in-law and he was a good, kind man. I liked him very much and everything was going to be fine.

One morning I awoke from a bad dream about 2 a.m. It was concerning my father. I was quite concerned about it, and it worried me so I couldn't sleep. I thought of my son Ray, for a few days before he had fallen out of bed, and blackened his eye, and his mother was worried so about him. He had gotten along OK.

I couldn't content myself, so I got up and watered and fed the horses, and I harnessed them, and milked 2 cows, when Mr. Store came out and asked me what the matter was. I told him I had a very bad dream, and I didn't know what was wrong. I related the dream to him. I had dreamed of a passenger train coming out of the canyon just southwest of his field, and not far from the house. As the train drew near, I saw a man

standing on one of the steps of the middle coaches. I was standing on the porch of the house, and as the train came nearer I could see this man was my father and he was waving for me to come to him. As I was about to step off the porch there were so many people that I couldn't get off the porch, and so the train went down the valley and out of sight.

Mr. Store laughed at me for such a dream, and so after breakfast, I went out in the field to work. At about 9:30, one of his daughters came and said I was wanted on the phone. Mr. Store came with me for I could see that he was worried too. I picked up the phone, and my hand trembled somewhat.

I heard Johnny, Hazel's brother say I was wanted home at Grantsville, for they had been trying to get me for 2 days. My father had just gotten killed. I wasn't shocked as badly as I would have been, if I hadn't been warned that something was wrong in my dream. My father was the only one that had know where to locate me. I had been pretty close to my father the past 6 years, and I knew that he had been given a chance to warn me of trouble. Hazel and Ray were at Johnny's to meet me. Charles Steadman, a sheepman, took us to Soda Springs to catch a train. We got there just a few minutes to spare. There we met Jessie Dredge, a brother-in-law. He never liked me, because after his wife died, he tried to get Hazel to marry him. He told her I didn't have any money, and he could do so much for her, but Hazel had refused, and he had hard feelings against me.

He knew my father, and he expressed his sympathy. I don't think he was very sincere, but the train came, and so we left Soda, and when we got to McCammon, Idaho, there were 4 hours that we had to wait. It was very hot, so we got a room at a little rooming house, and Ray was cutting teeth, and he was cross. After I walked the floor for almost an hour, the train came.

By the time we got Ray to sleep, we arrived at Salt Lake, and had a few hours layover, and then were on our way for Burmister, Utah, which was where the station we got off at and traveled by truck 6 miles to Grantsville. When we arrived they told us they had waited to hear from me, and held up the service an extra day.

They had a nice funeral, and many of his friends were there, along with his brothers, and his sister, Beatrice. My father was 52, a young man, and my dear mother had three children who were school age. It looked like it would be a struggle for her. But, through her years, she had struggled and she was well experienced for the task. Her life had been one of hardships. Death has no real terror to any true Latter-day Saint. A true faithful Mormon has been blessed with a testimony of the divinity of the work, and he knows that when he passes to the other side he will have an eternity of joy and happiness. No true or nobler parents have lived in such a humble home. After the funeral, Hazel, Ray, and I went back to Williamsburg to the range to prepare the place for winter. It would be about 2 or 3 weeks. Leaving Bern early one morning, I rode on horseback to Georgetown, up over to Slug Creek. It was about 25 to 30 miles from Bern. There was a log cabin there, so most travelers stopped overnight at that place. There was no one living there at the time, so I put my horse in the barn, and I slept on my saddle blanket, and used my saddle for a pillow.

Early the next morning I arose, and left for Williamsburg. As I crossed the valley, I

noticed a lot of sheep lying dead. I got off my horse and examined one of them. To my surprise, they had been killed by a wolf. There were about 150 of them. I could tell it was a wolf, because a Coyote never tears the sheep's throat, but a Wolf tears the throat and side. A bear rips them open, and a cat leaps on their backs, and head. As I traveled a little ways longer, I saw the herder. He said that night a wolf pack had got to them, and before he could do anything about it, they had killed 150 head of his sheep.

A trapper was called immediately to try and destroy the wolf pack. A thousand dollar reward was offered for the killers. Mr. Dummings, who was an experienced hunter, and trapper of wolf, coyote, bear, and cats, took the job. I was acquainted with this man, and he told me a wolf was very smart. You had to know how to outfox them and know their habits. I went on my way. It was a very beautiful day, and quite sunny. It was a little hazy and I guess Indian summer was on it's way. The hills and canyons were just beginning to take on their autumn color, and the cold crisp air of the evening reminded me of the approaching winter.

I arrived at the lower dairy at about dusk, and to my surprise, I found Lucy there. I asked her what she had come up for and she said to see Hazel and I. Of course, Parley and Hilda were up at the upper dairy, so we got horses from John and rode another five miles to home.

When we arrived, Parley and Hilda were visiting with someone else, so we were alone. After arriving there, Lucy prepared supper, and while eating supper, a sheepman and his wife by the name of Jensen came to stay over the night. It seemed this was the headquarters for sheep men while passing through. We knew them well, and when they arrived, they looked with surprise when Lucy and I were alone and asked if I had married Lucy or Hazel.

I could see the twinkle in Lucy's eyes, and I asked them why did they think I would be alone with Lucy if I were her brother-in-law? They couldn't figure this out. I had been married to Hazel they were almost sure, but now they weren't so sure.

Lucy was rather embarrassed, but she went along with me. When Parley and Hilda came home, they broke the ice, and of course we were in the midst of a flame of gossip, but it didn't materialize for very long. Along the line we had stopped and chatted with the folks, and Lucy had left a few days later, and went to Bern. I stayed to rap things up with the dairy and the cattle were driven away for the winter, and Parley and Hilda, and I came into Bern. Lucy's baby was born at Bern and she did suffer awful. It was an instrument case, and the baby didn't live. Lucy wasn't expected to live, but by the power of faith and the priesthood, the Lord made her whole and she lived to raise a large family.

"Let others share you sunny days, and you will be glad to let them share yours with you."

We arrived at Bern late that fall, and Able had brought some cattle. I herded them down along the river until they could sell some of them. They lost money on them, so I had to look for another job. I stayed until early march and left for Grantsville to do some farming. I put in beets that year, and bought myself a good team of horses, and a wagon. I had a nice team of sorrels, mares, and I thought a lot of them.

I could turn them out anywhere and all I had to do was call them and they would always come to me. I never had any trouble with them. They were a good all around team. I grew to love to drive them. My beets were a failure that year. The white fly got into them, and no one knew what to do with them, so I lost so heavily that I had to go to work somewhere else.

I got a job at Burnister and I worked there until the following fall. That job ran out, so I decided to get my team ready to pull beets for my brother, Frank. That fall, another son Theron was born. It was November 10th, 1921. His mother had a very hard time of it and it was some time before she seemed to come out of it, for her health seemed to give out with her, and I had hoped to get her to some good doctors. I got a job with my team, and did manage to pull through the winter. In the spring, I managed to get a job at Burnister again working for the railroad. I moved down there for the summer, and my brother, Frank worked my team. That fall I was getting my horse in shape to pull beets, and I had only 2 weeks more to work for the railroad. I came home one night late as they had a rail go out near quitting time, so we had to stay on our time to repair it.

The sadness I encounterer when I arrived home that evening was frightening. Hazel was crying, and my aunt Lillian was in tears, and my mother looked quite gloomy. I asked what had happened that meant for everybody look like their last friend had betrayed them. They finally got enough courage to tell me that one of my horses had died. It was a shock to me, for I had thought of raising colts, and I had them bred. I tried to keep from showing my feelings, and disappointment, and as I got to where they were, I had to shed a few tears. It was dark, and no one did see my tears.

The horse had been killed, and I wondered who could have done such a thing. The horse had been poisoned, and I didn't know anyone who hated me enough to take it out on a poor defenseless animal.

The whole of Grantsville knew about the thing the next morning. Many people come to see them and I couldn't tell whether they were friends or enemies. My brother Frank and I hauled it away. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

That fall, one of my pigs died, and I lost about 50 chickens from the rats. I left Grantsville, and got a job at Lark, Utah. This was a mining town and I worked for the Ohio Copper Co. I moved to Harriman about 5 miles away from the town of Lark. I worked these mines making copper. Putting tin in the copper water, and the tin would gather the copper out of the water, and the copper would drop to the bottom of the boxes and we would turn the water out of the boxes into the other side of the great tunnel. Then we would empty the copper from the boxes into small cars there. The cars would be pulled out with an electric motor, and loaded to rail cars. My hair turned green, and my underwear. I would get green all over.

I lost my appetite and couldn't eat. I lost weight and it was hot where I worked. Norma was born in Harriman in 1923, November 12th. Hazel's health wasn't any better, and she had an appendicitis attack the month before Norma was born. We rushed her to the doctor, and they said it was her or the baby. I knelt down and prayed like I had never prayed before. I asked the Bishop of the Harriman Ward if they would pray for her, and Bishop Crane said he would and so the baby went her full time, but her health was slowly

failing. She didn't seem to gain her full color again. I kept work at the mine. I had to take her and the baby to the doctor quite often. But after a year she seemed to gain her health back and when she had to go and be operated for appendicitis, then Dale was born, December 13, 1925.

This was a trying time for Hazel. Dale was born wrong, and the doctor had to take 7 minutes to free Dale. He was very concerned about both the mother and the baby. I gave all the faith I had for both of them, and by the skill of the doctor and of the nurses, they were both saved.

Soon, we were a happy family again. Dale was a bright eyed boy, making us happy each day that he grew. Hazel was feeling fine, until one day she and all of us came down with the flu. We all moved in, one at a time, to another in Will Bodell's home. I got help from Hazel's sister, Agnes. Then, Uris Bodell, and Agnes came in and doctored us as it snowed, and the wind drifted across the Harriman Flats. No one could get through and I phoned my mother to come from Grantsville. My brother, Homer, came with her and he had a Ford Bug, or so they were called, just a car, stripped down. He came right over those drifts and my mother took over, for we were all sick. Theron had pneumonia and I wasn't good myself. The next day, the doctor came and said we had all had a very close call, as Theron and myself were very sick.

At this point, I shall tell a story of how the angels were very near me as Theron and myself were very sick. I could hear Agnes and Miss Bodell talk to me, but I couldn't answer back. I stood near my bed as they worked over my body, suffering with a very bad case of flu. After awhile I slept and when I awoke, I asked how the others were. I was in bed 21 days. Hazel had a very bad case of throat trouble, and she seemed to never get entirely over it. For weeks and months she was pale, and the prayers of faith of others were manifested to us when they gathered in their different homes, and offered prayers in our behalf.

The following is a memory that George Stephen's granddaughter, Shirley, had when he told her mother, Neva about his experience with the angels.

"The most school I ever missed was while I was in fourth grade. I had an infection in my neck that was so painful I couldn't move. I would just lie on the couch and if anyone jerked me or made me move I would scream in pain. It lasted for about two weeks and then finally as mysteriously as it came, it left. About that time, Grandpa Smith came to visit us, and I remember him telling Mom the story of his illness with the flu and high fever. He said he remembered Hazel, Grandma Smith, Aunt Agnes, and Aunt Alice working with him on the kitchen table trying to sponge bathe his fever down. He said he was in such severe pain and he became unconscious. About the time the women around him grew frantic, he said he felt the pain leave his body, but that he could also see them working on his body. He said he felt as if he were floating up above himself and them and could see their every move. He realized that his wife and her sisters were crying as they began to rub and cool bathe him. It was because of the compassion he felt for them in their sadness that he chose to return back to his pain. Why I remember Grandpa's story at such an early age, I don't know, but it's just as clear today as if it were yesterday."

I'm not sure if it was second or fourth grade. My journal says 4th, for some reason I remember it was 2nd because the teacher I had. Anyway, I was young. Can't add much more to it, except that I was profoundly touched by the depth of feeling with which he told mom his story; as if it was a most sacred and tender experience. Grandpa was a soft spoken man.

I never saw Grandpa upset except one time (this is not in my journal) when Wilma & I were playing in Grandpa & Grandma's backyard (across from Grantite HS). It had to be before I was 7 because Grandma was still alive...I know we were very young. I spotted an oil can stuck between two large branches of a tree. I wondered what it was. By pressing the bottom and tipping the can, a drop of oil appeared. I decided to oil the trees. I know Wilma was just an "innocent by-stander." I know I'd oiled several knot holes and places I could reach when Grandpa caught me by the arm and asked me what I was doing in a very loud voice. He was angry, I could tell because he yelled at me for the first time I ever remember. I know I must have cried. Him being angry and displeased with me was punishment enough, because I don't remember what else he did...if anything. I may have had to sit in a corner, but I only remember wanting to NEVER have him unhappy with me ever again. Shirley

Now to continue with the history.

We own a great debt to our parents for the life, love, growth, learning, guidance, and inspiration they have given us. Our friends must not be left out for the joy and help they gave us.

Spring came, and I couldn't seem to snap out of it as I was getting no better. So I bid farewell to the mines, and went to work for George Dansie at Riverton. We moved into a house that had been papered, and cleaned at least we thought it had. But the first night, we discovered that the nice clean paper had been put on right over all the bedbugs in Riverton, so for weeks we forgot sleep, and killed bedbugs by the thousands. I had a hard time working on the farm, as I worked so long underground that the fresh air was very hard to get enough of. It took about all summer to get used to it, but we were happier and so things were going along quite well.

Theron developed a hernia, and we took him to the hospital and he was operated on. Hazel was very good in helping, and watching an operation. But when it came to her own kin, she couldn't take it. The punishment that Theron was going through was too much for her, so I went in place of her.

The operation was a successful one. That winter Ray came home from school with the measles, and so it went through the family one by one. After that came the chicken pox. Hazel had worked hard and long with the children.

Once she got sick and I took her to the doctor and they rushed her to the hospital with adhesions. The operation was again a success, but again she never seemed to regain her health.

The next fall, I got out of work, and so I moved to Harriman, and went to work for the U.S. mines. I worked for two years, and then moved to Salt Lake City. There, I went into a

lunch stand business, and Hazel worked very hard.

Later, I got a job at the Royal Laundry, and I drove a truck, and solicited for laundry. We both worked hard to keep up the business. We were there about 2 years, and Hazel's health seemed to break.

One day, she began to hemorrhage and I took her to a doctor, and she said he would try to remove the objects that were causing her to hemorrhage. She got a lot worse the more medicine the doctor gave. I called my mother and she said to change doctors. I did and our doctor, D. E. Smith, rushed her to the LDS. Hospital and operated. He said it was a tubular pregnancy. I witnessed the operation, they opened her up and took all her entrails out and washed them. They were covered with blood. I wasn't so sure whether she would ever come out of it.

The next year, she had the very same thing happen again. And again the power of the priesthood was manifest into all the healing powers. So grateful we were for her life that we knelt down in prayer and had thanks for the life God had given her, for she had made a home of loveliness and beauty.

“You can't control the length of your life, but you can control it's width and depth. You can't control the contour of your countenance, but you can control its expression.”

Hazel's improvement was slow, and the children gave all their attention to keeping house, and in expression of appreciation for her being with us again. We moved from the 17th south eating stand, and bought a home at 10th East and 3200 South. It was a new home of red brick. We were happy with the home. I planted lawn, flowers, and built a chicken coop.

The spring of '31, I bought 1500 baby chicks, and had very good luck with them. Brother Mather financed me, and he bought the roosters and eggs. I was going along fine, when Hazel took bad with a goiter. It would suffocate her and I would have to carry her right out side in order for her to catch her breath. She finally decided to have it out. I had asked her to have it out before but she wouldn't have it out. I didn't have very much sway, so I had taken her to Dr. Smith. He operated and she was kept in the hospital for 30 days. Before the operation, because of her weakened condition, Dr. Smith and I administered. Dr. Smith sealed the anointing.

The operation was successful, but Dr. Smith was worried, so he stayed at the hospital all night where he could be called any time he was needed. At 4:00 a.m. I was called by the hospital to come, so I left the children that morning, but before I left, I woke them up, and told them mother was very sick and before I left we would have a prayer. Dale, the youngest of the family asked to say the prayer and in the prayer he asked Heavenly Father to bring back his wonderful mother to our home and make her well and be good to her. With tears in my eyes, I assured him our Father in Heaven would hear and answer his prayer. I arrived at the hospital about 5. Hazel was very sick but had rallied. Doctor Smith said they had a hard time keeping her going but about 4:30 she seemed to start to come out of it and showed some improvements. After that she made wonderful

progress and in 3 days she came home. Again we knelt in prayer and thanked God for giving our mother back home again.

“How could a boy be very bad having a mother like you,
How could be hurt the heart of her,
Of one who lived for him,
How could a girl help and make good?
How could she help but still build for that which is her duty?
How can a mother’s children pay her for her life,
And love, and light,
If they forget the teachings of her humble home.”

The depression had hit the nation, and slowly the work and wages were being taken away from families, and people were suffering from want of food. My wages went down, and I wasn’t able to make the payments on my home. The laundry business was almost at a stand still. I looked and decided we would have to move from our happy home. The doctor and hospital bills had piled up and I needed my teeth taken care of.

I went to the dentist, and he said I should have them pulled. I went one evening after work and they gave me gas and I passed out. They had pulled out only my front top teeth and then I was brought out of the gas. I found myself on the floor. They had to give me (artificial) respiration to bring me out of it. I went back after a week or so and had them all taken out with just a local.

I went to work that afternoon. The boys helped me so I made out OK. We moved from our 10th East home and bought a piece of ground on 5th East across from the Granite School grounds. I was still working with the laundry so I built a small 2 room house. We were crowded but we seemed happy and raised a garden.

Ray had saved up \$14.00 and we were in the livestock business. I got a chance to buy a cow and borrowed the money from Ray. Then I rented the piece of ground next to me and I farmed out of it for a year. Then I planted it in grass. I allowed the boys and girls of all ages to come there and so many of them came that I could always find my children at home.

Many of the neighbors could find their children playing there. Some played basketball, some football, and some baseball. I would join in with them once in a while, or straighten out some of their arguments.

Time went by and some years were harder than others. We all worked hard to keep from getting off the payroll. I left the laundry and was called into the Post Office. I had taken an examination 2 year before.

The war came and it looked like my boys were going to be called. Ray was married and 2 of his children were born. Theron was going to college and he was called on a mission. I was getting such a low wage from the Post Office I trusted the Lord to give me the opportunity to work enough to keep him on the mission. He left with just enough money to get him to his headquarters. I came home from the rail station and that evening my wife and I knelt down in prayer and asked our Father in Heaven to give us strength to work out

a plan so we could keep him on his mission. We prayed that he would fill an honorable service for the people he represented.

A few days after that our prayers began to be answered. Our 2 cows seem to produce more milk and people would stop and ask if they could buy milk. I got a job driving truck to haul mail before I went working at the Post Office in the afternoon. This increased our income, so we not only kept Theron on his mission, but finished building on to our house. We were able to put the bathroom and furnace in and before Theron came home, we had just about payed for a good share of our doctor and hospital bills. I finally got a raise at the Post Office and they increased my hours from 5 to 8 hours a day. That doubled my wages and so we were found (blessed) beyond expectation. The Lord does answer prayers.

One day Dale came home from school and said he was enlisting in the Navy and wanted us to sign for him. He was only 17 and the war was in full swing. He did and in November he left for the Navy. Ray already had been in for a year and Theron was expected home from his mission in May. So we would soon be alone. Norma was married and within a short span in life we were all alone again.

Theron came back in May and he was married to Neva Harper in June and left for the army that same month. Neva went back to New Jersey and Theron went to Fort Ord, California. After this he came home and Neva met him and they went to North Carolina to visit. After this he was shipped out to the Phillippines and Neva came back to our place to live.

Dale, Norma, Margaret, Neva
(head behind Margaret)

Theron, George Stephen, Hazel in
front of Theron & George

Roger in George's arms,
Linda & Susan in front.

A talk given at the funeral of
Charlotte Rachael Anderson
(George's mother)

Who is my neighbor? Then
Jesus told of the good Samaritan,
who saw a man who had fell by



the way after robbers had seen the man and passed on the other side of the road. The Samaritan bound his wounds, put him on his own beast, and took him to an Inn. There he gave the Innkeeper money to take care of him & if he needed more he would give it to him when he returned and Jesus asked the man which of these proved a good neighbor? Then the man answered "he who showed mercy on him" and Jesus said to him, "go and do likewise."

This has been the policy of our mother, a soul with unseen riches, lovely voice, and blessed music, glorious beauty, good will, and true love, real happiness in her dreams of eternal life. This she expressed to when I was out to see her last,

I want to tell you that I have one of the best families in the world. They have there faults, but I know they will over come most of them, & be able to join me in the eternal life to come.

I don't think that I could find words to express my appreciation, of my mothers love for us all. She was not only thinking of us, but she believed in being interested in others, their welfare, their homes, and families. Keep an open mind on all debatable questions, discuss, but don't argue, "if you have virtues, let them speak for themselves. Refuse to talk of another's vices. Be careful of another's feelings. Pay no attention to ill natural remarks about yourself. Live that nobody will believe them. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs you. Always keep the corners of your mouth turned up, keep you chin up, keep skids chains on your tongue, always say less than you think.

Of what real value is this materialistic progress of which we boast, if we do not know how to live? If falsehood and lying and expediency are permissible, then our moral core is softening and our peril is great indeed. Your task is not to find excuses, but to repair the broken, to strengthen the weak. To win back the wavering, to carry forward the banner of a clean and decent living and opportunity seem to have an uncanny habit of favoring those who have paid the price of years of preparation and no one is ever useless so long as she retains her mental vigor though she maybe physically handicapped. Try not to complain of her physical ailments, be as cheerful as sunshine, as firm as the right of gravitation, and as willing to change, when convinced, as the weather.

Believe and live your religion and old person with out faith is pathetic. There is no situation you and God cannot handle. Wether it is measured in the material things in this life but what you can take with you into the eternal world. I have planted a garden, and have watched it grow and produce, and so I know what faith is. I have seen Poplar trees swaying in the breeze, and so I know what grace is. I have heard cardinals calling and so I know what music is. I have seen clouds before a storm, and so I know what beauty is. I have read a book before a wood fire, and so I know what contentment is. I have seen the miracle of a western sunset and so I know what grandeur is. I have re-found a very dear friend, so I know what gratitude is. And because I have perceived all these thing, I know what wealth is.

Research

As I was reading I found there were things I didn't know about sheep or cows. Some of you how were raised on a farm will probably laugh. I hope those who haven't been raised on a farm with appreciate the following information.

Docking removes most of the lamb's tail to prevent build up of dags on the wool around the sheep's back end. Dags attract attack (strike) by blowfly. The sheep become "blown" and the fly's maggots eat the sheep's flesh causing great pain and distress.

The sheep code of welfare recommends that lambs should not be docked before they have bonded with their mothers after birth - allow them at least 24 hours. Docking, regardless of the method used, should take place before 6 weeks of age. The earlier it can be done the better.

Method 1

The sheep code of welfare recommends this is the best method, especially for lay people to use. You can use the rings to take the tail off at the same time as castration. Do it before the lambs are 6 weeks old. Lambs will experience pain for 10-20 minutes after ringing. If older lambs have to be docked, consult a veterinarian regarding the most suitable method and use of anaesthetic.

Use a clean operating area (eg. movable temporary yards) to avoid build up of infection. Do not dock wet lambs or in wet weather to avoid infections. Leave enough dock on the lamb to fully cover the vulva. Cut the tail of male lambs the same length.

Method 2

This is a wedge-shaped iron blade heated by gas, which can be used to both cut and cauterise the tail in one operation. The lamb is held in a sitting position and the iron is forced down on the tail laid out on the wood docking board.

Do it before the lambs are 6 weeks old.

Lambs will experience pain and struggle during the operation

- They show little distress afterward
- Make sure the tail is cauterised as it is cut. Don't press on too hard to cut and not give time for cauterization.
- After the operation, 2-3 seconds to make sure there is no bleeding.

- Don't be tempted to dip the rear end of the lamb in a drum of dip. This soon becomes dirty and will do more harm than good.
- If older lambs have to be docked, consult a veterinarian regarding the most suitable method and use of anaesthetic.
- Use a clean operating area (eg. movable temporary yards) to avoid build up of infection.
- To avoid infections, do not dock wet lambs or in wet weather.
- Leave enough dock on the lamb to fully cover the vulva.
- Cut the tail of male lambs the same length.

In **castrating** male sheep in the nineteenth century, a worker held the back of the animal against his own chest with all four legs gathered together and elevated. After he cut the end of the scrotum, he pulled out both testicles and with a knife or sharp tug severed the cords. Castration produced better mutton and ensured that the ewes would be bred only by prize rams. Docking, cutting off all but two inches of the tail, was done for sanitary and reproductive reasons. Marking was done for identification. Ranchers painted their marks on freshly shorn sheep and earmarked the animals by notching one or both ears with distinctive combinations of cuts and slashes known as corps, lance points, or downfalls. By using a slightly different mark each year, a rancher could tell the age of his sheep.

Colled

Certified raw milk is milk that comes from the cow into the tank and is colled very quickly to below 3 degrees Celsius. In addition, sellers of certified milk has to adhere to much stricter health and quality conditions than sellers of pasteurized milk. This includes parlor and dairy equipment standards and quality control, health control and regular testing of staff, herd and milk.

EWE: a female sheep of any age.

WETHER: a neutered male sheep

Sheep; infected with **scabies**; quarantine; dipping; cost; violation; penalty.

When animals are found to be infected with or exposed to scabies they shall be held in quarantine at a place to be prescribed by the Department of Agriculture until treated or dipped and the premises cleaned and disinfected as deemed necessary by the department. The cost of dipping or otherwise treating such animals as deemed necessary by the department shall be borne by the owner thereof.

Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a Class III misdemeanor.

- The treatment, unless otherwise designated by the Bureau of Animal Industry, shall be by dipping in a bath or vat which shall be of sufficient size and so arranged as to permit complete immersion of the animal to be treated in the dipping fluid; and
- Treatment, unless otherwise directed by the Bureau of Animal Industry shall be by immersion in a permitted dip maintained at a required strength under the supervision of a state or federal inspector in accordance with the directions issued by the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry.

All exposed flocks shall be quarantined and absolutely no animals removed from the premises until the flock has been dipped once in a permitted dip maintained at a required strength under the supervision of a state or federal inspector in accordance with the directions issued by the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry.

From the IRS

Valuable information was gained from the following works: Raising Sheep the Modern Way, Paula Simmons, 1989, Storey Communications, Inc., Pownal, VT and Raising Milk Goats the Modern Way, Jerry Belanger, 1975, Storey Communications, Inc., Pownal, VT.

Sheep

The sheep industry can be defined as either being a wool market or a lamb market. Specific aspects of an operation will be geared toward one of these areas. Sheep which produce multiple births (commonly twinning) are tremendous assets in either operation. "A 1987 University of Wisconsin analysis stated that it would require 5,721 ewes producing one lamb each to generate a \$25,000 profit, and only 352 ewes producing two lambs each to equal it." (Simmons, 3) Though lambing is usually an annual event, some may push for a second lambing in a year. Availability of adequate pasture or supplemental feed will be the controlling factor in this decision.

A starter flock of sheep may be developed by purchasing older ewes culled from other flocks and investing in a quality ram. Others may invest in younger ewes at a higher cost. In most operations, ewes will be considered old and likely to be replaced at the age of 7 to 8 years although they may be productive to the age of 10 to 12.

Numerous breeds of sheep are available and are chosen by farmers for the characteristics of their meat or wool. Your farmer can describe the criteria and reasoning for the breed they have chosen. In some cases grade ewes, not purebreds but exhibiting dominant characteristics of specific breeds, are bred to purebred rams.

Sheep lamb in spring and the lambs grow to market age during the available time of abundant pasture. Sales in late summer or early fall correspond to the decrease in pasture availability thus reducing the need for special feed considerations during winter months. Rotation of grazing fields is necessary to avoid denuding the land. Movement will usually take place within a 10- to 14-day period for maximum benefit especially if the pasture has been divided into smaller areas which allow a more even grazing. Inclusion of goats in the grazing flock is beneficial where brush has developed. Goats, being browsers, will clear the larger plants while the sheep graze the grasses. Sheep may be used in orchard operations among the trees to help keep the area clear.

Woven wire fencing will be common to contain the sheep and to prevent intrusion by dogs. Electric fencing may be used to cordon off small pasture sections for grazing control.

Other than pasturing, supplement grain feeding is common during reproductive periods. Whole grains, other than barley, and alfalfa hay are commonly used. Windfall apples, molasses, and discarded produce from grocery stores, such as lettuce, cabbage, broccoli, celery, and various fruits in limited quantities are good additives to the diet.

Rams are chosen for many characteristics which will be passed on genetically. Generally placed in service at 2 years, one ram for 25 to 30 ewes is a standard practice. With proper feeding and control of servicing ewes, the ram should be productive for a period of 6 years. Some operations will change rams more frequently within the business strategy. With a gestation period of 5 months (148 to 152 days) breeding in August will produce January lambs. Adjustment of the breeding date is common to control lambing.

Ewe lambs, less than 2 years of age, should have attained a weight of 85 - 100 pounds by breeding time. Earlier breeding may stunt their growth, reduce their reproductive lifetime, and create teeth problems earlier which leads to feeding and related problems. The ideal ewes for breeding are those who are a twin or triplet since this trait is passed on through the ewe.

Castration of ram lambs can take place early, as soon as the testicles have descended into the scrotum at about 10 days old. This process is not necessary if the lamb is to be marketed for meat at 5 or 6 months of age or will be used or sold as a breeding ram. In wool operations, castration and docking the tail are both recommended early on.

Sheep are susceptible to several types of diseases which will affect the acceptability as breeders and may endanger life. Medical expenses are routine to treat pneumonia, scours (diarrhea), navel ill, constipation, entropion (inverted eyelids), urinary calculi, white muscle disease, enterotoxemia (overeating disease), parasites, tetanus, coccidiosis, acidosis, and polio. There are also a number of diseases related to pregnancy.

Shearing the wool is an annual event done as early in the season as practical. Ewes may be sheared before lambing allowing for ease of assistance during the lambing process if necessary. The wool will be graded on count, blood, or micron and determine its quality in various applications. Sales of the wool will be contracted to textile manufacturers or hand spinners or may be sold to others for quilt batts, rug yarn or felting.

Lambs may be sold directly to consumers as locker lambs which are custom butchered for the buyer. The seller receives the price per pound of processed meat and pays a nominal slaughter fee per animal to the butcher. Mutton is the meat from mature animals. Ram rental may result in receipt of choice of lambs for service provided.

Guardian sheep dogs may be raised by some operations as additional sources of income as well as for use with the flock. A variety of breeds have been used for this purpose

LAMB-SHEEP SKINS

V & V Walsh's lambs and mutton pelts are removed by a unique mechanical pelting machine which produces a high quality skin with minimal defaults. These pelts are graded "green" immediately after slaughter and then salted and packed ready for shipment. Throughout the world V & V Walsh has built an excellent reputation for its consistent quality of skins

Grantsville

Grantsville is the second largest city in Tooele County and is noteworthy for both the number and excellence of its horses and cattle, which at one time were important means of bringing much wealth into the city. Large tracts of desert land still provide grazing in the winter for livestock, and majestic homes are still standing from the earlier period of prosperity.

Located thirty-three miles southwest of Salt Lake City in Tooele Valley, Grantsville is bordered on the south by South Mountain, which divides Rush Valley from Tooele Valley; it is bordered on the west by the Stansbury Range, and to the north by Stansbury Island, both named for Captain Howard Stansbury, an early government surveyor. Across the valley floor east lies the Oquirrh Mountains.

A popular grazing area for the herds of Salt Lake Valley stockmen, including Brigham Young, in 1848 the ground on which Grantsville now stands was occupied by a herd house. Thomas Ricks and Ira Willis were in charge at Twenty Wells; but when more permanent dwellings were built by the families of James McBride and Harrison Severe in October 1850, the site was named Willow Creek. Finally, the name was changed to Grantsville in honor of George D. Grant, leader of a military force sent to control hostile Native Americans.

The city's wide main street is bordered by tall, lovely trees; but her rural lanes once lined with Lombardy poplars are dying out now that the once-filled irrigation ditches have been replaced by sprinkling systems. The climate is mild; a very deep accumulation of snow is prevented because of its proximity to the Great Salt Lake. The average summer high temperature is in the 80s; the average summer low is in the 50s; the average winter high is

in the 40s; and the average winter low is in the 20s. The average water year rainfall is 11 inches of precipitation.

Incorporated 12 January 1867, the city by 1910 had a population of only 1,000

Stansbury Mountain research

The North Stansbury Mountains inventory units are in the northeastern quadrant of Tooele County about 40 miles west of Salt Lake City and 5 miles southeast of Timpie. They encompass the typical desert-locked, north-to-south trending mountain range that is so common in the Great Basin. The three units are all contiguous to the North Stansbury Mountains WSA.

The inventory units contain a variety of ecological values, with the terrain rising through a spectrum of at least three vegetation life zones. It is contiguous to the north end of the WSA. There is private land within the boundary of the inventory units that is accessed by a cherry-stemmed road. Elevations in the inventory unit range from 4,200 feet to 7,600 feet. The northern section is steep, rugged, and sparsely vegetated. Vegetation is predominantly juniper from the base of the mountains to the higher elevations, while grasslands and sagebrush occupy the gently sloping western foothills. The eastern side of the inventory units consists of steep juniper-covered hills, with grasslands on the gentler slopes. Douglas fir, spruce, pine, and aspen grow at the higher elevations of Miners Canyon in Unit 3.

Today human uses of the units include outdoor recreation activities such as hunting, camping, and off-highway vehicle (OHV) driving; livestock grazing; removal of sand, gravel, and rock materials; woodcutting; and some mining assessment access to old mine claims.

Diaries and Journals
of
George Stephen Smith



Parts of diaries and journals that were found by a granddaughter Shirley Rae Smith Olson written by George Stephen Smith. The first paragraph was written by Shirley.

This Diary is one mom gave me to record when I was 14 years of age when I asked for a diary for my birthday. She didn't want to see wasted space so I "inherited" this diary after my sister, Wanda, wrote a bit in it a bit as well. The title page contains the following:

This Book was give to me Dec. 25, 1934 by my son, Ray. This Book will be a treasure for which I shall hold more dear until I have passed on. I hope it will not be destroyed. G.S.S. (George Stephen Smith)

He records: Jan. 1 through Feb. 17 (wish it were longer) February 1, 1935 confirms that his "work" was delivering laundry/cleaning each day.

January 1, 1935

Beginning of a New Year of 1935. It was some what lazy New Years and I didn't get up very early. I did the chores and did a few things around the house put in a light for the boys upstairs, played tennis with Doug & Ray. Played games with the children did dishes after eating all I could, worked on my Indian head dress listened to the Radio, Roy and Ruth came to see us & stayed until 12:00 midnight. After we went to bed. When I say we, it means my wife and I or children.

January 2

I awoke early for another day had come & that means to go to work I did chores or part of them got my car in shape to go to work, quite cold and smoky. I ate breakfast loaded the children in the car and toke them to school. I did my usually routine of work for I had a heavy day & worked late. I took Ray up to the dentist (dentist) he had a tooth pulled. I came home that evening. Theron had done most of the chores. I ate supper & milked the cow worked on my head dress & changed the feathers and now it looks good, then went to bed.

January 3

Was up early & did my usual routine of chores went to work had lots to do was very busy all day in the evening I worked on my head dress. It is getting very pretty, stay up quite late & then went to bed. Mr. & Mrs. C. Bhoon came down to tell me of my appointment of assistant to scout master & wanted Ray to take part in flag ceremony.

January 4

Friday was up early did chores & ate breakfast & went to work. Took Norma & Dale up to school on my way to work had a busy day & it makes a fellow feel

better with a busy day. After the days work came home to eat supper & work on my head dress.

January 5

Saturday a busy day. Came home at noon took mother up to town came home & ate supper & worked on my head dress. Just about finished.

January 6

Went to priesthood & Sunday school was very good. Nice sunny day, went to church at night, they had a scout court & Ray got his Life and Theron got his 1st Class. Jessie, Agnus & Ruth (?) came in.

January 7

Went to work early, was nice day & had a good day's work, which is encouraging for these kind of times. Ruth is staying for a day or two for tonsils operation.

January 8

Went about my usual work was looking like a storm. Took Norma & Dale to school & came home in the evening stayed until mutual time & went to mutual.

January 9

Had a very busy day was quite late getting my work out and I had a long day.

January 10

I got my work done early & went to the temple. I got home early, was a nice day like spring.

January 11

Friday was a busy day & a warm one. I took Norma & Dale up to school & ma went up town in the after noon.

January 12

Saturday wasn't so busy had to wait for a long time to get my work out. I delivered some bundles for Wayman (?) and then come home.

January 13

Sunday We all went to Sunday school. All feeling good they made a change in the arrangements of Sunday school & priesthood meetings.

January 14

Monday Was a nice day only a little cloudy but work had a busy day & when I got home I was tired.

January 15

Thursday

Dale was sick with the flu so I took Norma to school. I went to see Mr. Moore & then to the loan office. I stayed for Mutual.

January 16

Was a busy day, had a lot to do. I went up to see Mr. Day at the loan office. They are sending my loan in. Dale is quite weak.

January 17

Thursday quite cold looks like storm, had quite a busy day late with my work, got home late went to see Mr. More & Loan Office.

January 18

Went to work to take Norma to school. Dale is a little better. I took Mama up town we went to see Day & then I finished by work for the evening.

January 19

Saturday very stormy day lots of car's wrecked along the streets I feel like I have a cold. I doctored up when I came home.

January 20

Sunday Dale is better but Norma, Mama, Theron & myself are staying home from Sunday school for we are all sick. Not serious hope to be better for tomorrow.

January 21

Monday I am sick but will have to go work, my car jammed & froze & I didn't get started until late. Returned home & I was sick that night.

January 22

Tuesday Feel a little better will go to work. Have a very bad cold, never slept very much last night, should go to Mutual but too sick to go.

January 23

Wednesday Feel some better but still have to pull myself around. I think I am slowly getting better. Norma is quite sick but on the improve.

January 24

Thursday Feel much better today still not out of danger. Have been working had a good day all of us are on the improve.

January 25

Friday Feel a lot better today. Mother & Alice & her husband & baby came in to

shop & stopped by for awhile & bought me a pair of shoes. They say I will get better now.

January 26

Went to work & felt better, have a cough but not bad—got thro early with my work. It's a nice day & looks like a spring day.

January 27

Sunday Went to Sunday school and meetings in the evening Roy & Ruth came & invited my wife & I to go to Dansie('s), we got home about 11:00.

January 28

Monday I went to work early had a very busy day everything went along fine. I paid the light bill had a(n) enjoyable evening.

January 29

Tuesday Took the kids to school & went to work had a good day for business. In the evening Norma, Dale, Theron & myself went to the operetta Kelsent (?) put on--very good.

January 30

Wednesday I went early to work as I had a busy day & never got home until late. I listened to the Radio & then went to Bed.

January 31

Thursday I was up early to take Norma & Dale to school. Went out & did some work came home & took my wife to the temple went & got her and brought her back home & I went in the evening had a long day.

February 1

Friday I got up early went in to the laundry to get my work. I came home & took the kids to school. I had a busy day so I stayed home that night.

February 2

Saturday I went to work early had a busy noon. But I got home early so I camped for the night & to a bath early.

February 3

Sunday I went to Sunday school came home & ate dinner. I went to church in the evening.

February 4

Monday I was a little late for work & had to drive fast to make up. All are well.

February 5

Tuesday I took Norma & Dale up to school had a fair day on the job—again done a quite a lot of soliciting. Went to Mutual.

February 6

Wednesday Had a busy day & looks like storm. In fact it did storm a little.

February 7

Thursday Went to the temple on the 1 o'clock & came out & did my work.

February 8

Friday Dale wasn't feeling very good but went to school & when picture show time came I took them up & Ray & I went to scout court at Wonde (?) Mear Ward then I went to the show & Ray came home.

February 9

Saturday All was lazy when I went to work they were all in bed—had quite a lot to do Dale came down with the measles.

February 10

Sunday Dale was very sick before he broke out—so he did not got to Sunday school his mother stayed home with him.

February 11

Monday I slept in so had to hurry Dale was better only quite spotted. We had the doctor & he said he was O.K. with measles. Quarantine officers came down.

February 12

Tuesday I wasn't so busy Dale will have to stay in until Saturday. He is getting better. Mother went to Relief Society. I went to Mutual.

February 13

Wednesday Had a busy day all seems to go fine. Dale is getting better & is wanting to go out. We have had a lot of storms and still stormy.

February 14

Thursday I got to work early. I prepared to make two sessions at the temple. I got #11 to tell my wont. (?) I have 5 session in Mar. Had a very heavy storm today.

February 15

Friday Nice day today. The storm is over && kids are playing outside. Quite cold—went to the show with Norma, Dale Theron, & I.

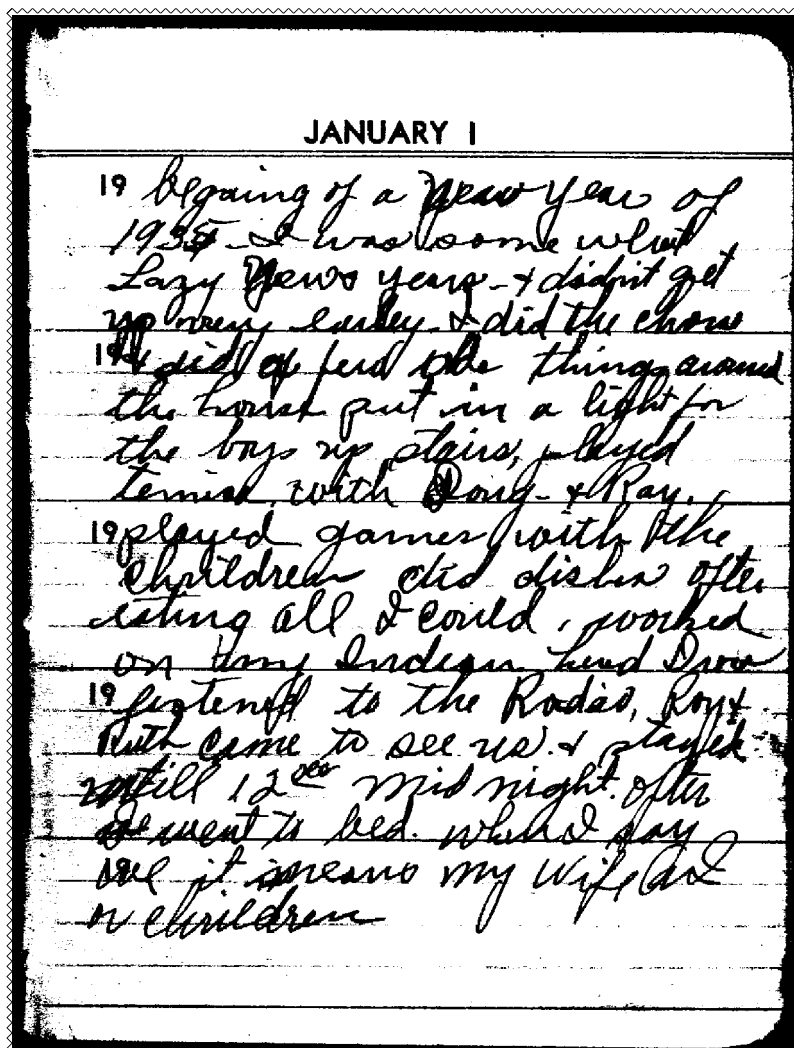
February 16

Saturday Mother hasn't been feeling so good lately. I took her up town to get shots & I got me a pair of pants for mine was all gone.

February 17

Sunday Went to church & came back & had hamburgers for dinner.

This is a scan of what the previous diary looks like. It was then typed by Shirley Smith Olson



The next couple of pages were more diary entries this time typed by George Stephen Smith. Again found by Shirley Rae Smith Olsen, a granddaughter. Jack Millard dies in this part of his diary. Jack was his nick name and his given name was John Eastman Millard. He was married to Laura Lillian Anderson, Charlotte Rachel Anderson's sister. Charlotte was George Stephen's mother.

Enjoy a little more detail than the previous diary.
We are leaving it just as he typed it, misspellings and all.

The Year of 1947

It was a very quite New Years. Mother and I stayed up until one O Clock;
I was late getting up this morning did my usual rotin of chors milking the old cow, watering the calf, feeding and staking them out.
Serving diner at 2 pm Ray and family, Theron and family and Dale, Mother and I enjoyed them all then drove Theron Neva and Roger Home

Jan 2nd 1947 clear and cold got up earley 4:30 am did my milking eat my brefest (breakfast) went to work, had a heavy day was tired came home eat supper did my chors and went to bed.

Jan 3 No change in weather did my usuall chors went to worke the holladay mail is coming in for the clean up. Quiet after the old year has pasted (past) away we are allwayes, looking forward to a better year

Jan 4 getting a little warmer had to go to work to day be cause Carl Olson was sick I had to wrk in his place. Had a bussey day short of men on Sataday tryed to snow, to night it cleared off cold a north wind is blowing Dell was hear (here) with his girl and boy friends served lunch

Jan 5th Sunday Clear and cold went to the monthly meeting of seventy's, they turned it over to testomy bearing I was caled out to record the advancments made in the Aaronic Priesthood.
Attented Sunday School and Sacrament meeting many new faces were in attendance Four New Babies were Blessed, meny bore there testomonies the Spirit of the Lord was surely there so meny of the young people bore there testomy. Ruth Smith and five children were here for lunch The evening meeting was under the direction of the Genoglocial George R. Smith Conducting.

Jan 6 went to work a cold north wind is blowing about 830 I received a call from Mother that uncle Jack Millward died, a shock to all who know him

Jan. 7 I didnt go to work to day my conpt. So I

have been putting in my chimes didnt get them finished
I went to the doc, Shields to get my back cracked
and my neck limbered up, I feel much better then I did
the car went haywire and I thought I wouldint get home
I found that the distubutor shell had come off and one
motor of the V8 was cut out.
I made out my quarterly report and that leaves 1946 be
hind. We can do nothing in the past, We can do nothing
in the future. We have only the present moment.
Now 1030 p m so will go to bed.

Jan. 8 went to work early our cold werther hangs
on my work was odd jobes at the postoffice seems like
every body wonded (wanted) me to do some thing for them
after work I walked up to the Presiding Bishoprics
office to delever (deliver) the E. form went and paid the gass bill
paid the water soffner bill then came home did the chors
at supper did some typing Roy Greensids came to see Juddy
his daughter. Our neighbor girl came over; worried about
her Father not coming home. Home troubles caused seperation
and the girl has had a neveous (nervous) break down.
We are in hopes she will come over to stay for the night.
Planing to go to the funeral of uncle jack Millward at
Grantsville.

Jan. 9 Its clare (clear) and cold got up earley prepared the car
for the trip to Grantsville, got a hair cut, eat (ate) breakfast
put some things in the car for Theron, Mother and Judy
And I got into the car, called for Mrs. Rees, on ninth east
Called for Theron, at the Desert Book Co. left Judy at her mother
North on Main, called at Theron's on 4th North 10th West
Picked up Neva & Roger, put water in the car, went to Grantsville
Arrived there o.k. Mother was feeling fair Looks better
any of her sisters, had a very large funeral services.
Met many of my old aquintances, My Aunt's who are widows but one
Aunt Annie Fidler Uncle Phil, is the only one left on my mother's
side,
After the service we went back to Mothers and there to Amelia's and James, then
to Aunt Nettes, that is my mothers brothers wife
Lunch was prepared for Theron & Neva, Roger, Hazel (my wife) myself.
Lunch was nice, there we met some of aunt Neties family,
From there we went to my sister & Amelia she served a light
lunch, I walked over to my sister Nillie's home visted (visited) with

her and Jimmie, visited with her daughter Bernis, on my way back to my sister's Amelia.

From there we drove back to Aunt Lillians, visted there for a few minites (minutes), pick up my load filled up with gas & water started for Salt Lake, We met with difficulty in driving, Driving through fogg clouds, but we arrived O.K. for witch (which)I thanked My Heavenly Father that night.

We arrived home just in time for Dales date he left for his date as soon as we arrived.

I called Bro. Milan Erickson, he came and got me and went to our Stake Bishop's meeting, We got our instructions for Conferance (Stake) witch will be helled (held) Sunday Jan. 11 After I came home I worked on my ward books. Then went to bed.

Jan. 10, 1947 Got up early; did my usual chores went to work didn't have to work too hard today. When I came home Mother and Judy had gone to Theron's to take care of Roger, while Neva went to the Doc. When they came home I was out to the barn doing my milking after supper Dale went out for the evening. Mother and I went with Bro. Yates to the Salt lake Council of Boy Scouts, of the Salt Lake Region.

It was the largest Counsels held since the Region was organized. Many regions were represented impressive ceremonies honoring Scouters who had passed on during 1946, and coming home from the service who are yet serving our Country. Each year it is customary to award Five Silver Beavers to the outstanding and Long service councilmen of the region in which they have served

South Salt Lake Stake won the Award for having the greatest number there present, Gus Sanstrom, our friend received a Silver Beaver,

Henry Gold Tempest, a dear friend of ours dismissed the services.

Arrived home, went over to Mrs. Gillispies and got Judy, she stayed there while we went to the Boy Scout Counsel Meeting. I worked on my ward record books and then went to bed.

Jan. 11 Didn't have to go to work so I didn't have to get up so early, I did my chores, ate breakfast, and did some typing. Mother went up town, and Judy stayed with me, Roy came to see Judy, that is her Father.

I prepared lunch, in the evening I went to Priesthood Meeting of our stake Conference, had 78 of our Priesthood Leaders there. It snowed a little which makes it very difficult to walk but I made it without any trouble. I had a very good meeting, Bishop Worthlin was our visiting brethren. I came home with A.T. Shurtleft, I did some work on my books and then went to bed.

Jan. 12 I didn't get up very early, I went to church it was Conference I went to Priesthood Meeting, 9 am stayed for morning session had a very good

meeting, I enjoyed Bishop Worthlin's talk, together with all the other talks and musical parts. 3:30 I was called to meet with the ward and stake building committee to look at the plans of our church building. 6:30 a.m. went to last meeting of the Conference, when we came out of meeting it was snowing hard, but has let up a little now

Dale and his girl friend came and took us to night meeting so I hope she will continue to keep him going. We served a light lunch, and Dale left to take his girl home, I am ready for bed.

Jan. 13 It was cold today this morning. I was up early did my chores, then went to work, I waited for the bus it was late and I was late getting to work, I handled 200 postal cards, I was tired when I got home Dale had his car stall so I helped him

then I did my chores came in for the night. Ray's children were here when Ray and Margaret (came) we ate super, all enjoyed the meal, and Dale took his car to the garage he had 2 new hoses (put) on the car, he was late getting back he stayed up late to do his lessons, I went to bed.

Jan. 14 Was cold, went to work early. We had a blizzard during the day, mother went to the city, to do some shopping, I came home in a storm, then it turned out very cold, I went to the bishops meeting, didn't have enough heat in the room, we all got cold had to move around to keep warm, the Bishop brought me home. I typed a while then went to bed.

Jan. 15 Still cold went (to) work early. In the afternoon I had a lot of work to do, as one man was sick the other one went home at noon, he had 4 hours comp. time. I came home did my chores did some typing then went to bed.

Jan. 16 It was the coldest morning we have experienced for several years, but it seems when it is very cold I feel much better, my head clears, so it don't ache. I went to work, I had a light day, but I think it will be a tuff (tough) day tomorrow. I came home, did my chores it is so cold my hands got cold for the first time this winter, it was the first time for years, that I have saw (seen) ice on the whiskers of cows, I worked on my books, read a little then went to bed.

Jan. 17 Wasn't so cold this morning by 4 degrees, very clear and cold, but we still have to go to work, I had so much to do today, short 2 men, the mail was late everybody wanted some help and it seems I was the only one they could see. I handled 289 boxes of postcards weighting 55 lbs. a piece, stacked them up 9 high, emptied 75 sacks of life (magazine) picked up 10,000 letters placed them on the cases, so I am tired today.

Mother has gone to Theron's they are going to the temple so she will stay until Ray and I will come after her, Dale went to see Nora, his girl. Theron called and said

that Millred Lee would take him and Neva home then bring mother home, so Ray won't have to go. I stayed up until Mother came home then went to bed.

Jan. 18 Today is a little warmer. I have had a bad time with my neck, it was given me plenty of trouble for some time now. I hope warm weather will soon come. Today's work was a steady job so I was glad when the day was over, nothing unusual happened, Dale and Nora came for a while, then Clear Clayton and his wife came for a short visits with Dale and Nora, but they had just left. I stayed up for a while then went to bed.

Jan. 19 I was called early this morning, the Bishop called a meeting to discuss some ward problems, then Priesthood meeting. I didn't go to Sunday School for my neck sure gave me a lot of trouble today. But feel better tonight, Ray and Margaret went to Provo to see Ray Roberts so they left the girls with Grandma Ruth Smith and Clara Smith Tracy, the Ruth's to girls came to see us, Ray and Margaret came to get their children they ate a sandwich, took us to meeting. Judy came and went with us, had a good meeting. Then I went to bed.

Jan. 20 Monday I went to work. Had a rough time of it today I didn't feel so good but managed to keep going went to a farewell for Gordon Curtis, had a very nice program. Most unusual thing was the man that did the whistling very good and I enjoyed all of it. I worked on my books then went to bed.

Jan. 21 Tuesday was a light day. But I kept busy all day. After work I went to Mutual. We had Bro. Madson talked to us. After Mutual we had a Bishop's meeting. There the problems of the ward was discussed, I returned home and did some work on my books, gathering information for the Building committee. It was late when I went to bed.

Jan. 22 I didn't go to work today, for it was my comp. day so I tried to fix my chimes but didn't have very good success with it. I took the milk up to Ray's then I went to the locker got some meat then I came home loaded up with some of Theron's things came home did my chores went to a Building committee meeting then came home. Worked on my books then went to bed.

Jan. 23 Went to work after work I did a few odd jobs around the house. Ray brought the children while he took Margaret to the doctor, the children enjoyed playing with Judy they went to bed, Ray came late to get the children. I went to bed early.

Jan. 24 Went to work early in the evening. I went to a picture show. A south wind blew melted the snow so we haven't any more snow. But a lot of snow-mud, I enjoy the warmer weather. I stayed up late to work on my books, then I went to

bed.

Jan. 25 Saturday. Very nice early morning breeze. It is warmer all day, would like for this kind of weather could stay for a few days. Theron and Neva and Roger came to stay this afternoon they had supper with us then Dale took them home, Mother is a sleep in the chair so I will go to bed.

Jan. 26 Sunday I went to a meeting at 8 am to a Bishop's meeting. Went to Priesthood Meeting, Sunday School. Came home had a lot of work on the books I worked until 4:30 on them. did my chores went to choir practice, stayed for meeting the Mopuvola Choir gave the program, it was a very good meeting I came home and worked on my books until 11:30 then went to bed.

Jan. 27 today it snowed and last night it snowed about 4 inches so I had to put on my boots to go to work. Mother and I went to the temple there was a very large session, 319 we are always on those large sessions. Dale took us to Theron's to go get the Temple Clothes then we got to the temple just in time for the crowd had just started. It was late when we got out, then we waited for a bus for 30 min. Dale met us at state. Nora came and stayed with Dale and Judy. I'll finish with pen. Dale took Nora home, so I went to bed. Still snowing.

Jan. 28 Still snowing but not very hard. But if it keeps on we'll have a lot of snow. I had a hard workday. After work I came home. Still snowing. I cleared the front steps and back porch, did my chores then I and Mother went to the Scout Banquet had a good lunch program. Still snowing, was late the Bishop came after us and brought us home. Got to bed 11:45.

Jan. 29 Got up early there was about 12 inches of snow so I swept the paths did my chores, went to work, saw a lot of cars stalled along the road was a little late for work. After work I helped Dale put his chains on so he could go see Nora. Tomorrow he takes the car in (to get his) radiator fixed. Roy Greensides is here to see his daughter Judy. I worked on the ward records until 10:30.

Jan. 30 1947 Snowing again the wind is blowing and drifting. We have had about every seasons of the year in this month. Roads are bad. After work I went with Dale to get car from the garage. Late getting home. Dale, Nora, Mother and I went to the ward dinner, Judy also was there.

Jan 31 '47 I didn't go to work took Mother to Sugar House. Got Theron some pipe 14 cents a foot cost \$2.98. Bought a bed room set from the South East Furniture. \$144.50 I always hurt people's feelings with the chatter of tongue. I hope some day I can control it to it's full length.

The Pleasures of the Senses Pass Quickly
Those of the Heart Become Sorrows
But those of the Mind are every with us
Even to the end of our Journey.

I came home picked Judy and Mother (up) took them to Theron's with them the pipe. I took Neva to the Deseret Book Store I went to Sugar House, got some Bell wire. Came home figured up my income tax report, Dale came home at 3:00 took the car to get his check cashed. Theron phoned and wanted me to take him and Neva home he is taking a projector with him, but Dale has the car so I can't do it.

I went to a meeting to Bro. Ericksons we went thro (through) the ward books to get all the names of Head of Families in the wards and also those that have moved out of the ward. Never got home till 11:30 p.m. after which I counted the membership a total of 973 the ward is growing I finally went to bed. I sure had a busy day.

(Two pages of hand written journal were loose among the rest. I looked through the whole journal trying to find where they might fit. This was the best place. Because a year is no mentioned I'm not sure if this fits the time table.)

Found a lot that have moved out, never got home until 11:30 pm. When I got home, I counted all the memberships of the ward. We had a total of 973. Our ward is growing. Then I went to bed.

Feb 1 - is Sat. I didn't have to go to work, so I worked on my books all day - until 10:30 that night, I was tired out. I haven't finished them yet. Will take another day or two.

Feb 2 - Sunday - I went to Priesthood Meeting (70s' monthly) on my way I fell & hurt my hand. Not bad, quit cold. But it is getting warmer. Having clear weather, it was fast day. After church I worked on my books. We had 2 blessing & one confirmation, Ruth, Bineley & Roy Greensides came for dinner. It was Roy's birthday. Dale & Nora was here. I went to meeting in the evening, then I worked on the books.

Feb. 3 Clear day and warm, I went to the temple after work. 10 of the mail men were there, nothing unusual happened so I worked on my books after & then Went to bed.

Feb 4 - Tuesday - it was a nice day. It was pay day & money don't go any where, it seems. Dale broke the spring on his car so I'll help him get it fixed. I went to the Bishopric meeting; & there the kneeds (needs) of the ward was discused

(discussed). I came home after & worked on my books, I have then just about up to date, then I went to bed.

Feb. 6 - Thurs. went to work, had a hard day so much mail. Got Dales car fixed and so I hope he will be able to go along for awhile with out any trouble, I needed meny names in our records book, worked utnil late, but I had to fix my drain pipe, for it was cloged up. I got it started at last, then I went to bed.

Feb. 7 - Frid. I went to work. Had another hard day at the post office, I take my Tax papers to the Fedrual Building. I may get some money back. I spent a lot of time on the books & then went to the ward show with Dale & Nora Ann, & mother & Judy - then I retired to bed.

Feb. 8 - Saturday. I hated to go to work today, short of help. I rod (rode) to work with Joseph Scott. I was tired when I came home. I toke (took) a bath - worked some on my ward records, then I went to bed.

Feb. 9 - Sunday - I went to Priesthood meeting, Sunday School, then we all went down to Theron's for dinner, had a good dinner & then when we came home, I did my chors & then went to sacrament meeting, we had a good meeting. The Boy Scouts gave the program & the Scout father of the ward, Jesse Tame pined the badge of honor on the Bishop and his 2 counselors, after the meeting I worked on records then went to bed.

Feb. 10 - Monday. I was off of work prepared the room for papering. I got most of the papering done. But had to go to a meeting so I didn't get it finished, so I will try in the ner (near) future to finish. I went to the Stake Priesthood meeting. There we got instructions on ward clerking & what some of our duties were. After meeting Bro Emery asked us in to have ice cream with him, so we couldn't refuse, ice cream & cake. That is my weakness. I came home & went to bed.

(Now the typed part continues)

Some of the High Lights of the Past

Mrs. Smith (My wife Hazel) was operated on February 19th 1948. She has been sick for a long time. We are looking for the time when she will join us again in happiness.

I have almost finished cleaning the house hope to have it all cleaned by the time she comes home.

It's a man's world so long as he runs it according to his wife's desires.

March 2 1948 Today we brought my wife home just finished making the beds so

I've become a house wife.

Do not be stern and rigid in your family government as to render yourself an object of fear and dread.

March 24 1948 The freedom train was in Salt Lake and Ray took his family down to see it.

April 4 Stormy today it is Conference and we have hadn't had anyone from Idaho. Last night Ray and Family and I went to see a calf that we hope to buy to try and raise for beef.

May the 4th 1948 Ray and I bought a unusual calf. It was the calf from the cow Ray used to own and artificial breed. The sire is from Boise Idaho.

May the 6th 1948 A group of ward members left Salt Lake (at) 3:30 pm Arrived at Logan 6 pm. Went through the temple left Logan there 10:30 pm for Pocatello.

Stayed with Aunt Beatrice Raynor, the rest of the morning, left there 5:30 pm Back to Pocatello. Had supper with the Omers then went back to Aunt Beatrice stayed there over night came home the next day.

We had a lovely trip. Treated with curtisey (courtesy). Dewey Stout and myself had the privilege of officiating at the veil.

Today May 9 1948 Dale Mother and I went to Grantsville to visit my Mother for Mother's Day.

May the 31 Ray and Family, Theron and Family, Clair Clyton and Family, Dale were home. And we had a hot dog roast had a very pleasant day.

June 1 1948 We had a nice rain has been storming a little for the last two days.

(Editor's note...these entries below are typed on the same page as the 1948 entries above)

1951 It has been a long time that I have had time to do a little writing. Thelma Dansie was married last Wed. Jan. 10, 1951 in the temple. Mother and I was there to watch the ceremony.

Jan 12 at the Avalon Ball Room we were guests at the reception. Delores Smith will be a flower girl the Gold and Green Ball in Mill Creek 1st Ward Jan 13.

Jan 17 My Wife and I attended a banquet at the Lyon House given by the Stake President. We had a very nice time.

Jan 18 1951 Having a snow storm looks like it will last all night.

Jan 19 Had lots of snow about 11 inches. Turned cold.

Jan 20 Was cold early morning. Warmed up during the day. Was Stake Conference. I went to Priesthood meeting and Welfare in the evening.

Jan 21 went to Stake Conference. Ray and Family were here for Dinner. Ray was called by his bishop to Visit a member of the ward. I went and milked his cow then went to church. Linda and Susan went with us. I took Mother down to Theron's. I came home. The Bishop called and I helped get some reports out. Monday it snowed until noon, after work I took Mother up to the Doctor, came home shoveled snow.

Jan 23 Tuesday. Was a warm day after work I took Mother up to the Doctor. I will work one more day at Sugar House; then I'll go up to the Maine Office. Today my sister Alice wrote me that Jo, their son, will have his Mission Farewell

Sunday 28 Jan. he entered the Mission Home Jan 22.

Wed. Jan 24, 51 Went to Sugar House P.O. for a half Day. I did a few odd jobs around the house. Took Mother to the Doctor. She is taking shots for arthritis. Neva was sick today so went down there. It has been very foggy, so we stayed home.

Thursday Jan 25 Went to work. Had a plenty to do today. After work Mother and I went to the Doctor, before I went to pick Mother up Lavina came, so I took her to Theron's, then Mother and I went to the Temple. After the session a group of Friends and Post Office Employers were invited to Frank Neberkers home for a bowl of chili. We all enjoyed. It was very foggy coming home, but made it without accident.

Jan 25 51 (next page) I forgot to mention we went to a wedding reception with the Bishop and two Counselors, President Harline's daughter.

Jan 28 1951 Sunday. Bishops meeting, Priesthood, Sunday School I attended. Ray and Family, Mother and I all went to my sister's boy, Joe's Farewell. He will leave Wed. 31 for his mission. It was held at Tooele. When we got home Theron and Family were here, Neva, his wife had gotten word that her Mother had suddenly passed away in North Carolina. Neva won't be able to leave her family her two sisters are leaving tonight on the plane. Mother is staying with the children.

Jan 19-30 there wasn't very much of importance the past days. The 31st we had a busy day. It is very cold, the temperature is about 4 or 5 above. After I came from work I picked Mother up from work, stopped to see Theron went to the D.&R.G.R. Road to see Jo Nielson leave for his Mission, my Sister's boy. Went to see Neva, came home got supper, went down to Rays to take care of the baby Melvin, came home got ready to go to Don Brewers and LaVon Stocker wedding, a couple from our Ward. It was late when mother and I got home.

Feb. 1 1951 Mother and I went to the temple.

Feb. 2 1951 After work Mother and I went up town and paid bills and got chicken and hog feed.

Feb 3 1951 We went over to Grantsville to see my Mother. We found her cleaning her stove, the pipe had come apart so I took it down and cleaned it. Mother cleaned the house, that is, the mess I made. We had a good visit, on our way home we stopped at Therons they are getting better from their sickness.

Feb 4 51 Today is Sunday. Mother and I fasted. We went to three meetings. I had the Honor of blessing Roy Gillespie his wife's baby.

Mother has gone to Therons to take (care of the children)

Well the days went passed in a hurry. Tuesday, I went to the temple Feb 13.

The Saturday 17 took Roger to the Doctor, they told he had Rumatic Fever, they took him to the L.D.S. hospital, Monday 19.

Feb 22 Went to see mother. She looks fine, she was 83 yrs, Feb 20 1951. Ray took his family out and we all had a very nice visit.

Feb 23, had a snow storm today. Tonight we will go to the wedding of Aldon Smith. He is the 2nd son of Steven Smith who is the son of Thomas Smith.

Feb 24 51 I worked Sunday 25 I had meetings. In the afternoon Lucy Hansen came to see if Hazel would be on the Genealogical Committee for the Kunz Family.

Feb 26 I went to work

Tues. 27 I went to work. After work I went to Theron's. I took a tire to get it recapped.

Feb 28 I went to work.

Mar 1st 1951 It was my comp day so I and Neva went to the Temple while Mother tended to the children.

Mar. 2 3 4 5 6 7 wasn't much excitement. Mar 8 Went out to see the Peterson Bros Auction Sale on their cattle. Some very fine Heifters and Bulls were sold while I was there, the highest was 8500, today my car went dead, and so I'll have to go to work by bus.

Mother is to Therons taking care of the children.

Mar the 10 went to Therons to Neva's birthday saw a picture show.

March Wed. 14 51 Went to the Temple when we got home Theron had brought Roger home. He had broke out with the measles he had been in the Hospital for the past three weeks.

The 15th I had a comp day. Today Winnie came and took care of Roger. It has been very cold today.

Friday the 23 the Kung Family had a Temple Excursion, there were over 50 there to the Salt Lake Temple, those that couldn't get to the Salt Lake Temple went to the Logan Temple. Some went to the Idaho Falls Temple. Haven't got the returns yet, it was a glorious Day and a Spiritual Feeling to have a Group of Relatives and Friends gather in such a place of Wonderful surroundings, to do work for our Kindred Dead, after the services, George Kung, a Brother in law, took a group picture, most of them ate at the Temple cafeteria.

Sat. the 24th 51 I went to the Stake Farm at South Jordan. Put in 5 hours building a machine shed.

Sunday 25 It was Fast day because of Stake Conference the following Sunday. Theron brought a film home called Brigham Young, which was shown in the front room of our home. I had a little sick spell last night couldn't sleep so I stayed home from work today 26-51
The next three days was quiet

Friday 30th I was going to work. I got just about to the Post Office and I had a Black out. Fred Jack helped me to the Post Office. I worked a half a day then I came home. I am going to have a check up Monday.

Sat 31 Was home helped Mother wash, I sold my piug the hogkillers came and butchered it on the place. It's weight was 196 dresses at 22 cents. Live 250 weight.

Sun 1st of April Stake Conference, Mother went to see her bro. Will J. who is very sick at Montpelier Ida (Idaho) went with John Eshler will be coming back tonight. Monday April 12 1951 I went to the Doc to have a check up. I found I was in better health than I have been for years, then there are those that want you to think you are sick and those that want to give advice if you are sick. I also went to the temple for sealings.

Tues 3 I went to work not much work, but I came home tired, Ray and I went to Pugmiers and castrated a pig and calf.

Wed 4 51 I had to go to work, in the evening I went to the Officers and Teachers Meeting, after meeting I went to Rays and baby set, they each had a meeting.

Thurs Apr 5 Had a big day at the Post Office, so I was very tired. I did a little gardening then went to bed.

Fri Apr 6 After I came home from work I went to a special meeting called by the General Authorities of the Church, the meeting was giving us good advice, and in

keeping records of each one in the ward, and of the happenings in the Ward.

Sat 7 51 I went to work, I wanted to attend the funeral of our President George Albert Smith who passed away Tuesday, but I couldn't get off from work. Sat evening I attended the Priesthood Meeting. Had a very large crowd.

I wish to say a Little more on Fri. Evening. After the meeting I went with Ray, His Bishop, Melvin Burt, and His other counselor to the Mexican Mission Reunion there we stayed to watch the program for a while then came home leaving Bishop Burt there.

Sunday Apr the 8 I stayed home to Listen to Conference. Hilda Kunz was there with us. After the morning session we went to see the grave of President George Albert Smith. Lots of flowers, but wilted. Returned home and listened to the afternoon session of Conference. Mother and Hilda went with Theron and Family up to the Children's Hospital to see Roger, Theron's boy. I took Hilda and Mother to see Rays Family then I took Hilda to her Brother Roy's home, there she stayed for the night. We came home.

Monday April 9 51 I helped Theron take his hog to the market, it weighed 210. Got 21 ½ cents a pound for it \$45.15. I went to the last session of Conference. The people had a chance to vote on the new President of the Church. It was David O. McKay, then he gave his testimony of the Gospel and commented on the passing of President George Albert Smith. After the meeting I came home and hauled a couple of loads of manure to Therons. After supper I went with Ray to his Father in laws to get the rotiller.

Tuesday April 10 went to work. I worked 6 hrs. Got the rest of the day off to help Ray plow and rack his ground then did my own.

Wed Thur Fri I went to work and I worked around home every evening. Friday mother went to Therons to baby sit.

This is August the 16th 1951 It has been a long time that I have written and many things have happened. I took sick the 3rd of May and I was very bad with a pain in my right leg. I suffered with severe pain that I at time was unconscious to what was going on about me. I was prayed for and administered to and finally I was able to go back to work. I am not better as yet, I think I am slowly gaining my strength back in that leg. With all my pain I went with Ray to buy pigs and on May 23 51 Ray and I bought a pig with 11 little ones. Not have enough money we took Neva (Theron's wife) in with us for she had the money. We kept the little ones for a week and sold them., Theron taking the last 2. we didn't make very much but we didn't lose any money.

In June the 23 I went to Cedren Idaho that is up Teton Country. I went to the Kunz Reunion with Theron and Family. We spent Friday night with Parley Kunz and family then went from Burn to Cedren the next day. Had a large reunion and

good time. On our way back we stopped at Rigby and saw George Smith one of Theron's missionary friends and a relative on his mother's side. That night we stopped at Dales and Helens place. I stayed at Dales and Theron and Family stayed at Brother Hopes place. The next day we came home.

On July the 4th I was out to Grantsville to see Mother.

August the 4th went to the Boss Reunion. After the reunion, parley and Hilda came. We had a good visit they went to Ogden that evening to stay with their daughter, LaRue.

On Aug. the 15th I sold my two Red Pigs they weighted 360. I received 82.26.

Aug. 16 Ray and I went hauled some corn. I finally broke down and traded my old car the V8 and got me an old beat up Chev. I took it to the garage to have it fixed so I could run it.

Aug. 20 Mother is up to the Temple writing in the name for sealings.

Jan. 18th 52

Several Months have passed and so I'll just reflect
Back try to remember some of the things that have happened.
Sept was a very bussy month working out to the Stake
Farm helping ray Hall hay for his cow and his other stock..
Helping kill his Beef

I toke Therons pigs home to finish for Market
He sold one for 42.50 and kept the one for himself
And the family

My chickens starded to lay and I am selling some of the old ones to Ray.

My legs are getting better slowly. I hope I will be able
To go to Deer hunting. Dale and Helen were down from Idaho Falls.

Oct. Norma and Max and Patty were down from Emmet Idaho
We had a diinner for them, they toke some of their relics with them,
We have had a very nice Fall weather the canyons are very pretty this time of year.
Ray, Bishop Burt and Hugh Barns and myself went up
To Bishops cabin and Bishop's wife and two children was there.

It was very cold that night, we got up

Early next morning and hunted deer Hugh Barns got on that day, at Little
Cottonwood Canyon

Had a good time my legs got lots better so I
Could walk all over those mountains, and feel good about it.
We had a very nice Christmas and a Happy New Year

Nov. 3rd 52 the old sow had pigs 8 of them she layed on 2 of them,
so now I have weaned the 6 that is left and I am attempting to raise to weight 200

pounds

this is Jan. 18-52 Mother has gone to Therons
While they have gone to the Gold and Green Ball
Today Ray castrated pigmires pigs I went to help him.

On the 8th of Feb our old Ewe had Twin Lambs.
Ray and I sold the pigs, killed the old one for our use
On Feb 15 52 Bro. Harper and his daughter, her intended
husband, Wilma Harper, and Dimple Aycock came to our Place
They came from North Carolina. Margert Jean and Carrol
Haymore were married Feb. 18 1951 in the Salt Lake Temple.
We have had some cold weather through Feb. and we have
had some nice warm weather too.

Feb 22 52 I turned the cooking over the the New Bride
Her first breakfast, she had prepared since marriage,
In Working For and with Others, We benfit Ourselves
More then we benfit the. No one is Useless in this World
Who Helps Someone else. No one can be truly Happy
who Lives and Works Only For Himself.

March started out with very bad weather, condition Snow
Rain, mud and Ice.
We at last got a Letter From England without much
Success. We don't seem to connect our Kinfolks, but we will
keep trying.

On March 21 1952 Jack Smith and Wife Lois, and Family
Went through the Temple. Ray and Myself, Had the Privelege of
being the Wittness. Not very often a Father and Son
has that privilege.

April the 5th 52
We had some Conference visitors from Bear Lake also
Jack and Wife were down from Ogden and stay with us
One Night. I have just compled the tile around the
Wall of the Kitchen.

Tues. April 8th 1952 James Orr (my Brother-in-Law) Died.
On April 11 52 We went to the services helled at Grantsville
Ray and I were the only ones that could go.
Had a nice Furnal and James Looked Very Nice.

April 18-52 I went to the Desert with Gene Magers, about
6:30 that evening I had a hart (heart) attact. I didn't know at that time

what it was, we got as far as Skullvalley, and turned around, got home 12 midnight, April 19 at 7 a.m. I entered the Vet Hospital, I don't remember much what went on after that for the First three days.

I was treated very Nice, the Doctors were Very good also the nurses Were very Nice, so I was on my way to a speady recovery I would like to say that, during the time, Bishop Fawson, My Son Ray, administered, to me before I left for the Hosptial, the Power of the Priesthood, was taking its effects when I arrived at the Hosptial, the Doctors gave me but little chance to live, that Night Pres. Harline, Bishop Fawson, my two Boys Ray, and Theron, administered to me. My good Wife was present, too. She stayed by my bedside Day and Night, until I was well on my way to recover, during the Adminstration I was promised that I would have a speady return to Health Live to do much good, that I would be able to do my Clerk work in the ward. These Blessing so far have been with me from the day the hands of the Priesthood was layed on my head. I arrive home the 19 of May 52 Thirty days before the usual time allotted. I had many Friends, and relatives, remember me while I was in the Hospital, I was only allowed my Family as Visitors. Today May the 23 1952 I have written a small part of the Sickness I have been through the passed 30 days.

On May the 28 my Sister Alice, her husband, my wife's brother Parley and his wife, stayed with us over night. Had a good visit And an enjoyable time together.

I am improving slowly, in my health and strength.

June the 6 52 Ray the four oldest Girls and Mother and I went to the show called "at the Bend of the River" At Hy-land

June the 12 Zola Kootz (Kunz)came down to see me and mother Loyd and Lucy and their Boy and his Boyfriend came to see us The two boys stayed with us over night.

I helped Ray hawl hay Thursday afternoon. I drove the Truck Theron and Family was to see us in the afternoon.

Ray and I went to see the sheep, the lambs are growing fast.

Linda and Susan was there going to the Desert Gym to learn to Swim this is June the 13 52

June the 14 52 Theron came and helped me start the car.

On the 15 I went to Priesthood my first time since I became ill,

I also went to meeting, and performed my duties and never got tired at all.

The 17 52 I helped Ray hawl hay I drove the car and he did

The work. The 19 I took the three girls of Ray's Linda, Susan and

Karen up to be baptized for the Dead. I was one of the Witnesses,
It took about 2 hours to do the work, there were about 251 names
The 20th 52 of June Theron, Neva, Roger, Steven, my wife Hazel
And myself went to the Kunz's Reunion. It was held the 21
At fish Haven., we went to Parley's Home the 20th stayed there
That evening. Had a wonderful time meeting some of the relatives
On my Wifes side, had a very good Program had a very Nice Lunch
Came Back to Bern in the afternoon, had Supper at Parleys
At 8 pm a business meeting was called I didn't go out any more
That night there was a dance that evening, to wind up the program

June the 22 We all went to Sunday School, after Sunday School the
Older men that held the Priesthood stayed to Priesthood meeting
We run the percentage to over a 100 % to that meeting.
We had a wonderful meeting Bro. Rob Schmid was the teacher
He was Bishop of the Bern ward for a number of years, and a
Very good man with a wonderful Character, and Personality
And Leadership.
After the wonderful dinner we had enjoyed we came home we
Stopped at the Cheese Dairy and got some Cheese, had a very successful
Trip goto home about 8 P.m. at Theron's Fond the Neva's
Sister had taken the rest of Theron's family to church. There cousin
Dimple, drove my car, after they came home, I drove
Home arrived about 9 p.m.

Ray sold the Buck Lamb to his Father-in-law he said it weight
102 obs it brought 27 cents a Pound, I was short on guessing
its weight of about 32 lbs. June 21

Monday 23 I went up to the Doc. Reiser and had a
Examination of my Heart, and found it was dancing around
Like a new born Calf.

Tuesday I was feeling fairly good Wed 25 Ray and I went
Over to see my Mother found her just getting out of Bed
It was quite cool so we made a fire and got the House
warm, they helped get some breakfast for her and then had
a long Talk about Fixing a bench to put her Electric Stove
on so she wouldn't have to lift the Electric Stove off the
coal stove. We tried to talk her in to coming in to stay
But she didn't want to leave her home until she had to
So we came home without her. After we got home I helped
Ray with the fencing however I was the boss of the Job

June 26 52 I didn't feel so hot so I stayed in bed most of the

day at times I was almost tempted to call one of the boys to take me to the Hospital, but I felt so much better in the afternoon that I got up and ate a good supper.

June 27 I feel so much better than I am doing a little work around the House, beside eating

June the 29 I went to Stake Conference Had a Very good Meeting in the after noon meeting our bishop as put in to the High Counsel, so that leaves us without a Bishop. Didn't tell us who would be the next Bishop will leave that for another Date.

July the 1st Ray and Bill Burt myself toke the pig down to the Jordon Meat Co. to have it killed.

July the 2 they killed the pig on July 3 Ray and I brought The pig home and toke it to his place and Ray cut it up to hams, shoulders and side meat, after we took it up to the Locker, I sold half to Ray.

July 4 Mother and I stayed home most of the Day.

July 5 Saturday we went up town and did a little shopping Roger stayed with us the night before and we took him with (us) Got his shoes fixed up and got him a pair of socks and a Belt, in the evening Ray and Family and Mother went out to see My Mother she is failing fast, she was glad to see us all Heard the girls sing, saw the baby she had never saw before Got home about 11 pm

July 6 52 went to all the meetings that Day, got word that Mother Was worse.

July 7 I worked on my books about all Day, I had 7 Babys Blessing certificates to get out along with 5 baptizmals To work on, I didn't get hem all out went to bed early

July 8 I worked on the Books again but didn't get them all Finished, went and got mother from work and after we got home Judy and My sister and their daughter Linda came and said Mother Wasn't very good so we went to Tooele with them had supper Then they took us to Grantsville, and Theron and Family came Out to see My Mother their Grandma Mother isn't able to Move her left side at all, she has had a stroke, and we are Waiting for her suffering to be relieved.

It's Queer How we go along Life's way Taking all your Sacrifices, all the things you do for us that make our

Journey easier, as a matter of course, then when the Silver
Begins to show in your Hair and you grow a Little more
Weary each Day, when it's almost too Late, then we Begin to
Realize Just how Lonely it would be without You. It's Hard
For some of us to tell you what is in our Hearts, Remember
We need your Smile, your Hope, your cheer, and your
Gentle Voice when we grow Weary of Life's hard way.
We hope we are being the Kind of Sons and Daughters
You wanted us to Be.

Last Night Verona came after we had gone to Grantsville
They didn't stay here and I was surly put out with them.

July 9 52 Went to the Jordon Meat co. and got some Liver
Worked around the house. I was quite tired by Evening
So I suffered for it later, that Evening Early Hayes, and
Emily, Will Thorton and Emma came and Visited for a while

July 10 I was really down and out layed on the bed most of
The Day, tried to work but I had a hard time standing
On my feet, got word from Grantsville and they said that they
Were going to take Mother to the Hospital, of which
She had agreed to go and I think in the condition she
Is in the Hospital has the Equipment to handle people
Who are unable to help themselves.
God Grant that She will be taken soon Be of good cheer
About Death, and know this of a truth, that no Evil can
Happen to a good Man, either in Life or after Death
To Live is to go on a Journey; to die is to come back Home.

July 11 52 they got mother a Hospital bed so they have
decided to try and take care of mother at home, but I
think they are making a mistake.

July 12 52 Went to Sunday School and did my duties as a
Ward clerk, had a good Meeting, they put the new Bishopric
In put Pull Platt in and retained the Two Counsellors, so
I can read the Hand writing on the wall.
I got a call from Alice that Mother had taken a slight stroke.

Monday July 14 52 We (Ray and Family) took us out to see Mother.
She could still get up and eat at the table
and go the Bathroom, after the children sang for her we
Left, after we got home the report came the next day July
15 she had another Bad (bad) stroke, paralyzing her on the

left side. 16, 17, 18 July I prepared myself for the Smith Reunion, 19 July Mother and I, Theron and Neva, Roger, and Steven, Norma, Patty, Margaret and Family, went to the Reunion, Ray, and Max, didn't get there, Norma and Max and Patty came down Thursday evening, about 7 o'clock p.m.

July 17th Came back from the Reunion and (July 20) Theron, and Family went to see mother, Alice and Jude, came in and Hazel, and I went out with them to Tooele Had supper at their place and then went down to Grantsville to see Mother, then we came home with Theron, Mother was slowly loosing ground and I think the time for her is not far in the distance.

This Happened July 20, I went to Church today, and I Was Released as Ward Clerk, and today I feel very much Relieved, July 21 & 22 I was in bed, my heart couldn't take that much excitement, on the 23 & 24 & 25 I was up and around again, the 26 we got word that they are bringing Mother in to the Hospital, L.D.S. for which I am thankful, I and my wife went to see Her, and I doubt if she will Live through the Week She could talk but her voice was very weak, I wish that she could be relieved of her suffering, And I feel she is wanting to see those who have gone on before.

July 27th and 28 & 29 I was in bed again, I sure am a Weakling, Jude and Alice came to see me, Amela Beverly, and Chix came, and Cleo Boyer, and her girl Linda, Aunt Ester and Aunt Lilian, came the 29th after they Had saw Mother, they brought Hazel home. I was very happen to see them, for I love them with all My heart, But some times I feel like I haven't very much Of a Heart, and some times I think it is so large it wants to Come out and see the World.

July 30 52 Amila and Beverly came in to see Mother They called here left their truck and took a bus, I took them down To state, and they went from there to meet Theron at work then he toke them up to the Hospital They came to my place after, they reported that mother didn't know them, and there was a great change in her for the worse, July 31 this morning the phone rang at 1:30 a.m. Mather had passed away, I am somewhat releaved of the tension, that I have been in and I thank my Father in

Heaven for releaving (relieving) her of this Earthly cases.
She has had a long and worrisome Life 84 years of hard
Work and 32 years the 6th of August she has been a Widow,
Over half her married Life.

Aug 1 1952 I am taking it easy

Aug. 2 Today we will lay Mother away, and those that went
To the funeral of my Family Fay and his wife and 4 oldest
Daughters, Theron and my Wife and myself a lovely
Sevice was given her and I was very much please with it
It went along fine and it was held an hour, had very
Fine crowd lots came to pay their respects, to my Mother
I was tired but felt very good for what I had to go through
I went to bed early.

Aug. 3 I feel fine this morning I think I ought to I was
In bed 12 hours, I guess I just as well lay in bed then
To wonder around and do nothing, when there is so much to
Do around Home, I went to Sunday school and after Sunday
School The stake Clerk came down and turned the Books
Over to the new Ward Clerk LaVon Roberts, so I am very
Much releaved (relieved) of my duties as in that Field, I went
To church a 5 pm Lucy and Loyd came to see us and she
Told us what had happened at the reunion, for the Boss
Family, in the Evening mother went down to Theron's
I stayed Home and went to Bed.

Aug. 7 & 8 I went out to Grantsville to Help Clean Up the
Old home stead, for the Last time, Amelia and I bed farewell
To the old Home, where we were all Born, what will
Happen to it, time will tell, Amelia Brought me home.
The month of Aug was a Might Busy month for me I fixed
Bicycles and picked my Fruit and went to the temple.

Aug. 23 Dale came from Idaho Falls, on business,
He left Sunday morning.

Sept. 1 was a holiday Mother was home and we did a little work about Home

Sept the 4 I went to the Temple to do seilings

Sept 5 We went to the Temple for Endowment work
that afternoon Taffy was run over with a car, she

Died a half hour after, This Little Dog was one that
Norma and Max gave Ray, Her loss was very much felt.

Sept 6 Had a quiet day, worked a round Home.

Sept 7 I went to Stake Priesthood Meeting, for the High
Priest only, went to Church at 5 o'clock p.m.

Monday 8 I was down in bed Tuesday I was down part of the
Day but felt better in the afternoon, so was up and around a little.
Wed. 10 I went to Doc Kimble, he gave me a very stiff exam.
And told me I was very counious (conscious) of my trouble and gave me
Some pills to take for my nerves, I would like to comment
Here that I give no thought of my trouble, I want no sympathy
I ask for no comments, and there are no substitute for Honest
Labor, doing our Best Every day, to shake off the shackles
That grind us to a limited amounts, and stand on our two feet
God gave us truth, justice, righteousness, and Honesty,
For the Benefit and uplift of humanity, so why should I be as
A child grieve over something, that I probably brought on, for
The sake of my selfish desires, if I am willing to take the
Punishment, for my wrong doings, and mistakes I've made, not only
For myself, but for others, I'll take it with out a mumur.
What Happened 11 and 12, I worked around the house, but
Sat. 13 I really worked and really felt good about it,
Sunday 14th we went to Sunday School and church, in the after noon Jesse
Dansie and his three boys came and visited us for a few minutes.

Saturday 13 Thelma and Blaine came to see us he leaves
For Calif. To go back to the Service, where he will live over seas

Monday 15 I did Very Little in the after noon I toke Mother
and Linda up town, to spend their Money, then I went ward teaching

Tuesday 16 I fixed Kelly's Wagon, I Fixed the Horn on the car
Picked Neva and children up in the car, took the two boys to the fair
Met Lavina then tooke Neva and the Girls to the Doc. Then
Left Neva at the Z.C.M.I. I picked mother up at work and then
came home, with the children, Margaret and children came Over
and we had a Little Party for Roger's Birthday.

Sept 17 52 Ray and i went over to Grantsville and put in the Head
Stones of Father and Mother and Henry

Sept 18 52 I went to Rays and started to wreck the old Car,
in the evening I went to watch Ray, Bishop Burt and Hugh Barns
Kill a cow they bought to can, they paid a \$150.00 for her then
Friday Sept 19 I went to Rays and helped cut the meat off
the Bones and took some meat down to the meat market to get
It ground up for hamburger

Sept 20 Rays old cow had a Calf

Sept 19 & 20 _52 things went along fair, Ray and Family went to
A show 20 and toke us along with them called, the Greatest Show on Earth,
the Theater was so crowded we could hardly get in, it was about door the arther
(?)

Sunday 21 Went to Priesthood meeting, I took charge, went to
Sunday school, and sacrament Meeting, Monday 22 I worked on the
Place out side fixed the fence for the Livestock so
They could get more to eat, Sept 24 painted the inside of the
cubard, red it sure looks good. Then I worked too hard and had to
Go lay down for a while, Neva came with the Children and they
Picked some Rasbarries, then Neva went to the Temple and we
Took the children Home and when Theron and Neva came home
We got home about 11 p.m.

Sept 25 I am cooking some Beans

Sept 26 -52 I went down to Rays and toke care of the three
Youngest children, while Ray went to a funeral and Margaret
Went to a meeting, Colleen Boos came and stayed with us
Throu. The Night

Sept 27 Sat. 52 Colleen went up town and Mother went to
Work, I changed the Electric Fence, brought in the Battery up
To the House so I can turn it off more often

Sept 28 Sunday I went to Stake High Priest Meeting, it was fast
Sunday because this next Sunday is General Conference, to
Day Chester Boss came after his Daughter Colleen. Had dinner
with us and then went home.

Sept 29 I was quite upset got a Letter from Dale and He said
He needed some Money (who don't these days) well some how it
Gave me a upset, I racked my no count Brain to think what
Was the Matter, so Tuesday 30 I went to talk to Mr Howell
You Know that it releaves the mind if one can unload your
Responsibilities to those that have a greater and older

In experience, than you are, "all Progress is made by men of Faith who believe in what is right, and, even more important, Actually do the right in there Private affairs, you cannot Add to the peace and good will of the world if you Fail to create an atmosphere of Harmony and Love right where You live and work." And so I appreciate the advice and counsel That he gave me.

In the after noon I went down to take care of Margarets and Rays Babies while Margaret went to a meeting,

Wed 1 of Oct. 52 I went down to see about some Feed for the Stock. Then I went to Therons then I came Back and went to Rays and took care of the children, then Ray and I went to Levitts and got a Buck and took it to our two sheep

Oct 2 I went to Therons to help Close in his back porch We didn't get it finished but expect to next week. I was quite Tired when I got Home, I went to bed early.

Oct. 3 I don't feel so good to day, I went to Rays then I Came home and listened to conference.

On Oct 4 I got a letter from Dale it rather upset me for the Information I asked for wasn't in the letter so I decided to go up and see him, I finished listening to conference Got ready to go to Priesthood meeting Hazel went with me She was meeting Hilda, but we got in a traffic jam so I Never got there in time to get in so I went to the Show With Hazel and Hilda the show wasn't good so I was Discused We met Parley after the Meeting and came Home, then went Down to Rays for awhile.

Oct 5 I listened to conference until noon then Ray took Me up to meet Parley at the Tabernacle Grounds and then I went with them to Barelake, We stopped at Laplurs (?) on our (way) up, we arrived to Bern at about 7:15 pm had supper then went to Bed

Monday 6 I was left alone the Kids went to School and Parley and Hilda went to the Logan Temple. I visited around Bern that day went to see Myrtle and Had Lunch with Her then I saw Fern and she took me over to Montpiller and I stopped and saw Verona while Fern did some Shopping then Fern went to see Naomia so I got to see her Came Back to Bern

Oct 7 Parley and Hilda went to Idaho falls and I went
With them I stopped over night with Dale and Helen Parley
And Hilda went to Rexberg, I got Dale started on
His way again so I hope everything will be o.k. for a
While, Parley and Hilda came the next Day Oct 8 Parley and I
Watched the auction sale at the stockyards and then came home
We stopped at Pocatello and saw Hilda's Sister had a Lunch
With the, stopped to see Aunt Bertrice saw Percy but Aunt
Betrice wasn't home so we came home and arrived at Bern
About 5:30 p.m.

Oct 9 Wed. I went fishing with Geo Went to Thomases Fork
Lots of Ducks, caught a limet (limit) of Fish, wasn't easy took all
Day, got home about 6:15 p n I stayed with Geo and Edith that
Evening, Had fish for Supper was real good.

Oct 10 went Fishing again went to the same Place but didn't
Catch but one are two so came back to Graffe Creek and
There caught the Limet got home at 6:30 had Elk Steaks for
Supper and was I tired

Oct 11 the Duck season opened and I went along to watch
Most of them got their Limet But Geo Decided to try Thomas
Fork so I went along with Him - while going up the canyon
About 60 per (mph) Had a blowout I thought we would tip over
So I guess we can thank the Lord for keeping that car right
Side Up along with good driving. We changed the tire and went
On our way got a Limet of Ducks and came home thanking
The Lord for his Protection I helped Geo and Edith to
Cut up their Elk,

Sunday Oct 12 I went to all the Meetings I opened the
Sacrament Meeting, then Hilda and I went over to Montpilier
Visited with Louse Kunz and wife, saw Jeneal and Family
Saw Abels New Home, came Home had supper went to bed
Earlier in the Day Parley and I went to see Heber he
was ready to go to the Hospital for an operation the next
Morrning

I also got a way home so Oct 13 I came Home with
Veron Kunz we stopped in Logan to see uncle Rob, He was
On his way to the doc he was feeling Low because of
A boil on his chest, we came to Sal Lake city with out
Any trouble got home at 4:15 p.m. Mother just got off the
Bus at 33 we got there so she got a ride from there
Had supper and then mother and I went to Rays then killed

Some beef and I went down to watch

On Oct 27 got 131 chickens
(end of typewritten journal-rest in long hand)

Oct 29 Ray & I went Deer Hunting But I
Didn't see one, only what Ray got. But better
Luck next time.

(Oct 25 & 26 Was conference in the stake)
Oct 30 & 31 I worked around
Home. Nov. 1 I went down to Theron's and help
Close in his back porch, Sunday I went
To church.

Nov. 3 & 4 I worked around home 5 & 6
Worked around home and Nov 7 went to the
Temple to do sealings. Fri. Nov. 7
Went to the Temple & Did some Endowments.

Sat Nov 8 I went down to Therons and helped him
Put in a window and Door, Sunday I
Went to church

Nov 9 Monday Nov 10 I went out with Ray to trade my car for a truck,
we looked around and found one at Cuptial Chev. Us. & traded
my old 40 for a truck 47-well
I am satisfied and the more I drive it the more I like it
then we went up town to do some business for Mother & Margaret
on the surveyor Project.
But couldn't do much for Mother for she hadn't signed the application

Nov 11- 52 Mother & I went and got the truck the Difference Of \$600.00 & it sure
Broke us (by) the time we got thro paying Taxes and Insurance-
I guess I will Be broke for 2 months
But I am Sure my old car wouldn't hold Out for another week & then it
Would have cost me 2 or 3 hundred Dollars to fix it up.

12th mother Went to work & I did some extra Work around home-I went down
To Ray's and did some Baby Sitting
that evening in the mail We got a letter from Jack Smith
Of Grantsville Inviting us to be At the Temple for Jack & his wife
Were going to have their endowment
So I was the only one of his uncles On his Fathers side that could attend
So I was prepledged to be one of The witnesses & LaVern his Bro.

Was the other, I was sure thrilled & happy to see them in the Temple &
I think I felt the presence of Frank there, for I felt so fine In my Breast, and the
tears of Others that was there I know
The spirit of humbleness, was Present among us.
Lornia his wife Was so happy, as well as all the Rest, after the ceremony we all
Went down in the kitchen & Had lunch & after Lunch & bidding them goodbye-they
left for Grantsville & I came home.

Nov. 14 I went up to the Temple to get some Baptisms started, then I stayed until
we had done 500 I was a witness,
(It) has been a long time since I have written so nothing very important
has happened except Christmas has passed
(We) have had a very fine one & now a New Year is here.
Has been a very fine Winter not very cold & what we call an open winter not very
much snow & very little wet at all-outside of colds we have had good health & for
what we enjoy-so I am grateful for a beginning of a new day with gratitude for the
opportunities,
I am glad for the privilege of life and work, that I can cultivate an attitude of peace
and goodwill.
This Day Jan 12 1953.

Jan. 13 I stayed close to home as I was on the Bed most all day.

Jan 14 snow all night still snowing the heaviest snow of the year. Got word that
one of the Kunz Bro. died a younger bro. to Oroulo (?)
The lights have been off for about 1 ½ hr. Just came on at 11:05 a lot of things
have happened & passed since I have written
my Sister had pneumonia & stayed at our place in February for a week.
Fay's heifer had a calf and on Feb 27 the young ewe sheep I have had twins one
Died I tried to save it But without fail it Died & I felt I had been a failure,
I have seen many a lamb die on the range but this one hurt me for I didn't
realize the mother didn't have enough milk for both. But I saved the one & is
doing fine the other ewe had one lamb.

1 Day of March we have had a lot of cold weather But today
March 5th 53, is a nice Day the sun is shining a little chilly But nice, I have a
cold & so I don't think I shall be able to do much. I go down and milk at Rays in
the morning & I am thinking of buying the calf for our own use.

March 2 - 54

Has been a year since I wrote anything about myself
We have had a few ups and downs since
Mother (my wife) has leukemia, & Since June of 53 we have been On our toes
trying in every way to find Something to help her. at Present she is

Taking a mineral water, & some pills the Doctor gave her.

She has build her Blood counts up. But we never know how long it will last. She works every day she can.

We have had an open winter warmer weather, not much moisture and the ground is dry. This year I have enjoyed better health. Have been active in church work and have been singing in the choir.

Last summer the 4th of July we toke (took) a trip to see Norma and family, at Emmett , Idaho.

A good trip. But I got a little infection so couldn't get around up there very much in

Sept I think it was, Norma & Patty came down to see us. Ray, Theron, Norma & mother & I went up to Idaho Falls to give Dale a little support in blessing his baby - was a great thrill, to us all that was the first time we had been together in about 14 years. Had a wonderful trip, came back the same day. Mother has to go to the doctor every other week: and I have been working down at the church welfare warehouse for the Millcreek 1st Ward.

I bought some chickens last Sept from Agnas Dansie and now I am working with them, I haven't had such good luck getting them to lay. But I am able to keep my self on top anyway. I have 5 head of sheep one blongs (belongs)to Ray's girl Linda, so she will have a sheep herd to take care of next year.

The neighbor get me an old sheep and now she is doing fine. I hope she has some young ones this year.

I was paubearer for one of our high priests, Bro Arthur T Shurtliff. Feb - 1954 - was a very good man he was loved by all who knew him. I have often wondered why a good man like him hs to go and I am left to stay.

Today, March 2nd , 54 is a cold day. But the sun is shining, will have to go out and feed my chickens,

Feb 1, 1955. Time have passed so fast I haven't been able to write much so far I dont think anything have passed of very important, I was ask by the Bishop Paul Platt to act as chairman of the Genelological. I excepted but I have been very slow in organizing in making the society funckson. (function)

Since I last wrote Ray my oldest son has drawn a farm in Burley county, and he & I have been very busy preparing to go up to the farm and do the building so his family can move up there.

Sometimes I have wondered how he will get alon alone, he has a fairly good start But he will need some help.

January 31 - 2 lambs were born, to the ewe that belongs to Linda, that is Ray's

oldest girl.

Mother made a quilt and aunt agnas came from "Ruth's, her daughter" to help make the quilt, the week of Januray 25.

Theron our 2nd boy has a new used car. They are happy with it, o yes.

Last December Margaret "Ray's wife" had a baby girl so that makes 6 girls and 1 boy.

(That) is the 16th grand child, our postary (posterity) is growing -

Lots of things have happened to other people of which, I and my wife was interested, as friends and relatives, has been a very cold winter but now it seems the winter has been a little warmer the last few days.

Dec 5 today 1955 & some very interesting things have happened on April 13. Ray and I left for Idaho to start farming his new land. It was a clear day when we left and so we felt good to travel, we tooke a load of things with us, of what we may need to start out with. As he had taken a tractor and other travels up earlier, so we started out in our new adventure, new to Ray, but not to me. I have experienced pioneering land. And making it productive, so I was glad to give to him of some of my experiences of what I could remember. What it meant to him I shall never know perhaps. But my experiences means a lot ot me. The land was still in brush, and with the late spring time was gained out. We stay at Cheggs, my cousin's place for a week. For which we were very greatful and she shall never know how we love and appreciate her for lending a helping hand of which she was noted for in that part of the country.

Finally the brush was cleared and I picked (at this point it was unclear what was written, this is what it looks like) Lanowed, while Ray Russalled the leveling machines and carralls. For to level out the rough spots. The land was surveyed for the ditches & Drops were made. 32 of the houses were just about built, crops were planted The ditches were bade & the head gates or drops placed and water started by the 20th of May.

It seemed that Days weren't long enough before we could get the crops in now that was about 95 acres of land, then after the 20th of May, we still had the home to finish, the well pit to finish, the 10 acres of potatoes to plant, and the watering 24 hours a day to keep up.

I kept the watering going while Ray did the gathering of the seed too. Seven acres of alfalfa & barley, 15 acres of wheat, 20 acres of peas, 4 1/2 acres of beets, 10 acres of potatoes, and about 50 acres of Barley. This was not all roses. For we had dust, rain, cold west winds, that at times we couldn't hardly see & so cold we could hardly dress for it, & have to work. The wend blew so hard at times we could hardly stand on our feet. I remember I was out watering and the cold west wind was blowing so hard I had to lean forward in order to walk. I was out watering and I turned from the wind and it blew me in to the ditch, no I had high boots on so I didn't get wet. I had my shovel in my hands to steady my weight but I was swept into that water like a piece of paper.

Another time we had just arrived from Salt Lake & it looked like rain, so Bill Burt & Ray got a big tarp to put upon the house to keep the rain from wetting the

inside & the wind came with such a force that Bill & Ray had to hold on to the rafters of the house and sit on the tarp to keep from blowing them off. Bishop Burt and I were on the ground. He was about 5 feet from me. I was standing by the cement mixer, & I held on to that mixer & it blew Bishop Bert up against an electric pole, & he held on to that, if he had gone 4 feet further he would have fallen into the well pit. That storm lasted for about an hour. The dust was so bad at times we couldn't stay there so we were staying in a fishing camp, a place to sleep & eat in, but not to keep dust out.

We have come into that camp at times late and had to dig out our sleeping bags so we could go to bed at night. I was glad that in my early youth I had experienced that kind of weather. I tried not to falter one minute in getting discouraged. At times we didn't eat as often as we could if we had someone to do the cooking. The neighbors were good to us for they did all they could to give us a lift and help, for which we appreciated their kindness, we had to have water to drink and some time we had some muddy water to cook with, then when the pump was in & the house was partly built, Ray came down to Salt Lake and got his furnace (furnace) & put it in the basement of the home.

Linda and Karen came up with him, & it was good to see someone who could cook our meals, then things seemed to click the crops started to come up, & the dust seemed to settle down. Everything seemed to take on a new spring look, the house roof was being put on, & things looked better. The corral (corrals were) built, the top of the well pit was put on & cows were brought & sheep were shipped in & a pig was brought, & so the barn yards looked like something had been done.

Then the family came up. The house wasn't built yet but they slept in the basement & bedrooms & camp. When the house was finished the painting all done, we had harvested the peas, wheat, and some barley. (We) had put up a grain bin, built a platform for it, & by November all crops were in and stored for winter in addition chickens were bought and rabbits (rabbits) were bought and so I came home for the winter.

This is just part of all the work that had been done in such a short time, some day I hope to write more about it, but I enjoyed my summer immensely, (immensely) hope to have a better one next year.

Well the next year came - 1956. Hazel has been very ill and she still has the determination of working, Doctor Bills, continue to pill up, & she seems not to improve & we don't expect her to get better. The winter has been cold & quite a lot of snow, but didn't stay on the ground very long. In Feb. I had a chance to go to Rupert, Idaho with Don Eggland, so I went with him. It was a nice day so we left Salt Lake with good roads and on our way Don picked up a Ford tractor at Tremonton.

We got along fine until we were within a mile of Rays. The roads were very bad. We were a little late getting there & so we had to go around by the gravel road about a mile out of the way to get to Ray's. They call it the ? Suyle station, we managed to get there, but late the next day we went to Don's farm. The roads were

very rough and muddy, but we went by tractor. The next day we came home. It was March the 27th when I left for Rupert, Idaho, to help with spring work on the farm. Mother wanted me to go and help Ray, but I felt I should stay with her, but she said she was feeling better, but I could see she was slowly fading and getting weaker. I finally agreed to her suggestion, I was quiet busy farming getting crops in and irrigating working long hours, trying to get the spring work done on the 22 I had a dream about Hazel (my wife). I saw her trying very hard to do some cleaning up and moping her floors, but became very ill and I asked her if I could help. She became so weak she sit down on the floor to do her work. She said there were company coming & she would like very much to get the house cleaned. I remarked the next morning to Ray & Margarit I had a dream of mother & told them of the dream. I felt I should call her and see if she was O.K. We had to go a mile to a phone. So, Ray said wait until this evening & Ill go with you. But Monday 22 we got word that we were worried on the phone, so that evening we phoned. Mother answered, Ray was quiet surprized to learn it was her talking. She was at Theorn's, said the Doctor had told her that things were happening fast & that we should come down & have a talk with her, well I went back and slept until 2:30 next morning as I had been working hard that day & I had to have a little rest as I may go to sleep on the way home.

I left at 3 a.m. Tues - I felt that I wouldn't have her with me much longer, that the time had finally arrived for us to part from this life. Many things passed thro my old brain of past successes and failures. The road was long and lonely. The passing years has been but a short span, the sun had just cast its first glorious rays upon the tops of mountains & it was the beginning of a new year of discisions. I felt the power of silence, and tho the quiet meditation and I asked my self this question, Can I correct my judgements, deepen the knowledge and formulate wise plans by means of meditation. We rise above our sorrows & troubles, and learn to appreciate our ideas & true value. Silence helps us to solve our most difficult problems, gives us rest from inordinate ambition, and in ward silence and stillness. We learn to know and to do thi will of God. Could I be worthy of this find woman who had contributed to me the fine family she had been so kind to & raised to be come fine citizens, and kept me on the straight & narrow, when discouragement & give me strength and courage to blast away the evil temptations of despair, always looking on the bright side of illness. I drove on in silence until I arrived at my son Theron's place. Hazel was waiting for me & so we went home & she went to bed, I called my daughter Norma from Nyssa, Oregon & she came down on Wed. & her sister Lucy came and the following Sat Ray & Dale came and there family, she was given only a week to live. The pain and suffering the rest of her days were trouble, we watched the closing of another life, we were all watchful until the closing of another day.

April 30, '56. Why do we mourn, I have asked myself the question time & time again, it would have been 38 years in May 8th that we have been companions together, a short span in this hard twisted and rough experience in this life.

Moments and hours pass me by. Some may be filled with tears of regret, a few even cause me to cry. Yet, most of them carry a happy refrain, which causes

life's thread to be strong. But the spinner spurs on till the end of life. Through the thread be short or long, and so in those short years together I have always found her always worth while to live nobly, victoriously struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of Divine beauty. Few are called to do great acts in life. But, she who does the best her circumstance allows, does well, angels could do no more. So the decisions in my life have multiplied. Could I make them right? Or will I become depressed & stagger under the load. Complexed & bewildered, I wondered about like a lost sheep with out a leader to follow.

Sleepless nights, I saw her for the last time in this life, dressed in her white clothes looking like an angel. Her pain had left her and it made me happy. For three long years she had suffered emensley, and I would not want her back to cinture that suffering, she had meny freinds, as meny came to see her. The funeral services were unordinary, a large crowd gathered at the meeting house, and over flowing crowd. President O.J. Harline of the Grant Stake spoke. Bro. Pinkney of the high counsel spoke, beautiful musice was rendered by the singing mothers, & sterling & Duce Hallady sang. The services were fitting very much to the occassion, flowers were of the best, we laid her away at the Elesyen Gardens on 9th East & 4700 South.

I returned with a heavy heart, meny things going thro my mind. Norma was there and other friends & relatives, so I can't feel sorry for myself, but that silent moments spell the success, or failure I was greatful for the few day with Norma & family, she helped to clean up and strengthen the house & help me to come with her to travel to Idaho, to Ray's. We loaded the truck with a few belongings that she wanted to take home for a little rememberence & I took some up to Ray's for my conveniences, we stopped at Brigham & had a lunch, it rained until we got to Tremonton & then we had nice weather. The baby got sick at Bear River City, but those things are expected after a heavy meal. It was rather late when we arrived at Ray's at Rupert. But we had a good trip & so the next day I was kept busy irragating, & that eveing we took Norma & 2 children to the buss. I worked hard to keep myself from the past memories, it takes faith & courage to enter into your every day life, without it nothing will be attempted with any hope of success.

I helped Ray with the crops in and another month, I came down home to see if everything was still there. Theron had been helping take care of the chores. The place looked rather lonesome and more so when I entered the house. I looked & how strange things weren't the same. No one to greet me, with a kiss of delight. The story is told, the windows are darkened, and the affections, patient. The beauty and strength of a womans devotions, have closed on another day.

I loaded up with chicken feed & dairy feed & the following Monday I was on my way back to Rupert. I have become a wanderer over the roads of desert between Salt Lake & Rupert. I stay for awhile in one place & then I get tired and want to travel again. I visited Dale & then went to see Norman. She is the only one that I feel like I have to cheer me and feel like my arms are again around the one that has left me. The summer seemed long & hard. But with the closing of 2 years of hard decisions and as I knew the grand summer thro ruff had closed a life of more decisions to make. So I left Rupert, Nov 29th that evening I got home about 5

o'clock, cold but clear. The place had changed. Grass had grown high, every thing had run wild. I had decided to stay there for the winter so I cleaned the house and got ready for a hard winter. The boys wanted me to rent the place, I wanted to be independent, & so I was going to clean out the chicken coop and make it living quarters for me and rent the house.

I worked to get my papers in shape so if anything should happened I could go in peace. I answered many letters that I neglected to answer. But I failed to get my work up where I wanted, I was out figuring how I could get the place fixed so I could move in the coop. I was standing against the south fence, when I was struck with another heart attack. I figured it was my last moments on this earth. It was so severe I managed to walk to the house and layed on the couch to wait for the fatal moment. The pain became worse, some thing seemed to pull me on my feet and I staggered over to the neighbors, Bazeel Moors. I knocked at the door. I asked him to take me to the VA hospital. He helped me into his car & I had passed out when I got there, but I came to while I was being put in bed. Then I can't remember much until about 2 or 3 days. Theron was sent for & he came and got my clothes and the Elders. They came & administered to me again. The faith & prayers of people of the ward and friends gave me the strength to over come the weakness that had possessed me. Prayer of itself is beneficial to constant desire, unuttered or expressed, for a certain object helps one to concentrate his efforts till the attainment of the object is accomplished. The great of prayer is to gain divine assistance, to get the power we of ourselves do not possess. Without the help we are not able to do our full duty in life.

The days weren't easy, every day seemed years. I enjoyed all the converts of nurses & my children coming to see me. Friends many of them to comfort & cheer me. But I missed the very one what but a few short 4 years before had made the journey every day to the hospital as I lay there unable to help myself. I wondered why I had been able to over come this attack, & why I have been privileged to stay on this earth, to face this old world alone.

I talked & joked with the nurses and I tried to believe in the gallantry of older people whose seasoned experience and steadfast devotion has preserved for me the precious heritage of the past, and only the ear the most sensitive to delicate harmony suffers the sharpest pain when discord sounds in a glorious symphony and only the one who has fought life's battles can know the joy of conquest. I was released from the hospital after a wee of special treatment, & to my surprise I was told I had a touch of dibeatice, (diabetes) the task of keeping my health seemed a big task & I was given a special diet to follow. I knew that Neva would have a hard time to figure out this menu, but I had the confidence and assurance she could master it if I could have the courage and will power to stay within my limits. That diet didn't turn out for I gained weight, & so I had my second check up I had gained 8 pounds. So now I was put in a more strict diet, this time I could only have 800 calories per day. That is a starvation diet, but I am not losing weight very fast, but hope to by the 10th of April, I was invited to dinner at the Bishop Herbert Terry's, had a very wonderful dinner & after Bishop took me thro there new chapele, it is a wonderful chapele

March 31 - 57 - in the evening I attended the dedication of the Granger 1st ward meeting house. My health seems to be on the emprove. The weather has been stormy, rain has been coming down & Neva has been trying to wash.

April 5 - 1957 - rainy and warm. Bro Hoe, Theron's missionary pal & his wife has stayed all night and has left to visit friends. I am loosing weight last Wed the 3, I attended the funeral of Fred Evans. He was 84. He married a daughter of Rose, a sister to Hazel, my wife a very nice service. I am looking for Ray to come down from Rupert. If he can get away he will come for a meeting Friday 5 - this is conference week. Ray couldn't come down from Rupert and so I sayed home and watched conference thro T.V. Wonderful conference, didn't see any one from Idaho parts, I went the next Sunday to conference in Theron's stake the 14. On the 15th I went to the doctors & he said I was slowly improving, & on Wed I went to a funeral at Garland for Russel's Boss, wife of Elizabeth, was a nice service, saw parly & most of his family, & Theron & Aunt Agnes & I went together. I came to Rupert on the following day, Thurs - April the 18th '57. I arrived o.k. and found everyone happy. I was glad to get there for I felt the trip rather tiresome. I was given a warm welcome. The following Sunday the 21st was their stake conference, for the Minodoka Stake so I attended with the family. I also attended the dedication of the LDS Seminary. Was a very good program. I really enjoyed that evening when we got home we received a call from the police. He came and said Ray was wonted on the phone, We haven't a phone at the house so Ray had to go about a mile & a half, he phone & Theron told him that Clinton Dansie, his wife & baby had got killed in another accident. I was rather shocked, I couldn't get it out of my mind. I didn't sleep very well & I surley felt the sorrow that would rest with the family. I prayed that I might be able to go to the services. I tryed very hard to over come the shock. For I felt as tho there family were of my responsibility to help all I could to be one in sorrow and share there trouble. Clinton seemed so close to us and after he came to see his Aunt Hazel often he came to us in his trouble life for advice. He was a fine young man & we shed tears together for guidance. One evening when he had come to our home I could see he had some things on his mind & I asked if I could help him and so he asked if I could help him in his despondency & so I said I could only tell him where he could gain a better understanding & so we kneeled down in prayer and I asked the Lord to help him & when he arose he thanked me and siad he felt better. Later he found another girl and was married in the temple. Ray & I was to the funeral it was a wonderful service, they laid them away at the Hariman cemetary. I again saw a lot of the folks from Bear Lake and parts of Utah. We came home the next day. On our way up we had a blow out on the truck, but after that we had no trouble. The next day, Thurs, we had some rain & cold weather, had a sheep lamb & she lost them all. There was three, the next two or three days some more sheep lamb, all are alive so far & looks like some will lamb later, went to meeting today Sunday & it is nice & warm. Trying to get ready for the water next week hope we can, as the ground is getting dry. Helped Margrett put in some strawberry plants Sat, & they look good today.

Sept 10, 1957. Today Ray - Margaret & I attended Carol Chugg's wedding. It was at the Logan Temple. We had a wonderful experience seeing such a lovely couple get married. The temple grounds were most beautiful, with all the fall flowers & green lawn, we arrived home without any accident. I saw in the paper the death announcement of Will Thorton. His services were today, I feel sorry I couldn't attend so I am writing Anna his wife why I couldn't be there.

It has been a long time since I had taken any notes. But my life has been on the tramp side, and I have been several places to visit.

January 13th I left for California. On my way I visited the St George Temple and stopped for 2 hours in Las Vegas, Nevada. There I changed buses for Mesa, Arizona. I visited the Temple. I went through one session, saw Bro & Sister C.R. Robins, from Rupert or Acequia ward. I went to the bus station to get my suitcase but somehow it had gotten delayed so I had to put a tracer out for that, that delayed my going through the temple again & visiting Bro & Sister Robins, so I went back to Phoenix and there I got very ill with a cold, I was at the hotel for 2 days and then I wanted to go on some of the tours, but I missed out on them so I decided to go to Los Angeles - to see my brother Homer. Then I left that morning 8:45, traveled until 9 o'clock that night, arrived at L.A. and then I called my brother Homer and he came after me. He was surprised to see me. I had a good visit while there, I left there.

Jan 29 - 59. So I would be back to Shoshone, Idaho to help bless Dale's baby, so I stopped at S.L. to see if Theron & family would come with me, so Theron & family came. We stayed at Rays Sat Jan 31 - 59 and Sunday morning we traveled to Dale's. Got there early enough to attend Priesthood and then Sunday school and then fast meeting. Dale named the baby. They call him Kim, after meeting we traveled back to Salt Lake, had a nice visit with Theron and all so now I came back to Rupert to stay and help with the spring farming. We have had some bad cold weather and farming has been delayed, I finally decided to go visit Norma. I drove up there without any trouble. The summer is fast on its way. Jun 25 I left for Bern to go fishing with George Kuna my brother-in-law. We went to Cedin & there I met Walter Kunz. He is a fisherman and he had just bought him a boat and so Geo & Walter his wife & son-in-law went fishing on the Palacade. We had wonderful fishing. Got our limit and returned home and the next day Geo, Walter and I went fishing on the Teton River, caught about 30 to 40 fish and so we didn't stay very long. They were sad so the next day Leo and I went on the Blackfoot River for the opening July 1st it was so cold I didn't get out that morning and Walter and his family were there with their boat. Fishing wasn't any good so we decided to go over on the Palacade. There we had very good fishing, and that afternoon we encountered a wind storm and for a while I didn't think we would get off of that lake alive. We all had life jackets on but I don't think they would have been much help in such a wind storm & waves so high. But we managed to get back without much trouble, thanks for the protection of the Lord and good management of the boat. We landed after dark, five miles below where our car was so one of the boys thumbed

his way to the car. We arrived home at Walters at 11 that night. The next day we went back on the Teton river. Had fairly good luck then Leo & I decided we would have to go back to Bern so we traveled the old trail where I used to travel by horse and buggy, from Freedom and Upteneuy and along the Williams hug trail where old memories of boyhood days and there is where my love letters in the sand (so to speak) started, the old log house, weathered, with rust and coral from years of sun, light and rainy years have silenced the echoes of children's voices, and only the memories linger, silhouetted against the mountains where the path lead to what I called home, it was there I spent time with loved ones, & friends, and I almost weep when looking back in boyhood days. I see the trail we road on horseback together and gathered wild flowers to put on the kitchen table, this was home on the range, with just an echo of the passed as we proceeded on our way, bear, deer, antelope crossed our path, the first time I have been up that way for 20 years, The cheese dairies have long disappeared, years have taken its toll, we arrived at Bern about dusk and the next day I came back to Rupert in July. It is now August 5th and the girls were happy to see me for they were ready for a vacation & I am going to do the chores while they are gone. Then after the beet harvest I went to Salt Lake to help finish Theron's room and then I came back to Rupert and spent a few days and for xmas I was up to see Norma & Max and after Christmas I helped Norma put a ceiling on in the basement, then I came back to Rupert and helped lamb this is Jan 23 - 1960 and Linda and Clarence are here, we now have lambed out 18 ewes and have 28 lambs.

Hedwig Hazel Kunz
Introduction written by her second son Joseph Theron Smith

Very few lines about our mother have survived, even though she provided the redeeming ordinances for thousands of her extended family.

As we considered Mother's accomplishments, it was not hard to decide that her living children should do something about it. We pooled our memories and found some interesting events in Mother's life that are worth recording for her posterity.

Children

Ray George Smith
Joseph Theron Smith
Norma Smith Urry



back row: Dale & Theron

middle row: Ray

front
Mar



front row: Norma &
Margaret

Neva

Sister

Lucy Kunz Hansen

Daughters-in-law

Margaret Howell Smith



Neva Harper Smith

MEMORIES OF MOTHER
BY
JOSEPH THERON SMITH



From early childhood I have always considered my mother to be “angelic” in her appearance. While rummaging through an old picture file box one day, I found a picture which proved to me that she was angel in my estimation. And even though I am now in my “second childhood”, nearing the age of 60, I consider Mother to be Saintly as well as angelic.

The earliest memory I have of Mother was the time we rented the Crane home in Herriman, Utah. We were like other normal children, unafraid of dangers which are usually around homes located in “country communities” far from the big city. I remember Mother’s sometimes excited warnings, about the dangers of an old water cistern near the house and the cement ditch, out in front of our property. In later years I learned why Mother was so protective in trying to keep us from falling into the cistern or the ditch. Several children had been drowned in the cement ditch with water racing down from the Lark mines with unchecked speeds, that could kill a child within minutes after falling into the swift current. I can understand why Mother was also yelling at us to not play near the cistern. She would have never been able to rescue us from its depths, had we ever fallen into the “old water cistern”. She had always lived on a farm and never learned how to swim. She was very afraid of water and I imagine we worried her almost to death as we played near those danger spots.

Other memories of Mother that I can remember are while we rented the Bodell home, almost across the street from Cranes. She knew how to bake bread and was always willing to make us a “peanut butter” and “jam” sandwich when we asked for it. I know baking in those days was very hard for Mother, especially on an old coal stove with no automatic controls. But she finally mastered the old oven and baked some of the most delicious bread and cookies I have ever tasted. I also remember Mother’s loving embraces after experiencing before my eyes the tragic death of John Bodell. He was electrocuted on top of the light pole in front of our house as I looked out my bedroom window one stormy night. Mother’s warm embraces were the non-prescribed medicine that brought me out of my shocked, body-shaking trauma which covered my whole being. And I was thankful many times in my life for this “heavenly gift” she had of caring for one of her stricken children.

After suffering several painful miscarriages, Mother’s health seemed to weaken as the months slipped by. She never slowed down that I can remember, but I realize now each daily task probably strained her small body to the limit.

Some memories I have of mother seemed to have faded away from my mind’s eye; especially while we were renting the Miller home in Herriman and the Dansie home in Riverton. I have felt a little sad because very few pictures were taken of Mother during this time of her life.

Viewing some early pictures of Mother before her marriage to my Dad, helps me understand why our house was always filled with relatives visiting with us. She was

especially close to her brothers and sisters, and it seemed to me one or more would always be popping in to visit us. And Mother always had something to eat for them. She must have worked very hard, especially in the kitchen, trying to make our visitors welcome. I can never remember a time when our food supplies were low enough in our home for any of us to suffer from hunger.

My memory of Mother unfolds more clearly after we moved to 11th East & 17th South in Salt Lake City. I don't know under what circumstances my parents decided to move on 11th East, but operating a hamburger stand seemed to fit Mother's cooking abilities. I am sure she was probably forced into such a business because of the economy - but I know lots of people were glad the stand was there. Mother's kind and gentle character often helped me develop close relationships with my friends while she operated this business which was located in front of our lot. I can still smell the drifting, enjoyable odors that came from the little building, morning, noon, or night.

One day I walked home with Betty Forrest. We were in the 2nd grade and had found many similar interests. I invited her in to meet Mother. I watched the gleam in Mother's eyes when she asked Betty to take a "lucky bite". She told Betty if it was a pink one, she would get a candy bar. Betty took the wrapper off and sure enough it was a pink "lucky bite". I can remember to this day the happy look on Betty's face as Mother gave her the candy bar. To this day, I believe Mother made sure Betty got a pink lucky bite. You don't have to guess what good friends Betty and I were from then on.

Mother's famous cooking became well-known around our little community. Many students from the college not far away would come to eat lunch during their noon hour. Sometimes I watched them eat and shake their heads with a smile on their face as they bit into some of Mother's hamburger or hot dog sandwiches. I could tell their hunger pains were completely satisfied.

After moving into the "brick yard" home on 10th East, I seem to have fonder and remember more intimate details about Mother's real character. I remember her as a real nurse - advisor - and happy to be with her family. On several occasions when I got the stomach flu and had to vomit a lot, she would hold my head and I felt her healing powers literally run through my sick body. After the ordeal, she would call Bishop Harline and together with Dad, they would give me blessing. I realize now it was more her faith that healed me than mine. I remember when she had her goiter operation - and had to stay in the hospital for awhile - I got homesick living in my own home. Our cousin Ruth Dansie helped us and I enjoyed having her be our Mother - but my second sense told me - I wanted and needed my own mother.

I remember Mother being very protective of me, especially when going out on dates, whether it was with my boy or girl friends. She made it perfectly clear that after each date, I was to report to her regardless of how late it was. Making the report each time never bothered me. But each morning after Mother woke up and asked me why I didn't report to her, even after our half-hour conversations, I did have a problem of ever getting very serious about the reporting agreement. I realized later that Mother was serious about showing how much she cared about her children, and that this same love should be passed onto her grandchildren. It was easy for me to follow her example by being protective of my children while they were growing up.

Mother enjoyed our "brickyard" home very much. Several of the latest "new

designs” helped mother to enjoy cooking for her brood. The “breakfast nook”, designed to feed a family of six, probably did more to bring us closer together than any other house we ever lived in. I remember Mother reading the scriptures and many children’s stories to us while we were seated in the kitchen nook. And we did lots of singing together and played “Rook” on numerous occasions. Mother’s eyes would have a certain glow of satisfaction when we harmonized or played happily together.

The “monkey stove” in our basement also aided Mother to get her washing done easier in winter time and canning completed in summer time. Once in a while I would ask Mother to let me brew up some “hunter’s stew” to be enjoyed by a few of my friends who could smell the odors, drifting down our street. I remember using a variety of deliciously home-grown vegetables, and bits of meat we had stored in our freezer for such an occasion. It’s one time in my life that I ever did any cooking to speak of. Mother was always free with her approvals for us to cook whenever we felt like firing up the monkey stove.

Mother always went with Dad to the temple on Friday nights. Her health wasn’t the best but she did as much church work as she could. I remember her cooking scalloped potatoes for on the nights her and Dad went to the temple. It helped to relieve Mother of the last-minute dinner preparations before they headed toward the Salt Lake Temple.

I remember Mother having a great sense of urgency to submit temple ordinances for her ancestors. She completed many family group sheets with her two sisters, Agnes and Lucy. I know they worked many hours at the Genealogical Library as well as writing or typing sheets for submission. She was called in the ward as the genealogy specialist and helped many members to get their ancestors through the temple ordinances. She also helped relatives get started whenever family reunions were held. And it didn’t matter to her whether it was on her line or Dad’s. She always seemed enthused.

Moving to our little home on 5th East was not easy for Mother. At first, we didn’t have running water in the house. After the well was dug, water was finally brought into the house. I am sure it gave Mother a different look at family life on 5th East. And it was even more evident that she was happier when the bathroom was installed in our house. Going to the bathroom outside during cold, snowy days was indeed a hard task for Mother. I remember how grateful she felt about not having to go outside to the bathroom again ever.

Mother’s life on 5th East never really was easy. I remember how tired she got walking to Church. It seemed a long way for me and I knew it was harder on Mother. And in the winter snowstorms we still had to walk up to 9th East and 32nd So. I wondered what all this did to contribute to Mother’s ill health. Mother, to my memory, never complained either about her living conditions or health problems. She took each day - as one event at a time.

After her death, I often thought about her accomplishments. With patience and looking beyond my hard headedness and with only a mother’s eye seeing my potential, she must have instilled in me a love for genealogy work. As I grew older, I attended more family reunions as the years rolled on. I remember going to a Kunz Reunion in Bern, Idaho and was elected Genealogy Representative that year. It was the beginning of a “Great Involvement” for me.

After the reunion, my cousin Lyman Kunz said I had inherited all the records he had in his home and that I could stop in and pick them up on my way home to Orem. Little did I

realize what records he had. We finally found his home outside of Montpelier and knocked on the door. Lyman showed us a huge trunk where he had some family group records stashed away. There are so many records that my daughter Pam and I had a lot of trouble getting them all in the trunk of the car. Only then did I begin to realize my mother's involvement in genealogy.

When we arrived home and began to assemble all these records, it was evident there were about 5,000 family group sheets. We almost fell over with a heart attack. But because my sweet wife and daughter Pam were organizers, it wasn't long until they had alphabetized all these records so I could begin recording them on 3X5 cards. It took me three years to type each name on a card, ending up with over 15,000 cards. But I had a record that showed how each person was related to me and through which Kunz and Boss Family. I also did the same of the Smith side of the family. It was a long recording process, but ended up to my advantage over the years in knowing how all those people that I met at reunions were related to me and my family. Mother's training surely paid off for which I am eternally grateful to her.

After my retirement, Neva and I were called as genealogy specialists in the Brigham Young University Family History Library. It was an opportunity to teach others how to search for their roots and use all the latest equipment. Mother's training again played a great part in helping me serve in this calling.

As we got acquainted with others in the library, we were asked if we would like to serve on a genealogy mission to England. After taking stock in what we had learned thus far at the library, Neva and I accepted the offer. I called the person responsible who sent in our applications. Then we left for a fun trip to Mexico with Chuck & Ruby Loris, our neighbors.

When we arrived back home, I called about our applications. I learned that the Missionary Department had never received them. But we filled out more and were rushed into the MTC and were soon off to England. I had some training on the computer so we received a call to the England Coventry Mission - serving in the Film Processing Center on Garretts Green Lane, Solihull, West Midlands County. Through a series of unusual events, I finally ended up in the hospital in Solihull with a heart attack.

Neva said my heart stopped three times. The last time I saw Mother standing near my bed, probably waiting to see if I would join her or return to my wife and family. Heavenly Father heard our prayers and allowed me to return to my family. I vowed them to Heavenly Father that my efforts would be turned to Genealogy. And since returning home from England, we were called to be not only the Stake Family History Coordinators, but ward specialists as well. Again Mother's influence created in me a desire to record into the computer all the records that I have in my possession, including what Neva has. And we have also jointly submitted approximately 700 names for their temple work to be done. We are trying to get every member in the Stake to submit one or more names a year for temple ordinances.

I can truthfully say Mother was fully responsible for this deep desire in me to continue doing the work where she left off. I pray that I can be worthy of her faith in me and use the things she taught to further this work she loved so much and gave her whole heart and soul to during her lifetime.

MEMORIES of MOTHER
by Norma Urry

My first recollection of her was listening to her warning about not going past the corner of our house near Main Street in Herriman, Utah.

I remember Mother being sick while we lived on 10th East in Salt Lake. Mother showed me how to pick up the tiny chickens without hurting them. I also remember handing shingles to Mother and Dad while they were shingling the chicken coop roof. Mother would get on the roof while Dad was at work and nail some singles on by herself.

The soil in our back yard was almost all clay and I remember it took lots of scrubbing to get it off my shoes. Mother got very tired scraping clay mud from her kitchen on numerous occasions.

I remember when Mother had to stand on a chair to kiss our tall Uncle Homer Smith, Dad's youngest brother. Mother was only 5 feet tall with her shoes on - while Uncle Homer was over 6 feet.

While in grade school, I remember being in a play and just before the performance, I got the measles. But to sooth my heavy heart, Mother had all the rest of the cast come over to visit me. She made me a costume for the event and it made me feel better when the cast came to talk with me through the window.

I remember the folks letting me stay with some people on 8th East all night. For some reason after she learned what we had for dinner, she was furious and I never got to stay with that family anymore.

Mother tried letting us learn to be independent. She let me get a job at Cresses. She told me I had a good sense for business, that I had a good head on my shoulders. I made a small wage but also got tips which helped me to buy materials to make my blouses. She let me borrow her clothes a lot when I went on dates. We talked about everything except sex. I also remember her being a second mother to Maxine Beard after her mother was killed in an auto accident one stormy night.

She was reluctant to let me work at the Arms Plant. But I signed up for a car pool and it eased her mind. When I worked at night, Dad would always drive me over to the corner of 33rd So and 5th East where I caught my ride.

My parents liked Max but I didn't. We ran off to Evanston, Wyoming to get married. I phoned home for Mom and Dad's consent. They gave it to me. I stayed with Mom and Dad after Max joined the Army. He was stationed at Ft. Douglas for awhile.

I remember sitting in the old Chrysler after work one day and felt Max would be shipped out soon. I stayed on working until Max called. He told me he was being assigned to Gowen Field near Boise, Idaho. Mom came up and stayed with me for ten days after I had a miscarriage and lost our first child. After I could get out of bed, I remember riding on the bus with Mother into town. She bought me a dress.



When I lost my 2nd child, my parents seemed angry over the way our Bishop handled the burial ceremony. I remember Mother showing me how to crochet. She made me laugh so hard when I used the wrong finger. I had chest pains. But she and Dad helped me through the crisis.

Mother always welcomed us with open arms no matter when we came to visit with her and Dad. I also remember Mother taking care of our relatives who had to go into the hospital for operations. She made several visits to the hospital to comfort them and she even nursed them in her own home until they were strong enough to travel.

Mother was with me the first time I left Max. She took care of the baby while we drove to Salt Lake from Nyssa. I realize now how much of a strain these trips must have been on her tired body.

After moving to Emmett, I finally had Patty Ann and she came to help out. It was about 4 years after I learned she had Leukemia. She and Dad came to visit when we moved to Nyssa and stayed with us for awhile. She came up when Dennis was born that next year. She died when Dennis was a year and a half. I gave her a permanent before she died. That was my last contribution to my Mom.

REMEMBERING MOTHER SMITH by Margaret Howell Smith

Memories of my mother-in-law Hazel Smith may be a bit different from those of her sons and daughter. But I will always remember being welcomed into her home even before Ray and I were married; and frequently being invited to eat a meal with Mother and Dad Smith, even if it was very simple.

A most vivid remembrance I have is her love for genealogy work and sealing sessions at the temple, which in those days, always involved Mother Smith getting a proxy for each individual who was to be sealed. I have often wondered how she made so many contacts before we had telephones.

She was always found attending to her church responsibilities. I don't ever remember her missing a Sunday meeting to do other pressing things that needed to be done. Even though she didn't have good health, I don't remember her complaining or using it as an excuse to not do something.

She was devoted to her family and their needs, and she had an open house to extended family members on either side of the family. Many times she opened her home to Grandma Rachel Smith. But Grandma Smith didn't stay for more than a few days because she was always anxious to return to her home in Grantsville.

Often she became a second mother to nieces or grand nieces, during a divorce between their parents or even themselves.

After Mother Smith learned she had leukemia, she still continued to work. She knew working would be better for her. And she especially didn't want her hand crippled up with arthritis which she also had.

I have always felt good about my mother-in-law and will be ever grateful to her for the son she raised who became my husband, and for her instilling in him a desire to keep

his life in tune with the Gospel and honor the Priesthood which he holds.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER-IN LAW by Neva Harper Smith

In the middle of June, 1944, I made my first trip west of the Appalachian Mountains - to visit Theron and his family. I was welcomed with open arms - and always thereafter. Mother Smith made me feel special. When Theron and I decided to get married, she pitched in and pulled together what was needed for a Temple wedding and an open house afterward.

When Theron left for the Philippines, she and Dad opened their home to me as they had for so many people and saw me through the difficult time of having my first baby alone. I concur with all Margaret says about a cheerful and happy spirit - Mother Smith was a woman without guile - for she always saw the best in all she came in contact with. People were always welcome into her home as a special guest whether stranger or family. A person with a problem could find in her a sympathetic ear.

Her last year had many miserable days, especially after radiation treatments; all of which she endured bravely and without complaint. She taught her children the value of hard work and the joy found in the Gospel. Her dedication to the Church and her callings were unmistakable evidence of her faith and strong testimony.

From her I learned the satisfaction of genealogy - to my naive interest she explained ways and means and she welcomed my help with her research and reunion plans. Her family was very important to her and she wanted them all to love and care for each other. What a shining example of family bonding she was. She gave our growing family all the support possible and made each feel important. She made me feel that the baby sitting for our kids was an honor and privilege tho I was always conscious of the imposition it could be.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER, HEDWIG HAZEL KUNZ SMITH by Ray George Smith (Eldest son)

Mother was born in Bern, Bear Lake County, Idaho near the larger town of Montpelier. She was born to John Kunz III and Elizabeth Boss Kunz on 29th day of September 1896. Both parents were born in Switzerland and immigrated to the United States after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mother was the fourth child of six in her immediate family of five daughters and one son. Agnes Ruth Kunz Dansie (husband Arthur Haleman), Julia Esther Kunz Schmid (husband August), who died quite young - at age 26. A son, Parley Peter Kunz (wife Hilda Irene Stoor), Hedwig Hazel Kunz Smith (husband George Stephen), Lucy May Kunz Hansen (husband Lloyd Herbert), and Lydia Kunz who died with her mother in child birth. (Mother was the 15th child of her father, resulting from his call to take plural wives as the Church was practicing polygamy at the time. Grandfather Kunz was the father of 25 children born to four of his six wives.

Only 14 children lived to the age of 18 or older, one dying at age eighteen. Mother's own baby sister died with her mother the day she was born. Medicine was quite primitive in those days, resulting in a high rate of infant mortality. Two of Grandfather's wives did not bear him any children.

I remember Mother mentioning to me more than once that she had half brothers and sisters old enough to be her parents. The age span of the children was almost 45 years. Today there are two living children: Abel Chester (half brother) and Lulu (half sister). Abel is 92 years old and Lulu is 78.

Mother was quite short in stature, barely measuring 5 feet tall. She had blue eyes and long blonde ringlets, according to her childhood pictures. She attended school in Bern, Idaho the place of her birth. She finished the eighth grade with high marks according to her graduation certificate that I have seen.

Pioneering days were hard and all the children were assigned chores, most of it pertaining to the operation of the dairy herd of over 200 cows and the making of cheese. The home ranch was in Bern, while the summer ranch was located in Williamsburg in the mountain valley above Soda Springs, Idaho, over 50 miles away. Both Bern and Williamsburg were named after their Swiss counterparts.

When school was out for the year and the weather had moderated, the migration of cows and people would begin. It would be at a time when the Blackfoot River was swollen from the spring runoff which made the crossing without the help of any bridges pretty exciting and fearful. Mother told me the children would climb to the highest part of the white-topped buggies while the horses had to swim part of the way to pull the buggies across. She said the cowboys had to be swimming their horses across while roping the younger calves and pulling them along to keep them from being swept downstream. It must have been a very traumatic experience for Mother because she told me the story many times.

As Mother became a teenager she became quite adept at milking cows. She said she had 10 to 20 cows to milk twice a day. Apparently she was really good and fast, because when I was a teenager and spent my 15th and 16th summers working for Mother's brother, Parley, he told me of the time one of the salesmen who frequently came to sell them supplies used in cheese making, offered a five-pound box of chocolates to any of her brothers who could beat her in a milking contest. Uncle Parley said Mother won the candy.

The summer time environment was so peaceful and beautiful, Mother told me. There were mornings when the deer and elk were right in the door yard of the summer log cabins when they were getting up to do the morning chores. There were trout in the streams and sage hens and ducks, all which helped to feed the hungry community. One happening on a sad note, was after they returned to the summer range one year, they discovered some burrows had succeeded in opening one of the doors to the cabin, probably to get out of the weather, and the door had closed, trapping the burrows inside where they all died. The evidence of their struggle to stay alive was that most of the cupboards and chairs and tables had been eaten by them, before they died.

The home ranch at Bern was just as beautiful in winter as in summer in the mountains. The altitude there is over 5900 feet, making it a natural for deep snow.

Although skiing equipment wasn't nearly as sophisticated as it is now, they made their own and enjoyed skiing down the large hills behind the house over top of fences and into their yard. The weather prevented having a garden, so their meals were not nearly so balanced as our nutrition-oriented meals are today. They took their wheat to the flour mill and exchanged it for flour. They obtained their meat from the animals they raised for that purpose and game animals that were native to their area. The rest of the food came from the store. Such delicacies as oranges were enjoyed at Christmas time, if they were fortunate to get a truck through the deep snow.

One summer while taking care of her milking chores, an event happened that was to affect all her future years. A visitor came to her community. Actually there were two visitors, a man and his teenage son. They had heard of the famous cheese that was made in those high valleys. They also knew that where there was cheese, there would likely be large herd of sheep, which they had trailed from Grantsville, Utah. Mother remembered the younger one as a handsome, black haired, blue eyed, and rather shy young man. He didn't say much but apparently observed a lot. The results was that the people with the sheep ran out of supplies of butter, cheese and milk quite regularly and made frequent trips to the ranch. The summer ended too soon, with the hope it might continue next year. Some letters were exchanged and winter finally ended as the excitement began to build for another summer as did visits by the people from Utah.

The young man had an excellent voice and brought along his mandolin. He made quite an impression not only on Mother, but her father as well. Another summer sped by and another winter came and went. That summer followed the pattern of the past but with one exception - Mother became engaged to George Stephen Smith. I don't know just what the arrangement was, but our Dad sought to obtain work with the Kunz family, so he could be nearby Mother and protect her interests. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 8 May 1918. I was born some 19 months later at Bern in the old family home. Sometime later, we moved to Grantsville, Utah where our father attempted to farm. He bought a beautiful matched-team of sorrel horses with flaxen manes and tails. I don't know the extent of his farming operation or even if it got "off the ground". His beautiful team was pastured nearby and would come running up to him each morning and night when he brought them oats. One morning he found them near the oat pans, dead from poisoning. There had been a fellow trying very hard to buy the team from Dad. As Dad needed them for farming, he wasn't about to sell his team. Dad always suspected this man to be the culprit, but lacked any evidence that was conclusive.

Not too long after that, my brother, Theron, was born in Grantsville. I remember the home we lived in was across the road from Dad's mother, Rachel Anderson Smith. It was great to have the opportunity to visit her. She was always patient with me and Theron as we grew older. One incident that I was told by her, I remember quite well. Mother was out in the yard hanging out her freshly washed clothes. Grandmother was in the swing when Theron started crying quite loudly and rubbing his eye. Mother called rather loudly to me, "Ray did you stick your eye in Theron's finger?" I promptly said no. Mother repeated the question even louder. Grandmother called to Mother, asking, "Hazel, do you know what you just said?" I guess they had a good laugh over it and I was happy, too.

We moved to Herriman, Utah where Dad worked for various men, including Uncle

Hale Dansie, Bishop Frank Crane, and the Bodells. He also worked in the mines in Lark and Bingham. While in Herriman, both my sister Norma and youngest brother Dale John were born. I believe Mother's ill health started soon after Dale's birth. I know she had several abdominal operations and one involving a miscarriage. The doctor even joked about the possibility of putting a zipper in her abdominal wall, but to Mother, I'm sure it was no joke.

Dad obtained work from Uncle Hale Dansie's brother, George Dansie. As his farming operations were in Riverton, we made another move. That was a happy time for me. I'm sure my Dad and Mother, both knowing the value of work, blessed me with the enjoyment that comes from accomplishment, through concentrated effort. I was six years old then. I was given as much responsibility as I could handle. I was assigned the young cows with the smaller teats, because my hands, being small, it was easier for me to do it. Mother's old milking skills came in handy as were responsible for the milking of the Dansie herd. When I say early morning, it was early enough in the morning before school that I could still go back home, clean up, and walk a mile to my first-grade class and not be late. All three of us, Mother, Dad and I followed that routine. As the oldest of the four children, I was fortunate to be the one allowed to experiment as much as a child could do. The year before our move to Riverton and the Dansie employment, I would turn 6 years old in November, too late to get into the first grade that year. Mother was not going to let me get behind others in school, so she obtained the services of a first-grade teacher to teach me phonics and some reading. I have always been grateful to Mother for this act, as it taught me to enjoy reading, which enjoyment is of great value to me, even to this present time.

This period in Mother's life was quite stressful. Just before Christmas and for several weeks after, I brought home all the childhood diseases common in those days. First it was measles, the red kind. Then came chicken pox and shortly after returning to school after New Years I caught the German measles. In those days, the health people came around and confirmed that if we had the disease, they would then place a large quarantine sign on your front door, indicating you had the specific disease and that outsiders were to stay away to control and spreading of the disease. That meant Mother was almost a prisoner in her own home for most of the winter months that year.

George Dansie passed away shortly after school was out, and as his boys took over the farm, Dad was again out of work and we moved back to Herriman, I think to be closer to Uncle Hale and Aunt Agnes Dansie, as Dad had obtained work for a Mr. White who had land out of state. That meant Mother would be alone with us four kids, so I'm sure Dad wanted her to be near her sister. Mother continued to have health problems, even then. I finished the second grade there and was baptized in the Herriman ward baptismal font by Horace Seal, one of the men in the ward. Mother went with me, as Dad was absent from the family. Dad's job didn't last long and before I started the third grade, we moved to Salt Lake City, to 1706 So. 11th East.

The reason for the move to the city was Dad and Mother decided to test their skills at cooking and leased a small café next door to Fleishman's drug store. The drug store had a soda fountain for tasty treats but when Mother and Dad opened the café, the people, and especially the students at Westminster College, a couple of blocks away, just about abandoned the drug store and spent their time and money at the café, where the folks

encouraged socializing and friendly relations. Mother and Dad had leased the café with the option to buy it, if they made a success of that venture. The owners, an old German couple, didn't realize they had legally made a commitment to the folks, and sold the café to Fleishman, without even informing them. The first the folks knew of it, the drugstore owner offered them a job to work for him and keep right on operating the café, only for him. I guess they were pretty upset about it, although it meant another move.

We moved to 10th East and I finished third grade at Roosevelt School on 33rd South and 9th East. Dad had taken a job with the Royal Laundry and was doing real well. He worked hard at it and as most of his salary was a commission on how much business he generated, he did well. We moved to a brand new brick home with five rooms, and a full unfinished basement with a coal furnace. Mother was delighted. They would finally be in a home of their own. It was on 1/4 acre lot so there was room for a cow and chickens, etc. It was out in a more sparsely populated area at that time, so there were no restrictions on farm animals. Dad built a large chicken coop and began raising young chickens with large coke fired brooders. Of course Mother did the majority of the work while Dad was at work with his laundry business.

They seemed to be doing quite well, when all at once the economy went to pieces and we found ourselves in a major depression. The laundry patrons quit sending their laundry out as more and more men lost their employment as businesses went broke. The chicken business began to lose money as eggs sold for 1 cent each. Mom and Dad were determined to tough it out, or at least give it all they had. They soon found that the \$35.00 a month house payment was more than they could pay. They had bought the house originally for \$4,850 with a \$500 down payment. But now with the disastrous economic situation, the house could not even be sold for half that amount. When Dad contacted the owners of the homes that had been built, they said for him to stay and even if he couldn't make monthly payments, to pay what he could, when he could. They, too, were facing bankruptcy.

I'm not sure how long we lived there under those conditions, but we had a cow, some lambs and chickens. We seemed to keep from starving. I know I sold newspapers and magazines. Bread and milk were our main diet. We did have eggs and a chicken most Sundays. Mother would send me to the store with a bucket of eggs to buy necessities we couldn't raise, such as toilet tissue, spices and occasionally ground beef for a tasty meatloaf. Mother made very tasty bread. She knew her illnesses were serious enough to take her away from the family for extended periods, so she prepared us for those events by teaching us those skills we would need to perform while she would be away. We had a hand bread mixer. She taught me how to mix the bread in it with the proper amounts of flour, water, yeast, salt, and eggs, with some honey. I would let it raise until the dough pushed the lid off, then I turned it back down once. The second time it filled the mixer, I took it out and kneaded it into four loaves and let it raise again in the dripper. In the meantime I put enough coal in the stove to get the oven temperature gauge up to 350 to 375 degrees and baked the bread for an hour. I only mention this to show how thorough Mother was in her teaching. It has been some 60 years since I was baking that bread, but I still remember her instructions.

When it became apparent we were going to lose our home (The Salt Lake Pressed

Brick Co., the owners went bankrupt), Dad looked for a piece of ground to build a home on. I'm sure it was very traumatic for Mother to leave her nice home and move into what Dad finally built (with our meager help) for us on 3444 So. 5th East. Mother had recently just recuperated from a very serious life-threatening operation, which involved removing several goiters from her throat. The doctor who was a member of the Church told Dad at the conclusion of the operation that he felt Mother would not make it until morning, so they administered to her and although her life hung in the balance for several days, Dad would kneel with us each night and pray for her recovery. Mother did very well after a couple of weeks and returned to her family and slowly regained the vigor she always seemed to have. The hospital bill at the LDS Hospital was so much for that time, there was no way it could be paid out of pay checks, so Mother prevailed upon the powers that be at the hospital and worked part time for several years and paid it off.

The move to 5th East was made when I was in the 7th grade. I never heard Mother complain too much about the inconveniences but they were many and the house was a far cry from the one she had to leave. It had three rooms, a modest living room, a kitchen, and one bedroom. There was no running water in the house, no bathroom, no sink, no refrigerator, (later years we had an ice box), a rug covered some of the living room floor and linoleum was on the kitchen and bedroom floors. In fact, the floors were just the bare wood for several months.

At first the two younger children slept in cribs in the bedroom with the folks, while Theron and I slept on a "foldaway" sofa in the living room. Finally we got enough used lumber to make a floor in the attic, large enough to put up a double-sized bed and that became Theron and my bedroom. We climbed up to it on a home made ladder attached to the outside of the house. We had cut a small opening about 2 ½ x 4 feet for a door. Many times we would awaken in the mornings at winter time with ice from our breath on the bedding. I don't believe Mother worried too much about our health under those conditions, because she had probably lived under somewhat similar conditions in her childhood years. One thing she always made sure of, that we had plenty of warm clothes and bedding and plenty to eat even if it was only bread and milk.

The move to 5th East was to be her last move. I'm sure that although the house was not too modern, Mother was glad to have something that was of a more permanent nature. This time they would only build and spend money they had and not go into debt again, even for a home.

Each Monday morning I would carry enough water into the house to fill the large copper boiler on the stove, enough to fill two large round wash tubs with water for rinsing the clothes as they came out of the wringer washer. During school days and especially in the winter, the trips from the well to the kitchen with two pails of water seemed burdensome to me but I'm glad now that I made those trips, not only because it was indeed a help to Mother, but because I learned responsibility from it. I'm sure Mother was wise enough to know it was part of my education for life.

The war years added their toil to Mother's worries. With three sons and a son-in-law in the service, she and Dad felt responsible for helping out with the Grandchildren and daughters-in-law. As always, they treated them with respect and love, sharing their means and physical help with whomever was in need.

One example of her industry and skill was her knitting. She could knit sweaters so rapidly. I asked her once while I was in high school at Granite, if she would knit me a sleeveless sweater for my birthday. As the next day was my birthday, I expected to get it in a day or two or even a week. She stayed up most of the night, I suppose, because the next morning there it was all finished for my birthday. I still have that sweater plus another one of army color which she knit for me while I was away in the Army Air Corps.

Prior to World War II, Dad's income had become more stabilized. He got a part-time job with the Post Office plus driving a truck for a small contractor. This was before I was married. I used to go to with him and drive one of the trucks, then walk the five miles home. Mother began working later for Bushman Products Co., a food specialties operation. In the meantime, oh happy day, we rebuilt the house. Rebuilt I say because we just built another house over the old one, using the old rooms right along with the new ones. There was an upstairs room where the old attic was. There was a larger living room, larger kitchen, yes with running water inside with modern plumbing - bathroom, sink, and refrigerator, purchased just before such items became rationed. (We inherited that old refrigerator when Mother passed away and Dad moved to Idaho with us. We still use it as a second refrigerator to keep our produce fresh. It has been running constantly for all these 47 years except while it was being moved from place to place. Just another reminder of Dad and Mother, every time we open or close the door.

If there is any real success in Genealogy in our family, it is due to Mother's great desire to have it done and her great tenacity to stick with it even faced with almost impossible problems. In fact, I believe one reason she lived so long after being told she had a terminal illness, was that she felt she couldn't leave this life without accomplishing certain tasks pertaining to that genealogy she was then working so hard to accomplish. Even though searching was so primitive, even hiring genealogists at that time, she was able to do so much. She had arthritis quite badly, especially in her hands, making it fairly painful to write, but she kept right on with compiling the records, just the same.

Mother had dropped an empty juice bottle on her ankle while working at Bushman's one day. It caused her ankle to swell much like a badly sprained ankle would do. She showed it to me one day as I stopped by to check on her and Dad. I asked her how long it had been like that and she said several days. She asked me what I thought she should do. I remember saying to her, "Mom at your age (which wasn't old - 56) whenever you have something that doesn't clear up right away, you'd better check with the Doctor."

She made an appointment with Dr. Kimball. I took Dad and her to the appointment. The exam was routine and outside of the swollen ankle there was no concern. The doctor had us wait until the results of the laboratory test was concluded. I heard on the phone an unusual conversation with the doctor and the lab. He then took Dad and I aside to an empty room and told us the test had shown she had leukemia, the kind that moved rapidly. He said according to what they could tell, she would be dead in 3 to 6 months. I wanted to tell Mother right away, because knowing her sharp mind, it wouldn't be long before she would suspect the worst. The doctor however, determined not to tell her right then.

Six weeks later after a couple of trips to the hospital for transfusions to stop hemorrhaging in her nose, as I was leaving her at her home, she said to me, "Ray, now I know something more is the matter with me than the doctor has told me. Now I want you to

promise you'll call him when you get home, and ask him to tell you the truth about what I have. I want to know if it is cancer or leukemia or something serious like that. Will you promise?" So when I got home, I called the doctor and told him she had to know. I asked if I or Dad should tell her and he said no, he would. Well, I have always felt badly about the way he did it. I have always felt Mother lost a little confidence in Dad and me because of the way he told her. The doctor said, as I remember Mother told me, "Your husband and son and I have been keeping something from you. You have leukemia of a very bad kind and you won't live much longer." Some doctors bedside manners leave a lot to be desired. When I talked with Mother about her illness after the doctor had told her, she said, "Ray, I just can't die yet, I have too much to do. I have always felt the reasons she lived three years longer than the doctor predicted was that her faith and prayers sustained her long enough to get done what she wanted to do. About a year after we had made our move to Idaho, Dad called and said she was fading fast, so we made what arrangements needed to be done and spent the next week with them. Mother died the next day after we got there and we stayed for the funeral and helped Dad with other matters before returning to Idaho. At her funeral, many nice things had been said about her. My thoughts completely agreed with those reiterated there that day.

I would like to add a few lines to give my impressions of her physical and spiritual stature. As I stated at the beginning, Mother was short of stature - 5 feet. Her hair was worn short all of my days that I knew her. It was blonde and graying quite substantially at her death. She was of slight build, weighing under 100 lbs at times in her life. Her health was excellent at times and at other times quite bad. She always encouraged us to sing and take music lessons. I know she loved to hear us perform and it wasn't until I was a teenager that I found out she could not "carry a tune" so to speak. Dad always promoted music and sang with different groups including quartets. To give you a little insight into Mother's integrity, she, unknown to us, had gone to McDougal's Mortuary and purchased her casket and paid the other expenses, obtaining a promise from Mr. McDougal that we couldn't veto her plans, especially changing the casket.

As a final note, as Mother was breathing her last, she seemed to rally to where she would maybe last another day. With that happening, Dad went uptown to take care of some matters and I kept going into the bedroom to check on her. After awhile, and before Dad returned, she suddenly became weaker and I could see the end was near. I could see her life leaving her body. I fervently told her how we all loved her and would miss her. I have always felt someone was with her when she passed away.

I make this record of my remembrances of Mother, praying I have portrayed events accurately

Hazel Kunz Smith
by Lucy Kunz Hansen, a sister

Hazel grew up at Bern, Idaho in a home that taught the most valued possessions in life, the gospel of Jesus Christ. She was taught faith in God and that a testimony of the gospel was worth more than anything she could acquire in life.

She attended school at Bern, Idaho and graduated in May, 1913. She performed her church duties faithfully and well, during her childhood and youth, later holding many responsible positions. Her church record as she listed it is as follows: 1st Counselor YWMIA Bern Idaho, 1st Counselor Primary Bern Idaho, BeeHive Teacher Herriman Utah, Trail Builder Teacher, Secretary and Counselor in Hillcrest Ward Grant Stake Primary, Sec in Genealogical Committee also Sec to write to all Service Men and send Miniature Church section to them from Eldredge Ward for World War II. Two boys were killed and she presented the Mother and Widow their Star (Grant Stake), in charge of Sealings to the Temple for Springview and Spring Glen Wards from 1945 and still serving (1953) Relief Society Teacher for 25 of her 35 years of married life, Organized the Stephen Smith Family Organization July 12, 1947 and have had a family reunion each year since. Temple Committee and Researcher for the Smith Family Organization.

All during these years she has worked untiringly as a mother and housekeeper and has done a splendid job at both. Everyone loves to go to her home where she reigns as a queen. Her children have a rich heritage and along with her husband they have reared a wonderful family. They are all actively working in church and doing a fine work in the different places where they live. The world needs more faithful people like them.

Hazel and George have taught by example the value of hard work, have built their own home and though they feel they have been a long time doing it, they have shown what can be accomplished with proper management and applying themselves. I admire them very much.

Life has not been easy. They have had more sickness than they deserved but through it all they have been very patient and uncomplainingly carried on.... They have been active in genealogical work for many years and so their heart is in their work and



**Left to right: Parley, Julia, Agnes, Hazel
with Lucy in the small chair**

they pray for the way to be opened so they can get more names of their ancestors so their family can carry on the work as they have done.

Hazel passed away very peacefully on Apr 30, 1956. Her reward will be great in heaven, her family all came to see her before the end came and she left a feeling of love with each one. Her many relatives and friends came to honor her at the last rites. Her funeral was a very lovely service. All spoke of the love and esteem they felt for her. She lived the gospel of Jesus Christ and with our Father in Heaven we can say, "well done thou good and faithful servant, Enter into the joy of our Lord."



Back row: Agnes
Front row: Hazel & Julia

The following is a website about Lucy the one writing about Hazel.

<http://hansenreunion.com/lucystory.html>

This story about Hazel's mother is in part on the following pages. If you would like to read the whole thing go to the following website:

<http://hansenreunion.com/elizabethbossstory.html>

Elizabeth Boss Kunz and John Kunz III

Written by their grandson Philip R. Kunz



Elizabeth Boss was born August 14, 1867 in the beautiful town of Guendlishwand, surrounded by the majestic Alps of Switzerland. She was the sixth child and the third daughter born to Johannes Boss and Marianna Gertsch. The family grew larger, with twelve children, one of whom died as a six year old child.

Elizabeth was christened in the church at Gsteig bei Interlaken on September 1, 1867. The walk to the church took the family about an hour and a half.

Elizabeth Boss was called Lizzie by many of her family and friends. She died May 13, 1900, some thirty-six years before I was born, but I think I know a lot about her. I hope to hug her one day and just call her "Grandmother." I am thankful for her and for her life and her testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and for her membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Agnes Kunz Dansie, the oldest daughter of Elizabeth Boss and John Kunz III wrote a short history of her mother as follows:

My Mother Elizabeth Boss Kunz was born the 14 Aug. 1867, at Guendlishwand, Bern, Switzerland. She was the sixth child of Johannes Boss and Marianna Gertsch. Their home was a two-story frame house, situated in a narrow valley, surrounded by high rugged mountains which were snow-



capped the year around, and a beautiful river flowed through the valley.

The schoolhouse was surrounded by mountains in the alpine valley. Three subjects were considered very important for girls, sewing, knitting, and music. Her mother [Marianna Gertsch] died when Elizabeth was eighteen years of age. Her father was an architect and contractor, and the older brothers worked with him, my mother being the eldest daughter at home. She took care of the house when she was sixteen years old for about two years while her mother was sick, with the help of her sister, Emma.

It was during this time that they became acquainted with the Mormon Latter Day Saint missionaries. Freidrich William Schoenfeld was President of the Mission. They began to investigate the Gospel. Mother [Elizabeth] was the first to join. She was baptized 6 Dec 1885. Her Father, Johannes Boss, was baptized 19 Dec 1875. Elizabeth was baptized at night because of so much persecution. Marianna Gertsch Boss died before she was baptized due to her ill health. She died 22 August 1885. [Her temple work was done 17 December 1888] Mother [Elizabeth] was 18 years old when her mother, Marianna, died and with the help of her sister, Aunt Emma, took over the family for two years until coming to America.

John Kunz III's journal indicates that Elizabeth Boss and Marianna Zenger came from Guendilischwand to Thun and were met there by Elder Kunz. They went to Allmendingen to a meeting and then to Oberstocken, where Elizabeth was baptized late that night. The church records show that she was baptized in the creek called "Feissebach," which flows from the Alps and goes through the little hamlet of Oberstocken.



Guendilischwand, Switzerland – the home village of the Johannes Boss and Marianna Gertsch Family. Elizabeth Boss and all of her brothers and sisters were born and raised here.

Given that the day was the 6th of December, the cold water and the darkness of the night demonstrated the faith and testimony of this wonderful woman, Elizabeth Boss.

After Elizabeth's baptism, she remained faithful in Switzerland and in the United States of America. President Frederick William Schoenfeld notes the attendance of two of the Boss sisters at a meeting in Switzerland some distance away from their home as follows:

Sunday, March 21 1886 Stocken, We had two sisters coming from Guendilischwand which is a long way to come. They were two sisters Boss and one of them had stayed in Almendengen. The three had started at three in the morning. Started per Steamer from Daligen to Thun. [Frederick W. Schoenfeld journal]

Elizabeth was taught the gospel by the missionaries and perhaps also by Swiss members of the Church who had already joined the Church and who lived in the area of the Alps. Her sister, Magdalena Boss Schoenfeld, indicated this type of contact with an "old man by the name of Weissmiller." She said:

The greatest joy came to them (the Boss sisters) when LDS missionaries called at their home bringing to them glad tidings of great joy. They welcomed them and invited them to explain the gospel to them. But this presented a problem, insomuch that they had to use great wisdom because of the prejudice that existed in respect to Mormonism. Persecution could result if anyone was found investigating the gospel. Mother told how they used to meet in secret at the home of an old man by the name of Weissmiller, who was a convert to the church. And there in the home they had the gospel explained to them by the missionaries. As they continued to receive these teachings one by one the members of the family began to see the light and were converted and were baptized, the father being the first to join. [He had actually joined a number of years prior to this - 1875] Magdalena Boss Schoenfeld

Being called to a mission and the subsequent missionary work was not always easy. John Kunz III who baptized Elizabeth Boss, had his share of heart breaking experiences:

John Kunz III was called to return to his native land to fill a mission. He left his home on 24 October 1884, to travel to the mission field. Of that departure, in which he left his three living wives and four living children, John Kunz III wrote:

On the 24 Day of October 1884 in the Morning Six 0' clock I took leave of my Dear Beloved ones at home, they accompanied me so far as my fathers house, and it seemed to me a trial which I was not able to bear but I faced it with determination and I shall never forget my last look on to their beloved faces, it was most to hard but for the sake of the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was willing to do it, and to face still more, but I also felt, that it was a trial for my family also. [John Kunz III Missionary Journal]

Paul Nielson:

I think of my dear grandmother, Elizabeth Boss, as she immigrated to America as a twenty year old. She left behind her family, friends, and homeland to be a part of the new faith she had embraced. Her actions were not without considerable cost and my heart is full as I think of her unselfishness for me.

After the baptism of Elizabeth Boss in Switzerland December 6, 1885, she emigrated to

Zion in 1887. As Elizabeth was ready to leave, she went into the house to bid her brothers, Johannes, Christian and Friedrich, goodbye. According to Ernst Boss, the son of Christian, who was Elizabeth's brother, the emigration was stressful for the family. At the time of our visit to Switzerland in 1976, Ernst was eighty years of age and bed-ridden from a rather long illness. We visited a little with Ernst and his wife, Millie. As we were about to leave, he indicated that he wanted help to stand up by the side of his hospital type bed. He said, "When your grandmother left for America she went into the house to tell my father, Christian, goodbye. He turned his back on her and said, 'Get out of my life or just go now.'" That story has remained in our family all of these years and I want to hug you and tell you that such feelings must not persist in our families here and in America." With that he gave both Joyce and me wonderful hugs. He had tears in his eyes and we had tears in our eyes as well. It was a nice feeling and all barriers went down. Ernst told us that when letters came to Christian from his sister, the letters were thrown into the fireplace unopened and unread.

Elizabeth Boss emigrated in 1887 and went to Bern, Idaho, to what is now called "Lower Bern." Elizabeth lived in the home of William Kunz and his wives, Eliza Eschler and Mary Ann Roberts. William Kunz was the younger brother of John III.

Elizabeth Boss married John Kunz III in the Logan Temple on December 19, 1888. John's first wife, Magdalena died leaving her children without a mother. John married Magdalena's sister, Sophia, who helped him raise Magdalena's children. He subsequently married four more times, Elizabeth Boss becoming his sixth wife. The practice of plural marriage was officially stopped by the Church through the issuance of the "Manifesto" in 1890 by President Wilford Woodruff. Four of these wives gave birth to twenty-four children. The other two wives who did not have children but assisted in raising the other wives' children. After the Manifesto stopping plural marriage, much persecution still came to the fathers because of their unwillingness to abandon their wives and children. The persecution obviously affected the wives and the children as well.

More from Agnes Kunz Dansie

Mother emigrated to Zion about the 11 May, 1886 [The records show that she emigrated in August, 1887 on the ship Wisconsin. She was Customs passenger # 472], she bade farewell to her Fatherland and started for Utah. There were missionaries and Saints in the Company. They traveled from Hull to Liverpool by train. At Liverpool they boarded the Steamship for New York. The emigrants joined in singing and dancing on the deck of the ship, many of them suffered with seasickness. They were on the ship 'ten days, and were sure happy when they sighted land. They came by train to Utah.

Accounts of the trip indicate that Elizabeth Boss sailed on the ship Wisconsin, departing August 27, 1887 and arriving in New York City September 8, 1887, with E. Bentley, the

ship's Master, and J. Hart, the Company Leader.

A letter from John I. Hart - September 7, 1887, to President George Teasdale gives more history of the voyage as follows:

President George Teasdale:

Dear Brother, - - We are pleased once more to have the opportunity to write a few lines to you to inform you how we are all getting along. After leaving Queenstown, all that day and the next was quite pleasant, but on the 30th ultimo, it became a little rough, which lasted about three days. Many of the Saints suffered somewhat with seasickness. On Thursday evening, the 1st instant, a very interesting affair happened; President Hart was invited into the smoking room of the first cabin by a number of gentlemen to give them an account of the principles of the gospel, which he accepted. The saloon was crowded to hear him; he was asked many questions, which he answered to their entire satisfaction. The captain of the vessel came in two or three times during the meeting, at one time he testified before all that were present that the Saints were the best passengers he had to take across the ocean; the most quiet and orderly people he had to do with. He said he had the pleasure of taking a good many companies of Saints over. Of course anyone speaking a good word for the poor, despised "Mormons", must be accused of being one of them, which was the case in this instance, but the captain told them he was no "Mormon", in fact he didn't know that he was anything, and he wanted to say was to speak the truth of the people, no matter to him what their religion was.

In the meeting there was present one infidel and one Jewish Rabi; the latter tried to condemn plural marriage, but President Hart proved to all present that the learned rabbi had not studied the laws of Moses nor his Jewish Bible. After the meeting was over, the entire company gave President Hart a hearty, unanimous vote of thanks.

Bill: Hart, John I, et. al. [Letter], Latter-day Saints Millennial Star 49:39, (Sept. 26, 1887) pp. 621-22. (HDL)"

The 3,238-ton Wisconsin brought 33 companies of Saints to America. Each company carried from 7 to 976 Saints. The ship, Wisconsin, brought many Saints to America, including Elizabeth Boss.

Agnes Kunz continues her mother's history:

Learning the English language was quite an ordeal because they only knew the Swiss language, they always spoke it in their home.

In fact, Elizabeth's father, Johannes Boss, never did learn to speak the English language, although he could understand much of it. The introduction into the new culture was not always easy. Conrad Gertsch, brother of Johannes's second wife, Margaritha Gertsch, reported that:

Adjusting to America was often difficult. Schoolmates would tease me because of my peculiar dress and talk, and often beat me. One day John Morton told me I must fight for my rights and suggested that I fight if anyone bothered me again. That settled it, I laid several out flat, and I was teased no more. [Conrad Gertsch at funeral of Johannes Boss' second wife, Margaritha Gertsch Boss]

Elizabeth lived in their first home which was a two story log home, in Pegram, Idaho. Later she and her children moved back to Bern. She went to Williamsburg, Idaho each summer to help make cheese and then returned to Bern in the winter. For several years Elizabeth and her children went to Williamsburg. She was a hard worker.

Elizabeth Boss and John Kunz III had six children: Agnes Ruth, born July 23, 1890, Julia Esther, born January 20, 1893, Parley Peter, born October 28, 1894, Hedwig Hazel, born September 29, 1896, Lucy May, born November 13, 1898 and Lydia, born May 13, 1900. All but Lydia grew to adulthood and had wonderful families. Lydia died at birth and was buried with her mother, Elizabeth Boss Kunz, who died at that same time on May 13, 1900. Both were buried in the same casket in the cemetery in Bern, Idaho.

In the spring John Kunz III would begin in the south end of Bear Lake valley and pick up cows from people along the way and take them to Williamsburg to his dairy, where they were milked in the summer and returned, along with some cheese, to their owners for the winter season. At that time, John Kunz III, who was Bishop in the Bern, Idaho Ward, developed a relationship with President Joseph F. Smith in which President Smith bought several cows [I have in my mind that it was either nine or eleven as my father, Parley Kunz told me] which he placed in Bishop Kunz's care. Each fall cheese was shipped to President Smith, but his cows remained in Bern. My father, Parley, had seen either this letter from President Smith to his father John Kunz III, or another one written to the Kunz brothers [probably Parley and Abel] at the termination of the agreement with President Joseph F. Smith. The letter has been lost for many years and the exact content was questionable.

After intensive inquiries at the Church Office Building of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah over a period of some twenty years. My persistence finally paid off. To a recent inquiry, I received the following letter from Ronald G. Watt, Archivist, Sr. in the Church Archives:

Enclosed with the letter was the following typed copy of the letter:

September 24, 1915

Bishop John Kunz Bern, Idaho

My Dear Bishop:

Your most welcome favor bearing date of Williamsburg, Idaho, September 9th, reached me September 11th, also lading of cheese at Soda Springs. About a week later the cheese came in very good shape, some of the boxes a little broken but the cheese looking well. I scarcely know how to express my appreciation of your kindness or the extent of my gratitude to you and kind Providence for such a blessing as my crop of cheese is to me and my family. Each season we look forward with the liveliest interest to the coming of our harvest of cheese which seems to be relished by my numerous family better than any other class of cheese which the market affords; we almost always run short toward the latter end and are obliged to supplement our supply by such cheese as we can buy at the store which is always, according to our liking inferior to that which we get from you.

Wishing you continued prosperity and the choicest blessings of the Lord in your Bishopric, I am,

Gratefully yours,

Joseph F. Smith

There are somewhat different statements reporting the death of Elizabeth and her infant daughter, Lydia. As noted above, Agnes Kunz Dansie, her oldest child who was just short of ten years of age at the time of her mother's death writes: "... the baby Lydia died soon after birth, and was buried with Mother (who died in childbirth) in the same casket on the 13 May, 1900 in the Bern, Idaho Cemetery." Thus, Agnes believed that the baby was born live but then died within a very short time. This statement is supported by a letter from John Boss to his daughter, and later translated for Agnes and one of her sisters, by Elizabeth's sister, Emma Boss Schoenfeld.

A letter, which Agnes apparently had, but for which the whereabouts are not now known, was written in German by John Kunz III probably to Johannes Boss September 2, 1900, in regards to Mother's [Elizabeth Boss] trouble at the time of her death. Emma Schoenfeld interpreted it to Agnes and Hazel February 11, 1954 in Orem, Utah. Hazel wrote of this translation:

She (Mother) was to have her baby in May. About February she

started to hemorrhage a few days at a time, and then quit a few days. The doctor advised to take the baby then, but Mother wouldn't consent. So she kept on in this condition until labor started. Father got the best doctor he knew of. They had the baby. It came feet first and lived only about five minutes. Mother seemed to be coming along alright at first and started to whisper to them but being very weak. It appeared she might be alright but soon took a sinking spell and started to hemorrhage so badly, before the doctor could do anything. He having stepped to a neighbor for a call. She died about 2 hours later. The doctor said he had only lost 3 or 4 cases like her in all his practice of 2000 cases. Father felt they had done their best. He wrote in the letter what a wonderful wife and mother she had been to him and her children. [Hazel Kunz Smith]

The other five children were strong and healthy as Elizabeth was able to nurse them all. John Kunz III asked Aunt Louise [Louise Weibel, his 4th wife] to take care of them. She had no children of her own. The children all attest to her wonderful care and concern for them throughout her life. At the time Louise Weibel Kunz began to take care of these five children Agnes was almost 10 year old, Julia was 7, Parley was 6, Hazel was 4 and Lucy was 2 years old.

Continuing with the history Aunt Agnes wrote about her mother, Elizabeth Boss:

The general health of mother was good, her eyes were brown her hair was auburn (dark) her height five foot one inch, her weight was 125 lbs. and her chest measured 36 inches. She lived with Uncle William Kunz and family, when she first came here. Later she was married to my Father, John Kunz [III], who was a brother to William. They were married the 19 Dec. 1888, in the Logan LDS Temple in plural marriage. She was especially interested in rearing her family, and in the gospel, for which she gave up her home and loved ones in Switzerland. She was the mother of six children, Agnes Ruth, Julia Esther, Parley Peter, Hedwig Hazel, Lucy May and Lydia, the baby Lydia died soon after birth, and was buried with Mother (who died in childbirth) in the same casket on the 15th of May, 1900 in the Bern, Idaho Cemetery. Previous to her death in May, 1899 she was sealed to her parents along with her brothers and sisters [in the] Salt Lake Temple. Her father Johannes Boss was born 2 Nov. 1831. He died 15 Mar. 1912 at Midway Utah, her mother Marianna Gertsch was born 10 Apr. 1836 and died 22 Aug. 1885 at Guendlishwand, Bern, Switzerland.

Mother was known for her sweet disposition, and among her associates was a peace-maker, she would injure no ones feelings as she would sooner be wronged than hurt someone else. She was a beautiful

alto singer and used her sweet voice to brighten many lives among those who she loved. Her life was an example for her numerous posterity to emulate. It seems the last sickness, that so unexpectedly took her life was of a serious nature before good medical help was available. One year previous to her death she was sealed to her parents, along with her brothers and sisters in the Salt Lake Temple.

Each spring and fall she, along with her children, would travel to Williamsburg and back helping to make cheese and milk cows. Some of the winters were spent in Pegrarn, Idaho where they fed their cattle. Seems the last sickness that so unexpectedly took her life was of a serious nature. The doctor had advised to take her baby about 2 or 3 months before it was due for the safety of the mother's life, but she would not consent, hoping all would be well. When the baby came the doctor thought all would be OK but mother suddenly took a sinking spell and was gone before he could do anything for her.

[Agnes Kunz Dansie's history of her mother, Elizabeth Boss Kunz]

I am thankful for my grandmother, Elizabeth Boss Kunz, and for all she did to make it possible for me to be a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and for giving me my father, Parley Peter Kunz. Like both of them, I also know that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the restored church through the Prophet, Joseph Smith.

It is my firm belief that our grandparents would have each of their family members gain that same strong testimony and live in such a manner that our lives would reflect that testimony. May each of us bring honor to them by the lives we live.

While alive Elizabeth assisted with the family obligations and with the dairy business as well. The dairy was also an important part of the early life for Elizabeth and John's children. They milked, fed the calves and helped make the cheese.

Elizabeth Boss Kunz Glimpses of Her Life and Family, Copyright © September, 2003 by Phillip R. Kunz.

Grandpa George Stephen Smith's Missionary Journal



Postcard George Stephen sent his Granddaughter Wanda Sue Smith while he was serving in the city of Creston, British Columbia.



Picture taken before mission and the one probably given out to people as George mentions in his missionary journal.

As of now the first page is missing....it starts on the 2nd page. George was still in the Salt Lake Mission home.

.....Richards whose faith, virtue, kindness, brotherly love, patience, and humility has blessed us with throughout my school. God bless them for their examples of life will always be remembered to by the boys and girls who have been entrusted in their care, that they will feel the influence of their labors from the boys and girls who have gone to the field of labors.

Our journey has begun to take shape. We the elders who have been called to the Alaskan- Canadian mission, left by bus at 10:30 AM Monday the 17th of April 1961. Those boys who had their mothers and fathers and sweethearts were there, others had sisters and brothers and myself my daughter-in-law Neva, the two children Wendell and Becky, bid me goodbye. I had rather a deep sorrowful feeling, but I managed to overcome this feeling and so we were headed for Pocatello, Idaho. As I sat down in the bus, the only seat that there was left was by a middle age woman. I engaged in a conversation and found out that her mother was a relative of my wife, so we became quite interested in discussing the relationship. Also Boyd Hansen, my brother-in-law was going to do part of my dental, Thanks, Boyd. Time went quite fast until we had to board the train at Pocatello. I called up Irena Matson and they came down to the station and got me for supper.

We left Pocatello, Idaho 7:30 traveled at night, got to Portland, OR 9:30 the next morning. This place has grown since I last saw it in 1918. I recall some of the landmarks. But many changes have taken place since 1918. We traveled up along the Puget Sound and into British Columbia, Vancouver, this is a very pretty place, green grass and trees mostly evergreens, or pines, we use to call them.

We arrived at the station at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, President Wielanman with two cars was there to meet us. We were taken to the mission home and we discussed a few rules of the mission, also sister Wielanman gave us advice on cooking, but all of this wasn't real to me. I can do most of it. It rained almost every day, a little every day. The packs are green and they told me that it was green all year-round as the snow didn't stay very long at a time. We had a good supper and then we have had a 1 ½-hour meeting telling us to be happy and keep the standards of the church. We were given the first two lessons on the flannel board.

The next day we had to go down to the customs office and get x-rayed and get a health permit to enter into Canada. They told me I was a poor risk and that I couldn't stand to work as a minister, but if I had two heart attacks why didn't I have high blood pressure. To that I said, "You wouldn't understand." But the doctor gave me a long lecture and said if I was only going to stay for two years, I probably would be admitted. So he gave me a certificate to enter Canada. We proceeded back to the headquarters, had lunch and headed for the bus station and got there just in time to catch the bus. It was 3 PM. We left Vancouver and rode all night until the next morning at 10:30.

April 20th arrived at Creston, and Elder Cornell met us at the bus and took us to where will be our quarters for some time. I was thankful for this opportunity of living among the good people and the joy it is to labor with them. I think I shall reap more benefits from

this mission than any other experiences that I've had in the past.

Our place of abode is simple, three rooms with a bath, but no hot water. We heat the water with a wood heater. We take turns in cooking. Elder Hanson is a fine cook and I found out when we are not invited out to dinner, we have some good meals.

Today April 24th Elder Howell left on a travel tour with Elder Hill. We are afoot and waiting for a car to be fixed up so we can get around. This valley floor is about 2000 feet above sea level and extends south about 10 miles from the center of the city and two miles to the north on the east of the mountains which are close. The foothills are where people have built their homes and to the west about 20 miles to the mountains are trees, evergreens, that are down low and lots of them on the valley floor. At present there are lots of snow in the top of the mountains. The industry is gardening and fruit of all kinds, strawberries are plentiful at season time, raspberries and blackberries, blueberries and some farming. There are about 7000 people here, about 160 Mormons.

The town itself isn't kept very clean, but the newer homes are kept nice. The Kootenay River runs passed on the west. My work is learning the six lessons, 74 pages to learn and 18 scriptures to learn. I am also to learn the Joseph Smith story, the articles of faith, and to learn and remember chapter 4 of the Doctrine and Covenants. It seems I can't remember much. Often I have to read the things I should remember. But through the spirit of the Holy Ghost, I will learn and remember, by study and sincere thinking. I do not wish things to be too easy as I am afraid it would not make me humble. But with the prayer that was offered in my behalf at my departure from home, I cannot fail.

Last evening Elder Hanson and myself spent two hours with Ray Boffey. He wants to come to church but he is not sure yet, so we discussed the priesthood. He didn't quite understand. I think he will come into the church soon. This April 29, 1961 has been a short week. We have done a little visiting and found everyone friendly. I have been studying very hard. I have accomplished some of the memorizing, but hope the Lord will give me more of the spirit of the Holy Ghost. My birthday, Thursday was a very nice one. I receive birthday cards from Ray and family, Susan at BYU, my sister Alice, my sister-in-law Agnes Dansie and Hale. Elder Howell and Elder Hill bought me a cake with happy birthday and ice cream. So I have enjoyed my birthday with lots of love and kindness.

Elder Hanson and I are alone again. I'm still looking for that car to get repaired. We were invited to dinner at Brother Duane Smiths. Then we attended a green and gold ball at Cranbrook, British Columbia, Canada. Elder Hill and Elder Howell with Elder Hanson and myself. We took two girls with us so everyone could go. There was a nice group of youngsters and old ones to. There we met old friends and made new ones. I know I will love this work as I get more acquainted with it. I love to mingle and get acquainted with the mixed crowds. We couldn't dance but the boys and girls that took part in the floor show were beautiful in their dancing clothes. This is the program of the church and many that were not of our faith participated in the dance. We had light refreshments after arriving home at 1:00.

We were all tired and soon we were asleep. Elder Howell and Elder Hill left this morning on the 29th and we strolled uptown and got the mail and did a little shopping. It was raining outside and tomorrow is Sunday April 30th. Five years ago my wife died. I feel

she is happy that I am trying to reach that goal that she has reached. I do not to mourn for I know that where she is, she feels no pain or suffering unless I do not my part, and in this world of temptation and sorrows. God gave me the strength to accomplish my tasks, that I may be worthy to once again unite with her and show my love and appreciation for her as she showed her devotion to me.

Sunday was a cloudy day and we had a larger Sunday School and a few more at meeting. Brother Hudson came to take us to the two meetings. I helped pass the sacrament and gave a short talk. I did a very poor job of it but, I hope to improve. If what God will help me as I study more, I have a long way to go.

Monday, May 1st, looks like we will have a nice day. Elder Hanson isn't feeling so good. I hope he gets better. I am sure he will with the Lord's help. We had a call from Elder Spencer, he is on his way to Vancouver, he is being transferred to another district. I have been studying hard but my brain is rusty. I just don't seem to function properly, but I'll keep on praying and after a while I will catch the message. I have been sent out to teach the people. Since I have been here we have visited some of our members and encouraged them to come out to our meetings and we have found love and kindness in their hearts. The blossom parade was supposed to be four days but, we are having rain and snow and this is May 5th 1961 and it started to rain. It is still raining on the 5th day. The clouds are low and looks like they won't let up. Today the 5th I wasn't feeling so hot, I think I caught a cold but I feel better this afternoon. My head has ached and feels rather raspy, but I am not too bad..

Today is Sunday May 7th 1961 Elder Hanson and myself got a ride from Brother Hudson to Sunday school and meetings. We had a good testimony meeting of faith promoting experiences. Sister Foster, one of the older members, is 86 years young. She gave a wonderful testimony and Sister Lindstrom also, a convert of only last July. She gave a wonderful testimony. I feel this branch will surely grow as we have a few more coming out each Sunday. We are invited to Sister Foster's for dinner. We have had our parade of blossoms, and during the parade the rain stopped and we had a nice day. Today it looks like it will rain, it is chilly, but not cold. I'm studying hard, trying to get my first lesson completed to give in the near future. Yesterday we had a nice day. Today is overcast and looks like a rain this evening. I'm going to a young and old party.

May 13th 1961 Elder Hanson has gone uptown to mail some letters. Sunday May 14th we had a very expressive program for Mother's Day. Elder Hanson spoke and there were ten mothers present and 14 flowers were given away. Some of the mothers couldn't attend for the sickness they had at home. In the afternoon Elder Hanson and myself attended the Eagle Lodge Mother's Day program. Elder Hanson was the guest speaker. This gave us an opportunity to get acquainted with some of the people and they were very friendly. I surely enjoyed the handshakes and opportunity of a meeting and talking to those mothers. Brother and Sister Levitt, introduced us to all 40 people and I am sure it will give us an opportunity to get into homes to explain the gospel to them. Brother Levitt showed would some films that had to be taken on his trip to Arizona, California, Nevada, and Utah. He took pictures of Elder Hanson and myself and after the program they served dinner. We couldn't eat too much there, for we have another engagement at Sister

Forsted.

On our way home we met Elders from Yack and they told us of the families they have that want the missionaries to come and explain the gospel to them. But also they discussed the problem of building a chapel. All they have is a rental hall which gets so dirty and leaks so that it isn't very good in the sight of the Lord. It rain Saturday night and Sunday morning, today is a very nice sunny day. 15th of May I got a letter from my sisters Alice and Amelia.

May 18th got a letter from Ray and family today and I have had the blues or something. I tried to overcome as soon as possible because they are a hindrance to my work. But for four months I have been studying the lessons and I just haven't been able to remember them. Why I haven't been able to find out. If ever I needed to pray about it and asked the Lord for help, it has been now. But there must be something wrong with me. What I haven't been able to find out I guess it is my faith. He said we should not think of what we should say, but the Holy Ghost will tell us what to say. But without some knowledge we can never hope of such help.

Today is Friday May 19th 1961 we have a busy day. I got up early, as I have felt better in spirits as I asked in God to help me overcome the feeling of loneliness. And with a good nights rest I had been able to enjoy the spirit of happiness. We visited Sister Forested, on her birthday. She is 86 years young. Elder Hanson and I gave her a small remembrance of how she has been so good to the missionaries. We have spent many happy hours with her and Sister Hutton, who has been ill in the hospital and is staying with her while she is getting better. Sister Forested is the mother of this branch. We also visited with Wassinks, at Yack and had a small meeting with them. I hope they will soon be ready for baptism. I feel our day wasn't for nothing. The traveling missionaries came this evening and will be with us for a few days. Elder Hill and Elder Marlar are fine fellows. On Saturday we worked on the car to get it running, finally Elder Hill got it running in a fashion.

Sunday the 21st we all went to Sunday school and meetings, had a wonderful Sunday school, a large crowd was there. Sister Lindstrom did a wonderful job on the lessons and sacrament meeting was a wonderful meeting. High counselor Brother Wilson was here and spoke to us. Brother Evans spoke and gave a fine testimony and he said he spoke under the inspiration of the Lord, so he told me afterwards. We had 48 out, this was a large crowd considering the a few who were there when we first were here. After the meetings, the elders had been invited to Brother Hudson's place for dinner. Elder Hanson and I went over to one of the neighbors to see if she wouldn't come out to church. But she said she was going to the Pentecostal church, but she seems to be mixed up, she use to be a Mormon, today is wash day. Monday the 22nd, Elder Hanson and Elder Mahler are doing washing at sister Gertzen's.

Today is Wednesday the 24th and a very nice day. The snow is beginning to melt in the mountains and the rivers are raging high above their banks and the flats are covered with water. Low places along the highway are filled with water, small streams are like rivers, as well as tall evergreens stand in the raging waters. Here and there one can see horses peeking up out of the water like a Pelican standing on one leg.

Faith of our faith page 96. The definition of faith by Paul. Now faith is the substance of things hoped for the evidence of things not seen. Faith implies such confidence and conviction as we are impelled to action. Belief is in a sense passive and agreement or acceptance only. Faith is active and passive. Remember the healing while Jesus was walking to the house of Jairus with a great crowd of people, a woman who had suffered for 12 years with ailments of frequent hemorrhage, she had spent on medical treatment all she owned and had steadily grown worse. She worked her way through the crowd and approaching Jesus from behind, touched his robe for she said, "If I may touch his clothes I shall be well." Her words were more than magical

For immediately she felt the thrill of health, it went through her body, she became healed of her affliction. The savior turned and looked over the crowd and asked, "Who touched my clothes? For I have perceived that virtue has gone out of me." Then he turned and said, "Daughter be of good comfort thy faith was sincere and free from guile."

The vital spirit that emanates from God known to us as a force of nature thus the Lord may speak divinity to the earth, the air, the sea, and is heard and obeyed for divine affluence. Which is the son of all energy and power may and does operate through out the universe. Faith is the divine gift of God and can be obtained only from Him through faith, the first principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ. In fact it is the foundation of all religion yet it proceeded sincerely by humility of the heart.

As fast as we open our hearts to the influence of righteousness the faith that leads to life eternal will be given us of the father.

People waited for friends and loved ones and sweethearts for a safe return. As the train proceeded along the outskirts of the town and village. We at last arrived in the great city of Vancouver, BC. There I changed from land course to a watery course and took the boat to Nanaimo. The ship was a small type and as we proceeded out into the deep waters of the sound, I could see on either side of the old waterfront English type style houses beautifully painted white, that stood out like great monarchs of the sea, shining in the sun when it peeked out from behind the clouds as the ship's travel slowly further out into the sea, a breeze and showers of rain kept the passengers off the deck so we all looked through the rain soaked windows. I could see small boats and small pleasure boats out in that great body of water. I only could see where the curvature of the earth seemed to start, as the ship proceeded on its course. The shores of Vancouver faded. and only that which seem to be so far away, snow capped mountains, were visible.

The sun shone and the water seemed to calm, people getting out on deck and the shores of Nanaimo came into view as we drew near. The houses seemed quiet thoroughly populated and the shores sloped back to a high mountain range, trees and shrubs lined the shores. Higher up on the mountain it looked like forest fires had taken its toll. It will take time for nature to rebuild the beauty it once had. When I checked no one was there to meet me so I called a taxi. I arrived at the apartment at 3 o'clock. 99 Aerial street, Nanaimo, BC. The Elder's were not there, Elder Asey's daughter came to see him and he was late in getting back home, so they went and got themselves a motel, so today

Wednesday we have been out sightseeing. Visited the large trees, the estimated footage of board feet in some of the trees went 25,000 to 50,000, enough to build a four to six room home.

Monday the 16th we have a development meeting after a few sports, that was held at the Comox City Park. We ate lunch at the elders apartment and then went to the beach to hold our development meeting. The spirit of the Lord was there for the setting, as each one expressed what a wonderful place to be. The opening prayer was given by Elder Butcher and the lesson was presented to those who had been assigned and each missionary bore his testimony. It was in that setting of the sun that brought that vivid picture of Christ walking on the water. I had pictured it as the sea of Galilee and felt the spirit of the Lord so plain. The water was rippled by the cool soft breeze that swept over our faces, yonder the ships both small and large could be seen at a short distance, occasionally the thunder of the jet planes would break the silence and rapture of our meeting but the spirit of the Lord was rich in abundance. Love and humility was felt there. The spirit of the power of God was magnified by the tears and happiness within that family. Peace be with them, I was weak with compassion and strong with conviction, that I know the power of the priesthood, was there in such abundance. It was a rich and glorious experience and I am looking forward to having so much more rich harvest in the very near future.

Again I lay aside my other work and try and tell some of the things that has happened. We continue to teach and serve the best we know how. Through prayer and humbleness we do strive to strengthen our spirits to look baptisms. It seems those who we thought would be baptized have gotten cold. Why I don't quite understand, but the Lord has said if they don't except baptism they will wax cold. So I know this is what has happened, how sharing the Holy Ghost will withdraw itself if they don't pray and exercise what they are taught. When Mormon was teaching his son Moroni, he said, Pray for them son that repentance may come unto them, behold I fear lest the spirit hath ceased staying with them and in this part of the land they are also seeking to put down all power and authority which, cometh from God, and they are denying the Holy Ghost. It becomes discouraging at times for people are too much for the things of this world.

The change has finally come to a close of my companion Elder Godfrey and Asay as I received word that we are to leave Kamloops and go different directions. I will leave for Nanaimo, BC and he will go to Dawson Creek. That will separate us of about 800 miles apart. So again I said goodbye to my friends and to those who learned to love and respect for the gospel sake. It has been a very trying and interesting experience to pray for some of the knowledge that Christ taught. Love faith charity and repentance and many other things to help us to become more perfect and happy in obeying his Commandments.

So I started by train at 2:15 AM Tuesday morning. I left Kamloops. The train sped its way along the West Bank's of the Kamloops Lake 25 miles to Savona. Where it was the course of the Thompson River. It empties into the Mitefly Frazier River at Ashcroft. The most perpendicular mountains reached high into the clouds that gathered along the tops of the mountain ranges and down into the canyons, then into the Valley Green, lots of trees, scrub oak, and many different varieties reached high up into the mountain sites along the valley floor. Herds of cattle graze leisurely knee deep in grass and flowers

beautifully landscaped gardens, painted houses with children playing around on the newly mowed lawns, a light breeze was blowing, a few spring drops of rain as the night spread out to the Sound. Lakes were formed and many small boats drifted at anchor, while fishing rods were extended from their sides, as the train moved slowly through the small towns.

People were using rowboats to paddle to the highway, where they have packed their car. The forests have changed their color in the past weeks. They have become greener where once dry grasses from winter sleep have all become green. Alfalfa is being ready for harvest, everyone has put on a spirit of spring. Apple trees are in full bloom while lots of others are putting forth their sweet perfumes. Gardens are beginning to show their planting, soon strawberries and lettuce, radish, spinach, onions, cabbage, and many other things will be fresh for eating along with the short nights and long days come to a close. We are thankful.

May 25th, another day, the sun was so bright this morning. I watched it bounced its bright light off the mountain sides. A few drifts of snow near the tops of the mountains shown so white against the sunlight. Early morning birds chirped their many songs. I walked down to the Grove or pines that are in back of the houses and then I knelt in prayer asking God to help me in my learning and I am slowly gaining that promise that the Lord promised to the missionaries who strive to do his will and keep his Commandments. The Holy Ghost shall descend upon you and help you in the work of the Lord. It takes a lot of study, and I hope I can keep up this work.

Sunday - was a nice day and we had a nice crowd out about 32. We had a very nice Sacrament Meeting. It seems the spirit of love was there in a little more abundance and it will take more work to bring more out. Saturday evening the 27th we had a large crowd out to our picnic. One hundred twenty-nine people from the Yack and Cranbrook branches. Those who came had a lovely time. We danced and played games. It was quite cool so we had a bonfire and served hot dogs. Sunday we where invited out to dinner at Sister Crossfield's, they have just recently moved into the branch. For supper we where invited to sister Forested's so we had no lack for something to meet. Sister Lindstrom gave us pickles, meat, bread, beans, potatoes, and we won't have to buy much food this week.

The old car needs a new tire. We had a blowout so it looks like a new tire for us. We have had a little rain and today is Memorial Day. We have wondered if the children will think of their mother to decorate her grave. I hope she is happy with my trying to do all part in this missionary work. It isn't easy for me to contend myself as a servant. There are many hours of studying and keeping you my mind free of life's worries. Problems that have arisen in the past and I haven't yet mastered them all especially with the children. I hope and pray they may see why I have asked to serve and shoulder this great responsibility, that I may broaden my understanding of the gospel. And by example that they may know I truly and humbly love and cherish them all and I wouldn't want to be separated because of my neglect. And as God pours out his blessings on me so shall his blessings go to those we love. So let us not worry in well doing, let us not suppose our task is to hard, be ye humble and the Lord God shall take you by the hand and give the answer to thy prayers.

So in the passing of mother it has been a wonderful experience and so I stopped to

count my blessings that God has given me. The air I breathe, the warmth of the sun, the ones we love, the sounds we hear, the laughter of a child. God gives to us each day blessings, but do we accept them without thanks and as we go on our way?

This is June the second and it has been a very warm day, but not too warm for me. The old car stalled one of us the other day and of course we had to have someone to get it started. It cost a dollar, for a small wire on the engine was out. Brother Hudson took us to priesthood meeting and today we went out to Yahk. We visited Brother Johnson and his dog got killed while we were there.

Sunday we had a fairly good group out to Sunday school and at fast meeting most of the members bore their testimonies and I felt the power of the Lord. I felt greatly happy that they were filled with the spirit of God. My companion and I fasted for 24 hours. We were invited out to dinner, in the evening to Sister Forested's. Today is Monday and we drove over to Yahk and helped brother Joe Atwood build his new home. We have just about all the petitions in and tomorrow we will try and get the ceiling joists on and part of the roof. It rained out to Yahk today. We had supper and came home. Last week June 6, 7, & 8 we kept working on the house again and Friday the 8th. That evening we journeyed to Cranbrook to a wedding, had a good time, met lots of friends, and made more of them. It was cool and we never stayed for the dance.

Got home at 11:30 I didn't sleep the rest of the night. My feet were so cold and then when they got warmer they got too hot so I couldn't hardly stand to put covers on them. I didn't shut an eye. Today is Saturday, have been out working on the home, had a good day and put part of the roof on, one more day and then we will have to quit and get to work on our missionary work. The weather has been quite warm but I have enjoyed it and I have been able to learn some more of the lessons last Sunday. I was quite sick but now I have recovered and feel fine again. I have lost a little weight, but I wish I could lose more.

Last night June 21st Elder Atask and Elder Elwood were over from Cranbrook. They wanted to know how we were and how the old car was holding out. Maybe they can find another one over at Cranbrook. We did some painting on Sister Forested's home. The strawberry time is on and we haven't had very much of them, not much to do around Creston. The school will be out at the end of this week or next. I think it will be about the 10th. Today Elder Hansen had his picture taken. I didn't think I was needing any more pictures, so I don't think I will get any of me.

Last Tuesday the 20th the mutual had a ball game. I was umpire and I went to stop a ball and hurt my left little finger. It is quite black but feels better today. Next Tuesday is youth conference. I hope we can go, it is at Cranbrook. We didn't go to Cranbrook the car wasn't safe enough, but had a good Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. I am learning a little more each day but it takes a lot of studying has been a breeze and probably the month of June will soon be over. On the 26th of June we went out to Mr. Craig's place and gave him the second lesson. He seemed to be interested now he is moving to Cranbrook.

It is July and time seems to be flying by. The beans and cherries are being picked and we have had our share of the cherries. The people are very good, they have given us

lots of cherries and nuts and we have certainly have been well fed.

Our old car has played out on us and so we are afoot again, last night July 5th was mutual and the young folks were beyond themselves. I had to walk to mutual and arrived a little late as the old car started, but didn't get very far. People didn't offer me a ride. A very interesting thing happened last Tuesday the 4th. I bought some things from a fruit stand and the Lady clerk made a mistake in my favor. That evening I called at that same stand and asked her if she remembered me coming to the stand earlier that day and she said yes. I asked her if she remembered what I had bought from her, and she said no. I told her that she had made a mistake in change and I had come to make right that mistake. It was a matter of 50 cents and I was here to give her the 50 cents. She asked me who I was and what was my name. I told her I was representing the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints and then told her my name. I told her I had been laboring in that part of Creston for 2 ½ months and I would like to keep in touch with her and her family. She said she was very thankful. She said only once in a while were people honest. I thanked her and went on my way letting her know that she will hear more of the latter-day work before this season is over.

Yesterday we walked out to sister Lindstrom's some 4 to 5 miles. It rained today and so the weather has cooled a lot and looks like it will rain more. I did a little washing and now I have some clean underwear. July 12th Elder Howell and Elder Moss came and I packed some clothes and went with Elder Moss to Yahk to visit the Warssirs and see if we could baptize some of them, but had no promises and it was suggested that we go to brother Atwood's to see if we could get dinner. Sure enough they were having dinner. We ate dinner and came to Cranbrook. We are staying for the missionary activities. They have an appointment at Bob Sweeney's. He has a new home and has built an apartment for the missionaries.

Last evening we were visited by Elder Jack who had been released and on his way home. His mother and father came for him which was wonderful. It would seem that he fulfilled a wonderful mission. Elder Jack said goodbye and said he felt the spirit of humility because he had made many friends and had become like a brother to them. This is the kind love and work that brings kindness to each other. God bless and keep these blessings that last.

The 13th we are waiting at the apartment for the missionaries who have been away overnight to make contacts and baptize people at Kurlaly and other small places. We had a very swell trip to Cranbrook. Elder Fisher and Elder Sullivan came from the president's offices, Elder Fisher is a counselor to President Wielanman. Elder Howell, Elder Hansen, and I left for Creston. Elder Moss the traveling Elder and I visited several homes and told them of some of the missionary car troubles.

Elder Elwood and I studied together and Elder Sullivan and I came back from Cranbrook together. We stopped at Yahk to visit some friends, Brother Atwood and brother Draper and family. We had a lunch there then we drove back to Creston, there are for missionaries here at the apartment and Elder Moss and Elder Fisher came and we were a house full last Sunday. The Pott's three children were baptized on Monday after the Moore boy was baptized.

18 July 1961 Tuesday morning Al Fray was baptized at 6 AM. The river was clear and cold. Those in attendance were Al Fray and wife June, Elder Fisher, Howell, Moss, Sullivan, Hansen, and myself. Brother Crossfield was also present. I opened with prayer and Brother Crossfield closed with prayer. Elder Howell baptized and then confirmed Brother Al at their home. All the Elder's took Al and his wife June to breakfast at the hotel in Preston. This baptism was very inspiring and we all felt the spirit of the Lord. It was a clear morning and beautiful.

Now and again a wild bird would answer to call of its mate, a soft breeze from the north east would cool through our slacks. The wind was quiet in winding its way around the floor of the valley. The sun peeked its head above the dark mountaintop. The tree shadows grew smaller as the morning moved on. The tall stature of Elder Howell stood clothed in white, waist deep in the still part of the river with his hand up as he welcomed in to the fold a new convert to the LDS church, one could not stand and thank God without tears. The joy and happiness was felt by everyone. One more was brought into the fold of God. There shall be two of the city and one of a family I was one of the family. Elder Fisher spoke in a law firm voice and gave them words of wisdom and explained the course they must follow. He then said if they keep the council God has given them, great joy will be theirs.

D&C 18:10 remembered the worth of souls is great in the sight of God. How great is his joy in the soul that repentanteth.

Today is Thursday the 20th of July, We went to the missionary conference in Cranbrook. President Wielanman was there and all of the Kootenay district. The President gave us a great lift for being there. He gave us a spiritual feast and he told us of the greatest struggle is on us to get into the ring for God has turned his choices spirit loose to fight the evil that is waging among the people. I am happy to be called and most happy to be called at this time. I have the faith and I know that so many people are groping in the dark. I am ready to put my shoulder to the wheel. The time has gone by quickly.

We are well into August and wonderful times have past. I was in Cranbrook and Kimberly last Monday the seventh and had a wonderful spiritual missionary meeting. Played games and Elder Bahowmak. I walked around in the city of Kimberly. We saw several places of interest and I saw the wonderful garden of flowers. So many different varieties and shapes. There were lawns in between each row. It is called the highest city in Canada. It has three levels, the old part of the city is the lower floor where railroads and old and places of business are located. On the second floor where service stations and newer homes. On the third floor were lots of new homes, hospitals, and flower beds. On the third floor you could see over the rest of the city and see for miles, south, east and west. But north are the mountains. We journeyed back home that evening and was glad for another day of rest. We are now engaging in putting water in to the chapel, washing the toilets, getting the septic tank completed and hoping to fix the grounds around the chapel and get lawns planted. A lot of work but we hope to get the work done before stormy weather comes. I have completed my first discussion and on to my second. With all the work we are engaged in I haven't had time to do much studying.

Our problems are getting less but we haven't gotten them all licked yet as a new ones keep coming along but, they are most welcomed and interesting. I am supposed to give a talk Sunday in Sacrament Meeting. I have selected my talk on tithing. I hope to try and get more to pay their tithing, a great commandment, of the Lord, and great blessings come from paying it. We hope to influence more young people out to our Sunday school classes. I am thankful to be laboring in Creston, as we become more acquainted we are asked who we are and what we are doing. Many are beginning to recognize as a missionaries of the gospel of Jesus Christ's church and they often call Elder Hansen Mr. LDS church. I told him all they needed to do was to put on the last word Hill, and he would be a big shot in Canada. I really like it here in Creston, I hope to stay here for a long time.

Today August 13th Sunday was a big day for me. I was called on to speak. I used my thoughts as given to me by the Lord on tithing and finding faith. I talked for 20 minutes and to my surprise I found a how quickly the time passed and who are responsible for the children and our neighbors keeper. How much is your children worth, a tenth of your income? Are we paying it to ensure our children a chance into the kingdom of God? Or are they going the way of the world. If we pay not, we keep them inside of the prison walls, For keep my comments and prove me fourth with for if ye keep my commandments then I am bound, if ye keep not my commandments I am not bound.

It was a wonderful day, warm but a nice Sunday, we shall journeyed to Yahk this evening to visit our investigator. We hope we can get these people to a baptism this month.

Another week now past and we are getting the chapel ready for paint. Cleaning up around the outside has kept us busy. I had a very trying moments with Elder Hansen. I haven't been able to help much with a insulating the chapel because of so much heat inside. I can't climb around the way I used to do and he accuses me of telling him what to do. It seems that Satan is slowly pulling us a part. I have never tried to or even thought of telling him what to do so help me. I prayed about it and it has got me by for a day or two because he has shouted and yelled at me because I'm asking several questions and he has several accusations. He said I was trying to run him and I didn't know anything about it. Our mutual is just about ready to fold and we haven't been successful in making contacts. He wants to learn the discussions. He goes to bed without prayers. He gets mad easily, but I'll keep on trying. I haven't been able to put my mind on my study and discussions. But God will answer my prayers and so I forgive and hope Elder Hansen will also. With kindness and patients and humility, I will win the love of the people around us. Love endures and honors unselfishness and memory. Evey gain of the heart and mind and spirit continues with us forever.

This is August 22nd my first great grandson's birthday, Niel Ray Nielsen. He is the son of my granddaughter Linda. She is the oldest daughter of my son, Ray Smith. I am happy today that I've remembered his birthday. I have never met him but, I know he is a great big boy and he will grow up into a fine boy because the parents of this family has been taught the gospel of Jesus Christ. When a building has a rock or cement foundation it will stand a lot of ware. Elder Hansen and myself have returned from the missionary and branch conference meetings. President and Sister Wielanman, President Fisher, and Elder Burton an assistant to the Counsel of the Twelve were in attendance at the meetings

and conferences. The spirit of humility and the spirit of God was with all who attended those meetings. The missionary meeting was held Monday at 10:00 on the 21st and I was called to open the meeting with prayer. Tremendous power and spirit seem to develop in the program. The meeting had the most powerful hymns and words, they are hard to describe. Brother and Sister Peterson, who were from Kimberly, he is the Branch President, they gave a wonderful testimony of the gospel!

Each one of the missionaries were interviewed by President Wielanman and Elder Burton. Each were asked how they were getting along and what they felt toward getting on with their work and how their finances were and if they were worried about anything or how they were getting along with their companions.

Thanks to God I had settled our difficulty and we were going good and working together. So once again the spirit of the Lord remained with us at our conference. The chapel was packed and the spirit of the gospel was there. Elder Fisher spoke of faith and Sister Wielanman, bless her heart, spoke on love. President Wielanman spoke on repentance and prayer and Elder Burton spoke on disobedience to the law and knowledge of the gospel, because of hurting someone's feelings. He also told the story of the shoeless people in a shoe factory in the midst of the city starving themselves for fear of hurting their friends, when contentment was at the very door.

The tremendous spirit was there and at 6:30 that evening a baptism was performed and another one after conference that evening. The spirit of the Holy Ghost was there and tears of joy was shed, by those who were baptized. There were two good sisters and a family. One had three children preceded her in baptism. The father wasn't quite ready but the pleadings of those children to their father had a good effect in helping him overcome all of his habits that I am sure he will be baptized shortly. These are the joy and happiness one can witness while working in the mission field.

The testimony meeting held with the missionaries Tuesday morning were with great power of the spirit of God. Young boys who have that dynamic force of the spirit of the gospel expressed their happiness, humility, and love, for the gospel of Jesus Christ. They shared many stories that carried the incomprehensible dynamic power of the testimony of eternal truth, fullness of the gospel, and the Holy Ghost. This power reaches out and touches the hearts of people. These missionaries have begun to take shape and many of their prayers and work of the ministry is spreading among the people of the Calgary Canada Mission. Before no one would accept the gospel. God blessed those boys forever and their testimonies will spread through out nations until all shall hear their voice. I was ill some what with pains going through my head and I asked if the missionaries would lay their hands on my head. I was released of the pain and until the next day then President Wielanman said I had better go see a doctor. I succeeded in getting in to see one and he informed me that I have a piece of cotton in one ear and that the nasal passage is stopped up on one side, so now I have that out and I feel fine again.

Once more I find courage to stop and write a few lines as before bedtime. Another week has gone by, and only a small part of what we have to accomplish have we succeeded to do. Tomorrow is Sunday and I am thankful for that day. I have been studying and learning some scriptures and while it seems hard to do I feel like I would be able to surmount many obstacles and help the people to become more active and to lead a

humble life once more. Sunday has come to my attention and reminds me that time is passing and while I am trying to study and do other things to help to finish the chapel, I seem to accomplish but little. I sometimes think I am being neglectful in the past. I am suffering of my own neglectfulness. I guess when I was called to do missionary work this is the type of missionary work I am to do. Of course it is something that has been done and I should shell feel happy about it. I am to a certain degree. Our mutual is slowly growing less and our Sunday School and our church service is not growing. I really believe it is because we're not humble enough.

My companion and I hardly ever pray together and he is the President of the Branch. I have lost the spirit of teaching the gospel. Sometimes I feel like asking for a release and fading away from it all. The testimony I have of the gospel is very important and only to me. But what good is it if I don't give it to others in testimony and in humility. I have been here five months and I feel what has been accomplished in that time isn't worth it. Many boys and girls could have heard the gospel if we had been prepared to teach them. I guess because we were old we just didn't seem to be able to change with the times. We are letting these opportunities pass us by because of our stubbornness.

Today is the 30th of August 1961. We go to try and finish the painting inside the chapel. I am not feeling so hot today. I worked too hard yesterday.

Today is Saturday September 2nd and we have just about finish painting the chapel. I hope that we can cherish next week. Last week we had a real nice rain and things are looking so green and the apples and pears are ripening and the apples are turning red. They look so pretty out on the trees. Some are being picked and sold. This morning the car was covered with dew and along the river great clouds of fog lifted when the sun came out. It looks like great balls of smoke, and it puts in my mind that Indian summer is here and that winter will soon be showing on the mountains. Another summer has gone and as time marches on children will be going to school. Shopping is in its height and new shoes and coats and dresses will be parading along the highway. I have wondered how many people will see the way to a good honorable living. Each girl and boy will have to make that decision in their life between right and wrong. How many do we help find great happiness that rights the wrongs and how many sleepless nights have I encountered in a passing life to bring my family to realize that I was ever watching out for them. We are hoping and hoping for their safety at home now, as I am standing on the brink of life. I stand at the crossroads, trying to bring that boy or girl to a safe crossing with love and humility in mind and heart. I pray for everyone to see great truths of God and learn of his ways.

I was made happy today. I received a card from my son Theron and it announced a new son. A grandson for me. Two or three grandchildren born on the second of September 1961. That is 10 living children, one passed away at five months. I have felt much better for I am thankful for the prayers and for the answer to them in my behalf and of the solving of the problems that have existed with my companion. He is beginning to realize that this is the work for all missionaries to partake of the spirit of the gospel. To study and to help people in the branch. They will be happy if they will take an active part in attending our Sunday meetings and mutual. President Fisher and Elder Rajales were here today and I enjoyed them here, as I know we will always received encouragement and

help to keep plugging along and try and give discussions to the people in Creston. I rejoice in the work and I am thankful for having had an opportunity to teach the gospel in the Creston Branch.

Today September 16th five months ago I left Salt Lake. I thought at the time I was a good master of any kind of test I should come upon or against but, I guess I have failed. I am steadily losing my missionary spirit. I have given all my patience and love in prayerful humility. I have sought for that last chance of becoming a good missionary. My companion isn't praying, only in the morning with me. I have lost all confidence as he won't learn the discussions and our contacts have become lost and he won't go out to get more. We are trying to build this branch up, but the branch seems to me not advancing at all. I asked for a transfer, I hope and pray Elder Hansen will get a better partner, so he will be able to get things going again. I guess I have been a failure to him. May the Lord help me to become more help to him, but I don't feel like I can make a go of it. My heart is heavy and I am tired. I am sorry I have been a failure because I suppose I have sinned some where along the line and I am being punished for transgressions. I've written to my son Ray. But don't know whether I'll send him the letter. I think I had better wait for a day or two. I haven't been able to study so I haven't memorized anything. I have been working on the chapel, it's just about finished. I am feeling very low and I have prayed for the help that I must have in order to come out of it. If I could just get enough help to get the mutual going I am sure I would feel like I have done a little while here in Creston. The Lord has promised us all the help if we ask for it and if we humble ourselves and ask in His name.

Rests not upon the victories you have won your yesterday was ended with the sun if you have failed, surrender not to fear, tomorrow has not come, today is here.

September 18th we were to go to Cranbrook today and have a very nice development meeting with the Elders. The study was the Holy Ghost. Many beautiful things pertain to the gifts and powers of the Holy Ghost.

Things are noticeable in the fall weather. The different colors are beginning to take place and as we traveled along the summer to seems to have waned each succeeding day. With its melancholy calm, it's changing lights, and shades, it's cool damp winds, growing more and more suggestive of autumn. I reflected back with many fond recollections of days spent in the solitude of the forest where only I can be satisfied, that wild fever of renewal of which this tells where to clear the whirr of the wild duck, in its flight is joy, where the quiet of an autumn after noon swells the heart, and where one may watch the fragrant wood smoke curl out from the campfire. To see the stars peep over dark wooded hills as twilight deepens and knows happiness, that dwells in the wilderness alone. The intense blue begin to pale and low down in the west a few fleecy clouds, gorgeously golden for a fleeting instant then crimson, then shaded in darkness as the setting sun sinks behind the hills. Presenting the red rays as they disappear and a pink glow is fused through the heaven and at last a ray of twilight that looks over the hilltop at the crescent moon, peeped above the wooded fringe of the Western Bluffs and in the darkened marshes and meadows below. A deer stands knee deep in small streams and

lifting their head instantly became motionless and observed, and as we near the home where we live, we could feel the long day had ended.

Now another week has passed without much excitement. We have accomplished most of the tasks of painting and beautifying the branch chapel, waxing floors, dusting shelves, making it clean so that the spirit of our Heavenly Father may dwell there in. Two young missionary elders came to labor in this branch to establish and work with the, mutual so I was happy to see them come. It has taken attention from me and I am looking forward in helping to get our mutual going and teaching the gospel.

To the young people, Elder Colbert and Elder MacGregor are new in the field, Elder Colbert has been in this mission six months and Elder MacGregor one month. We are going to move from this location and move closer to town in a five room house with a bathtub, large enough to take a good bath and hot water plus space to hang clothes and study. The four of us will study together I am happy again for we will all be able to steady together. Then I can accomplish what I wish to do, learn and give discussions. It will put joy in my soul and thanks giving to my spirit if I accomplish this.

Today was Sunday and we were invited out to Brother and Sister Crossfield's for dinner. We have a lovely dinner and they are very nice people. I am thankful for this opportunity of having been called to labor in this part of the mission. Elder Hansen and I may be moving soon to labor some other place. We have moved from our apartment to a five room house wherefore of us can live comfortable. We have a very nice location. Since the other two missionaries came things for me have been better as I have gotten to go with them several times and I really enjoyed our visits with other people. I could have a good time without my companion sleeping and embarrassing me. I have gone out to brother Jesse Johnson's place in Yahk, very fine people. Brother Draper's family are real nice and we certainly enjoyed our visits and got the location of several boys and girls to try to get them out to mutual. I am very happy when I am with them. I am beginning to learn the gospel and receive the spirit of the Lord again, to study together and have a good time while studying with. My companion was disturbed when I told him I was going to drive the car for a week and when I turned the keys back for him, to drive for a week, he really got very angry and left the apartment without saying a departing prayer with the elders. So the three of us prayed for his temper, for him to control it and be a better missionary. The prayer was somewhat answered for he came along singing and forgetting he was to drive. I guess he must be a little jealous or it seems that way because when we meet people he just can't seem to smile and make them feel happy. I have prayed for that talent and I rarely fail to welcome people or strangers to our meetings. The Lord has blessed me with a feeling of love for the people I meet. I am thankful for this calling in meeting and trying so hard to bring joy happiness to them last night.

September 29, 1961 the Relief Society gave an opening party and I had a wonderful time greeting people and joking and kidding them along. Some came in with sad looking faces and I know if I can get them to smile they will feel better and have a good time. I love to mingle among them in see that everyone is happy.

We have our house quite comfortable and we feel very lucky. But suppose someone will come along to offer more money and we will have to move. Our new missionaries have given our mutual a lift but it seems this is a hard place to work in. It

seems peoples eyes are surely closed to the truth and teachings of the gospel.

I have been fasting for three days and I am sure God will answer my prayers. It will be Thanksgiving on Monday October the 9th here in Creston, British Columbia. It seems strange to celebrate at this early date. We are having rain showers and the fall weather is slowly creeping up on us. Snow has been falling in the tops of the mountains and the colors yellow, green, and purple glow in the darkened twilight and fades as night comes on. The stars light up one by one in that purple sky. As we think of the abounding wealth in the fields of golden hue and abundance of health that deck on tables at Thanksgiving time. Then let us kneel in kindness and grace giving thanks to the one who is kind in patients in our lives that we may live worthy of eternal life.

Elder MacGregor, Elder Colbert, and I had a wonderful experience with the family. The mother said she used to be a Mormon but when she was married she was very young and people talked and told lies about her. She had become hateful toward those people. How we hurt our fellow men when we spread lies about them. We will be held accountable for those wrongs. The mother has three children by her first marriage and one by her second. The oldest girls are old enough to be baptized. The youngest is four. We missionaries were invited in but the father wasn't home. I had been told the children were wild like deer. They ran when they saw anyone coming, but I found this not to be so. We were receive very cordially and after we had been there a few minutes I was surrounded by the four girls. Showing me their schoolwork, dolls, paint books, and many other things.

Many thoughts were exchanged and when they showed me their school pictures and I asked if they had one to spare. Then it was on an exchange basis. I gave one of mine, I don't know why they wanted one of me so I inquired of why they were keeping mine. I told them that my old gray had will shine among those pages of time. The mother said she would let her children decide what church they wanted to join. They had been to two or three and they didn't like to go anymore. I could tell they were reaching for something that would bring them joy and delight. One small girl came to me and took me by the arm and asked me if I had any little girls. I had a picture of my son, Theron's family. I showed them and she said, "Are all of them your brothers and sisters? Do you like them?"

I said, "I more than like them, I love them." I put my arms around her and her eyes lit up like stars and that joy in love she so wanted by someone had touched her heart. They have a good mother but without the true gospel of love how can a mother show her love. As we were ready to depart Elder Colbert asked if they wish us to pray. The mother said, "Leave it up to the girls." They said yes and Elder Colbert gave a wonderful prayer. The spirit of the Lord was there. It softened the heart of the mother as her eyes were wet with tears. As we departed we asked them to come to Sunday school and church. As we left for our car they followed. For another half an hour we explained the mutual programs. The two older girls, with tears in their eyes, asks their mother if they could go. Elder MacGregor gave them pamphlets and a book of Mormon. They grabbed our hands as we said goodbye and be sure that we would be back. We asked that God be with them all and we left.

In everyday life we are called to make decisions and we asked for guidance to help us over the rough spots and/or weaknesses. What the outcome of Sunday and Tuesday

with that family will be able to commit later, God bless them that someone will be at the crossroads to teach them onto the right path.

Again a week has passed. Last Monday I was with Elder MacGregor and Elder Colbert when we motored our car to Yahk, to Brother Jesse Johnson's to help dig a trench to lay a water pipe. We didn't get it finished but being it was Thanksgiving.

October 9th we had all the children, fried chicken, and a great day. We did just about all the work. Then we three elders went to mutual at Yahk and had a nice crowd and program. After mutual Brother Draper invited us over to their place and things were great. We had some more chicken, what a dinner. This lasted from 8 AM until 9:30 PM. We got home at midnight. Last fasting and testimony meeting we had a large crowd as well last Sacrament Meeting.

The 8th was the largest we had since I had been in Creston. Seventy people came out and I feel very bad for my companion. He has missed the very thing in life that is so needed to be happy and venturesome toward knowing how to express personal feelings toward his fellow workers. He has missed great comments, without it one cannot learn worlds without ends, the true forgiveness and sharing, love, kindness, humility, and without he has become a slave to commands to his fellow men. God bless him, that he may someday find this true happiness.

I'm thankful for my family. I realize more everyday what they really mean to me. I prize them more than any earthly saying. They have been so helpful in giving me joy and happiness. I surely would like to live until I can finish this mission and can thank them all for their wonderful support, in the trying times, in helping me to have courage in the adjustments that I have had to make. God bless them that I may, along with them, set an example to all who they labor with. The other elders have given me a big lift and once again I am learning to catch the spirit of my labors as a counselor in the mutual.

We are beginning classes and it will take time to get things going but with God at the helm, we can't lose if we do our part. The past week there has not been much action, we elders traveled to Kimberly about 100 North and attended a development meeting where all the elders to study the gospel. We had a dinner and then after that we had very good lessons on prophecy. It rained a little but we had a safe trip. I haven't as yet seemed to understand why I am here. I study with the Elders but, what good it may do I guess time will tell. I still feel my time is bring to me good. Next month will be conference. I am sure I'll get some kind of answer. The Elders had gone out to Sister Lindstrom's to get acquainted with her husband, who is not a member.

Oct 18, '61 This afternoon we went out to the chapel and sawed wood and tried to clean up around the place. This morning we ate and helped Elder Hansen to clean out Sister Schmidt's stove pipes. Today was a nice sunny Indian summer weather. This valley is in its beauty, as the different colors, spread over this vast mountain range as far as the eye can see mother nature has decked with beauty, shades of yellow, into purple, green, and orange, silhouetted against a clear blue sky, with smoke curls springing and rising up into the horizon like black clouds drifting while they vanish into the evening. The half curved moon shines bright against the dark evening tide, now and again a star flickers on. Then we know another day has shortened our stay in this valley.

Things that have happened during the week has brought to my attention the work

that we have donated to a non member who is in the process of building his home, hoping that the family will some day become a member of our church.

This is Saturday, Oct 21st and it has been six months since I arrived at Creston. Tonight is now Wednesday and I haven't done very much this week. My mind has been fixed on learning lessons and scriptures. My companion has been called on a labor mission. I have found out that has been the cause of all our difficulties. I figured that was what it was, but as far as visiting our member, I guess I'll have to do it alone.

Tonight it has been raining and it is cloudy. The Elders have had a discussion to give. Our mutual was wonderful last night. The people seem to enjoy it and we are in need of a pianist. We will have to try and find one. There were 9 Boy Scouts, 12 girls besides the officers and teachers, 9 officers and teachers. Next Friday we all motor to Cranbrook for a night of frolic, some thing for the boys and girls to look forward too.

Today is Saturday, there are 19 girls and boys including myself to the Dance and Party at Cranbrook. Thirty came from Yhak, they seemed to have a wonderful time. I enjoyed myself as far as an old man is concerned. I tried very hard to get the boys to dance with the girls. Some of them did but said they got too tired. I got to talk to President Atwood. He was delighted on the reports that have been sent in as to the mutual and activity, has made a wonderful programs. If we can get some of the boys to come out to even things up. I have been quite happy in the turn my companion has taken since I fasted. He is a fine fellow and a good companion. For he know the gospel. But he is like the rest of us, he doesn't always live it and so we get careless some times and Satan gets a hold and we get to hating one another. But through prayer and fasting once more we are beginning to do good.

I received a letter from President Wiellemann today and he has been very tactful in explaining some of our difficulties and why some of those things come about. So, I am thankful for the missionaries who came and helped with the mutual. We are having a officers and teachers meeting on Sunday evening. Tuesday we are having a Halloween Party. I am sorry the missionaries are not to dress in costumes that evening. But we will have a lot of fun anyway. I am trying to help Duane Smith get his feet on the ground in this mutual so when I leave he can have a firm foundation to keep going. I have learned to love these people in Creston. I will be sorry to leave when that time comes and it looks like it won't be long. The people here said I should stay as they would like me to help them in the mutual. They said they had learned to think a lot of me. They were thankful I had been able to stay this long. They said they would write to President Willemann to keep me here. But that wouldn't be so good, cause people get to depend to much on one person. So it will be better to go else where and make new friends. I am studying hard and hope to get some more lessons learned.

Friday, November 3rd. It was stormy today and Elder Hansen got sick while we were tracting so we came home. The Elder's Colbert and MacGregor have taken our car and gone to Yhalk and maybe we won't be able to use it until next week. We can use the old car though. We two old stiffs can get along with an old car. I am happy for those boys to use it. We've been out tracting the last week and visiting members of the Branch and have felt better. Now we can do that, I feel like I have wasted too much of my time this summer. I couldn't do much on the chapel. Mutual was a success we had 30 out and had pies, cake,

cookies, and apple cider. It was a real party, dancing and games, everyone said they like it very much. I am enjoying my part in mutual. I received some of my books for mutual and one I have to pay \$1.13 duty on including some bandalos for the Beehive girls. I am waiting to hear from President Wiellamann. If I get transferred, I've wondered where I will be going. We have had a very cold day and it looks like it will be cold tonight. I am studying hard for a lesson I have for Monday on development dat at Cranbrook. I looking forward to it.

Nov. 18 and I haven't written very much as I haven't had very much to tell about. I am still on a work mission and studying a little and helping to strengthen our mutual officers, striving to keep the member happy and improve myself in learning the gospel. I'm trying to be an example to people I come in contact with. Tonight we were invited out to dinner at Brother Evan's place.

Tonight I have thought of writing of the conference. It was such an inspirational conference. There were so many people there. The spirit of the Lord was in abundance. President Wiellenmen gave a very good talk. The theme was service. President Davis is a man of many talents which he expressed in speech and song. We are having a snow storm. The snow is getting deep and looks like it will snow more.

Yesterday President told me I would be leaving the 12th of Dec. In a way I hate to leave my friends but, I will go and do the things the Lord has commanded, for I know the Lord giveth no commandment to the children of men save he shall prepare a way for them, that they may accomplish the things which he commandeth! Nephi 3-7. So, I am ready to go. I will always miss my friends, brothers, and sisters. But, I will be willing to make new ones. This is Monday 27 Nov 1961.

Today is Tuesday Dec. 5, 1961. It is a very pleasant day, no snow. I rained last night and the snow is all gone. It's quite warm and I'm looking for my call any day. Now, I'll be leaving Creston. I'll have a new companion and Elder Hansen will have one too. He seems happy that I'm leaving. Last Sat. evening we went to Jeffery about a hundred miles from Creston. It was suppose to be a Rose Prom, but when we got there they had postponed it indefinitely. There were Duane Smith, MIA Superintendent, Gloria Caldwell, MIA President for the girls, and Melvina Potts, Kitty Bettger, and myself. The Presidency were quite put out about someone not letting them know of the cancellation. But I suggested we go and have a nice quiet dinner for the evening. That seemed to please the group, so when we got back to Cranbrook, we had a very nice meal, fish & chips, and some banana splits. We then took in the Christmas decorations around town and came home.

That will be the last ride for some time with that group. I have learned to love and cherish these fine girls and boys. I am going to miss them. I don't want to stay until I may falter in my missionary work. My time is more valuable and I need to carry on the Lords work for my time is short. My last big event will be to try and teach the gospel and bring people to the understanding of it. I haven't got time to write letters and do nothing. For the Lord said, The field is ripe and ready for the harvest and he that thrusteth in his sickle, with all his might, the same shall layeth up in store, and shall not parish. But bringth salivation to his soul. Faith, hope, charity, and love, with an eye single to the glory of God qualifies him for the work. Faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness,

godliness, charity, humility, and tolerance. Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you. D.&C. 4 - Sec.

Tonight is mutual, probably my last one in this Creston, B.C. My joy and happiness and love for these young folks can not be expressed. They had a going away party for me. I really experienced a few moments of love and humility. I shall pass this way but once, any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show toward any human being, let me do it now, let me not defer any human or neglect them for I shall not pass this way again. The boys and girls ask many times why I was going. I said for them to remember our mutual and that's me. I said so I really want you to remember that all your life and live the gospel of Jesus Christ. I gave them a picture of myself because they asked for it. I then read this poem.

When I Grow Old

When I grow old and years are slipping by on wings
I'll not have time to fret or reflect lives bitter stings.
For I must learn to calm my throbbing heart
And smile through sorrow that stabs me like a dart.

And when my frame is bent and hair is gray
I'll still find much to do, before I pass away,
It may be I can help some wondering youth,
to find the path of virtue and of truth.

For as I journey over life's rugged way,
I can speak a kindly word to those who stray.
And if perchance, that some should follow me,
I must keep a shining light for them to see.

And keep my faith in God so clear and bright,
That all may see and find the path of right.
And though my steps may fail and eyes grow dim
I still must carry on with faith in him,
Until the master calls - then I'll be free to join
My loved one in eternity.

Now I will leave Creston on December the third period or so I thank God for the wonderful friends and people of Creston. I shall remember them throughout my life.

I left Creston on a bus at 9:40 AM and as I left I thought I should never see the valley again. It's not my intentions, we traveled over the Kootenay River Highway and at the ferry we stopped and had to wait until the cars and trucks drove off the ferry. There we preceded to drive onto the ferry. For miles and you could see the sun capped mountains, the black pines reaching for sunshine, a smooth breeze rippled the water on the lake shore down in the clear lake. You could see schools of fish getting instructions from their superiors officers. Some looked like they were preparing for hockey game. It took 45

minutes to cross to the other shore. There were a few houses along the shores, of both sides, with smoke curls from the chimneys indicating that winter was breathing its breath on the weakest part of the house as the bus slowly moved away from the ferry and onto the shore.

Snow was beginning to fall, the road was never safe for fast driving. We traveled along the west Kootenay shore lake for about one hour and turn directly west to the city of Nelson. There the bus stopped and waited for three hours for another bus. I walked around town until I got tired and finally the bus came. We left there about 2:30 it's got darker early and we crossed into Washington State. It took us about two hours to get back into Canada. The bus was cleaned and we were not allowed to get off the bus while in the U.S., good old U.S..

It seemed good to get there because no one was allowed to smoke in the bus while in Washington, the bus arrived at Penticton at 10:30 PM and no one to meet me. I preceded to find the missionaries phone number but they weren't home so then I called the Branch President and he took me to the missionary apartments. Elder Walker and Elder Daley were the elders. Elder Godfrey and Arvie were delayed at Vancouver. So I had to stay over that night and late Thursday came to Penticton. We stayed over until Friday morning. Elder Godfrey my companion drove a new Rambler from Vancouver and he and I left for Kamloops, Friday morning and Elder Arvie left for Creston to take my place at Creston.

We preceded to Kamloops and when we arrived at Chase, about 125 miles before Penticton the Rambler stopped. We knew we had plenty of gas so we got a man to push us to a garage and they found that at Penticton the gas tank collapsed. After they had straightened it and the pipe in the tank, where the suction pipe was bent up and when it got down to the level of the pipe the gases refused to come out so after some work and waiting we arrived at Kamloops. We found our apartment in fine shape and we are invited to supper next door with Sister Tracy and Sister Hermanson, very fine converts to the church.

I had caught a bad cold and wasn't feeling very springy but finally got to bed and the rest of the week I was very sick. I managed to get over it and so today I am feeling fine. It is now Christmas and Sunday, Dec. the 24th. I went to Sunday School and in the evening I gave a short talk on obedience and activities in the church. I talked for 20 minutes; our purpose here is to help the branch president build up the priesthood in this part of the country. To get more people active, we will share the responsibilities with the other two elders. Elder Walker and Elder Talbot in bringing more people into the church. So we will seek out the more righteous both old young which will be most interesting and to help get a church building started so with our prayers and also of the members I know we will have success in the near future.

Tonight December 25th we were invited to President and Sister Ken Rupp's home for a turkey dinner. Now it is over we had a wonderful dinner. I shall attempt to mention some of the things we had, turkey with all the trimmings, potatoes, salads of lettuce carrots, cabbage, and orange drink. Gravy, jello with cream and pie with ice cream and cake. Before we left in the evening we had a drink of 7-Up and cookies. Sister Kenny's daughters were there & son-in-law. Today the 26th we were invited out to dinner at sister

Tracy's, next door. This evening we met with President Kenny and Brother Glenn Smith to talk over some of the problems of the branch.

Things have gone by so fast and now it is December the 27th, 28th, 29th. Seems like my cold was getting better on Christmas morning. I called the family, each one in turn. I really enjoyed hearing their voices. Besides taking care for missionary work, we had a snowstorm and we couldn't go to Savona, the roads were bad. I received many letters and cards for Christmas.

Today Jan. 13th I received a letter from Creston to President of the MIA of the ladies. I will copy what she wrote me. Besides other things, she thanked me for everything I had done for her and her brother. I know it must have been the letter that inspired him. I got a letter from him and he will be home on the 11th of January he said the missionaries were in to see him. God bless and watch over you as ever, Gloria

This boy is in a detention home and he has said if he had someone to help him over the rough spots he wouldn't have been where he is. How careless and misjudging we can be when we can't even stop to give a small boy a helping hand. I am grateful for these thoughts of others toward me, most of all grateful that I had a privilege to come and give what little help I can to stand at the crossroads of decisions and lend a helping hand to those that are in despair. A handshake, a smile, to drop a word of encouragement, a word of prayer with them, and show how important they are in doing their part in doing good.

This is March 3rd and a lot of things happened, the weather has been cold but nice. I have been asked to be the Secretary so I have been getting the books straightened out so I don't have to spend so much time looking up information. I continue to have wonderful gospel conversations and help to make this branch grow. Last week I was to a funeral of the district President Grady Grayson, he died with leukemia. I had been a guest at his home. I told Sister Grayson of my experience with this dreaded disease. How it took my wife and many others and now to attend a funeral, I felt humble and lowly. The flowers and sweet music President Davis spoke and sang. What a wonderful story President Wielanman spoke and he spoke on resurrection and bore a wonderful testimony. I gathered there with about half non Mormons. Brother Gurming drove his car and we enjoyed the ride very much.

I am kept very busy now with the Secretary job and trying to keep up with the work we have. We have some laughs and serious moments coming from Parvona. We saw many deer and one jumped against the car and it broke its neck but, it didn't hurt the car, just a small dent in the rear fender. We can see lots of deer grazing upon the mountainside now and then they keep crossing the roads, so we have to be very careful while driving. I am thankful for the privilege of serving in these parts of Canada. I have many friends and hope to make many more. We had two young people baptized, John and Bonnie Jean Robertson, very good children. They are from a poor family but neat and willing to work and do the things which will build character and help them to be better and grow in the gospel. I had become interested in them in getting jobs and help earn enough for their clothing and to keep the family and themselves in school. I have also contacted them to see if it will hurt their feelings if I could find them equipment and also plan their future in helping supervise themselves in school. I hope they look at life as a place to gain wisdom and to keep the law of tithing and other commandments that the Lord has set up

for us to obey.

Today's Monday the 19th of March we are all going to Vernon to a district development meeting. We had a fine trip and a very good meeting. It is evident that the baptisms we have been looking forward to is progressing. I have enjoyed the spirit we have had with our wonderful contacts, the Spolite family and we are calling regularly. The spirit has changed also in the broken homes. We visited the building, we have talked so long and hard and things have been progressing with the spirit of success. We will have things as we prepare for them and not, "It can't be done," as I have been told so many times. as we have a commitment for building and reporting locations for building a chapel. The Lord has surely strengthened my knowledge and given me inspiration and handling difficult situations.

I was up to Admas Lake. It was a beautiful drive. The green grass was just starting to grow. I will try to describe some of the parts of this part of Canada. The new sun was at its brightness, one could feel its warmth, but a cold refreshing breeze swept from the northeast over the clear blue lake. That beckoned the boatman and fishermen to try his rod and reel. High up on the mountain above the top, white floated like clouds that reached out like feathers to tickle the sky. The bluegrass where wildlife fought to exist, a giant White Pine, Cedar, Pinyon, and native blue spruce stood like subjects on the vast mountain terrains. The giant powerful cats and graders were in the process of moving tons of mountain, earth to make way for modern travel. The trails winding on the hillsides led to where great huge timbers are cut and brought by truck to be sawed into finished lumber. They were dumped into the lake and floated across to the large saw mill where it handles many thousands of feet of logs each day. The huge machinery that handles the logs are like toothpicks to our handling. Man has given much to society today in surveillance and inventions bring to my knowledge the Prophetizing of the auto, horseless carriage. The birds that travel by night it matterth either by day. The time will be like light many will suffer of them great shall be the destruction in the wrath of God to bring to pass in this the last dispensation of time, there are a few of what we see as I travel to preach the gospel.

April 13rd 1962 today is beautiful with a small stiff breeze from the north, we were asked to help with a decision on posters for our youth rally. So my companion and I went to Brother Jerowsky's. There we decided on the posters and took some of them to the high school and decided on washing cars. Saturday I'll be left out of it. As I left the home of Sister Jerowsky, she expressed her thanks to us to have given her the needed help, to see the better life than the one she had so selfishly wished for herself. She said wished her father was a father to her like we had been to her. Life is what we make it, we either make it or we break it. The youth rally was a success and 200 of them gave their big ovation when the elders came on to perform. The hall was not very light and everyone had a good time.

The conference held May 5th and 6 was very successful in the largest crowd ever in the Okanagan Valley. The churches increasing and it's easy to see as we move on. Many investigators were out. The Lord is going to turn the hearts to the teaching of truth and enlightenment of minds of the people. We are happy for the things seem to be turning out. Mother's Day is soon and as I think of that day for mothers. I give some but, the more I learned of this gospel, I know of a surety if I live the gospel. I shall see my loved ones

soon. Time gathers the love and humility and melts the heart and reaches out for the parts of men to bring them back into the presence of the Lord.

On May 13th a great and wonderful thing happened. Elders Godfrey and myself were at the meeting house and Elder Dallas and Elder McMullen's came in said we were to go to Livermore to baptize the Baba family. This was not a surprise but, their prayer and fasting, our prayers were answered. It was a long hard way to be patient in bringing these people unto repentance and baptisms. By the glow and sparkle in their eyes. I know the power of the Holy Ghost was working with us in abundance.

Arriving home that evening we were tired and soon slumber time took us out into dreamland. This past week has been tracting by foot in by telephone and we have not been too successful. So it is time to fast and humble ourselves and make our visits with people inspirational. We fast so we will do those things that may humble ourselves to receive those blessings.

The past week has been quite a busy one. From July 1st to the 8th we have had some contacts of very importance. If we can keep getting their consent to keep coming back I know we will baptize them. The weather has been cool and rainy. I have come to know quite a few more of the members and continue to visit each one so we can remember them and try to keep them coming to church and Sunday School. The time is slipping by. The 15th of the month will also soon be gone and summer will be gone and we will wonder what has been done with out time.

Today we had our development meeting and had a nice lunch at President Ovaett's. Of course we furnished the eats, and had a very good meeting. I hope we can improve our attendance in our mutual. I have had wonderful health and I am thankful for it.

Well, another month has passed July has five days left and today is a very gloomy day. I had tried all week to learn the second discussion but I suppose the Lord has really forgotten me. I feel it was of no avail to me to even think of doing or going ahead to do missionary work as I think the Lord has forgotten that I ever came here to save people. I can't even save myself. I guess I have learned all the Lord would have me to learn. He didn't answer my humble prayers, or so it seems. I haven't had any answered for a longtime so I close this month of July not doing anything toward the Lord's work.

Today is Saturday August 4th, 1962. A wonderful event has taken place. The first convert since I came to the island in the city of Nanaimo, British Columbia. Linda Fisher was baptize, 10 years old, the gleam and change to beauty and sunshine came over her countenance, this day will always be a memory and my life. Suffer little children to come unto me so the Savior said for of such is the kingdom of heaven. No other time in her life will she be more pure. It is with my blessings that she may stay that way. A hard rain has fallen today but sunshine will be welcome tomorrow is fast day.

August 12th 1962 we came home to the apartment at Nanaimo, British Columbia. We have been to a missionary conference of the whole Alaska-Canadian Mission except for 2 for up in the Alaska. This was the most inspiring conference I had ever been to. 156 missionaries attended, marvelous, President Hugh B. Brown was there. The spirit of God couldn't help to be there in rich abundance. Humility, a rich spirit of love, purity, and righteousness prevailed in that great body of missionaries. For six hours testimonies expressing love, experiences, and truths were expressed through tears, laughter and

blessings. They knew for a surety that God lives and Jesus was the Son and Joseph Smith was truly the profit of God, chosen forth to bring to pass this gospel in this the last dispensation. It was great to meet old friends and companions and meet new missionaries.

A banquet was served, which cost us 2 dollars a plate. The dining room was turned over to the missionaries with everything we wanted to eat, nothing wavering. The music and program all showing missionary talents, songs, acting, jokes, special drama and 3 ½ hours of enthusiasm. Many people came and listened and had such a wonderful time, all with supervision.

It's Saturday we had diversion day in the afternoon which was arranging us into zones. The afternoon was sports and in the evening Priesthood Meeting, wonderful talks on priesthood and responsibilities. President Brown said a new era is taking place and he predicted that after this conference this Alaska-Canadian Mission would grow because God is going to will it so. But he warned the devil will be there to work hardships and disappointment, heart aches, and trials to put down the spirit of missionary work and thwart the work of the Lord.. He warned us to be careful and most of all pray for guidance. Sunday was a large crowd in the morning 1975 people were there. The prophet of the Lord warned the people, that the time is here to make up our minds what way to pass that will lead us to eternal life. God has given us a chance through Joseph Smith who made it for us to choose to keep the commandments of God by repenting and entering the waters of baptism for the remission of your sins and the Holy Ghost for the laying on of hands by those who hold the authority. Many people who I had met and loved were there. It was thrilling and what a great and humbling experience we have in this mission.

The month of August's gone. Tomorrow will be a beginning of September 1st 1962 and my time is playing out to seven months to go, I have been sick for about two weeks in this I have been trying so hard to keep going. I still feel like we have accomplished a lot in bringing the members of the Nanaimo Branch close together and I have increased the attendance and baptisms. The Sister Sylvia Peters was baptized and we have another one tomorrow.

September 1st 1962 was a baptism for Laurel Gale McClarn. I baptized her at 7:30 PM. We had a most wonderful service and the spirit of the Lord was there in rich abundance. Many people were at the church house to witness the baptism. She is a beautiful girl and her sisters are wonderful. Sunday is a beautiful day, fast stay and many of the members bore their testimonies. They had one of the largest gatherings we have had for some time. Sister Linda Fisher left for Vernon today. We ate dinner with her and bid she and her father goodbye.

Brother McDonald was baptized on the fifth of September. He is 70 and he is a happy man expecting to go to Salt Lake next year in October of 1963. I will be home and he would have to go through the temple with his wife, daughter, and granddaughter.

She let over yet left for Salt Lake and is hoping to go to school there. Again I am wondering how soon I will be leaving from Nanaimo. The work year in his slowing and it is a shame my companion and I cannot see I try on branch work. We can do a wonderful work among these people. He is a very good man and wants to do missionary work and I can't blame him for he has worked hard to master the discussions and he wants to put

them to work. As for myself I haven't been able to master them, but I surely want to do what I can to make everyone happy. When I see others happy I am always happy.

November 2nd once again I am on the move. My companion Elder Arave and myself have been called to labor at Duncan, British Columbia, Vancouver Island to help build up the branch and also get some more of the LDS people to become active. Leaving Nanaimo was a very difficult thing as I had become so attached to the people for their hospitality and love we found in that branch. When I first came to the branch there we only had about 25 to 35 in attendance. When I left there were an average attendance of 75 to Sunday school and about 50 to Sacrament Meeting with a few new baptisms. Encouraging the inactive members to come has brought the average up so it was with deep love and affection we leave Nanaimo.

Duncan is a population of about 2500 in Duncan proper but it has a surrounding population of about 3000. We are in the Riverside Auto Court. The rent is high but everything is furnished. The sheets are changed every week and it is a small apartment but we will try to get along the first month. The main part of Duncan is fairly level and the business part is fairly close together. That includes the oldest part of the city. We will labor here until the president wants us to leave. I may be here until I'm released in April.

Today is Monday the third of December 1962 and it is quiet with clear skies. But as I look toward the South and West a huge cloud is making its way toward Duncan, British Columbia. Last Sunday we had our district missionary and district conference on this island of Vancouver. The people were very humble and felt the spirit of the Lord and some were called to bear their testimony. Ones that had been baptized only 24 hours before. One woman was the result of bringing five people in because of her righteous living. Others the missionary sisters brought in or taught the gospel too.

One elderly man came 500 miles to see a long-lost friend. They had both belong to the Catholic Church at one time. One had moved to the island and joined the church. The other one went into the sheep ranch business. One day this man who lived at Colonna with his sheep had a very strong urge to go find his friend whom he had not seen for 25 or 30 years. So he closed up his sheep ranch in came to Comox to see his friend and among other things they talked about was how they were getting along with their church and the friend, who had lived at the island, said, I belong to the Mormon Church and his friend said what kind of churches that. His friend said, "I'll have two lady missionaries come and tell you all about it. Ten days later his friend joined the church. I was there to the baptism service. He said he knew that the gospel was true that was why he came over to here now he was going to tell it to his own folks. I hope to convert them.

Many other converts testified to the same. The harvest looks good in Duncan and I know the Lord will open up these people's minds so we can melt into the hearts of there good people. We have quite a few inactives near us. We are looking for a good harvest among these.

December 10, 1962. The Duncan branch was reorganized Sunday and two counselors were chosen. Brother Braulin chose Keith Newton as first counselor and my companion Elder Arave as 2nd. I was chosen assistant Secretary. It has been my mission to act in some part of the branch. I hope I have been able to keep in the kindest way to establish friendship and love among these people. Our mission here in Duncan seems to

be getting better and we are looking forward to a good harvest. I have talked to someone of the chief Indian tribe, she said she would like to learn more about the Book of Mormon and her people. We will meet with her after Christmas.

Christmas is over for 1962 and I spent a quiet day in the afternoon. We were invited to Mr. Ryzacks for dinner. The discussion we gave them, the first discussion, had been invited back for the second.

January 2nd 1963. No snow and a nice day. Sometimes the sun came out to warm the chilly air. I received a lot of cards and money. Can think of so much expressions of goodwill or love shown to me as a missionary before. I enjoyed the letters and of the several invitations we received for dinner. Prospects for baptism look prosperous and we are expecting a few baptisms in January 1963. Now then, we have had a chance to get looking forward to a very good week of the first week in January. Had a lot of gospel conversations and teaching some have not been able to receive it in the light of truth while others are waiting to know more about the latter-day profit and the requirements of Mormonism.

This is January 19th 1963 I missionary work has been stopped for a few days and Elder Arave was taken to the hospital at Duncan and I am sure he won't be there long because of some infection is up 86 and I am alone. Today has been along one and with my studies and writing, learning scriptures, I will pass the time with good thinking. Today I sent a gift to a young lady who hasn't been gifted with legs to walk on and though she wanted to be baptized we had to teach her gospel. So now she has become a happy and powerful little soul. She said all she wished for was to have a white skin, as she is an Indian. I was to see her that week and she is becoming fair, her skin is turning quite, because we love her she calls us grandpa Smith and Uncle Arve. So I gave her a wristwatch for Christmas because been delayed by customs, she didn't get it until today. I hope she enjoys it.

January 30th and while Elder Arve has been in the hospital for over a week I have kept myself busy studying, answering letters, and working in the branch. I am thankful I have the privilege of working with people. I was over to Nanaimo last week and soft Sylvia Peters. She was really happy over her new watch and she got a new coat and dress for Christmas and she is certainly turning white. My missionary work has been a standstill and I am looking forward to the return of my companion soon. We are having cold clear whether that it is nice with no snow but the roads are dusty.

I left Duncan February the 14th 1963 and had some humbling experience is there and will always cherish the people and their love for me. I expected to have three baptisms for the 23rd and I am not sure if they will be baptized. I am praying they will. I am laboring with elder Godfrey again. He is a very good elder and we are going to be a good team together and we have means of strengthening the branch out and getting it rolling. I have had a very happy time with Elder Arve. He took sick and had to go home in half an operation. I hope he can soon come back to the island and baptized 100 converts.

I am sending some of my close home. I won't need them until winter. I soon will be leaving this wonderful people. The greatness of been a missionary is a describable and with the trials and tribulations we are strengthened by overcoming these things and it makes one realize our weaknesses and either makes us better or stronger to become a

better man to teach them preach the gospel.

The valley of the loon that is not new to me because the year ago I labored in Kamloops and I travel to Kelowna quite regular two different meetings and new some of the people there. Last weekend elder Godfrey and myself took a spin to Kamloops. We arrived there in the evening of February 24th at 630. We went to sister Tracy's home and found them fine. So we took them to sacrament meeting. We almost caused a riot because the people were so happy to see us that it was impossible to start the meeting on time. And experience I shall never forget. The year ago elder walker in myself visited brother Kirk, his wife was not a member she was very bitter. She asked us to leave. I surely felt badly had caused her to feel that way. So I apologized very humbly. I left a with a hope that someday she would understand. I went home and I prayed for them. I saw her brother at conference in the following August and he told me she was doing pretty good and he had been ordained by an elder and was very happy. I met sister Kerr at Kamloops a year later. She had joined the church and she was so happy to tell me that. I had been the means by which you joined the church because of my way of handling her disposition. She was so sorry about it and she put her arms around me and asked my forgiveness. I was so happy that both of us was in tears that happiness was so expressed all who knew how real this love of the gospel. Her anger was deep seeded in her heart. But she had shown in her belief her expressive combination of love and honor for the gospel. This is God's work and he guides us in our work, are missionary work, and experience.

March 10th 1963. Today is Saturday and the missionary conference. It was going to be a reunion for the district. There were so many there that I know that it was like going back home. The different branches got together and saying a song. I participated in a song. The conference was held at Vernon, District of Columbia, Canada. Again my week's are getting two days and it won't be long until I will be packing to go home two years have passed so quickly and I have to leave friends and loved ones who I have grown fond of an had gained a long memory in my life. They have helped me to fully prepare myself to be where my wife, Hazel will be.

March 23rd I have gained some more wonderful experience is as we meet new people and bear them are testimonies. We are striving to improve this branch. The president has grown away from the members and he hasn't been able to bring the people close together. He has been able to show his love and take them into his confidence. The fellowship been in the branch has been very misunderstood. While my health hasn't been too good I am able to get around in this people with my companions I will soon be on the last few days of my mission and I will have to say goodbye to a wonderful people. But I will be looking forward to a glorious reunion with my family.

April 7 the past week has been a glorious week. We went over to Kamloops and said goodbye to all the members and friends that I have made as friends. The wonderful friendship and love that has become a part of my life with these people. I was invited to cattle valley on Saturday the 6th to a supper about 100 miles there. President Sceen has a wonderful ranch and I saw most of the from a distance. A lot of cattle and ranchers, a ranch for sale for about \$35,000. It had 100 her to spread, I never learned how large the ranch is that had some wonderful eats there and a good size crowd.

Fast a April 7 had a real surprise at Sunday school. The Cole's family came out to church. Mrs. Stanton and two children came out and it reeled me when I saw the whole world Gloria, who promised me to come to church after I left and they kept their promise. What a wonderful humble feeling one has what accomplishment to shine, to think the Lord has turned their hearts and have been able to get them back into activity again, what joy and happiness comes to be a missionary. Elder bring called and Conrad have spent the nights with us they are traveling elders.

April 13th Saturday the time of my stay in Kelowna, British Columbia. Has just about come to an end. He into more days I will be leaving for Vancouver, British Columbia, for home. It has been a time of happiness and joy in communication with love and humility. The joining in the social activities, the church and branches, of our neighbors. It seems the doors have never been shot to us as we proceed to meet new people. They seem to want to know more about the gospel. We were called to go to the apartment of one of our members who had drifted into said and became a victim of the law who in depression had told Andrews and will be tried in court, laws. This is unfortunate and we have visited with her and she has a desire to repent but it will take a lot of faith and prayers. I will not be here to hear her case. But I prayed for her repentance.

Sunday at the 14th of April 1963. There will be a baptism, Jill. She was a widow and has five children, she is 24 years old. I hope to be there at Vernon for this baptism. I have been informed while traveling by train for Vancouver on the evening of the 15th elder Hale and myself to be in Kelowna at 6 PM and that Vernon. Elder Josephs will joined us and that Kamloops elder Manning will join us and we will travel to Vancouver together. Today we will help the relief society with the rummage sale. There's a group of 18 to 20 people from Kelowna attending a building fund dinner and that Vernon put on but the wood family had about 85 there and received \$100 to be put in the building fund.

When one door closes another opens that we often look so long and regretfully at the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened for us.

The following are talks that were found in Elder George Stephen Smith's note book that had a myriad of thing in it, thoughts, diary entries, cuts outs from newspapers, magazines, etc. There are not dates else I would put them into his missionary journal.

- Tonight I feel with deep humility the failure of speaking before a congregation. My mind becomes blank. I chock with fright, I've become so exhausted in my thinking. I feel like I can be eitirpate entirely.

Why have I to overcome those conditions? I could not intently understand. I study day after day, night after night, then I am unable to remember anything, when I face an audience, I guess it is thought our failures we learn. Job was the tried by Satan. In humility and prayer, job became one of the most successful men in his time.

Alma one of the great prophets was persecuted and tried many times and through his teaching and living the gospel of Christ, he became a powerful man. While he was preaching there came into the mist a man by the name of Korihor, he defied all that Alma had spoken and said that Alma was leading away the people after the silly traditions of their fathers. He said that there wasn't a God. Alma asked Korihor, "believeth thou that there is a God?" He answered, "Nay." Alma said unto him again, "Will ye say again that there is a God?" and Korihor denied the Christ. Alma said, "I say unto you I know there is a God, and also that Christ shall come. I know that these things are true and you have been possessed with a being and you are trying to destroy the children of God."

Korihor wanted Alma to show him a sign to convince him there was a God. He said, "Show unto me he has power." Alma said unto him, "There hasn't had signs enough, will ye tempt your God, yet you ask of a sign when you have all the signs before you. The scriptures are laid before yea, the testimonies of all the prophets. The earth, all that is upon the face of it, the motion, planets yet yea say there is not God, leading away the heart of this people."

- Brothers and Sisters as I stand before you I marvel at the great selections of friends and love that has embedded in my heart for you all. I thank you for so much patience and grateful hospitality the past two years have been trying and most inspiring because of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has brought me to know good and gracious people, so I am enriched by laboring in the calling of this mission, in such a late hour in life. Both by your testimonies and gaining a firmer and profound knowledge of this gospel. The Lord said ask and you shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

It was faith of the Mormon pioneers, this faith was the strength of their strength and the life of their life. It was this sublime faith that enabled the pioneers to face unafraid the sneers of the cynic, to endure the brutality of the crazed mobs, to suffer the loss of homes and lands, rather than to prove untrue to what they believed to be eternally true. To leave homes, without compensation, to face a wilderness infested by savages to trudge 1500 miles into a country about which they knew absolutely nothing that required faith. It was this same sturdy faith that empowered the Mormon pioneers to build this vast mountain west empire, to cause the desert to blossom as a rose, as their prophet had said, and now 130 years after this matchless exemplification of faith, let us pause to pay tribute to our pioneer fore bearers, whose dauntless courage and trust in God, have given us a heritage by which we should be very proud and strive always to uphold.

I am thankful for my church it is the most powerful in all the world, it isn't perfect because it is made up of ordinary mortals like myself but I am thankful for it because it is banded together for the purpose of trying to bring more cheer and gladness to thousands of burdened hearts. I am thankful for my home, it is not a rich home, it wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which cannot be purchased in the markets of the world. Its motto is service, its reward is love and heaven can be only a larger home with a father who is all wise and patient and

tender. Few of us realize we generate our own happiness that fills your days. So I am thankful for today, it is all I possess. The past is of value only as it can make life fuller and freer. There is no assurance of tomorrow so I much make good today.

- It was Christmas Eve. The light was glowing with every color imaginable, the soft snow was falling, children were happy with song, laughter that seemed to come from every where. Sleigh bells ringing and at the church house the chime of bells seemed to ring out Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, to all. The Christmas trees were decorated with all kinds of gifts, and light, how beautiful was Christmas, every body seemed happy. What a glorious world this would be if Christmas were every day in the year.

Then I looked up from my shop across the street a small boy with big blue eyes rosy cheeks, shabby clothes, went along looking at beautiful light. Eyes of wonderous and longing for what happiness that some merry people seemed to have. I followed him and as he went from door to door, seeking warmth and shelter, people turned him away. One lady called him a dirty ragged orphan, she couldn't stand him. After he would put his back against a window pane and wave at children inside. But they wouldn't invite him in. They waved him away. My how he wished he could have toys like the other boys and girls or a mother or father just to love him. Sometimes he cried so it seemed because he was alone.

I saw him once in prayer. I wondered why such a small boy could do with prayer, then I remembered Jesus said to pray for those who turn away from you. Bless them that do wrong. Then as he looked into a small window a dim light shown, through, there were no Christmas tree lights, but the boys and girls & mother were happy. They were rejoicing for the things they had for Christmas, a rag doll, some candy & nuts, and a new crutch for Jimmy, for he had, had a bad sickness and he couldn't walk for a long time until mother could get enough money to buy the crutch. Jimmy saw the little boy looking through the window. His little hands beckoned for the boy to come in. They all ran to the old door and pulled him in the room. How happy they were for Jimmy to have a friend to have him spend Christmas with. But said the boy, "You can't afford to keep me here, you haven't enough for your own. I mustn't stay, oh no, oh no." Jimmy burst into tears. "I will share with you all I have if you will stay. The boy said, "You haven't any Christmas tree or not much to eat, I must find some one who can afford fine thing." The mother said, "Jimmy would love to have you stay just as long as you want. I have a few pennies we can get you some new cloths and then we will pray to our Father in Heaven and he will help us." So they all knelt in prayer and as they prayed, the room got brighter. Then came a knock at the door. A Christmas tree all decorated with lights and Christmas gifts for everyone. He who has done it unto me, have done it unto the Father which is in Heaven. Matt. 25:40 - In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.

- The church today follows the doctrine of tithe paying, similar in all of its general provisions to that tough and practice of old. As we all know a tithe is a tenth. It

appears to have been formerly regarded as a Lord's due. Jacob made a voluntary vow with the Lord to render a tenth of all that should come unto his possession. Mosaic statutes were requiring tithes and all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's. It is holy unto the Lord, even of the herd or of the flock, even of what so ever passeth under the rod, the tenth was to be paid as it came, whether what kind of condition it came, the tenth that passed under the rod was the Lord's. There are great many more incidents where tithes were required by the different tribes to defray the expenses of those who were keep the fatherless and widows, and many other ways to further the work of the Levites. Both Amos and Malachi admonished the people because of their neglect of this duty through the prophet last named, the Lord charged the people with have robbed him. But promised to blessings beyond this capacity to receive it they would return to their allegiance. Will a man rob God, yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Where in have we robbed thee of tithes and offering, ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now here with, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. # Nephi 24: 8-10.

We can choose a temple or prison, or our children, which will it be, if my small tenth, has kept one soul from destruction, the windows of heaven has poured out that blessing. Blessings and choice are placed within the reach of all, in the Lord's work, the widow's penny is as acceptable as the gold piece of the millionaire. Human wisdom has failed to devise a more equitable means of individual contribution for community needs than the simple plan of tithe.

"Life is but a loan to man, death is the creditor who will one day claim it."

D.C. 119 You have need of many things in this world, food, clothing, and shelter for your family and your self, the common comforts of life, and the things that shall be conducive to refinement, to development, to righteous enjoyment. You desire material possessions to use for assistance of others, and thereby gain greater blessings for yourself and yours now, you shall have the means of acquiring these things. But remember they are mine, and I require of you the payment of a rental upon that which I give unto your hands. You will have periods of trouble and your times of peace. Some years will be plenty unto you others will be years of scarcity. You shall not pay me in advance but pay me when you receive if your income is in abundance. The more you can afford to pay me a little more. But if you have nothing coming in, you will pay me nothing. Have you ever found a land Lord of earth who was willing to make that kind of contract with you? No! The blessing of his house is meant not only for the rich people of the earth, but for the most humblest, may receive abundance even the poorest may be a stockholder in the great corporation of our God, organized for the carrying on of his purposes in spreading the gospel, for building of temples and other houses of worship to his name and in doing good to all mankind, we understand that money is required to

carry on the work. But the Lord requests money that is sanctified by the faith of the given. But blessing beyond estimate, as gospel by the coin of the realm are assured unto him who strictly conforms to the law of the tithe, because the Lord had commanded.

- April the 25 - Teenage rally held at the north Kamloops High School auditorium. The mast of ceremony Woldia T. Jirwosky. He was a live wire and looked very much like he belonged to the Elders four. The program was very well presented by our M.C. The program was opened by prayer by Elder Kenneth Talbot, one of our stalwart missionaries and a great missionary who was loved and respected by the branch and many members for his musical talents and quiet manners. Elder Lewis N. Godfrey one of our dependable humble missionaries gave a short rundown on the history of our President Kerry and his counselors, and explained some of the activities of some of the organization. MIA & Sunday schools, its purpose and what they do for their life. The golden throated high toned voices of beautifully Riten Jaowaski rang out the song, The Mizettess Waltz - like no other seneretta could have sang it. And again in romance which was rendered most beautifully. Sister Ruth Branchflower at the piano, Brother Wayne Olsen, gave a splendid oration on chose your goal to fit you life to make one free. There are two thing to chose from, 1st is to be able to work and be fee to come and go, the schools, and colleges and the kind of job you wish to follow. 2nd one is to live for a short time free, and then fall in the wrong doings and set yourself behind bars limiting your changes of coming and going where and what you chose of schools and trades. The short testimonies of Sister Patricia Hoen not yet a church member, but has a wonderful testimony and will be baptized shortly, Sister Betty Robertson, gave a humble testimony of how and what the church has done for and her brother John. They were baptized two months ago. The program was closed by prayer with Elder Robert Wagner
- One year has passed and I promised I would express to you in my feeble way a glimpse of the most important happenings with in the past year. After spending such happy hours, of testimony service and bidding good bye with tears and laughter, handshakes hugs and kisses, I thought every body was happy to see me leave, and would soon forget, as I left the next day. As I left the magic valley, I was alone with my thoughts, as I traveled alone on the highway. I remembered the first day I arrived in the valley with my son Ray. What strange and discouraging things had taken place since 6 years before in the same month and what sorrows, and troubles, laughter, tears good byes, hellos carry their echo into the mission field where I've labored, happy hours and a week of humble teaching, advice and thoughts, we came to the end of training, spread among 156 missionaries, leaving loved ones, sweet hearts, and friends. Eight elders left Salt Lake and traveled on buses to Pocatello, Idaho. We loaded a train there and the next day we arrived at Seattle, Washington where we changed to a Canadian train and later on to a bus. Three hours were filled with laughter and song, sleepy, tired, and hungry. We arrived at Vancouver Canada. The mission president was there with two cars, to meet us. Late

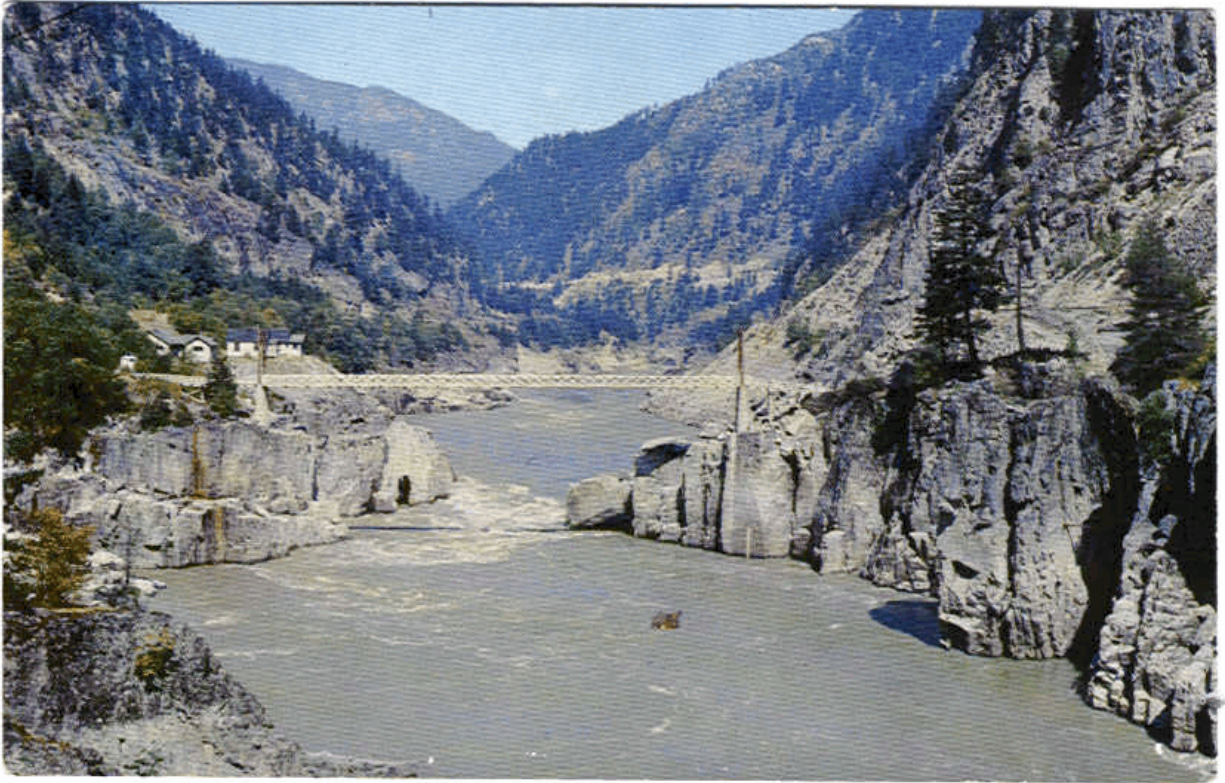
in the afternoon, we stayed at the mission home that night, and was told where we would go to labor. The next day we had to be examined in order to get a passport to stay in Canada. The doctor said I wouldn't live even three months, as where as a minister hears the woes and troubles of women I wouldn't be able to stand such shocks, all I can say was, I am much alive." My companion and I arrived at Creston, British Columbia April 20th. It was raining and Elder Howells met us and took us by car to the apartment, which would be our home until we saw fit to change. This was my first hour of missionary experience I had even met with. I never even unpacked my suit cases. I went right to work studying. I studied long and hard, early and late. This was a mountain I had never been able to climb. When I started to climb, it was rougher, rocky, and rugged, to conquer. I prayed, fasted, and prayed. But I seemed to accomplish nothing. I let discouragement creep in and then let Satan over the line. My companion wasn't to thoughtful in his work for he had spent 14 months in the mission field and he didn't have to study. I was left to fight this alone. I thought of passed hardships and thought how foolish I had been trying to get this work in my foolish head, so fast. Then I looked for a scripture passage on prayer and I found this , "Behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, ye must watch and pray always let ye enter into temptation for Satan desireth to have you, that he may sift you as wheat and what so ever ye shall ask the Father in my name, which is right, believing that ye shall receive, behold it shall be given unto you." This test, that I was going through, would be one of the greatest to conquer in my life. If I had faith, I knew the power in prayer. I worked and studied with the Lord and he did answer my prayers. It began to happen, two months had slipped by and I had conquered one of the dangerest trials of my life time. Twice Satan tried to cloud my brain with discouragements, until I was ready to pack, to catch the next bus home. Then I fasted and prayed for three days and three nights, my companion softened some what. But the details don't matter as I want to forget them. I was worried about the MIA if I could get my companion to show love and compassion for the boys and girls of the MIA. I was appointed assistant to the Superintendent Dwayne Smith of the MIA. That gave me an opening. I have through my life learned how to show love and I could understand the problems of girls and boys and I tried with the Lords strong help. I gave the Supt. And President of the MIA all the support I know how to give and prayed for more, sometimes with them and by myself. Then I was called away to labor in Kamloops. That evening the last MIA night I would be there, I left the deep rooted love, for those boys and girls. At the close of that evenings MIA they surprised me with a light lunch. As I gave them my thanks for their thoughtfulness I bowed my head in humility and thanked them for the peaceful spirit of virtue and love, and ask them to keep remembering the MIA. Then I read: 1 Nephi 3:7 I will go and do what the Lord hath commanded, for I know the Lord gaveth no commandments to the children of me save, he prepares a way for them that they may accomplish the things the Lord commandeth them. Then I bore the my humble testimony with tear stained cheeks. I lifted my head and told the people, "I stood at the cross roads, to help in their decisions, to chose the right path to trod as they

grasped my hand, they thanked me for my support and love, and friendship, and kindness. They sang God be with you til we meet again. I threw a kiss to them all and waved good-bye, explaining that memories pass on and that time heals the heart. So I came to Kamloops. There again I shall pause, for I should like to pen this poem to read to the boys and girls of the Creston MIA.

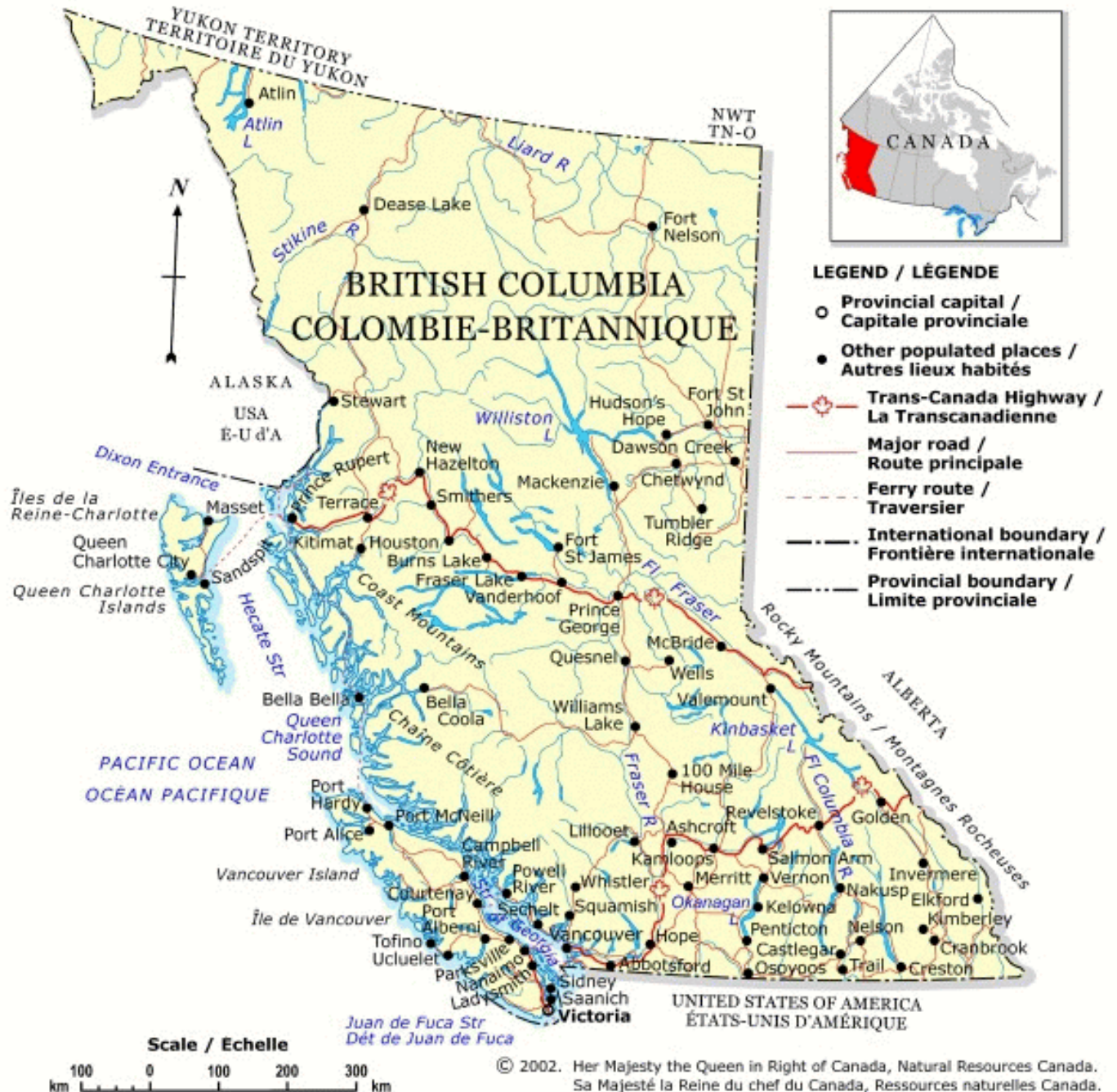
When I grow old and years are slipping by on wings, I'll not have time to fret or reflect life's bitter stings. For I must learn to calm my throbbing heart and smile though sorrow stabs me like a dart. When my frame is bent and hair is gray, I'll still find much to do, before I pass away. Yet maybe I can help some wandering youth, for as I journey over life's rugged way, I can spread a kindly work to those who stray and if per chance that some should follow me, I must keep a shining light for them to see. And keep my faith in God so clear and bright that all may see to find the path of right and though my steps may fail and eyes grow dim, I still may carry on with faith in Him until the master calls. Then I'll be free to gain my loved ones in eternity.

The testimonies of the two nations shall be a testimony that Jesus is the Christ so shall my testimony between these cities. I cry unto the people that Jesus is the Christ. One more year has passed so quickly. The rich blessing through faith and prayer, cam to me at the close of evening of this year, 1961.

The picture above is a bridge over the Frazier River talked about in the missionary journal.



This map will allow you to see the places Elder Smith talks about as he travels around his mission.



Patriarchal Blessings
of
George Stephen Smith
and
Hedwig Hazel Kunz



I have not been able to locate the Patriarchal blessing of George and Hazel. I received copies of their blessings from the church archives. Hazel actually received two of them. They are extracted to the best of my ability. I did correct spelling.

Bern, Idaho April 27th 1910

A blessing given by John U. Stucki, Patriarch upon the head of Hedwig Hazel, born 29th September 1896 at Bern, Bear Lake Co, Idaho.

Sister Hedwig Hazel in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon they head and seal on thee a patriarchal or fathers blessing, even as the spirit of the Lord shall direct. The Lord has foreseen thee in life in the dispensation of the Fulness of Times and you will be numbered with his people.

Thy life is choice in the Eyes of the Father in heaven and the Lord has given his angels charge concerning thee, that thy days may not be cut short, but that thou mayest live to accomplish the purposes for which the Lord has sent thee here, which is to be a choice instrument in his hands in helping to bring about the will and purposes of our Heavenly Father.

Harken continually to the counsels of they parents and those whom the Lord has placed over thee in the Holy Priesthood. It is thy calling to labor among the children of Zion and the youth of Israel and the Lord will bless thee with wisdom from on high to magnify this high and holy calling before Him. Be therefore diligent in seeking unto the Lord for wisdom and Judgement, and under standing and establish thyself in the truth that you may be enabled to accomplish the work which the Lord requires at they hands.

As a mother in Israel thou shalt be wise in counsel in comforting the bowed down and in cheering the hearts of the afflicted. Thou art of the blood of Israel, through the loins of Joseph and entitled to the blessings and promises made unto our forefathers and with all the generations of the righteous. These blessings I seal upon they head with crowns of glory and eternal lives in the full since of God and Heavenly Father and all the righteous and redeemed of our Fathers race, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ even so Amen.

John U. Stucki Patriarch

John U. Stucki, a native of Switzerland, joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, immigrated to Paris, Idaho. He returned to Switzerland as Mission President two different times, and was a stake leader in the Bear Lake Stake. He eventually served as the Stake Patriarch.

This information in the above paragraph was found on the following website by Phillip Kunz:

<http://hansenreunion.com/elizabethbossstory.html>

Williamsburg, Idaho June 22, 1917

A blessing given by Samuel Kunz, Patriarch upon the head of Hedwig Hazel Kung, Daughter of John Kunz and Elizabeth Boss, born 29th September 1896 at Bern, Bear Lake Co. Idaho

Sister Hazel in the name of Jesus Christ and by the power and virtue of the holy Priesthood vested in me, I give thee a Patriarchal Blessing.

Dear Sister be prayerful, commune with the Lord in thy waken hours. Honor and obey the Priesthood of the Son of the living God and thou shalt be exceedingly happy, for thou art a chosen vessel of the Lord. Thou art one of the very Elect.

Thou shalt see great changes in thy days even the coming of the Son of God, rejoice therefore, shout for joy and praise unto the Lord. The wish of thine heart has been fulfilled that you had even before the foundation of this earth was laid to come forth in this the Dispensation of the fullness of times.

Thou shalt do a great work in the ministry, for thou shalt teach the principles of life and salvation to those that are yet in darkness and they shall praise and honor thee, for thy goodness and humility.

Thou shalt become a Mother in Israel and thou shalt go down the stream of life in perfect happiness. Thou shalt see thy children's children grow up around thee and you shall have joy and satisfaction in their well being for thou shalt see Satan bound and Zion redeemed. Thou shalt raise thy children in a time when Temptation shall have ceased.

Thou art of Ephraim and thou shalt enjoy the Blessing of Ephraim for thou shalt be blessed exceedingly in temporal things. The hungry shall not leave thy presence empty for thou shalt satisfy the cry of the widow and orphan. Eternal life is thy portion in the Fathers Kingdom. In the Name of Jesus Christ.

Samuel Kunz, the above patriarch was Hedwig Hazel's Uncle, brother to her father, John Kunz III.

A blessing given by Joshua R. Clark, Patriarch, upon the head of George Stephen Smith, Son of Joseph Wm. Smith and Rachel Charlotte Anderson, Born at Grantsville Utah, April 27th, 1896.

Brother George Stephen Smith in the authority of the Holy Priesthood I lay my hands upon thy head and give unto thee a blessing of Ephraim and having been born of goodly parents you are entitled to the choicest blessings of the Lord, Therefore I say unto thee be firm in thine integrity and in as much as you seek the Lord earnestly in prayer, every blessing that you stand in need of will be granted unto you in as much as you have been called to go to the nations of the earth to proclaim the gospel, the visions of your mind will be opened up and you will be able to understand the gospel and make it plain to others. You will have friends raised up to you many times when you least expect them. You will never want for food or raiment, you will be able to fill a grand mission, many will rejoice at your testimony, the gift of faith is yours and by the exercise of it you will be able to surmount every obstruction that may be placed in your path, you will go in peace and safety to your field of labor. When your mission is finished you will return in peace and safety to your home. You will in due time of the Lord have a companion given to you in His Holy House and will be blessed with Sons and daughters, who will be a pride and joy unto you. Peace and happiness will reign in your household. All these blessings together with all your former blessings I seal upon you thru your faithfulness and seal you up against the power of the destroyer until the day of redemption, to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Given at Grantsville Utah, November 7, 1917.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Salt Lake City 1, Utah, 11 August 1952

This Certifies that according to the Records of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

- **GEORGE STEPHEN SMITH** -

was born on the twenty-seventh day of April, Eighteen Hundred and ninety-six,

at Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah.

Father's name Joseph W. Smith

Mother's maiden name Rachel Anderson


Recorded in Salt Lake Temple Records, #8627, Book E. lvg.

Page 321.

Entered on record 8 May 1918

Joseph Fielding Smith
Historian of the Church and ex officio Custodian of its Records

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH



MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

STATE OF UTAH.

COUNTY OF SALT LAKE

This Certifies that

George Stephen Smith of Grantsville in the State of Utah

and Karl Ludwig Kung of Bern in the State of Switzerland

were by me joined together in the **Holy Bonds of Matrimony**, according to the

Continuance of God and the Laws of the State of Utah, at the Temple Salt Lake City in said

County, on the 8th day of May in the year of Our Lord One Thousand

Nine Hundred and Eighteen In the presence of

Thomas B. Wenger Witness Joseph Christensen

Peter J. Sandberg Witness In Clerk of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

License issued by the Clerk of Tooele County, 3rd May 1918.

Since there doesn't seem to be a book about George Stephen's grandfather I thought it would good to put it in his book.

History of Stephen Smith by Joseph Theron Smith written in 1991

Introduction

My interest in writing a short story about great grandfather Stephen Smith developed while I was deeply involved with finding out whether his temple ordinances had been done. Although I found the ordinances were completed, to my amazement I discovered that only a few sketchy pages about Stephen's life were ever written.

A preliminary search of my father's (George Stephen Smith) records revealed the following information - one page written by Rachel Anderson Smith and about two pages written by Nellie Smith Orr. The only record of his church activities mentioned was joining the Mormon Church in England after listening to the missionaries when he stopped in Logan on his way to Wyoming and had his family sealed in the Logan Temple.

After my personal visit to Cowling, Keighley, Yorkshire, England, where I had the good fortune of meeting with a cousin Jack Smith who was kind enough to transport me around, visiting some of the scenes where Stephen lived early in life, the urge to write a history grew even stronger with my bosom.

After finally locating additional information about the life of Stephen Smith and his family, I wish to share it with his offspring.

My Visit to Beautiful Yorkshire

A personal glimpse of Cowling, Keighley, Yorkshire, England from a hill-top advantage point above the rolling green hills I saw typical small farms divided with miles of stone walls. My mind's eye also viewed this spectacular scene, focusing on several small farms that could have been one where my Great Grandfather Stephan Smith lived.

Riding with my English cousin Jack Smith from Steeton, Keighley, Yorkshire, England only added to my excitement as he made inquiry at one of the farmhouses if anyone would know which farm John and Elizabeth lived on when Stephen was born. He came back to the car and pointed toward an old broken-down cabin and said "that's the place". The feelings I had deep within my bosom is hard to describe in words.

Jack drove me into Steeton to the site where Stephan once lived in a modest home. The home was torn down years a and I managed to get a picture of the site and surrounding buildings. We also drove to the old "bobbin mill" where Stephan began working at an early age. The once-pride of Steeton is now only a memory but a picture I

got shows the building is still standing, with all those memories of a busy place for my ancestors to help eke out a living for their families.

Beautiful Yorkshire, England

Stephen Smith was born in Cowling, Yorkshire, England the 25th of August, 1847. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Smith. His Mother's last name has not been properly verified by we are certain her first name was Elizabeth.

Cowling is a beautiful small - typical English Yorkshire village, built at the base of green rolling hills, dotted with small the farms divided by miles of stone walls (neatly stacked on top of each other without any mortar to hold them together). Stephen must have enjoyed living in this small, quiet village where he had oodles of space to play with his sister Mary Ann and brothers Thomas and William. Jack Smith, a grandson of Thomas, Stephen's brother, pointed out that the broken-down shack where Stephen was born is still visible from a country road about a mile away. If only we could dig into the shack's history and verify detailed events that happened when Stephen and his family lived there. Housing conditions were reported to be very poor in this part of England in 1847. Families were forced to "grin and bear it" during both the extreme hot and cold weather conditions. England is on the same parallel as Alaska and usually experiences similar cold weather conditions each year.

Stephen's talents were developed early in life. He was the oldest child in the family and at an early age began working in the "bobbin mill" in Steeton a small town only a few miles from Cowling. It is not known for sure when his musical talents developed, but he played several instruments and had a beautiful singing voice.

After Stephen met and married Martha Ann Lund on the 26th of December 1866, in Keighley, Yorkshire, England. They moved to Steeton and lived in a home not far from the bobbin mill. The home has since been razed and a recent picture shows only the empty space where Stephen and Martha's modest home once provided them a place to live with their growing family.

A recent picture of the "bobbin mill" also shows signs of great deterioration but must have been a great "learning place" for Stephen. The 1871 Census indicated Stephen was a "worsted weaver", a position he reached through hard work and self-motivation, even though life in the mills was very hard on even the most trusted workers.

The marriage certificate indicates Stephen and Martha could only make an x for their signatures, usually revealing their inability to read or write. But some Family History writers claim a certain stamp was used for signing such documents and that many persons knew how to read and write. We believe both Stephen and Martha Ann learned how to read and write. Our search for any property Stephen may have owned in Cowling or

Steeton was not provided us with any definite proof. Also we have been unable to find any wills for Stephen or John his father.

Five children were born to Stephen and Martha Ann while in England: Joseph William, John Edward, Thomas Henry, Clyde Arthur (& baby Smith) who were twins but died at childbirth.

While working hard to provide for his family, Stephen met with the missionaries and joined the “Mormon” Church. They were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 9 Oct 1881. He managed to scrape up enough money to buy passage on the SS Wisconsin 11 April 1885 and came alone to America until he could send for his family in April of 1885. Martha Ann, Joseph William, John Edward, and Thomas Henry came obtained passage and sailed on the SS Nevada from England to the United States on October 24th, 1885 (same ship as Anthony H. Lund, a prominent figure

GRANTSVILLE, UTAH

Stephen and his family settled in Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, a little town West of the Great Salt Lake. Living in this small town at first was a humbling experience for Stephen and his family. In England they had lived in some very populated villages, all within walking distance of each other. Grantsville was a very small, isolated town about 30 miles from Salt Lake City.

At first they lived in a log hut located on North Main Street owned by a Mr. Wrathall. Some reports indicate his daughter Beatrice was born here while other records show she was born in a house he built on the West side of town. The home was later razed and Frank Hammond built a new home and sold it to Alvin Sample who moved to California.

Despite Stephen and his family having to suffer a few hardships, he managed to purchase some ground on the West side of town and built a home. Beatrice (Martha Ann) was reported to have been born here on the 21 July 1888 about a year after the house was built (however verification has yet to be established).

Soon after Beatrice was born, Stephen received an job offer from a Mr. Burton in Star Valley, Wyoming to work on his farm. He bundled up his family and started on the long journey, managing to stop in Logan long enough to be sealed to his family in the temple on 11 September 1889. Stephen at that time, gave his mother’s name as Elizabeth Bannister. But the marriage certificate received from England shows her as Elizabeth Myrrl. (My cousin, Jack Smith, from Steeton, England believes William Bannister might have married a Myral before he married Elizabeth).

Stephen was probably appointed manager of Mr. Burton’s farm. He not only looked after the huge herd of cattle, but was in charge of the entire farm operation. The family lived in an apartment behind the store owned by Mr. Burton. The reason for leaving this

job and moving back to Grantsville has never been recorded anywhere. Stephen moved into a small adobe house located on Main Street owned by John Brown. This house along with others along Main Street have now been razed and a new shopping mall has been constructed over the sites.

Soon after moving back to Grantsville, Stephen was offered a job as Superintendent of a grist and flour mill located in Milton, Utah, a very small community East of Grantsville. He made several trips a week into Grantsville, in a wagon drawn by a team of horses, to deliver flour to the coop stores - then on the return trip picked up grain at the old tithing barn. The mill was recently restored under the direction of Jack Smith, a great grandson of Stephen. Pres. Ezra Taft Benson and his Father ran the mill and asked that it be restored, along with the little house where Stephen and his family once lived. Brigham Young once owned the mill, also.

Jack never knew that our Great Grandfather Stephen ran the mill but we are still looking for evidence. Jack was also not aware that the family lived in the little adobe house near the mill. It was the scene of many family gatherings. Martha Ann was gifted with music abilities and played the organ and concertina. Although she was under 5 feet tall, slender with brown hair and blue eyes, she was an excellent mother and wife. Her expertise as a knitter showed up in her living room where there was a beautifully woven rag carpet on the floor, crisply curtained windows, a reed organ plus some plush settees with chairs to match, a small low rocking chair, Martha Ann's favorite. An old-fashion center table with a fancy oil lamp hanging directly above it could be found in the room. Many family pictures and of friends were found everywhere and keepsakes of England were also found in various spots.

We aren't sure that the kitchen stove, so clean you could see your reflection in it, is the same one Grandma Rachel Smith had in her kitchen, but we can see a possibility. Grandma Rachel must have been trained by Martha Ann to keep the "cooking stove" so clean during her lifetime.

Stephen suffered a heart attack on one of these trips into Grantsville and passed away before a Doctor could be summoned in Jan of 1895. I found his tombstone in the Grantsville cemetery and took a picture of it - both he and Martha Ann are buried side by side.

According to our Aunt Nellie Orr, after Stephen's death, his two sons Thomas and Jack, along with a close friend Fred Miller, operated the grist mill. Later Martha Ann moved her family into Salt Lake City where she ran a rooming house while the boys found work at the railroad yards.

My Grandfather Stephen Smith

by

Helen Smith Orr (Nellie)

Stephen was the son of John Smith and Elizabeth Bannister. He was born August 25, 1847, at Keighley, Yorkshire England.

Stephen was tall and slender, light brown curly hair, good natured, unselfish of heart. He loved and enjoyed his family as well as the security of his home. He acquired his music ability from his father who was a musician. As a young boy Stephen sang in the Church choir in England. I have been told by people that knew him that he had a marvelous voice and played three different musical instruments.

When a young man, Stephen met and married Martha Ann Lund, daughter of William Lund and Ann Wright. Martha was born at Herewood Hill Yorks, England, December 23, 1847. The couple made their home at Keighley. Four children were born to them: Joseph, John, Thomas, and Arthur who died when a baby. Arthur was a twin and the twin died before Arthur.

Shortly after this sorrow had entered their lives, the Mormon Missionaries called at their home. They became interested in the gospel, accepted the truths, and were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Grandfather came to America and was here a year before his family joined him. After the family arrived in America, they came directly to Grantsville, located in a small log house, situated on North Street, and owned by Wrathall. The land was finally sold, the old house torn down and a new one built by Frank Hammond. Later it was sold again to Alvin Sample. It was only a short time after the families arrival here, till Grandfather was then

given a good offer of a job. Thinking it an excellent proposition he sold his home in Grantsville and moved the family to Star Valley, Idaho. He went to work for a man named Burton, who owned a store. My grandparents lived in the back rooms of this store.

Burton owned a large farm. Stephen looked after the cattle and the farming. Eventually they returned back to Grantsville, lived in a small adobe house on main street, now owned by John Brown. But not for long, grandfather was appointed Superintendent of the grist or flour mill and the family moved to Milton, Utah.

With a wagon drawn by a team of horses, grandfather always made from two, to three trips a week, with flour for the Coop-Store and to pick up grain at the old tithing barn at Grantsville. It was on one of these trips that he took a heart attack and passed away before a doctor could be summoned. This happened on January 28, 1896. I was between 3 and 4 years of age, at the time, so this information was given by my parents.

Now lets learn a little about his wife, Martha and the family. Grandmother was a small little lady of 4 ft. slender, brown hair, blue eyes. She loved and participated in fun. She was an expert knitter and musician. She played the organ as well as the Constantina. She was unexcelled on this instrument that is some what like an accordion.

For some time after her husband's death, she stayed at Milton where her sons Thomas, Jack, and a close friend, Fred Miller, ran the grist mill. She later moved to Salt Lake City where she ran a rooming house and the boys got work at the railroad yards. We visit this little adobe house at Milton, Utah as it was were I stayed with them when I was a little girl.

The living room was beautiful with a woven rag carpet on the floor. The windows were crisply curtained. The reed organ, the plush settee with chairs to match, the small low rocking chair, grandmothers favorite, the two larger rocking chairs for the family, the beautiful old fashioned center table, with a fancy oil lamp hanging directly above it from the ceiling, pictures of friends and loved ones, keep-sakes from England, had quiet an effect on me as a little girl. It was the most fascinating parlor!

In one of the other rooms stood a wash stand with a pitcher and bowl standing on top. Directly above hung a mirror and a shelf for the comb and hair bush. The cook stove,

kept so shiny and black one could almost see your own reflection in it.

The love of good music was instilled in the children and the evenings were spent in singing pretty folk songs and hymns. When Jack (John) played the organ, grandmother played the Constantina, Tom played the violin and everybody sang. I would fall asleep and then uncle Jack would rouse me saying ,“Helen my girl it’s your turn to sing for us.” Here, here my little sleepy head, play us that organ solo. So with one foot on the pedal I’d pump with all my might, while my fingers roamed the key board with its teeth of black and white. To me it sounded pretty, but to them it was a fright, no doubt.

This home had that welcome hospitality, they seemed to have a knack of making people feel at home. Folks from around the adjoining towns and farms came in for tea, or to spend a delightful evening.

The house stood east of the grist mill. The mill is still standing and used as a feed and grain mill, flour is not milled there as it was in the past. However, the house has fallen to decay. Some of the fruit trees that surrounded it are there. Many times Beatrice and I have played house in the shaded coolness of them. The wonderful boat rides on the old mill pond...I guess its why I like boats. If I had been blessed a boy, I would have no doubt spent my life at sea.

As I look back across the years it seems but yesterday that I went with my parents to Salt Lake City to stay, while mother took care of grandmother who was very ill. The trip was made by team in a covered wagon, took all day to make this journey. There was snow on the ground and the weather was chilly. Grandmother quietly passed away January 4, 1904 and was buried at Grantsville, beside her beloved husband.