

Cache Valley Newsletter

Begins Tenth Year

No. 109

November, 1977

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- Data Box - editor & address: Newell Hart, Route #3, Box 273, Preston, -
- Idaho 83263. -
- A monthly newsletter of Current & Oldtime Stuff about and for those who -
- * moved away from Cache Valley, also for their friends and kinfolk at home. *
- Coverage: Preston, Idaho & surrounding towns. Annual Membership: \$7.00. -
- You don't have to be a dues-paying member of our C.V.N. Clan to contribute -
- your own newslire from now or Back Then. -
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Excerpts From the Life of Christian Kunz, by a Daughter, Ida K. Boss - - -

* This biography was supplied by Don Kunz of Bear Lake County, a grandson of Christian Kunz. Christian's son, Seth Kunz, was the man who contracted to build the Thunder Bluff Road (mis-called the German Dugway) just after the turn of the century. This was from the Paris Meadows down into Cub River Canyon (see CVN 75, 76). At least two of the Kunz line from Bern were to live in Preston. Lydia married Nathan Barlow, a widower of Preston, in 1922; and Mike Kunz, our Franklin County auditor, also comes from the Bern line. Lydia K. Barlow now lives in Salt Lake.

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Christian Kunz was born in the shadow of the Alps in Schwenden, Bern, Switzerland, on 26 December 1846. He was the third child of a family of ten children of Rosina Knutti and John Kunz.

The Kunz home was located on a three-acre farm with a large barn where enough cows and goats were kept to make Swiss cheese. The children all worked at home herding and feeding the cattle and goats and caring for the garden. One of Christian's jobs was to herd goats on the mountains. His young friend, Jacob Tuescher, and he would spend hours throwing stones at the pine trees, seeing who could clip the most tops off. The boys also found pleasure in gathering alpine roses.

One day Christian and his older brother John were playing on a cliff about the height of a two-story house when he tumbled off onto the cobble stones beneath. Although he recovered completely, it gave the whole family a good scare, as he was unconscious for some time.

When he first went to school Christian was very bashful. Students then were taught to listen and not talk. The punishment for whispering was for the culprit to hold a block of wood in his mouth until someone else was caught whispering. When Christian received the block of wood he wiped it off before putting it in his mouth and received a whipping for it. His teacher would often excuse him from singing, since he couldn't carry a tune. Instead she'd have him teach a lower grade arithmetic class. The school house where he attended was built of hewn logs, and the shingles were held down with cross planks and large rocks.

At the age of 21 Christian participated in military training for the Swiss Army for one month in Bern. When he was 22 he contracted typhoid fever and was hospitalized. His weight dropped from 155 to 90 pounds, and he lost all his hair. While he was in the hospital the family joined the LDS church. When he returned home he met the first Mormon missionaries who were named Karl G. Maeser and Edward Schoenfeld.

Christian was baptized into the church by his brother John on 12 May, 1870. In July the family, except John and his sister, Rose, emigrated to America on the SS Manhattan. They were with the Karl G. Maeser Company. The voyage lasted 12 days. A severe storm arose. The wind blew Christian's gray hat into the ocean. He did not

go after it, but said afterward that he surely thought about doing so. The storm was so severe that water from the waves wet the top of the 40 foot mast.

Each day of the trip Christian visited with a young lady named Eliza Buehler who was also emigrating with the Maeser Company. He had met her previously in Switzerland and was very happy that she was also coming to America, even though her trip was being financed by someone in Utah who was probably intending to marry her.

In New York City were many interesting sights, but Christian was most impressed with the light and dressy harnesses worn by the horses. He really liked the streamlined buggies. They were so different from the more substantial ones back home.

The party came west by train. In Cheyenne he saw Indians for the first time and watched them with interest. As the train came through Ogden Brigham Young went through the train and shook hands with all the emigrants. He impressed Christian as being a fine, intelligent and sociable man.

In Salt Lake City the Kunz family camped at the Tithing Office for a few days. Eliza Buehler went to stay with her sister, Annie Hicks, who had emigrated earlier to Salt Lake. Christian called at the Hicks home several times to become better acquainted with Eliza. Before he left Salt Lake he overheard Eliza say that she had no intention of marrying the man who had financed her trip. This was good news to Christian, as he had plans of his own for Eliza.

Inasmuch as the Kunz family was skilled in cheese-making a call came from Bishop Hunter, through Brigham Young, for them to settle in Bear Lake valley, and build a cheese factory. They did not, however, go directly to Bear Lake that summer of 1870, but stopped at Logan and helped the farmers thresh their grain in order to get enough flour to make bread for winter.

In November Christian decided to go to Salt Lake to see Eliza Buehler. He decided to walk the distance of 70 miles and arrived there two days later. He and Eliza were married on 6 December 1870 and settled temporarily in Logan.

The following year Christian's father and the rest of the family went to Ovid, Idaho, near Bern, and established a cheese factory there while Christian and Eliza moved to Bear Lake and started a dairy on the Charles C. Rich ranch. One night a bear invaded the sheep corral. It was agreed that a watch would be kept for the animal, so one night Christian, three of his brothers and a neighbor, kept vigil on the roof of a shed. After the bear entered the corral they all shot and were successful in killing it. A large amount of soap was made from grease obtained from that bear.

In 1873 Christian went to Salt Lake to work in the Cottonwood mines to earn money to secure passage for his brother John and his family to come to America. He had a narrow escape one day in the mine when the ground on which he stood collapsed and fell through to the next level of earth. The only warning he had was the rumbling and shaking of the ground as it fell.

He took up more land in Bern and raised wheat and made cheese from custom cows every summer. He proved up on his homestead rights at Bern and built his home there. One day he and his brother John were building a bridge across an outlet and lost their only axe when it fell in the deep water. Christian decided that the only way to recover the axe was to dive for it. During the process he learned to swim. He often went swimming with his sons during the noon hour on hot summer days when they were putting up hay.

In the spring of 1878 Christian and Elizabeth invited her sister, Caroline Buehler, from Midway, Utah, to come to Bern on a visit and help milk cows and run the dairy. On 10 October 1878 Caroline was married to Christian as a plural wife. Both his families were moved to Nounan in 1881, 12 miles north of Bern, where he operated a cooperative dairy for the church for two years. Following this they moved back to Bern where he did some dryfarming, raised cabbage for the market, and ran a dairy.

Polygamist families in Utah and Idaho were sought by the U.S. Deputy Marshals during the year 1882. Punishment under federal law for a plural marriage was a fine of \$500 or imprisonment for five years or both, and Christian was worn out from run-

ning and hiding. One day he went to the bank and got \$75.00 and waited for the deputies to visit him. Very soon he was confronted by one of them as he worked in his yard. His name was Shorty Watson. The conversation went something like this: --

"Are you Chris Kunz?"

Christian answered, "Yes sir! Are you Shorty Watson?"

The reply came, "I sure am. Where have you been? I've been looking for you for a long time! -- I have some papers for you."

Christian said, "So have I got some papers for you," whereupon he handed Shorty the money with this statement, "Now Shorty, you just go on down the road and we will say nothing about it."

The deputies never bothered him again.

Some bones were discovered in August, 1911, by Christian and his family on their land in Bern. Further digging showed that they were large teeth which were apparently from a large animal. Christian sent word to Dr. James E. Talmadge in Salt Lake, then curator of the Deseret Museum, who journeyed to Bern and did further excavating. Dr. Talmadge found that the skeleton was that of a mammoth, one of the huge elephants which lived before the appearance of the existing species of elephants on earth. The complete skeleton was subsequently unearthed and sent to Salt Lake where it was reconstructed and put on display in the Deseret Museum.

Representatives from the national government came to Bern to try to secure the bones, but Christian would not consider their offers.

In the fall of 1919 Christian and Caroline (Eliza died earlier that year) came to Logan and bought a home on 4th north street. They did temple work for 12 years.

On the morning of 9 May 1931 he arose, ate his breakfast, walked into the front room, sat in the rocker and cut his fingernails with his pocket knife. He shut his knife and put it into his pocket, tipped his head back and died of a heart attack. He was 84.

Christian Kunz was the father of 26 children, 16 sons and 10 daughters, both wives each bearing a set of twins. He was a kindly man to his wives, children and neighbors. He was soft-spoken and God-fearing. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

* * *

An Early-day Telephone Prank in Preston - -

When telephones were first installed in Preston (1903) they were a novelty and sometimes the young people used them for practical joking, a pastime of the era. They even had phone companies to choose from! Preston had two companies from 1903 into 1911 and sometimes, as was the case with Hawkes Bros. Meat Market, they'd have to use service from both the Bell and Independent lines. Storekeepers had to listen to the tone or peculiarities of a ring to determine which phone to answer.

It was 1903 when some of the young set in Preston organized an April Fool's day call-a-thon. My mother, Evadyna Henderson (later Hart), was in on this. She had come from Clifton in 1902 to work in my father's law office. The office in those years was in the old Parkinson Block which now houses the Owl Billiards and Johnson Drug. At that time Foss Drug was below the A.W. Hart law office (now the Owl), and the lot just to the north -- where the new Foss Drug was later built -- was vacant.

"I won't implicate the other girls," mother once told me, "but my job was to phone old John Martin. He lived a mile and a half straight south of Preston."

She rang the number and was told he was upstairs asleep. Couldn't she talk to someone else? -- or leave a message. No, she had to talk to him personally.

"I didn't even think about his rheumatism," mother said, "it was awful thoughtless of me. When he came to the phone and wanted to know what I wanted I merely reminded him that it was April Fool's day. He said, 'Well, darn you,' and hung up.

"Brother Martin must've recognized my voice, when I phoned him, because I found out later he knew who it was. He ran a cafe right across the street east of Foss Drug -- it was a small one-story building, called the Gem Restaurant, which I could see from our second floor office. (* Hometown Album #514)

"One day I went downstairs to mail some letters -- the old postoffice was just north of us -- and in those days the stairway was outside the building, leading up from the sidewalk. It had been snowing and freezing and those old wooden steps were awful slick. I slipped and fell, landing clear down at the foot of the stairs. Oh, this was going to be a big embarrassment! I picked myself up as quickly as I could and looked both ways. There wasn't a soul in sight. I thought to myself I was surely lucky this time. I just tossed my head and walked away. Then later on, when Brother Martin was in the law office, he said to your father, glancing at me, 'Well, the young lady knows how to play April Fool jokes on the phone -- and she also knows how to pick herself up from the sidewalk!'

"Then he said to me, 'I saw you pick yourself up and toss your head. . . Ah, Miss Henderson, it's a long lane that has no turning!'"

* * *

Rex Wallgren, 2749 South, 100 West, Bountiful, Utah 84010: --

... What a pleasure it is to read your monthly newsletters! You brought back a lot of memories of "Memorable '37" when you mentioned what a time I had making up that lost class so I could graduate!

When I think back on those years I have a lot of fond memories of our one-night stands all over the valley. I don't believe there has ever been a group of musicians together that got along so well and had so much downright pleasure in our playing and in our friendship with each other. (* Rex, Max Randall, Reed Larson, Newell and Wendell Hart. -- nh)

I was especially interested in your newsletter of a few months ago where Delmer Olson ("Turp," as we knew him in those days) talked about Mink Creek and Glencoe areas. My grandparents, Karl and Christine Wallgren, homesteaded in Glencoe just after they were married (* 1886). Bill and Geneva Wallgren lived there for many years and I spent many long summer hours in the fields and riding over those beautiful hills when I was younger. Geneva, now a widow, is Delmer's older sister.

Delmer mentioned his younger brother, Stan, in his Glencoe history, and that he was killed in Europe during WWII. I thought it might be interesting to tell you of my last experience with Stan, in England. By the way, he and I were very close friends during our high school years in Preston.

I was stationed outside London with the 8th Air Force, near a little town called Bury St. Edmunds. An officer from my outfit came back from London one day and told me he had met a pilot there who was from Preston, Idaho -- then handed me a note from Stan. Believe me, that was just like a visit from home! Stan asked me to meet him in the Rainbow Red Cross Club, or Picadilly Circus, on a certain night and said he would get there as soon as he could. I got to the club about 8 p.m. and found no note saying he had been there already, so I waited. In fact I waited all night, walking around or dozing in a chair.

Two days later I got a letter telling me his outfit had been confined to base a day before we were to meet. That night they had flown to a new base in Africa. It was a few days after that when the news came about a huge raid of B-24's over the Floesti oil fields. It was several weeks later that I found out Stan was one of the pilots lost with his ship.

That raid was successful -- except that almost all the B-24's were lost. In some ways it seems like only yesterday, and yet in most ways it seems like a century.

Stan's son, whom he never saw, is now Dr. Terry Olson of BYU.

Keep up the good work ... and thanks for all the memories.

-- As ever, Rex

Ora Beckstead Nelson, P.O. Box 4486, Pocatello, Idaho; also -- Bonds #104, 644 West Main, Mesa, Arizona 85201: --

... Wish I could drive down and hand you this renewal check, visit your home, and look down on Bear River. The colors of fall, the view from your windows frame the familiar scenes that were a part of all the old friends who lived in the neighborhood. I know how beautiful it is now, but not only at this time of year--always!

I've been reading some of the first issues of the Newsletter and found the story about my brother Theron, #2 Dec. 1968). Those were the happiest times of his life. I wish he could have gone on with the band. His sax was his most cherished possession. Other friends and people who mean so much to us are also in these issues. I wish I could express my sentiments when I read about them. I look forward to news they bring each month.

I plan to return to Arizona this weekend (* mid October). Please send my copies there until further notice.

-- Ora Nelson, Mesa

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Dr. W. Mark Smith, 306 Mobley Drive, Boise, Idaho 83702: --

... Sorry to have missed the "gathering" on July 30. Joe Thomas and Gordon Hawkes told me it was one of the best.

One of these days I'm going to list the names and tell the story of all the musicians I played with in Cache Valley, starting with John Fiala and the Franklin County Band. To me this was where they got the idea for the "Music Man" -- not Gary, Indiana. For years this band of young boys and girls put Preston on the map. A great musical history could be told from this beginning.

Enjoy the Newsletter very much.

-- Sincerely, Mark

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Adina Hart Needham, Belvedere Apt. 403, 29 South State State, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111: --

... Last week I had lunch with Erma, Mildred and Beulah Blood. I know you remember the George Blood family. The three girls are all widows now. We surely had a nice visit while having lunch at the Lion House -- we just happened to run into each other.

I just called Beulah on the phone and told her I would mail my October newsletter to her to read, as her mother, father and two sisters are mentioned in the History of the Golden Hour Club. . . Beulah's married name is Mrs. T. Bowring Woodbury. We surely had lots of fun talking about former times in Preston. They are all interested in going to the Preston reunion next year.

-- Love, Adina & Jim

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Virginia Hanson, Dreary Acres, Box 8, Cornish, Utah 84308: --

Dear Editor -- Here's a Renewal for Newell. I'm one of your "charter subscribers" and want to continue to be on the list.

The Golden Hour Club history interests me. Could you discover the reason for Mrs. Houck's terse letter of resignation? There should be a good story behind that. Maybe it was because she was assigned Ella Wheeler Wilcox for her literary assignment. One must give Ella credit for her poems. They have supplied inspiration for countless sermons. However, when she did a novel in verse she went too far. Have you ever read "Maurine"? This is the ultimate in sentimentality -- an antidote for the realism of today. In this story of emotions, always rapture or despair, the characters don't have to labor. The chaste and faithful Maurine entertains guests in the arbor, where it's always at least 79 degrees F. Tea is served at any hour by invisible hands. Vivian Dangerfield, in his Sunday suit and hair parted in the middle, drops in to discuss philosophy or painting or music. Sweet Helen complicates the plot. I hope you can read it; this will make your day!

I hadn't meant to deliver this spontaneous book review ...

Virginia

* Thanks, Virginia, that was fun! And for those who don't know it, Virginia Hanson is a former librarian, Cache County Public Library, Logan -- and a veteran reviewer of books. I believe Mrs. Houck's husband was a barber in Preston in those years. We've had a lot of comments on the Golden Hour history. We still don't know two of the ladies -- Mrs. Zeitler and Viva Richmond, although the latter could have been a teacher here because of her interest in schools and teaching as shown in her interesting letter from Canada.

As mentioned, the hand-writ' Golden Hour minute book and the enclosed letters were loaned by present member, Lavinia Cutler. What we didn't understand clearly is that this rare book has not been here in Preston. It was sent to Lavinia by Gwen Foss Collier of Palo Alto, California, formerly of Preston. -- nh

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Charles G. (Chuck) Paull, 1547 East, 3080 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106: --
Dear Folks -- After checking this morning I find I am behind in renewal ... and thanks to Ruth for sending addresses of her sisters, Mary and Ercil. Will look them up when I get this xxx!! house cleaned. When alone there's always something to do, and it seems friends suffer.

Surely enjoyed the Class of 1927 get together. A wonderful job was done on it! The restored Academy will be a great monument in itself, but also to you who have taken the time to restore it. Hope to visit Preston again soon . . .

Love, Charles

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We also have a renewal note from Cliff S. Barton, 1101 Elm Avenue, Provo, Utah 84601. Cliff is teaching in the College of Engineering, Sciences and Technology, B.Y.U. He states, "My mother, Jenny S. Barton, is staying most of the time now with her daughter in Bountiful, Utah. Occasionally I bring her back to Preston, which has been her home since 1888. We have roots there ... "

* * *

Vic Jorgensen says he's read a few times in CVN where I've referred to 'corks' on horseshoes. At his blacksmith shop he has an old box package which gives the correct spelling -- 'toe-calks'. "It's spelled with an 'l'," Vic says, "but nearly everybody pronounces it 'corks'." (Vic says he's going to sell the familiar shop and home at 153 North Main and buy a smaller house in town.)

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Jack Croft and I met on a corner in Logan recently and he asked me to check on the ending route of the old Thunder Bluff Road. "Your CVN article on this road said it came out near the Thomas Spring monument. (* CVN #75) I don't think so. Can you find out where it came down into Cub River Canyon?"

I checked this out with Jode Stone at the Preston Nursing Home. (He is 89 now, and he plays the mouth organ along with my ancient piano tunes each Tuesday at noon.) He said the road didn't go anywhere near Thomas Spring. "It came right down through the old Carter Ranch (* now Hull Valley Scout Camp) -- somewhere near the cabin, at least on the ranch -- and joined with the regular Cub River road."

The Kunz family of Bern built this road in 1906-07, according to the Seth Kunz memoirs in CVN 76, and they gave it the name of Thunder Bluff Road. The Forest Service people, for whom the road was built, got the Swiss family mixed up with the Germans and called it the German Dugway.

I also got some other information from Jode. In one CVN I spoke of meeting up with Martha and Theron Seeley and Ray Merrill. They wanted to know where the old Franklin-to-Paris Mail Route went. Jode said, "The old mail route trail began on the west, or the Carter Ranch side, of Thomas Spring. It followed pretty close to the old Indian Trail -- and so did the Deseret Telegraph."

Let's go on a minute now with Ray Merrill and Jode Stone. Ray once told me, and I printed it, that his grandfather, Jacob I. Naef, was a fast walker. The story was

that Mr. Naef was driving his team and buggy to Preston but stopped at Elmer Merrill's place in Cub River Canyon. "Say Elmer," he said to his son-in-law, "I'm in a hurry, can I leave the team here?" -- whereupon he took off on foot for town.

I told this story to Jode and he laughed, saying, "Yeah, that's right -- his exact words were, 'I haven't got the time to take 'em along'."

* * *

From the News of Sixty Years Ago, August 30, 1917, as printed in the Preston Citizen: --

-- A new Old Glory was seen over the Carnegie Library and on ascertaining we found that our enterprising townsman, W.R. Smith of the City Grocery, had donated the shimmering stars and bars which constitutes the flag of our country. Let us all join in together and thank Mr. Smith for the kindly act.

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And here is one more item from the same issue in 1917: --

-- Attorney A.W. Hart was in Pocatello the fore part of the week representing Franklin County in the county division controversy between this county and Bannock.

* I wonder if this was the trip I was just dying to go on? A bunch of us, including an older brother who did the driving, took Dad to the train in Dayton. He decided at the last minute that one of us kids could accompany him -- on the train! He peered into the loaded Model T and looked over the eager applicants. Whom would he choose! I had never been outside the new county, let alone the old Oneida county. I visualized buildings in Pocatello a mile high.

"I'll take the one who's dressed up the best," he said.

I knew that let me out, but I brightened my smile and presented an eager, up-turned face. Well ... anyway, I was real happy for Evadyna whose face blossomed up like she was just chosen Miss Idaho.

* * *

First Regular Use of the Academy, Rock Music in the Rock Building - -

Academy Report: -- The first continuing use of the Oneida Stake Academy, since Friends of the Academy began restoration a year ago, is for music. This continues Preston high school's traditional interest in all forms of music. The 'Old Stone Walls' have heard it all -- from Professor L.D. Edwards' legendary Preston Choir in the 1890s up to contemporary rock. In between were many 'peressors' ... Henry Otte, C.J. Engar, Dewey Olsen, Harold C. Christensen, Lynn Lawrence, John Manning, Lyle Shipley ... to name but a few.

It happened like this: Kirt Rawlings of Fairview, a drummer and vice president of the PHS Student Body, said his rock musicians -- known as Ace -- needed a place to practice. Other halls presented certain problems: they could use the Legion Hall but would have to move their equipment in and out for each rehearsal session. (Did you know that a large truck is required nowadays to transport such equipment?) The PHS auditorium could be available, after school hours, but an adult would have to be present. Here the decibel -- "a numerical expression of the relative differences in power levels of electrical signals equal to ten times the common logarithm of the ratio of the two signal powers" -- might be a factor.

Kirt grinned a little, glancing down momentarily, as he commented, "Uh ... it's kinda hard to find somebody who'll wait around for a couple of hours."

Someone sent him to "Mr. Hart at the Academy" and after some consultation we worked out the ground rules. This is for the band members only and for their practice sessions, not for strollers, hangers-on, or kibitzers. I let them in and then, at a prescribed time set by them, I go and let them out. And so far they've not had any static, as the boys dispense their own manner of discouragement to potential spectators, plus the door is kept locked from the inside. Rehearsals are two or more

times per week and take place in the large unused and unfinished north room on the main floor; the two classrooms here were joined into one, for woodworking, years ago.

We all understand each other, too, and are aware of this helpful principle: -- Each generation has its own culture, particularly in the realm of music, and there are times when one generation is less interested in, or tolerant of, the other's musical heritage, style, or preference.

It's an interesting, dedicated group that I introduce here: --

Kirt, son of Martell and Connie Monson Rawlings, drums, leads and also sings; (I recorded one of his good numbers, "Daisy Jane," and we all gathered around for a playback, agreeing, "You can learn a great deal when you listen to yourself on tape"); Scott Hurlless, son of Harry and Addie Hurlless who owns the Big O Tire Shop; David Cole, son of John and LaVene Cole (LaVene, granddaughter of Jode Stone, is a well known oil painter in Preston) -- these two boys play amplified guitars; Bruce Lamont, (a member of the PHS football team), and son of Seaborn and Arlene Lamont of Fairview, percussionist; and on electric piano is Forrest Fackrell, son of Lynn and Venna Fackrell of Preston, and who studied piano and harmony from Luella Ward Bowman.

Karen Porter and Connie Griffeth, active PHS students from Franklin, are vocalists. They are daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Bill Porter and Mr. & Mrs. Roger Griffeth.

I remember when I first began playing for dances -- back in the Jazz Age -- the going rate for a five-piece orchestra was from \$5 to \$10, total. But times have changed. Kirt says: "There's money in rock music. They brought in a small group once from Logan and the fee was \$150."

Since they were practising in the old 'Rock Building' I called them the Academy Rock Band.

"That's okay," one of them said, "you could say that the first two letters of our name, Ace, stands for Academy."

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Otherwise at the Academy the window work continues as outlined last month. Experimentation is also underway on feasible methods to heat the drain pipes below the scuppers, from the inside. Alternate freezing and thawing in zero weather has caused a lot of grief in previous winters (dating clear back to the original outside drain-pipe years), and this must be corrected so we can protect our beautiful new auditorium ceiling. Ice-clogged drains cannot be tolerated. I've bumped my head so many times in the cavernous attic that I have great respect for those ancient, tough timbers.

-- nh

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R e n e w a l s

Bonnie Kirk Deffebach, Beverly Hills
Bob Bright, University of Minnesota
Cliff and Emma W. Barton, Provo
Lula G. Parry, Salt Lake City
Gary and Wanda Beus, Weston
Virginia Hanson, Cornish
Phyllis Booker Anderson, Preston
Charles Paull, Salt Lake City
Robert & Marian Bowden Hull, Whitney

Roy and Tyra Hull Eichert, Cub River
Jim & Adina Hart Needham, Salt Lake City
Wayne & Katharine B. Goff, Cathedral City
Paul and Jenalee Weaver Santos, Corvallis
Phillip & Marilyn Verne, Cypress, Calif.
Ora B. Nelson, Pocatello/Mesa
Rex and Marion Wallgren, Bountiful
LDS Church History Department, Salt Lake
City -- maintained by Reed & Letha Hart

New: Leslie and Florence Hobbs, 77 North, 3rd East, Preston, Idaho 83263

Bill and Reva Nelson Huntington, 148 East, 2nd South, Preston

* The University of Utah's Marriott Library, whose subscription was announced last month, has since ordered a complete run of the Cache Valley Newsletter, from No. 1, November, 1968, to the present.

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Golden Wedding: Theo and Edith Larsen Bell of Preston.

Obituaries: --

Earl Weaver (87), Whitney/Preston; married Jennie Benson in 1915; she died in 1970; father of Kinnie Johnsen, SLC; Virginia Reed, Pasadena; Marylou Lawrence, Corvallis; Earl B., SLC; Jenalee Santos, Corvallis; brother of Vivian Weaver, Boise.

Muriel Fjeldsted Foss/Yager (68), Preston/Palm Desert, Calif.; daughter of Ella Kofoed Fjeldsted and the late Edgar Fjeldsted; mother of Joyce White and George Yager, Jr.; grandmother of Linda White; niece of Mattie F. Lewis of Preston/Twin Falls.

Mary Emaline Godfrey Shepherd (88), Clarkston/Garland/Dayton/Logan Nursing Home; widow of Charles William Shepherd; mother of C.W. and E.J. Shepherd of Logan and Salt Lake City; Ruby Ralphs of Clifton, Glenda Sparrow of Logan.

Will Spencer Thomas (6 months) son of Frank and Beverly Winn Thomas, San Diego; local grandparents are Spencer and Thora Palmer Winn of Preston.

Peter T. Hansen (88), Bloomington/Preston; married Nellie Monson in 1912; she died in 1973; father of Clyde, Dean and Paul Hansen of Preston; Eldon Hansen, Brigham City; Leona Webster, Preston; LaRue Thomas, SLC; LuDeen Maughan, Ogden; brother of William E. of Preston; Lionel of Tooele; Clara Hollingsworth and Amy Coburn of Preston; two sons and a daughter preceded him in death -- Glenn, Ray and LaVern.

Russell Petterborg (37), Preston/Soda Springs; married Jane Woolf in 1962, later divorced; married Colleen Barger Harris in 1975; father of five; parents were Guy and Cecelia Kelly Petterborg. Russell worked at Monsanto, and was a shoot director of the Sheeprock Muzzle Loaders of Soda Springs; death followed a long illness.

Arnold Helmandollar (71), Oxford/Inkom/Pocatello/Downey/Auburn, California; married Leota Stoddard in 1931; she died in 1974; father of four.

Larry Roe (58), Preston/Wendell, Idaho/Monticello, Utah/Tacoma; married Nelda C. Brown in 1941, divorced in 1947; married Betty L. Bloomstand in 1952; parents were Watkin L. Roe, Jr., and Gwen Mower Roe. After a publishing career in various cities Larry worked in real estate, was registrar of lands in Pierce County, Washington, also wrote prize-winning editorials for weekly papers near Tacoma; father of two; brother of Teddy Brower of Phoenix, Lewis Roe of Oakland; his mother, Gwen Hadfield, lives in Phoenix. Burial was in Preston.

Betty Telford Randolph (66), Preston area/Medford, Oregon; was formerly married to Cecil Telford (deceased); sister-in-law of Ross and Brig Telford of Fairview and Lewiston, Helen Bair of Logan. Burial was in the Richmond Cemetery.

Joe T. Kirwan (21), Provo, oldest son of Beth Merrill Kirwan of Provo, former resident of Preston, was killed in an auto accident one year ago; the accident occurred between Provo and his work destination, the Wyoming oil fields; he had just returned from a mission, according to information from Beth's sister, Blanche Merrill Hollingsworth of Preston.

Graveside services were held in Preston for Inette Nielsen Wilson (80), Logan/Preston/Riverside, California; had been married to Attorney Mike Wilson, who formerly practiced law in Preston, and who preceded her in death. Mother of Keith Wilson.

* Inette's sister, Lavinia Cutler of Preston, told an interesting story of why their parents, E.R. and Mary Parry Nielsen, came to Preston from Logan in 1911. Mr. Nielsen had been engaged to do all the land platting in affected southeastern Idaho areas so Oneida County could be divided; the creation of Franklin County came about in January, 1913, but much work had to be done prior to the formal division. Regulations prescribed that Mr. Nielsen must reside in Idaho to carry out this assignment. Lavinia remembers going out in the country with her father on many occasions, in a horse and buggy or early model car, and waiting for long periods while he conducted his business in the various homes.

* Last month we printed the obituary of Kenneth Panter; we listed one of his two daughters as Jeri Pieper of Pocatello; her name is LaVaudis, but she goes by Jeri to friends and patrons of her cafe or hamburger stand on Poleline in Pocatello. Ken Panter has five brothers and a sister: Lloyd, Pocatello; Leland, Auburn, Washington; Wesley, Ogden; Donald, Grace; Lorin, Thatcher; and Virginia Terry of Cedar City; four brothers and a sister preceded him in death. Burial was in Treasureton.

N. HART -RT 3--BOX 273

PRESTON, IDAHO

83263



O. D. Robinson
202 East 1st North
Preston, Idaho 83263

FIRST CLASS