

The Personal History  
of  
Thirza Berrett Brown  
(in her own words)

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Thirza Berrett Brown

# Preface

The writing of this history was begun after President Spencer W. Kimball admonished us:

“I urge all of the people of this church to give serious attention to their family histories, to encourage their parents and grandparents to write their journals, and let no family go into eternity without having left their memoirs for their children, their grandchildren and their posterity. This is a duty and a responsibility.” (General Conference, April 1978, as quoted in *Ensign*, May 1978, p. 4.)

Since then, we have devoted at least one night a month to this history of Thirza Berrett Brown. As she recalled her life, it was tape recorded and then transcribed. This history is the result of those recordings, edited and compiled.

It does not reflect many areas of her life, that we who know her would record. For example, her many acts of compassionate service; the meals prepared and bread baked for the sick, needy, and bereaved; her generosity with the lovely flowers and beautiful vegetables raised in her garden each year; the parties held in her yard; the transportation furnished for widows and others, such as the Finnish mother of triplets to the hospital every day until the babies could come home; music played at church meetings, programs and funerals; or her gifts creatively fashioned from her sewing machine or dried flower arrangements or watercolors. Most of these things her present descendants know, but they may not know many of the things she has recalled from her earlier life.

As far as possible, this is her history in her words, with only an occasional transitional sentence added. The same incident may be included in two different sections because it seemed pertinent to each area.

This then, is the personal history of Thirza Berrett Brown, in her words to December 1981, prepared for her and her family as a gift of love from

Pat and Wally

# Chronological History

<b>DATE</b>	<b>EVENT</b>
10 September 1909	Born in Union, Salt Lake County, Utah
7 November 1909	Blessed by William J. Panter, Union Ward
7 February 1917	Eliza Hookway Berrett died
30 September 1917	Baptized by F. G. Fisher
30 September 1917	Confirmed by Frank H. Berrett
21 November 1917	Eva Maude Berrett married Clyde Brady
18 September 1918	Melva Louise Berrett married Earl Evans
20 February 1924	Verdis Eliza Berrett married Erin Howard
May 1928	Graduated from Jordan High School
10 June 1929	Married Wallace Alma Brown
7 August 1929	Floyd Edward Berrett married Josephine Jensen
9 February 1930	Shirley Anne Brown was born
8 October 1934	Wallace Berrett Brown was born
23 August 1937	David Berrett Brown was born
18 July 1940	Thirza Lynne Brown was born
13 April 1950	Endowed in St. George Temple
13 April 1950	Sealed to Wallace Alma Brown, St. George Temple
6 June 1950	Children sealed to their parents, Salt Lake Temple
20 August 1954	Walter Lorenzo Berrett died
3 September 1954	Shirley Anne Brown married Robert Hart Jensen, Jr.
30 August 1957	Wallace Berrett Brown married Patricia Louise Edwards
March 1958	Thirza Lynne Brown married Hal Johnson (later divorced)
18 August 1958	Christy Lynne (first grandchild) born
9 February 1959	Barrie Edwards Brown born
9 January 1960	Kenneth Mark Evans born
30 April 1960	Alan Edwards Brown born
14 July 1961	Jessie Timbers Ottley Berrett died
5 August 1961	David Berrett Brown married Gayle Saunders
17 March 1962	Todd David Brown born
22 November 1962	Thirza Lynne Brown married Frank Evans
18 August 1964	Diane Brown born
7 December 1964	Michael David Evans born
20 January 1965	Jill Brown born
30 December 1968	Anne Brown born
23 April 1975	Wallace Alma Brown died
22 August 1980	Barrie Edwards Brown married Bonnie Jeanne Campbell
19 March 1981	Nicole Erikson (first great grandchild) born

# Childhood

I was born on the tenth of September 1909 in Union, Salt Lake County, Utah. We were living at 70th South and 1550 East on what is now known as Fort Union Boulevard. We called it (1550 East) Berrett Lane. My dad was Walter Lorenzo Berrett and my mother was Jessie Ottley Berrett. We lived down the lane with Dad's four brothers and their wives. There was Uncle Al, Uncle Frank, Uncle Orson and Uncle Heber. They were all farmers. John Watts Berrett, their father, had divided up his property so that they got equal—not equal in acreage, but equal in value and they each got so many shares of water.

Dad and Mother moved there when they were first married (24 June 1896). They lived in a tent at first. When Eva Maude was born (10 May 1897) they were still living in the tent, but when Melva Louise was born (2 October 1898) they had the house all built but no doors or windows were in it. It was pretty chilly when Melva was born. But, then, I guess Dad finished the house. That's the same house that we all were born in: Floyd Edward (13 July 1902) and Verdis Eliza (8 April 1905). I was the last born of my parents.

One of the first things I remember was going to Primary and Relief Society with Mother in the horse and buggy. Mother was the Primary President for years. I must have been three or four when I was in the buggy with Mother and I remember her looking at me and seeing that I had something on my face. She took a handkerchief and spit on it and wiped my face off with *spit!* I loved Mother and all that, but I didn't want to be washed with spit. When we got to the building there was this little pot-bellied stove at the north side of the hall. It wasn't in the chapel, it was in the hall. I can remember her putting me on a bench and wrapping me up in a blanket while she made the fire. She made the fire herself and got it warmed up. I don't remember anything about the meetings at all. The hall was on 70th South or 72nd South (west of where Harmon's store at the Family Center is now). I guess it was in the church, but there was a big, round stove Mother had to build the fires.

Dad had a cream separator down in the cellar. Now the cellar was over the ditch and quite a ways down the orchard. It was a dirt cellar and Dad would stand down there and separate the cream from the milk. He would always holler up to the house, "Hot water, hot water." Then Mother would hand me this little bucket, like a three-pound or five-pound lard bucket, and I would carry it down. This one day I got right to the bridge and the handle was hot and I changed from one hand to the other and I dropped it. It went all over my legs and burned both legs. I had on long cotton stockings and I screamed and Eva came out of the house and stripped those stockings off of me. The skin came along with the stockings.

My legs were so scalded that there was just no skin on them. Then they raised great big blisters and I remember looking down at these great big blisters and the tender, tender skin. They would just ooze all the time. I was in bed. Melva was working down to Erickson's place and they had this marvelous medicine salve that they sent up for me on a Sunday for Mother to put on these legs. It was called "Simro." They just claimed that healed my legs.

Then I laid in bed for quite awhile with these legs burned and I couldn't stand anything to touch them. One day (I think it was very overcast and there was going to be a thundershower) and we were out in the sleeping porch. Eva and Melva were there. All of a sudden these blisters broke and I was standing in a puddle of water. They must have been big blisters to make a puddle of water. It was amazing how much water I had in my legs—and pain. Oh, the pain was just horrible.

That morning I was sitting at the table, crying and crying, and Dad was trying to make me eat my oatmeal. Mother was mad at him because he was trying to get me to eat my oatmeal and had put cream on it and I wouldn't eat cream. The skimmer the milk the better for me. And I wouldn't ever drink milk. I'd get my nose in a glass of milk and it would smell terrible to me—I wouldn't drink it. I was six then. I remember that I was six and I couldn't go to school. All that year I couldn't go to school. I couldn't start until I was seven because of those burned legs.

Another thing I had right then was rheumatism. That's what they called it then, but now they would call it rheumatic fever. I also had rickets and I didn't even know it until I went to high school. We had a party one night and we were running around there just in our slippers and my home nursing teacher saw my ribs sticking out there on one side. She felt my ribs and said, "You had rickets when you were a baby." I asked, "How do you know?" She said, "Because that's a sign of rickets when the ribs turn out on the bottom."

So, I used to sit behind the stove in the woodbox and I can remember as plain as if it was yesterday how I hobbled across the floor to go to the table or the cupboard or anything. I sat behind the stove because that was warm and I couldn't walk. I just could not walk without it hurting so badly.

I was rather little anyway—little and skinny—and having that made me kind of backward. But I wasn't backward for having spent a year at home. It made me brighter than the others in the lower grades. I was really smart and just whizzed along in all my studies. I was the smartest one, that is, I was considered the brightest one in the room, until I got into the eighth grade and then the boys passed me. They got smarter than I was!

I remember one day sitting in that woodbox when Dad came in with a little quail he had just caught. He skinned it and I had that for my supper—just one little quail. I was so worried, though, because he put it in the cupboard, all skinned for when Mother came home from Relief Society or wherever she was, and then she would cook it for me. While I was in the house all alone the insurance man (Bishop Marion Milne) came to the house. I was so afraid that he was going to see that quail in the cupboard and put my Dad in jail. I just worried so about that, but I guess they wouldn't have put him in jail.

In those days, believe it or not, I used to sing. Everybody in the ward had me sing. Whenever there was a dinner or whatever kind of celebration they would stand me up on the table and have me sing. There was a little refreshment room off to one side in the big ward recreation hall and it had a little counter. Someone who stood behind that counter would put me up on the counter and have me sing. If I sang good then he would give me an ice cream cone. And that special person was Lawrence Berrett (that was Uncle Al's second son). He just loved me to sing, so he would put me up there and let me sing for my ice cream cone. I don't remember what songs I sang, but I used to sing all the time. Then Verdis and I used to sing duets all the time. I don't remember what the occasion was, whether it was sacrament meeting or what, but we used to sing duets.

Now, I've got to tell you about this play that we were in. The ward was always putting on plays—always. In this play my name was "Punky Dunks." I was the baby of the family and everyone that would say something I would repeat it after them. Like they would say, "She ran away." Then I'd say, "Wunned away." That was my part in the play: to repeat everything they would say in my baby prattle.

This one night we were going up to this play. I must have been eight or nine years old then. I'd had a nap and Eva and Melva were home. Mother had gone uptown with the horse and buggy and it was getting dark. They came in and woke me up so I could get up and go to the practice. Floyd was going to drive us in the buggy. All of a sudden, Eva looked at the little window between the bedroom and the kitchen and there was smoke pouring out of there. Floyd had gone in and lighted a match to find his shoes underneath the curtain in the wardrobe in the middle bedroom and it caught fire. Then we had a fire. Mother wasn't home. Dad and Floyd beat it out with wet rugs. Oh, it was so scary! There was no fire department. There was no telephone. They just worked and beat the flames out, but it ruined all Mother's sewing. She had been making all these wedding clothes for Eva to get married. It burned up all of our linen, all of our sheets and our pillowcases, towels and everything. Just burned them all. It was a horrible thing.

I guess we didn't go to the play rehearsal that night. It was really sad. Then the next day, Clyde (Brady) came home from the service on furlough and there was all of Eva's wedding clothes burned up. Eva ran and hid when she saw him drive in the driveway. She was so embarrassed that she wouldn't come

out. It was really sad. I remember we didn't have anything to wear except what we had on our backs. It was really sad not to have any clothes, sheets, or anything.

Eva was married to Clyde Brady on 21 November 1917. They went to the temple and then they came home in the buggy. Mother had a dinner for them there at the house, just for the two families. (I don't remember Verdis' at all—I guess I bawled too much—but I do remember Eva's.)

After Eva got married, then Melva got married right after (she was married to Earl Evans on 18 September 1918). Then Eva's baby, Beth, was born in August (1919). In February (1920), just six months after, Reatha (Reatha Evans) was born. Beth is just six months older than Reatha. Both those babies were born in our living room. Both Eva and Melva came home to have their babies. Now, I knew that Eva was going to have a baby but I didn't dare say anything. Now, I was ten years old and I didn't dare say anything. But I still thought she was going to have a baby because she was fat! Now I was pretty innocent! The night Eva took sick Mother made Dad take me down to Aunt Ellie's (Uncle Heber's place). They took me down there and left me. I remember Dad whipping that horse going down the lane, just hitting that horse and the horse was just trotting along. He saw Uncle Frank and Uncle Frank said, "Why are you going so fast?" And Dad said, "Well, I think her time has come." Then I started wondering what does that mean? And I was ten years old—that's pretty naive! But no one told me, I just guessed that she was going to have a baby. Same thing in February when Reatha was born.

Those kids were just like dolls to me. I just worshipped Beth. I used to carry her everywhere. I couldn't go anywhere without Beth. One day we were sitting in church and she was sitting on my lap. The ice cream man went along Union Avenue. She was sound asleep, but she heard that bell ringing and she woke up and said, "Ceam cone, Tutta." The kids both called me "Tutta." Then Eva moved to Bingham. Clyde worked up in Bingham in the mines and they took Beth away. But it seemed they came down often and we got together a lot.

Then Bob came (Bob Brady, June 1922); then Kelvin came (Kelvin Evans, September 1922). Eva had Bob and then Melva had Kelvin. Those kids were really fun. I sure did love them. They were just like little dolls for me to play with all the time.

I had a happy childhood. I was always happy. Things seemed rosy to me because I felt like we were so rich. I learned later that we were one of the poorer families in the ward, but it never occurred to me that we were poor. It never mattered much to me. I guess it's the same thing that carries on with me now. I don't care for riches because I was happy then and we had a happy family.

I remember sitting at the table. We had very simple meals, like baked potatoes and Hubbard squash, milk gravy that was just really thick and gooey. That was our meal—all the time. Then on Sundays for a treat, we'd have a rice pudding and sometimes a sour cream cake with caraway seeds in it. I hated those caraway seeds and I wouldn't eat those seeds at all, but Mother always had to make it on Sunday. I learned to love that rice pudding.

After we would eat dinner—this thick milk gravy, we would always play games, table games. We'd have lots of fun at the table after we got through eating. Like we'd have guessing games. Dad would always start it out. He'd say, "I'm thinking of someone and his initials are A.H." And we'd know that it was Andrew Hansen. It was so funny. We always knew Dad would choose "A.H.". Then we played the guessing game. That was our nightly ritual when we got through a meal. Then Verdis and I (we sat on a bench behind the table) would stand up and sing. So, I guess that was sort of family home evening, but it occurred every night. Then after that, believe this or not, I would put my head down on the table and go to sleep, purposely, so I didn't have to wash the dishes. And, oh, Verdis would get so mad at me. Oh, she just got so mad at me and said I was always trying to get out of washing dishes.

I guess I was a spoiled little rascal. I was the baby and I was a little catered to. Every time Mother would correct me—like I broke a dish (we were always breaking dishes) and Mother would scold me and spank me. I'd go in the corner and cry and cry and cry and Dad would come over to me and say, "Who's

been ‘fendin’ my girl? Has somebody been ‘fendin’ my girl again?” I looked forward to that. I looked forward to that pampering. I just loved it. I guess I really had a lot of spoiled times.

One night especially I remember. It was my birthday the next day. I remember Melva being there and I cried and cried because they were all telling me that I wasn’t going to get anything for my birthday. I really believed it because we didn’t have money. My Dad just didn’t have any money coming in. He worked at the smelter sometimes, but other than that, there was just nothing coming in on the farm unless he sold a load of hay. It was very meager. Maybe he would sell a bushel of potatoes or a bushel of wheat and they raised a little bit of grain, but that went to feed the chickens in the winter. So, I really didn’t expect anything. They were convincing. So, I went out of the house, slammed the door and started down over that little bridge. I was crying. It was dark. I remember Melva came down and got a hold of me and told me that I was going to get a wagon for my birthday. And I got the wagon. She shouldn’t have done that, but it was sure nice to know. I didn’t have to go to bed bawling.

There were a lot of fun things went on, too. We always had little rabbits—little bunny rabbits. I was crazy about them—kittens, puppies and little chickens and everything that kids on the farm have to grow up with and have fun with. This one time I was sitting out at the top of the garden with this mother rabbit in my lap and she had a baby rabbit right in my lap and I didn’t know where it came from. I was still that naive that I thought that when I picked her up I must have picked up one of the little bunnies too, cause I didn’t know where that bunny came from! But we had fun with those bunnies. We used to take Mother’s food grinder and grind up carrots and all kinds of vegetables and make little casseroles for the bunnies. We were so imaginative we really concocted some fancy dishes. We’d put little grass around them to decorate them up like parsley.

Along with that we ate everything under the sun. We ate gooseberries before they were ripe. It was just like we were starved for something good. Every spring we’d just get sick eating gooseberries and green cherries.

Eva and Melva worked away from home. They worked out for different people. Like Eva worked for the Charles Peters family and Melva worked for Ericksons and Thompsons. They were never home after they got to be teenagers. They always came home on week-ends and that relieved the pressure of Floyd teasing us. We had someone to kind of take care of us and mother us rather than tease us.

There was a little ditch running through the place. Every spring when they turned the water down the ditch it was sparkly clean, beautiful water. The little ditch had pebbles all in it and there was never a year that fresh water came down the ditch that I didn’t fall in it. I had to fall in once a year, and if I didn’t, Floyd would throw me in. This one time I fell in. I just slipped off somehow, I don’t really know, but I always fell in the ditch. This particular year I opened my eyes and looked at those little pebbles in the bottom and I vowed right then I would never fall in that ditch again. And I don’t think I ever did. I was through falling in the ditch. It was ice cold water and it was a shock.

Dad had a little granite cup to get a drink of water out of the ditch. It was white with a little blue edge around the top and it was right by the ditch. I was always ravenous when I came home from school. This one particular day Mother had her ladies there quilting and they always made quilting big deals. They quilted every week. They had a whole big plate of gum drops. I was ravenous and I started eating those gumdrops until pretty soon I was sick. I couldn’t walk. I was staggering I was so sick. Mother put me in the middle bedroom and gave me a dose of ipecac. I went out and sat on the bridge and vomited the gumdrops into the bottom of that ditch. There was a pile of pink and blue gumdrops laying there on those little rocks. Those little rocks meant so much to me.

I also had this great, big kick on whipped cream when I was a kid. I never could get enough. I had such a big fantasy that someday I was going to eat whipped cream—all that I wanted. So, one day, Mother had gone to the store and I whipped a whole big bowl of cream. All of a sudden I heard wagon wheels coming and I was just slurping that cream in me. I guess I heard those wagon wheels coming in



the driveway and I ran and hid the whipped cream. We had a great big box that we called a piano box. It really was a box that a piano came in. The cream was in a white bowl with a gold band around it. It was what Mother drank her tea out of everyday of her life. I hid that bowl down there in the bottom of that box ... and forgot about it! Mother had a fit about that bowl. She couldn't find her tea bowl. She asked us kids about that bowl, but she couldn't find it. Months later she found it. I don't think she even asked how it got there or what was in it. I never confessed. I never did confess!

Then Verdis and I did the same thing with watermelon. We never could get enough watermelon although Dad raised them all of the time. We wanted one all of our own. One day when they went away, we cut a great big watermelon and we darn near died trying to get rid of all that watermelon. Imagine having to sneak a watermelon when Dad had a whole field of them.

When Melva and Eva worked away from home they were always buying us little things. But Mother bought us little lunch buckets. Mine was a little, tiny grey enamel one that had a little lid on it. It was the cutest thing. Verdis' was just a little bit bigger than mine. They were amazing they were so darling. First day that we took our lunch in those the Godfrey girls, Ella and LaTrue, saw us coming. They said, "What have you got in the kettles?" I said, "They're not kettles. They're our lunch buckets." I was so insulted.

I was so crazy about going to school, anyway. I loved going to school. This one morning I jumped out of bed, ran out and couldn't imagine why everyone wasn't up getting ready for work and school. I thought we had all slept in. Melva went right along with it. She packed us lunches, stuffed them in those little buckets and sent us out. I didn't get my hair braided and I felt so bad about it. We started up the road and I said, "We didn't get a very good lunch. Did you see what Melva put in my lunch bucket?" Then Verdis told me that it was a Saturday! So, we had to come back and confess that Melva had really pulled a fast one on us.

Grandpa (Ottley) had a little white dog. Her name was Trixie. I thought there never was a dog as cute as Trixie. Mother had a dog named Mitzi and a horse named Babe. Floyd just loved little Babe. He would get on that horse and ride clear up to Alta. One day he came home without Babe. He had traded it—traded Mother's horse! Yes, he actually traded my Mother's horse. Boy, he went right back up there and made another trade when Dad found out about it. It was an old, stoved-up horse that he had traded for, an old beat up one, not neat like Babe was. But Floyd traded Babe and Mom made him get it back.

Oh, the winters were cold and we had to go two and a half miles to school. We never had a school bus but when the weather was such we had a school sleigh. It was a big bob sleigh and Uncle Jake Griffiths drove the horses and the sleigh. I was always the younger—there again, I was the baby of the bunch—and he would heat up big bricks and wrap them in paper and put my feet on the bricks. That would keep me warm until I got to school. Mother always kept us with mittens. She knitted them all the time. We always had mittens, but our poor, little, feet would be so cold. We'd get chillblains on our feet. The bottom of our feet would swell sort of puffy and then they would itch like mad. When we got in the schoolroom they would itch and just drive us crazy. To keep from getting frostbitten we would cut newspapers and wrap our feet up in the newspapers. We had stockings of course, but we only had one pair a week. They would get pretty ripe by the time that week was up. But Mother couldn't wash more than one pair a week for us. It was just too hard to wash. We had to carry all the water for washing. So we'd wrap these papers around our feet and stick them in our boots to keep from getting frostbitten.

Life was rough but we never considered it. We never felt hard done by. If we wanted candy, we had to make honey candy. Of course, we had plenty of honey because Dad always had bees. We always had lots of honey candy in the winter. Our treats in the winter were honey candy, apples and popcorn. That honey candy was just really a treat. We'd stretch it like taffy.

In the winter Uncle Heber would hitch up his bobsled to his great, big horses. They weren't just ordinary horses, they were fine horses. He kept them groomed and beautiful. He always had sleigh bells on the harness and he would take us for several long sleigh rides in the winter. I would make molasses

and honey candy for us to take on the sleigh ride. One day I remember that I made the candy out of dark Karo. That was delicious and we ate that all along the sleigh ride. It was good tasting stuff.

Another treat we had to eat was fish. We always had pork because Dad would raise pigs. We didn't have much beef and we didn't have much fish—except one day a week, this old fish man would come along the street. He'd comedown the street in his little, old wagon and he'd yell, "Fisk a day, fisk a da" and that meant "Fish today." It was a great big carp. Mother would buy a couple. I guess they'd only cost her a dime for a great big old carp out of Utah Lake. Oh, we just loved that "fisk a da."

We had a surrey with a fringe all around it. Dad used to hitch up the horses to it and we'd go for a ride on Sunday afternoons. We'd go out to Liberty Park. There was no traffic on the road. We would ride all around up on Holladay Boulevard and up around the Old Mill. It was a long ride, but Dad loved it.

Mother would probably sit up in the front seat and Verdis and I in the back seat and away we'd go. Dad would get out at Liberty Park and buy us a balloon. Then we'd come home. We never had a treat like ice cream cones or hot dogs or anything. We'd just have the balloons and that was enough.

Peter Rabbit was a club in the Deseret News. Every kid belonged to the Peter Rabbit Club. Every summer they would have Peter Rabbit Day out at Saltair. Dad would take me to that. We would drive the horse and buggy down to 64th South and State Street (right where Allied is now). Two McCloy's lived there. There was a little road between the two houses. We'd drive the horse in and go around the back yard and there was a post. We'd get the hay out of the back of the buggy and put it in front of the horse. We'd take its harness off and leave it tied up to the post. Then we'd go get on the streetcar—not the bus—the streetcar. We'd go clear uptown and down west to the little Bamberger station and get on this little open air train and ride on it. You'd just sit on these long benches. We'd go out to Saltair where you could do anything on Peter Rabbit Day because we'd get all these long script tickets free. We'd ride on everything, go swimming in the salty water.

Another thing that the Deseret News did in those days was help us kids get stilts. Now I don't know exactly how we did it. Maybe we had to sell newspapers and get so many subscriptions or something. Then we'd get a pair of stilts. I'll never forget those stilts. They were so much fun. I just loved them.

Verdis and I had a good time together. We had just good, wholesome fun with rabbits, with building playhouses, and all the fun things that kids don't do now. Verdis and I would build little playhouses and put rocks all around them for the wall. We'd mark it off outside on the gravel and then put little rocks around the wall, making little doorways to walk out of. Floyd would come and kick the rocks out of the way and take our dolls. He was just a real teaser in general.

We used to take chickens and tuck their heads under their wings and swing them back and forth and the chickens would go to sleep—Mother's laying hens. We'd just swing them back and forth and then set them down and there they would be asleep and wouldn't wake up for awhile. We'd get a little board and float them down the canal. They would just lie there and sleep and sail down the canal. It was so funny.

Along this canal were mourning doves who would build nests. We hunted those mourning doves. Every day we'd go out and find a new nest and it was so much fun. Then in the afternoons we'd swim. We had a raft. We'd build a raft and float it down the canal. I'd get my little ukulele out there and have the most fun playing that ukulele. (I guess I was about twelve or thirteen at that time.)

Speaking of music, I'll tell you about the music lessons I never got. They started Verdis and I at the same time. Sister Godfrey said that she would teach us for a pound of butter a week. So, on Saturdays we would take the butter over to her and then we would take our lessons. Well, I think I got about two lessons and then they made me quit. They let Verdis keep taking but they had me quit. We'd take our lessons on Saturday and then Verdis would practice. I would wait until about Wednesday and by then I had memorized it by the way Verdis played it. Then I wouldn't read the notes, I would just sit down and play it. They thought that was a curse, because I wouldn't read the notes, so they made me quit. Verdis

could go on. That is all the lessons I ever had—just two or three from Sister Godfrey. But I knew enough that I started playing for Primary when I was just a kid. I must have been in the eighth grade because I would run home from school and then run as fast as I could down to the church so I could play for Primary.

I didn't have a cousin my age. Noall Walter (Aunt Nellie's boy) was the nearest my age and we played together an awful lot. They lived on the corner of 64th South and 9th East. We had a very good relationship. But they bought a ranch up in Richmond and moved up there. Uncle Clarence wrote a letter to Mother and said that Aunt Nellie had had twin babies and would she come up and take care of them. So Dad took us down to the bus and Mother and I went up to Richmond on the bus and stayed a week or two. It seemed like an awful long time. Aunt Nellie happened to be way up in the mountains on the homestead when she had these babies, so she was stuck up there in the mountains and couldn't get down. Mother stayed up there with her. The ranch was quite a ways down on the mountain. I would stay up with Mother and Aunt Nellie at night. Then, one morning, Mother got up and wrote a note for me to take down to the ranch to Gladys (Gladys was Noall's older sister). When I got down to the ranch they read the note and this little baby had died: I guess they went up and got it and built a little casket for it. Then the next morning the other one died, so Mother wrote a note and sent me back down. (Records show that this was 25-26 July 1921.) I can remember so vividly walking down through those big rocks, huge rocks, on the side of the road. Great big woodchucks would get up on the rocks (they seemed like they were two feet long to me) and they would get up there and scold and yell at me. The only comfort I had were the two or three great big cookies Mother had given me to eat on the way down.

Noall and I had a good time, then. We rode horses up in the mountains all the time that Mother was there. We'd get these little horses and ride them up in the mountains. We ate what he called "service berries". I guess they're really service berries. We had fun. Uncle Clarence bought us each a pair of brown, khaki-colored coveralls. Oh, we loved them. We just looked like little twins riding those horses.

That's the first time I ever tasted Karo syrup up there—that white Karo syrup. They didn't have fruit up there—no jams or jelly or bottled fruit. All they had was Karo syrup to put on their bread. Gladys would pour a big pile of that Karo Syrup on a plate and we'd eat that with bread. It was the most delicious thing. I just remember the taste of that plain, old, white Karo. It was like candy to me.

That was quite an eventful week or two. I enjoyed it and I think Mother did, too. That was the only time that I was ever in Richmond, Cache County.

Another thing that I remember was that somewhere along the line we would cut a little coupon out of the paper and send to Wrigley's gum company. Wrigley's was just starting then. If we'd send this little coupon we could get a free stick of gum—not a package, just a stick. Verdis and I used to stand out and wait for the mailman to come every day to see if we would get that stick of gum. I'll never forget that taste. Spearmint gum is still my very, very favorite, 'cause I can still taste that taste. Isn't that something that would impress kids? Ooo, to come in the mail—that was a big deal.

In those days no one had cars, but Uncle Orson had an Oldsmobile. One of the first cars that ever came down that road was Uncle Orson's Oldsmobile. If we'd come down to his place and get in it, then he would take us all the way up to the church—two and one half miles. But if he had to come up the lane and stop for us, he wouldn't. He said it cost twenty-five cents every time he stopped that car. He wasn't about to stop and pick us up. If we'd get up to the church and if we'd get out there, meet him by the time he turned on that key or cranked it we could ride home with him. But he wouldn't let us out at our place. He'd take us clear down the lane to his place and we'd have to walk back, cause it cost twenty-five cents every time he put that brake on. (I must have been eight or nine at that time.) That was quite an automobile. It was a marvelous thing.

I got a job picking dewberries up on the hill. Verdis, Larene (William E.'s sister) and I would all go up to Merle McCarthy's place and pick dewberries. If you've ever picked dewberries, you know it's a

miserable job. You have to have leather gloves and they still prick where the leather gloves didn't touch. We'd be bloody. This one day (I was the youngest one there—I was just a little kid) my Dad had been talking about strikes at the smelter. All the rest of them were picking dewberries but me, and I was standing up in the middle of the row goofing off as usual. I was always smarting off. Here comes Merle McCarthy down the row. He was just a young guy. He said, "And why aren't you working?" And I said, "I'm on strike." He said, "You'd better strike out for home." And I burst into tears. I think I bawled all day long over that. That was my first job and I got fired. I'll never forget Merle McCarthy saying, "You'd better strike out for home." And I didn't even get to eat my lunch. I don't know what happened to my lunch, but I never did eat it. I just went walking along 70th South, bawling at the top of my voice.

Then I got a little bit older and I was big enough to pick cherries then. I went with the Godfrey girls to pick cherries. We'd walk up to the top of Butler Hill and then quite away toward the canyon. Then these cherry orchards were off to the right. We would go way back in there and pick cherries all day. We'd eat so many cherries that we'd get sick, deathly sick. We had to take time out to eat all those cherries and then time out to lay down under a tree and vomit and chase up to "the little house." That was quite an experience. I guess I must have been thirteen or fourteen at the time. We earned quite a bit of money picking cherries. I think we got a nickel a pound. If we earned a dollar a day, that was good.

Then when I got a little bit older than that, we'd go down to Melva's. Verdis and I would go down to Melva's and stay there with her. Her neighbor had dewberries and raspberries and we did a lot of picking there. I picked a lot of raspberries, dewberries and strawberries. We'd get out early in the morning. It was so cold on our hands with the water just fresh on the strawberries that we would just about freeze. That's how I got enough money to pay my \$5 tuition to go to school and maybe I'd have enough to buy a book or two.

Mother would always make my clothes so I didn't have to go shopping. We wouldn't have any money to go shopping, anyway. Just maybe we would have \$5. That's how we got our school money.

The first year that I ever made any money I wanted to buy everybody in the whole family—in the whole world—a Christmas present. So, Mother put me in the buggy and we went down to Midvale to Booth's store. (That was Bob Booth's mother and dad's store). It was a great, big mercantile store with wooden floors, big wooden planks. He had this big box of candied animals. They were huge—great big and made out of that clear red candy. Oh, real animals—just big tall ones. The twenty-five cent ones were just beautiful. I bought one for Clyde, one for Floyd, one for Earl, one for Dad. I just bought everybody one of those candy animals. I'll tell you it was really something to buy a quarter's worthy of candy that was just a big piece of solid candy. They were strawberry red and lemon yellow. Oh, they were good.

That reminds me of another Christmas. Christmas was always marvelous and especially one Christmas when I was quite small when Eva and Melva took care of us while Mother was in Delta. Aunt Doris and Uncle Harry (they were Ottleys who lived in Delta) sent a letter to Mother and just told Mother she had to come down to help Aunt Doris cause she had a baby and there was no one to help her. So, Mother got on a bus and left for Christmas. She left us home with Eva and Melva to do Christmas. Of course, they were teenage girls then. There were twelve years difference in Eva and I so they were big kids by then. They did all the shopping for us. We had a Christmas tree with little candles on it—candles about two and a half inches high. They were so pretty. They were spirals and all different colors. They hooked on the tree with a little candle holder with a little clamp that clamped on the branches. We were privileged every night to light the candles. We had to sit right there with them so they didn't start a fire. That was the most beautiful Christmas. Oh, it was just a glorious Christmas to have Eva and Melva to have done the shopping. They bought Verdis and I each little necklaces. Verdis' was a little plain round one and mine was a heart-shaped necklace. I kept it for many years. It was so cute—just a little, teeny locket that opened up. It was no bigger than my thumbnail. It was so tiny. Things went on happily in the morning and along toward eleven or twelve o'clock, Eva and Melva were busy cooking the dinner and Floyd was out in the big yard. (We had this huge yard where we played) Floyd was out there and there

was no snow that particular Christmas. There was just frost and very cold. Floyd called me to come out and see the wagon wheel with frost on it. I went out there and he said, "Look, taste it. Put your tongue on there and taste it." And I did and my tongue stuck on the wheel and peeled it off. So, I had Christmas dinner with a burned tongue that day.

Later on, I guess I was fourteen, Erin Howard started going with Verdis. She met him at the basketball tournament. Granite High School and Jordan were playing at the tournament so Mother let her go. She would have gone anyway, whether Mother wanted to let her or not because she was determined to go. Then she met these two fellows. One was Edison Packer and the other was Erin Howard. They were sitting just two seats from her and they kept wanting to trade seats with someone so they could get over by Verdis. That's how she met Erin—at that tournament game.

Then he just kept coming over. He'd bring her chocolates all the time. Always, always, boxes of chocolates. They were just marvelous so I really liked Erin. I thought he was just tops because of all the candy he brought her.

All winter there wasn't very much to do so we played Michigan Rummy all the time. When Erin would come, we'd have all these little match sticks broken off and we'd really play Michigan.

We had a little ice cream machine. It wasn't one of these you set on the floor. It was a little round tank and it set in a little tub. You filled that tank with ice and salt. Then you filled the little tray underneath with the mix (eggnog). Then you turned this little tank and the egg nog would stick on the tank. We'd hold this little scraper against it and it would scrape the ice cream off. That ice cream tasted like heaven. It was the most delicious stuff. Mother would whip up two or three batches in an evening. Erin called it "turn 'em around the wheel." When he'd come, he would say, "Are we going to have 'turn 'em around the wheel'?" I bet right now if you mentioned "turn 'em around the wheel" to Erin he would know what it was. So, we'd play Michigan and eat ice cream. It was just a beautiful winter with him coming there and we'd have so much fun.

But then, in February (20 February 1924) they got married and that's what I didn't like. I didn't think he had any business coming around there and then taking Verdis and moving away from our place. I really didn't. I felt like he was cheating us. I was really mean about it, too. I bawled all day long the day they went to the temple. I just howled all the time. I howled at school and when I came home I bawled some more. I can remember standing out in the kitchen, just bawling and mad at Erin 'cause he was going to take Verdis away from me. He gave me a little, tiny pen and I still have it. Just a little, tiny, bitty, blue pen. I saved that. I thought it was just wonderful to have that. It took kind of the sting off of the marriage. But then they moved over on 39th South and Highland Drive and I got to go over and stay with them and work in the store. I stayed with them an awful lot.

Then Jack was born and that was the biggest event. Oh, we worshipped him. Then a while later Darlene was born and she was just a little doll. But I still think of how I howled that day she got married. It was really a blow to me. It left me alone with Floyd and he was no companionship. Verdis and I were very close—even with the difference in our age. We slept together, we defended one another. I really had a good relationship with Verdis. I felt like it was the end of the world when she got sick.

After Verdis was married I was left with Mother and Dad. Floyd was away a lot. He went up to Utah State to school and he went selling woolen goods up in Montana. He was not home an awful lot but when he did come home he was Mother's pet.

I had a real good relationship with my Dad. He was such a darling person. I worked out in the fields with him so much. I would walk along behind the horse for miles and miles when he was plowing. Then in the afternoon, I'd go in the house and Mother would make a little bucket full of eggnog. I'd take it out and we'd sit on the ditch bank and talk. One day it had been raining and I remember sitting in this very little grassy spot on the ditch bank and looking over to the northwest. Dad said, "See that little blue spot." (The clouds were just breaking.) He said, "See that little blue spot over there. If it's big enough to make a

pair of Dutchman's britches, it's going to clear off." And he said, "See that blue. That's my favorite color." And I said, "Well, Daddy, if it's your favorite color, it's mine, too." And it's always been my favorite color. It just seemed to go right along with me all my life.

I don't know how old I was when I first had my haircut. But I always had braids down the back of my head—two, big, thick braids. One day Dad cut my hair. It was just a Dutch cut, just plain all around. I couldn't wait to show the Godfrey girls (Ella and LaTrue) my hair cut. On a Saturday afternoon I went over there. They were way down in the field and I went running down, shaking my head, showing them my haircut. They thought I was crazy. They couldn't imagine why I was shaking my head like that. But I was so proud of my haircut. Oh, I loved that hair cut. That was a joy to have. It was getting to be kind of classy to have your hair cut, but Dad just sawed it off all the way around.

But, that wasn't nearly as bad as the haircut Floyd gave me the day I started high school. There was no junior high school so I went right into high school from the eighth grade. Floyd wanted to cut my hair for me before I went to school. So, he cut it and then Frank Tucker, who was his friend came down to the house. Frank was taking a barber college course and he tried to even it up. He got it higher on the other side, so by the time they got through whittling away, my hair was cut up above my ears. That was how I started my first day in high school—when I wanted to look so grown up and glamorous, there was my hair cut up above my ears.

# Teen Age and High School

When I was twelve, I went on my first date. I went to the Deacon's party. Harold Richards asked me. He, Jesse Casper and Don Milne all came down. Don Milne had his Dad's buggy and horse so Don and Jesse took Ella and LaTrue Godfrey. They rode in the buggy but there wasn't enough room for Harold and me so we walked up the street. It was in April and it was cold and it was dreary. It was just a rotten, cold night. But we didn't mind. We walked along about two feet apart, all the way up 13th East to the Church and then to Harold Jensen's place. That was between the church and the school on the north side of the road. I'll never forget that.

We went into the party and those kids played "post office." I had never heard of anything like playing "post office", but we played "post office" and I bought plenty of stamps. Oh, what a devil I was. Then after that we had to walk home. Oh, it was cold but I didn't mind.

Harold was always my best boy friend. I remember him standing on the steps of the church (it had a porch out on each side and it had four pillars. We used to play "pussy wants a corner" on those pillars.) But as I walked up 70th South and would get almost to the Church I can remember looking just as hard as I could up to the church to see if Harold was standing by one of those pillars, waiting for me. He said he used to watch down the road just as far as he could see to see if I was coming. Isn't that cute? Oh, dear, there never was a love affair like that! But there I went out when I was twelve.

I guess that was the only date I ever had at twelve. But I had more of them when I was fourteen. But I went to high school when I was fourteen. I went to shows on Sunday up to the Pantageus (right on Main Street). We'd go to church. We'd go to Sunday School early and then it seemed like we'd go home, eat dinner and go back about 12 or 1 o'clock for Sacrament Meeting. Then we'd go home. Later we would go up to the Pantageus and see this beautiful stage play—vaudeville, dancing, singing and glitter. I had dates for that. It must have cost a dollar, though, 'cause it was really nice.

I went sleigh riding with Harold Richards, too, in a bobsleigh. We went all up through Walker's Lane, all over up there. I'll never forget that day. Just a beautiful, sunshiny day, Saturday afternoon. I remember every house that we'd come to Harold would say, "fine dwelling house, fine dwelling house."

Oh, my high school days were just so exciting. I had more fun at high school. I can't imagine anyone having any more fun than I did. I took good classes and went out with lots of boys. The funnest class I had was Home Nursing. That was taught by Mrs. Mildred Peacock. She was a wonderful teacher. It was cooking and home nursing combined. On the days that she gave us the home nursing, she would talk to us just like a big sister. One day we planned a party for after school—a slumber party and we stayed over to school. She and Mrs. Haywood stayed. Mrs. Haywood was the sewing teacher. We slept over all night but I don't remember how in the world we slept, or where we slept, but we stayed all night.

I started out with all the sciences I could get, like botany, zoology, biology, chemistry. I liked everything but algebra. I couldn't get algebra into my head. I couldn't get history very well but I loved English. All four years of English were good.

When I was a freshie (freshman in high school), they didn't have junior high then and I had four years of high school instead of three. Because of Bertha (my cousin) being a senior I went with the senior crowd, even though I was a freshie. I was sort of under her guardianship. She really took care of me, but I was still plenty dumb. One day in seminary Brother Jorgenson was our teacher. We were studying the Ten Commandments. When we got to "Thou shalt not commit adultery" I didn't know what adultery was, so I put up my hand. "Brother Jorgenson, what is adultery?" And he explained it. That was seventh period and by eighth period everybody knew about it over at the high school. Bertha came up to me in the hall and she said to me, "Dumbbell, don't you ever ever ask anything like that in class again. If you need to

know something, come to me.” Everyone knew about it. That was the most embarrassing moment of my high school days.

There was a Charlonian club at school, but my grades were just a little below what you needed to be in it. Besides that I had a court offense. They took me to student body court. On the bus there was this little Ralph Tucker. He was several years younger than Ella, LaTrue and I, and I held him down and kissed him. They took me to student body court for that and that was against me so I couldn't join the club. They punished me but I can't remember the punishment, but I remember the judge chasing me around the room trying to kiss me. Earl James was the judge of the student body court. I don't remember what the fine was or what the punishment was. Oh, gee, what a serious charge.

I didn't lack for dates. I had lots of dates. I had this one date with Charlie Swan and Harold Handley. That's the night those two guys were going to take me over to the Bingham and Jordan game. And that's the night they sluffed me. Then I had a flood of tears that night. Oh, how could anyone sluff me, the most popular girl in Jordan High? How could anyone sluff me? But they did! That was really a blow to my ego.

I had lots of dates that weren't school things, too. I used to go with Gordon Brockbank and Byrum Holt from over in South Jordan. We'd go to Union dances on Wednesday and West Jordan dances on Friday and South Jordan dances on Saturday. We really had a good time. We'd dance our little legs off all the time. But we were always in a gang. There were about six of us in the car all the time—and they were always good kids.

I had such a dear friend, Ann Cutler. She lived out in South Jordan and on weekends I would go out to South Jordan and stay with her. Her dad ran a store and they slept upstairs—they had living quarters upstairs. That was right out there by where Elmo and Lois Turner live now. (13th West and 106th South.) Ann was a junior and I was a senior. They had the popularity contest and there I was running against Ann, my very best friend. I hated that. I didn't like to run against my best friend. Then I won the popularity contest of the whole school. I didn't like that especially—I didn't want to have any feelings between Ann and I. But we stayed good friends. My prize for winning the popularity contest was a full page picture in the year book and that was \$5.

We really had fun in those days. It was lots of fun. I went out with Del Smith in high school. He was such a fun boy—homely as a mud fence, really homely, but such a lot of fun. He had a little coupe that was a Star. I don't know who made them but that Star was a real gem. It was always breaking down, so we were always pushing it. We'd have to get out and push the darn thing and get it started. Then it would only go a little ways and then it would stop again. One night it stopped right in our yard and Del didn't know how to get it started. I had to go in and wake Floyd up to come and pull him out of there. I just had to wake up Floyd. Del couldn't stay there all night.

Then once I had a date with Del to go to the prom. It was weeks ahead of the prom, just literally weeks ahead. I always did go out with Harold Richards. He was the first one I ever went with and we were just good friends. This one day in particular, we met out in the hall. It seemed as though there was a school play going on and there were rehearsals. Nothing was doing in school. It was late afternoon so we went in the auditorium and watched these rehearsals. We sat in the back of the auditorium and all of a sudden, the door opened and Del Smith poked his head in and saw me sitting in there with Harold and there went my date for the prom. He told everybody in the school that he wasn't going to take me to the prom—everybody that is except me. I was sure crushed about that. So, the night of the prom (I even had a new dress Mother had made me) and we were waiting out on the lawn for the bus to come. There was Harold, Jesse Casper and I, just sitting there and pulling the grass out and throwing it at each other. Jesse said to Harold, “Well, I guess I'll see you kids at the dance tonight.” We both said, no, we weren't going. Jesse said, “Aren't you going to the prom?” And I said, “No,” because Del had broken his date with me. Jesse said, “Well, Melva Hardcastle broke her date with me so why don't you go with me?” So, I had a big date. He won the popularity contest for the boys in the school. There I went with the most popular boy in the school. We had a good time. When we walked down the steps together into the gym, Del Smith



looked at us and whoever he was dancing with he said, “I told you she wouldn’t stay home.” So we had a good time.

Then the senior hop came and I don’t know who I went with but I know I went with someone. Then the graduation party—that was the night we stayed out all night. That was a progressive party. I don’t remember where we went but we progressed around the county and wound up in the canyon. It was so cold and miserable that it really wasn’t any fun. I went to that with Charlie Swan. When we came home we were so tired. It was about six or seven in the morning. It wasn’t worth staying up all night—we didn’t have that much fun. It just seemed like a real bore now to think about it. But I didn’t miss very much in those high school years.

Graduation night I went to graduation on the bus, alone, and I came home on the bus with Harold. My folks didn’t have a way to go clear over to Jordan High. There was no way to get there. Isn’t that sad? And I didn’t even get to pick out my graduation dress. Mother went uptown with Erin and they both picked it out and bought it. It was a little sleeveless, orchid-colored thing with beads all over it. But by the time I got home from school Mother had the sleeves sewn in it. (I still have that dress.) I guess her daughter was going to be protected and not wear a sleeveless dress.

While I was in high school I would only work in the summer, picking fruit. That was the only chance I ever had of making money but after Erin and Verdis got married I worked for Erin the summer and on Saturdays. I had a job there all the time. After I was out of high school I worked there and also for Clyde and Eva. But Clyde was so “mean” to me that we wouldn’t let me go out with boys. If I went out on a weekend that was all I could go out. I was getting to be a big girl then—I was seventeen or eighteen. But, still he didn’t think I should go out. They went somewhere—they would go out of town all the time and leave me with the store. This store was up on 23rd East and 33rd South. Eva and Clyde would go out of town and leave the store with me and with the bag of money. I’d carry the bag of money in and put it under my pillow and sleep there with the window wide open and the wind blowing in on me. I was frightened to death, but they didn’t seem to worry. I was all right, I took care of it. Same with Erin. I took care of that store while the four of them would go together. They went down to California and up to Yellowstone. They’d take trips all the time and leave me, a seventeen year-old kid, with those stores. I don’t know how they’d dare, but they did. This one night, Charlie Swan wanted me to go out. I had already been out with Byne Holt one night this week and Charlie Swan came and asked me to go swimming with him, out to Wasatch Springs. I went with him. That was twice in one week I had been out. Clyde came home and he found out I had been out, so he fired me. He said, “Pack your suitcase and go.” I don’t know how I got home, but I went home. Then Erin came right over and got me so I wasn’t out of work. I always worked for Erin.

Ella and LaTrue didn’t have dates like I did. They made fun of me ’cause they said I went with crummy boys. I didn’t really, but they said I did. They didn’t ever have dates, but we all went to the dances. We’d go to the Wednesday night dances in Union. Bishop Godfrey was the manager of the dances so he would take all three of us. When we’d get up there, Ella and LaTrue would get dances with these guys from the city—Salt Lake City boys that were real swell dancers. Oh, they could dance the Charleston like mad.

I don’t think I was an expert dancer. I just didn’t feel like I could ever get out in the middle of the floor and do the Charleston. It just wasn’t my kind. But I used to dance with all the boys. I danced with Marvin Bergon, Harold, Jesse Casper, and all the good boys. They were good boys—like Ted Brady (Lionel Brady, Clyde’s brother). He was the youngest Brady and he was a real good dancer. He took great, big steps and would sail around the dance floor. It was really fun.

But I didn’t ever dance with the city guys. You had to be a good dancer to dance with all those city guys and I didn’t feel like I wanted to be. Ella and LaTrue would dance with these guys, and then they would go home with them. My Mother told me, “Don’t you ever do that. If you don’t go with a boy, you don’t come home with a boy.” So, these kids went home with some boys one night and somehow Bishop

Godfrey had to go on an errand somewhere in the ward and he wasn't there to take me home. I was all alone and I didn't have anyone there to take me home. There was a guy there from Holladay that I knew who saw me standing there. He asked me if I had a way home and I said, "No," so he took me home. I was so scared I will never get over being scared like that. It scared me nearly to death to go home with a boy I didn't know. I did know him and had danced with him, but he had a bad reputation and we weren't really well acquainted. That was enough for me. I was plenty scared to tell my mother that I had come home with a guy I didn't go with. I didn't ever do that again, you'd better be sure.

These dances were sort of church dances. The church sponsored them but the crowd came from all around. Then we'd go out to West Jordan on Friday night and South Jordan on Saturday night so I went to three dances a week. I went with Byrum Holt to the South Jordan dances. We called him Byne. He was a good dancer—oh, a real good dancer. But he saw me cutting up out on the dance floor with Wally Brown and he was one good dancer. He was just a wonderful dancer. He was the best dancer. He used to dance out in the cow barn all the time and he would do the Charleston. They had this new cow barn with new cement, nice new concrete, and he used to dance out there by the hours and hours. He loved it. He told his sisters Vi and Lizzie, that he was going to Hollywood and dance in the movies. He danced the Charleston until he was long in years. He'd cross his hands over and cross his knees over. He was really something. (I was fourteen or fifteen when I started going out to those dances but I was older before I started dancing with Wally Brown.)

# Courtship and Marriage

I had these two girl friends, Ella and LaTrue Godfrey. We used to walk up Butler Hill in the summer to pick cherries. Every Thursday morning after the Union dances, I used to ask LaTrue who that cute boy was that she was dancing with. She would say, "I don't know which one it was." Finally I got her to know *which* boy when I asked, "Who was that boy that was trying to kiss you out on the dance floor?" She said, "Oh, that was that crazy Wally Brown." I said, "Where does he live?" She said, "Out in West Jordan."

Time went on and I was over to West Jordan one night to a dance and he came up to me and said, "Can I have the next dance?" I said, "Well, you can write one down." So, I had a dance with him and we got along just fine. He said, "I met you over to Midvale at a street dance." I said, "No, you didn't because I never went to a street dance. My Mother would have killed me." He said, "Well, I did." I think all the time he thought he was dancing with Bertha Berrett instead of me. I think he always did think he met me there.

Then I got to know Wally Brown—at the end of my senior year. He went to the hospital for his appendix. I remember he came out of the hospital and he was at a dance. I remember him standing on those steps and he asked me for a dance. He had just gotten out of the hospital—he'd probably been in the hospital ten days. Then I started dating him, but I was still going with Byrum Holt, too. I went with the two of them that summer. That summer I was working up at Clyde Brady's store. I remember standing on the front porch with Byrum and he said, "I want you to promise me that you'll never go with Wally Brown." But I did. I kept on going with Wally Brown.

When he first asked me out I was just a little bit afraid of him. I knew he was older than I was and he had a swell car. I was worried about going out with him. During that week, I was uptown one day and I met Gwenivere Ham on the street. Gwenivere was a girl from Sandy and one of my friends. I knew she had been going out with Wally, so I asked her if he was safe to go out with. She said, "He treats me just fine. He really is a gentleman and he treats me just fine." So I took a chance and I went to a dance with him. We went to the dance and I wasn't going to ever let him kiss me until I had been out with him at least five or six times. But on the way home he said he was going to kiss me when we got home. I said, "No, you're not." So, guess who won? He kissed me before we went in the house.

He asked me for another date and we started going together then. We went together, oh, I guess once a week for a long time. We had a really good summer. We went lots of places together but mostly to dances.

Wally was working on his dad's farm. He also worked in the Fall up in the sugar beets. He spun sugar at West Jordan sugar mill. He always had plenty of money. He always had a good car. He had an Oldsmobile. His dad said, "You don't need to go out and get a job anyplace else except at the sugar factory." In fact, he didn't even want him to go to school. He said, "You stay home on the farm and I'll give you all your spending money. You don't need to go to work for it. You don't need to go to school." Dad went to high school for about two weeks and his Dad just didn't believe in high school. None of them went except Gladys. Isn't that sad? But, then it wasn't a disgrace in those days like it is now.

Goodness, I had not thought of going to college. I knew college was out of the question for me. No way could I go to college. Mother and Dad didn't have that much money that they could ever pay my way to college. Floyd was the only one who went to college. Eva and Melva left home and went to work and then I did too. I got out of high school and worked that summer up at Clyde store and then at Erin's store.

In the Fall I started working down in Murray for Dr. Wright (Dr. Warren Wright, a dentist). I lived right there with Dr. Wright and his wife. I also took care of June, their little kid, and worked in the office. I can't remember all that came in there in my life but I was in love. I remember in October I was really in love. The sky was so blue. One morning in October—Wally and I had already decided we would get

married—I was working in Dr. Wright’s building but Dr. Sheranian owned that building. On that day I rode uptown with Dr. Sheranian. I said, “Dr. Sheranian, did you ever see the sky so blue in your life?” Dr. Sheranian said, “Yes, Thirza, it’s October’s bright blue weather.”

Then came Thanksgiving. He asked me if I would go to his family for Thanksgiving and I was really scared. That really shook me up. They lived over in West Jordan between Poleline Road and Redwood Road. We left my house and drove over there. Partly there, he stopped the car and pulled over to the side of the street and said, “I’m going to kiss you before we get there because I don’t dare kiss you in front of my folks.” So he did. All of a sudden a car honked behind us. It was his cousin, Roy Price, watching us.

We went on up to his folks and we had turkey and met all of his family. I was so bashful. I was scared to death. They had a big turkey dinner and had geese, too. I had to meet the entire family. I don’t remember what I wore but I was just so scared. They were all on their best behavior trying to make me feel at home. I remember this big, long table and them trying to put food on my plate. They made me eat and I didn’t want to eat. Grandma Brown couldn’t understand why I wouldn’t drink coffee with them. “Well, have some milk. We’ve got plenty of milk.” “No, I don’t like milk.” “Well, don’t you ever drink coffee?” “No, I don’t drink coffee.” So the day went and I was really glad when it went. Boy, that was a hard day—a terribly hard day to spend with that whole family. She had eleven or twelve children and three of them died so I guess there were eight that I had to meet. Oh, I knew Lilly and Gladys, but I didn’t know all these older, married people. They knew we were planning to be married. They were just treating me like I was a queen and I just couldn’t stand it. I was so ill at ease that day, out on that farm. Strange now to think back on it. We had a nice day, though. I wasn’t used to the customs in their home. I was really on the spot because all those girls really sized me up.

We kept going together all winter. Christmas came and he gave me a wrist watch for Christmas. I’ve still got that watch. It is really cute. That pretty, little wrist watch had the nicest smell and it came in a little green velvet box. I loved it. I gave him a muffler scarf to go around his neck. I remember shopping for it. Later on in May when his birthday came, I didn’t give him anything. He felt real bad, too, but I didn’t have any money. I didn’t know how to tell him, so I just ignored it. Dr. Wright paid me \$5.00 a week plus room and board. There was one time that he had to let me go during the winter because business was so poor. But then it picked back up and he came back and got me to work for him again. Can you imagine that he couldn’t afford \$5.00 a week? That was depression. I came home and lived when he couldn’t afford to pay me.

During that Spring, Wally went up to Park City to work in his cousin’s garage. That was his cousin, John Baker. You know, that garage is still there, standing in Park City, where he worked. Every time he’d go back up to Park City, we’d be so lonely. It got so we hated to have him leave. On Sunday night he said, “I’ve got to come down to Salt Lake for parts tomorrow morning. Why don’t you go back with me?” I said, “Oh, I wouldn’t dare do that.” He said, “Oh, come on. Let’s run away and get married.” So we did!

I was waiting for him out by the road when he came down. I had a little blue dress on. We went and got our license and went over to West Jordan to Bishop Bill Leek, who was his cousin, and he married us. His wife was a witness and Harvey Oakeson was another witness. He’s another cousin. They were witnesses for our marriage. What a silly thing to do—run away and get married. I was just about twenty, but it’s still not right to run away.

We went home and I had to tell Mother. Mother was so mad at me she could have cried. I felt so bad that I could have done such a rotten trick. But I went in the house and gathered up a few clothes and put them in a sack. We went on up to Park City. Then when we got there, we had his cousin John and Aunt Josie Baker to tell. She said, “Well, you can come here to live. We have lots of rooms upstairs. We’ve got plenty of room so you can stay here.” So, we stayed with Josie and John. Oh, she treated me just like a mother. She was a big, fat lady and she put her arms around me all the time. Still up in Park City, I was homesick, really homesick. I would have to come down every time Wally came to pick up parts for the garage. He’d bring me down and then I’d bawl and have to stay with Verdis for a few days.

We stayed with John and Josie for about two weeks. Then this apartment up in Park City—an upstairs apartment—was empty. That was a friend of Josie’s and she got it for us. It was upstairs in a great big white house. I had to walk up a lot of steps to get there. It was really a nice, clean apartment and just lovely. But, I was so lonely all the time and homesick. I didn’t have any friends up to Park City. All I had to do was sit and read and get my work done and that’s all. I got real restless to come back to Salt Lake.

His Dad needed him out on the farm so we came down from Park City. We stayed at his folks for two or three weeks while he helped with the crops on the farm. Then one night we were lying in bed and Clyde and Eva came down to Grandma Brown’s. Clyde said he needed someone to run the service station up by his store. “I don’t know who to get, but we finally thought of you coming down from Park City. Maybe you’d better come up and see if you’d like running the service station for us.” He said that Eva wasn’t able to stay out in the store anymore because she was pregnant. I spoke up and said, “Well, so am I.”

In the meantime, Eva was so happy that we were going to come up and live by her. She found a little house right across the street (where Dan’s grocery store is now on 23rd East and 33rd South) but there was a big, old orchard there then. It was a little two-room house.

Eva would go over and paint the woodwork in that house without me knowing about it, before we moved up there. We went and bought a little unpainted table and chairs from Sears. I think we paid \$9 for that table and chairs. We painted that set off-white with a little ivory color. Floyd came up and sprayed blue around the edges of the chairs and table. It was really neat. We made a dresser out of shelves. Dad tacked some lumber together. It was three shelves and I put a curtain in front of it. That was our dresser. We had a little wash stand. It was made out of an orange crate. We had a washbasin on it and I put little curtains on in front of it. It was big enough on the bottom shelf to hold a scouring powder and soap. We had the cutest little coal stove from Sears—just a beautiful stove and this little table and two chairs. I had little drapes at the windows. With Eva’s help we fixed up a cute little house. We bought a nice bed from Sears. I think we had linoleum on the floors. There was just one single little light in the middle of each room. We were just as happy as could be.

# Our Family

Shirley was born in February (9 February 1930). We weren't expecting her that soon but she came anyway. But I had all of her little clothes done. Clyde took me down to the hospital. He was very sympathetic and very sweet and kind to me. I was so dumb that I didn't know what was happening to me. But she was born and she was a real hard birth. The next morning was Sunday and in the early morning light I saw the doctor come in. He ran upstairs—the nursery was upstairs—he ran right past my door. He ran up these stairs and back down and he says, "Mrs. Brown, I think you had better have your baby blessed because I don't know whether she'll live through the day." I didn't have any way to telephone for anyone to come and bless her because we didn't have telephones. I had to wait until afternoon when Clyde and Eva came down. I told them to go home and get Uncle Clarence—that's Uncle Clarence Walters. He lived over in Holladay on Bon Air Street. Someone, I guess Clyde, brought Uncle Clarence down and they went in another room and blessed her and named her Shirley. Clyde said when Uncle Clarence blessed her, she looked up at him and held on to his finger so cute and he just thought she was going to be all right then. I couldn't even hear the blessing or anything because they took her in another room.

I stayed in the hospital for two weeks. Shirley kept having convulsions, one after another real fast. They kept her up in the nursery and kept her head packed in ice. They'd bring her down to me about once a day. Her head turned purple from one ear to the other—just really black around the back of her head. But, she was such a pretty baby. She had a lot of black hair. She was such a beauty and I felt like if I couldn't take that baby home with me I just didn't want to go home. They didn't give me any hope for her at all—not a bit of hope, but after she was blessed she snapped out of it and started progressing. She had convulsions from Sunday to Wednesday and then she finally got over the convulsions.

Finally, I took her home and I was so happy with her. I nursed her. I didn't go home because the east wind was blowing and it was hard to keep the fire going in the stove. I stayed over to Eva's for a few days. She fed me and took good care of me, even though Ted was about three weeks old. He was born three weeks before Shirley, so we both had our babies there together. It was so much fun to raise them together. Shirley progressed and was real fine and I was so happy with her.

When she was about two months old we took her up to Dr. Edwin Murphy to have her examined. I took her in and he looked her over and examined her. He didn't talk to me, but he talked to Eva. He said, "I want you to watch this baby real close because when she is three months old she will go into convulsions again and she won't pull out this time. She won't survive the convulsions this time." Eva didn't tell me about this. I knew nothing about it. I had nothing to expect and I was so casual with her. At night I would put her to sleep over at my place and I wanted to visit Eva so I'd run across the street and talk to Eva. Eva would get so nervous 'cause I wouldn't go home. I'd just sit there and talk. I took it so casually, which I was really foolish to do.

About two or three months later Eva had an appointment for Ted with Dr. Murphy. I wouldn't go up to the doctor's office, I stayed in the car and held Shirley and played with her. I didn't want to take her around anybody. I wanted her all to myself. Pretty soon here came Eva down to the car and she said, "Come up and bring Shirley and show her to Dr. Murphy." I said, "No, I'm not going up there." She said, "Well, Thirza, if you knew what the doctor told me, you wouldn't hesitate. You'd bring her right up." So, I climbed out of the car and took her up there. Then he told me that he never thought he'd see that baby again. He told me that it was a miracle that she was alive.

She was such a cute baby. We noticed though that her eyes that her eyes were kind of crossed, but we still thought she was just beautiful and didn't pay much attention to one eye going over in the corner. I didn't want to recognize the symptoms of that eye and I tried to overlook it. When people would look at it, I would just turn around and try to take her the opposite direction. Finally, Eva so worried about her,

that we took her back to Dr. Murphy and had him examine her. He sent me down the hall to Dr. Nehr, who was the best ophthalmologist (maybe the only one) in Salt Lake at that time. He was such a sweet man. He tested her eyes the best he could with a little, tiny baby. He said, "We'll wait until she is fifteen months old and then we'll put glasses on her." Then the time really dragged. When she was fifteen months old she still wasn't walking because she couldn't see to walk. Dr. Nehr said, "We've got to put glasses on her." I said, "What if she pulls them off?" He said, "She won't. She'll be able to see so much better." So, he fitted her up with glasses and she was such a cute little thing. And in two or three weeks, she was walking. I took her up to Dr. Nehr and he was so proud of her. I can still see him walking her down that big, long hall in the Boston Building, holding onto his finger, toddling along. He said, "This poor, little baby couldn't see to walk until now." Her eye straightened right up and you wouldn't ever know that she had a cross eye. But she lost the sight in that eye, regardless of how careful we were. She lost the sight in it, so she only has sight in one eye now. She can only see light about a foot away. (It's just a miracle that she can do such nice embroidery now. She's just a miracle, that's all. She really is.)

But, then we didn't have enough money to keep taking her to Dr. Nehr. I think the office calls must have been five dollars. We didn't have that much money so we took her down to Dr. Lindsey in Midvale. Dr. Lindsey tested her eyes, and oh, I got so out of patience with her because she couldn't say what things were on the chart. One day he had to send me out of the room because I got so out of patience with her. I didn't know her sight was gone. Oh, gee, how dumb can I be? No one told me. She was so cute and I was so proud of her. When I'd walk along the street with her uptown I thought everybody was watching me. I just thought everyone was looking at me. I don't think anyone was more proud of their babies than I was. I just thought they were beautiful.

We were so happy with Shirley. But the doctor told me I shouldn't have any more babies because my hips were too narrow. He thought I'd have another hard time. He didn't think it would be wise for us to have another baby.

One day I was sitting holding Shirley in my arms. There was a lightning storm. It was a real big spring lightning storm. We had a little lamp sitting behind the rocking chair by the window. The lightning struck that house and came right down the cord and struck the cord for the lamp on fire. I ran out of the house and screamed and had that baby in my arms. I started over to the service station where Dad was working and I had that baby upside down in my arms. By the time Dad got to me, there I was with the baby upside down. He ran in the house and the cord and the drapery was just smoldering. He took care of it.

During this time Dad was working at the service station, but it was the Depression and we got so in debt that we couldn't pay for the gas. Every dump of gas we would have to charge it, because we weren't making enough money to pay for each dump of gas. Somehow, there was just no business. No one bought any gas. And that winter was so cold. The month that Shirley was born we hadn't saved up any money. We just didn't have the money and we didn't expect her that soon. We had only \$45 and it took \$50 to get me out of the hospital. So, Clyde had to come down and pay the \$5 to get me out. That was all the money we had made that month—\$45. Then we had to pay Clyde back the \$5, which wasn't easy, either. Dad gave me \$5 a week for groceries.

The time went on and we were so heavily in debt for the gas that Jack Vincent came up. He said, "Why don't you come down and drive a truck to get you out of debt?" He did and they paid him \$85 a month and they kept \$50 out of it. We took \$35 to live on. I paid \$5 a month rent for our house. Dad paid Associated Oil \$50. Now, that's hard times.

Finally, we moved from East Millcreek and went up in Floyd's little house that he had built. He and Josie had lived there. It was out in Mother and Dad's orchard out in Berrett Lane. We just loved that little house. It was so cozy and warm. We were just so happy and we enjoyed every minute we had. We had a nice living room, a little cute kitchen and a double electric coal combination stove, a bedroom and a shower. We were so happy there.

We really petted Shirley. She kept her glasses on and we were so proud of her. We lived right there by Grandma Berrett, and Grandma Berrett spoiled her. So did Grandpa Berrett. We all spoiled her. Every time we'd go someplace, we'd lay a blanket on the floor. She'd come and run and jump in that blanket. We'd wrap her up and carry her. She was five years old and we were still doing that.

But, we really got sick for a baby. I said, "I don't think anything will happen. I think if we have another baby, we'd be alright. I think we ought to try and have another baby." So, we tried and tried and I couldn't get pregnant. We quit trying and I got pregnant.

I prayed for a healthy, little baby. I really wanted a baby badly. I was awfully sick, nauseated, when I was pregnant with Shirley, but with Wally, I was only sick for about three or four weeks and then I got over it. I had Dr. Quick, down in Midvale. He was a good doctor. It was in the summer that I carried Wally and along about October, I got hemorrhoids. Of all things! I was so sick, just as sick as I could be. And there was something about the way that I carried Wally that every time he moved I got a pain down the inside of my thigh. It would just about throw me down on the ground. It was just a sharp, jabbing pain. That really bothered me. I'd just be walking around and wham that pain would hit me right down the nerve of my thigh. I never did know what caused that, but it sure gave me trouble. I was really down and out, laid on the couch all this one day—the seventh of October. It was raining and miserable. The south wind blew. Dad and Floyd were hauling dirt to put up around the outside of the house. I laid in the front room of that little house in Mother and Dad's orchard, and Eva came over that day and helped me. I couldn't move. Every time I'd stand up I'd just feel like those hemorrhoids were tearing me apart. Eva put hot packs on them. (Can you imagine hot packs on sore hemorrhoids? It's the worst thing. We found out later that it should have been cold packs.) I just laid there all day. Along toward the evening I got to feeling better. I felt light, light all over. Frank and Shirley quarreled and fought all day. I took it into my head that I couldn't stand that quarreling and fighting. So Josie and Eva nursed me and I felt so much better at night when I went to bed. I woke up at four a.m., so I got up, washed out my clothes, my undies. I ironed my clothes dry. Dad wondered what I was doing up in the kitchen. We had a coal and electric combination stove, so I couldn't dry the clothes in the oven, so I just dried them with the iron.

Dad had the Associated Oil truck and we had a little Chevrolet coupe. I drove in to 21st South and State Street and Dad drove the truck. I took him in to work and then I got him in the car and I drove back to Grandma Brown's. They lived on 27th South and State Street and we went there. They wanted me to have some breakfast and I told them I didn't want to have breakfast. I told them I thought I was going to the hospital. They wouldn't believe me. Dad got me in the car and we sailed right out to Murray to the maternity home and had Wally, right then. I think it was around noon. He was such a homely baby. He was just as homely as a mud fence. Dad and Clyde or someone else went in to see Wally in the nursery that night. Dad came back in the room and said, "He's not as bad as I thought he was. He's not near as homely." He got back in the room and the nurse came running down the hall and said, "I showed you the wrong baby." So, he had to go back down to the nursery and see that ugly baby.

But his Daddy wanted to name him Wally after him, so we named him Wally—Wallace Berrett Brown (born 8 October 1934). He was a beautiful baby though. Again I stayed in the hospital twelve or fourteen days. When we brought him home he was just an adorable baby. We just loved him. Shirley was so happy with him. He just wasn't pretty when he was born, but when he was a month old, he started getting cute and he was really a darling baby. Such a beautiful, blue-eyed boy and he was all I wanted right then. I think he weighed 7 pounds and 9 ounces, if I remember right. Then he was just everybody's pet.

Shirley was five years old and she'd go over to Mother's every morning for breakfast. She'd just go over and pull her high chair up to the table and eat breakfast with them. They got so used to Shirley coming over every morning to eat breakfast with them. They just enjoyed that.

When Wally was about two, he got a little tricycle for Christmas. It was a little red tricycle and he was riding it around in the living room. It was cold outside, so we kept Wally in the house. There were



nice big wheels on it and it was just a darling tricycle. But Wally fell off it and broke his arm. I took Wally to Dr. Van Lindsay down in Midvale. He set his arm and put it in a cast. So, he went around with a broken arm. In six weeks he fell off a stool and broke the same arm just an inch away from the first break. Dr. Lindsay said the scar tissue probably kept it from breaking in the same place. Then he laughed and said, "You'd better put this kid in a cage."

Wally had a happy little childhood, falling in the ditch about every day. Shirley would pull Wally around in the wagon all the time. It seems like he fell out of the wagon once into the ditch.

We moved from the house at Grandma's when I got pregnant with David. We moved because we didn't have room for another baby bed in that other little bedroom. We just didn't know where we were going to put him, so we were forced to buy another home.

Verdis and Erin told us about this house that was being built across the street from them on Highland Drive. We bought that little house on Highland Drive (4570 Highland Drive) for \$4000. We moved on the first of August. We didn't have screens or screen doors and it was hot. There was no air in the house at all. I missed the little house out in Dad's orchard because it was kind of cool there. I thought if I can just get my furniture and get my dishes put away in that house, then David could come. I expected him the first of August but he didn't come until the 23rd (1937). So, I got my dishes in the cupboards, got my windows cleaned and got all ready for him, and he still didn't come.

They hadn't put the water jacket in the monkey stove down in the basement yet, so there was no hot water. I had to heat all the water on the electric stove. Imagine for bathing my kids and washing and everything I had to heat the water on the electric stove, which wasn't very easy. It wasn't a very happy summer there.

Shirley had a mosquito bite. (Having no screens on our windows she just got bit all up with mosquitoes.) This one bite right in the bend of her elbow got infected. I couldn't tell what it was and I had no way of going to the doctor. Verdis took her to the doctor. She had impetigo in that elbow. The doctor put a bandage all around it and rubber dam around the top of it and told me that the kids couldn't be home with her. Wally had to stay over to Verdis'. He couldn't be in the house where Shirley was. It was just like I was in quarantine.

One day, Dad went to Antelope Island to work. I had my suitcase packed and by the back door because I was having pains every five minutes all afternoon. I took my bath. I had everything ready to go and Dad didn't come home. Finally about seven o'clock he came home. I was just stomping with pain. I didn't know what to do. I'd go back and forth over to Verdis'. I got as far as a neighbor's house and I couldn't walk any farther so I sat down on the neighbor's lawn while I had two or three pains, but I didn't ever tell her what was happening. I went over to Verdis and took my bath and came home. When Dad came home at seven I was just tromping around the kitchen, just pacing back and forth. He just flew into his clothes and took me down to the hospital.

When I went in there the nurse walked up to me (it was about nine o'clock when we got there) and she said, "Visiting hours are over." I said, "Well, I didn't come to visit." And she said, "Well, what do you want?" I said, "I'm going to have a baby." And she didn't believe me. She looked me over pretty good and finally took me into a room and went down the hall and got the head nurse. (This was at the Cottonwood Maternity Home on 56th South. All of our babies were born there.) The head nurse came down and felt my stomach to see if I was really having pains or if I was faking. She decided I wasn't faking, so she went and called a doctor. While she was gone a snippy little nurse came in and was getting me ready for bed. I said, "Have you ever seen impetigo before?" She said, "Yes, have you got impetigo?" I said, "My little girl has." She had just come home for the doctor's before I went to the hospital and I was upset. I had never heard of it before. Boy, this nurse went down and got this head nurse again. She came back and they sent me out of the hospital. Me in hard labor and they sent me out of the hospital! Isn't that wicked? I never had had such a terrible thing. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to cope with

it. I said, "I can't have a baby at home. Where will I go?" She said, "That's up to you, but there's not another hospital in town that will take you." So, Dad and I got in the Chevrolet coupe and took off down Murray. He went in the drug store and called Dr. Van Lindsay. The line was busy. So, Dad left me sitting out in that car. I kicked the floor boards. I beat the cushions. I did everything. I'll never forget it. It was horrible torture to stay there on that car seat all alone, having hard pains. He finally got the line and talked to Dr. Lindsay. Dr. Lindsay said, "You get right back up there to that maternity hospital just as fast as you can. In the meantime, I'll call the nurse." He called them and he really gave them the word. He really gave them a bad time up there. When I got there they were waiting by the front door with a stretcher for me. I walked up the front steps and I just fell over that stretcher. They wheeled me down the hall and took me in the delivery room. Boy, that nurse came in the next morning and she really apologized. She said, "I didn't know you were having a baby. You didn't look like you were." I never did look like I was having a baby. She said that she thought I looked pregnant, but didn't think I was ready to have it that soon.

They put me in quarantine across the hall. No one could come in the room from home. Dad had to visit me from outside the open window. Verdis was taking care of Shirley and taking care of her arm, but she could come down and visit me, but Dad couldn't. I was in the hospital fourteen days. By then, Shirley was all better so I could have her home.

David weighed about the same as Wally did when he was born, but he was a better looking baby. He was sure a cute, little guy. I took him home.

After that I got some screens on the windows and doors of the house. They finally finished up the house and put the water jacket in the little, green monkey stove downstairs. Then I could have hot water to wash the diapers.

When David was a little baby we had a combination electric and coal stove for the kitchen. It had a towel rack hanging by it. Wally was always cutting out papers. He would sit on the floor and cut out papers. This one day he decided to put them up on top of the stove and burn them. The flames went over and spread on these towels and dropped down onto the chair. I scooted the kids out of the kitchen, carried the chair out and threw it out on the lawn, all burning. It could have been sad that day. The whole house could have been on fire if I hadn't grabbed that chair and thrown it out. Wally was very experimental but I couldn't ever figure out why he put those papers on top of the stove and set a match to them.

Before we moved to Highland Drive, when Wally was just a little guy and we were living at Mother's, the same stove had plugs in it—fuse plugs that screwed into the electrical part of the stove. Wally decided one day that he wanted to put a knife in there, so he stuck a knife in there and blew out the transformer so all the neighbors were without power. It was about eight o'clock at night. I guess, and the man came out to fix the power. He said, "Let me see that kid." There was that cute, little, white-headed curly-headed boy and there he wanted to take a look at him. I remember Wally looked so cute and innocent when he looked at him that he couldn't believe he could that much damage for the man to have to make a night trip out there.

Wally was just crazy to have a little brother. David was a darling boy. He was a fun baby and full of fun sayings. I didn't ever want him to eat cherries because he swallowed the stones. I put up a lot of dewberries (dewberries are just like blackberries—they're about the same color). I would give David dewberries instead of cherries. This one night he was sitting in his high chair, maybe he was about two years of age. We all had a little pile of cherry stones by our plates, but David had dewberries in his dish. All of a sudden he scrambled up in his high chair and stood up and leaned over the table. He looked at every one of our plates and he says, "What's that? Germs?" So we had that as our funny, little byword around the house: "What's that? Germs?"

David was a mischievous little kid. He was always up on the furniture. He wouldn't stay down on the floor at all. One day I was cleaning out the cupboard and I had all the dishes down on the drain. Then I went out to change the water. When I came back I couldn't find David. He was lying on the top shelf of

that cupboard. And he was just a little, tiny, bit of a baby. I don't know how he ever did the things that he did.

When we moved to Highland Drive we bought a new dresser set. (That's the one that is down in the east bedroom right now.) He climbed all over that dresser and I couldn't keep him off of it. He stood up there and watched himself in the mirror. He practically watched himself grow up 'cause he wore all of the varnish off of that dresser. It's still just the way he left it as a baby. He must have used the handles on the drawers for a ladder because he sure broke a lot of them off.

When he was little, I couldn't keep track of him down on Highland Drive. I couldn't keep track of him because he wanted to run across Highland Drive and go over to Verdis'. So, I used to have a little rope and I tied him up. I tied him to the little tree on the front lawn. He would just play there for hours. One day, someone let him loose and he just hiked right over to Verdis'. I don't know how he missed the cars.

I don't know what was the matter with me, but I wasn't very well. I lost a bunch of weight and the doctor said he didn't know why I was so thin, so he decided to take my tonsils out. He took my tonsils out to see if I could gain some weight. I didn't respond very well and afterwards I had a hemorrhage and I lost an awful lot of blood. I was too sick to do much. Here came David's first birthday, so Verdis fixed David a birthday cake. We had Lois and Reatha and Aunt Melva there. We had a party out on the front lawn. But, I was so sick. I couldn't eat. I couldn't swallow anything for a month—a whole month. Dad would stop at Coon Chicken Inn on the way home from work and get me chicken broth. That was the only thing I could eat. I could swallow that chicken broth, warmed. I guess my tonsils weren't diseased or anything but I guess I had to have them out. I don't know but the doctor said I did. All I know is the cure was worse than the disease there. Boy, I was sick. I thought I was never going to be well again. I don't know how the family got along, Without Verdis' help I don't know what I would have done.

Also while we were living on Highland Drive, Dad had to have his knee operated on. He thought it was out of joint, but it had a growth of fatty tissue in there pinching the cartilage there. He suffered an awful lot with it. It got so bad that every time it would pinch, he would faint. He was passing out at work all the time, so he had to have something done with it. He was operated on in the winter, probably January or February. I couldn't go up to Holy Cross Hospital in the daytime because I didn't have a baby tender. I would have to wait for Shirley to come home from school to tend Wally and David. I'd put them all to bed, David in his crib, Wally and Shirley in a bed. Then I'd drive into Holy Cross Hospital after dark at night—those cold winter nights. He was in the hospital for fourteen days and I had to do that. I remember big, deep wheel tracks along Highland Drive—I had to stay in the wheel tracks to come home. If I got out of the wheel tracks (when a car would come towards me) it was really treacherous. The streets wouldn't be plowed. The snow plow wouldn't go along so the cars would just make their own, little groove. I was always so grateful when I'd get home and find the kids still in bed. Then when Dad came home he was off work for a month or more. That was hard on us but they did give Dad part of his wages. You soon forget these things and go on to something else.

But another time, Dad hurt his other knee. Someone called me and said that Dad had fallen off a cement truck. He was up on top of this cement truck, scooping the cement down through the trough. He slipped and fell and cut his knee cap open in a U-shape. They took him down to Dr. Lindsay. Dr. Lindsay just lifted that whole flap up and threw a handful of powdered sulfa in it and bandaged it up. Sulfa was new and without sulfa I don't know what would have happened to him. He had to sit with his leg elevated for a month. Associated Oil paid his wages for a month. They were very nice. They didn't have to do that, but they did.

When Shirley was in the first grade she had workbooks with printed math problems. Her answers would be wrong and Wally, who was only four, would get an eraser and erase them and write them in right. He could read her books. This one, "Dick and Jane" was so cute. It was amazing how he learned to read, not even going to school but just hearing Shirley read it to him. Dick and Jane were having a

birthday party and he'd say, "Hoof the birthday came? Happy Birthday says Mother. Happy Birthday says Father. Bow wow says the dog. Bow wow." He knew those books backwards and frontwards.

Finally, Wally got six years old and was going to school. He had little brown knee pants and a little white top with a sailor collar. I'd send him along the sidewalk. He had to walk clear up to Holladay School up on Holladay Boulevard and 23rd East. That was a long way for a little, six year-old to walk. Up 45th South he was scared to death of the dogs. The dogs would come out and bark at him and he was just so scared. The kids would tease him. Then someone told me the reason they teased him was because he had those little, short, knee pants on. So, I put him in something else.

One day they were having inoculations up to the school for all these diseases. When he came back from having the shot he was sitting in the classroom, leaning back on his chair. All of a sudden someone said, "Teacher, Wally's lying on the floor." He'd fainted and he was really out. The teacher and the principal told me never to let him get shots without someone being right with him.

When he got to school, Wally said, "I can't learn anything out of those silly books. I have to have something I can read." So, Mrs. Adrian DuBois would go in the library and get him books. I guess she would get him third grade books. Anyway, by the time he was in the third grade he was reading big books like "Guadalcanal Diary." He was a real reader.

David just loved those neighbors on Highland Drive. He loved Mr. North. Mr. North lived two houses south and he loved him because he had a little horse. He had a little granddaughter, too, and this little granddaughter would ride the horse all the time. And David would get asthma. Everywhere David went he seemed to have asthma. When the kids were real active in the house—all the rooms went around in a circle—they would run and chase through all three rooms, David wouldn't last too long. He'd get asthma and start to wheeze. He never could run very much 'cause he choked up and started to wheeze. We didn't realize how bad he really was, but every time he caught a cold it would just go to his bronchial tubes.

Dad went hunting one year and he got this great, big deer. He shot it right along the back. The bullet just tore right along the chops. He got home with this deer and carried it downstairs and laid it on a table. Then he got a phone call that he had to go to Idaho to fix a pump. So, he left that meat there for me to take care of. I tried to saw that meat up and do the best I could with it. I had to cut the shot part, the part that was all ruined, out and wrap it up. As I cut that meat I just got deathly sick, just sick at my stomach. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. Then a few days later I figured out that I was pregnant. It was Lynne. I cried because I wasn't ready for another baby. I thought I needed to baby David longer. Of course, when I got over being sick, I was all right and happy about it.

We were still living on Highland Drive when Lynne was born (18 July 1940). David was so excited about us having a baby. He just thought that was the greatest thing. He went all around the neighborhood telling everyone we had a baby. Everyone would say, "What are you going to name her?" David would say, "Lynne hon." And "Lynne hon" was her name and she went by "Lynne hon" for years and years. He always had to call her honey so it was "Lynne hon." When we brought her home for the hospital as we drove in the driveway, David hopped up on the running board of the car and just took one look at her—not even a very good look—but he said, "Well, where's Wally's?" He was always looking out for Wally. He thought I had gone to get them each one. He was a generous little soul. Lynne was his baby and he really tended her well.

I remember that the kids liked shredded wheat so well that they would ask for it. They called it "sedda wheat." "I want some sedda wheat."

Lynne was just a baby when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio. She was lying in her little basket and I wondered if I would ever get to raise her.

We lived on Highland Drive until Lynne was big enough that she needed a room. Something had to give. We were just expanding too fast. We had to get more room and we wanted to get off Highland Drive because it was such a busy street.

Wally couldn't see very well and I wouldn't believe that he needed glasses, too, as well as Shirley. I couldn't imagine that the two of them had to have eyes like that. The nurse had to send two notes home from school to get me to realize that he had to go to an eye doctor. When I took him to the eye doctor I told the doctor that he nearly got run over with a car. He was pulling his little wagon along the sidewalk and didn't stop to look for cars and just barged right out in front of a car. That car slapped on his brakes and the guy got out and gave him the dickens. He yelled and I went running out there. He said, "You keep this kid off the road." Then the doctor said, "No wonder he nearly got run over. He couldn't see a car coming." He really couldn't see a car coming. It took a few jolts like that to get me to realize that he had to have glasses as well as Shirley.

So, we moved to Woodside Drive where it was quiet. It was a good move for us because we got away from all that traffic and got a lot of friends for the kids to play with. That was a real busy street for kids. It was a fun place to live. We were close during those days on Woodside. Everyone was close because we were so afraid. The war had us all so afraid. Dad was 1-A and he was ready to go, even if we did have four kids, he would have to go, but his boss, Paul Callister, said he was in a condition at work that made it necessary for him to stay home.

Lynne had some cute friends on Woodside: Stevie Young, Richard Wright, Pat Nixon, Paul Burton. They were a happy bunch of kids. They all had their birthday parties and they were fun times.

Lynne was a cute little girl, but she was a restless little girl. She had things to do all the time. I read a lot to Shirley, Wally and David, but when Lynne came along she wasn't interested in sitting. She had better things to do. She'd be off in another corner, building doll things or anything. And she wouldn't keep her clothes on. All the time she was taking her clothes off. Mrs. Burton came over one day and said, "Mrs. Brown, do you know your little girl is over to my place without panties on?" I went outside to find her and there was her panties hanging on the garage door. She never wanted to keep her clothes on. Whenever I needed her I needed to run down the full length of Woodside Drive to find her.

She had such a good time up there, climbing all over the fields, following Duane Wright around when he worked. There were always plenty of companions for Lynne to play with.

Mrs. Young was David's first grade teacher. She shouldn't have ever been a school teacher. She was so mean to David. He just turned six on the twenty-third of August and they let him go right to school. He was still too young and playful. He should have been kept out another whole year. He had to take something to school every day in his pocket to play with. It was a pocket knife or whatever. His teacher, LaJune Young, was always aggravated with him because he wouldn't do his work. LaJune sent a note home with David one day to have me come to school to see how bad he really was. I knew he wasn't bad. But when I went she had me take a back seat and she says, "Now, Mrs. Brown, I want you to see my two bad children in my class. The two worst ones—David and Maurice (Harmon)." Now, you can just imagine how those two little boys felt walking up the aisle and she says, "These are my two problem children, right there." I wasn't one bit impressed because I knew that David was never going to give anyone any problem. He was just a sweet, little boy who wasn't ready for school and just wanted to play. So, he and Maurice played. That very day she said, "I don't want to be a school teacher. I can't stand these smelly, little brats. I want to go and be an airline stewardess." I thought, June, you proved your point, 'cause you aren't much of a school teacher. Everything that David did, Miss Young would go and get Wally out of fourth grade. She'd come in, get Wally, and tell Wally to bring him home—which was another bad mistake. That made Wally the big lord and master and David the little humble boy. Every so often I'd look down Woodside Drive and here was Wally, coming marching up the street with his hand around David's neck, pushing him along. It was a good mile they had to walk home. That was so bad for David. He felt like a little, no-account kid. He couldn't do anything right for Mrs. Young.

David always liked to work with tools. He always liked to do that. He liked dogs, all kinds of animals. Up on Woodside Drive with all the kids to play with, he had lots of fun. David just more or less played with Stevie and Farrell Young. He played with those kids even though they were a little younger than he was. And he liked to go over to Mrs. Hogan's because Mrs. Hogan had cats. One day he came home and his eyes were almost swollen shut. He says, "Look, Mama, what Mrs. Hogan gave me." It was a kitty. But he couldn't have that cat. It just gave him hay fever and asthma so badly. He was just plagued with asthma. I can remember sitting all night long some nights, holding David on my lap, wondering if he was going to breathe. He was really in a bad way. If we'd known then what we know now we could have helped him along.

Then Lynne got old enough to go to school. She went to William Penn School on Siggard Drive. She was a good little student at school. She was really active. She liked school and her nice clothes. I sewed lots and lots of clothes for Lynne. She always had plenty of good dresses to wear to school. Of course, the kids couldn't wear pants in those days. I wish they had—she couldn't have taken them off so often! She wore pretty little dresses that I sewed. I sewed a lot for Shirley and for Lynne.

She was always very fond of Ernie Pearson, down to the floral shop. When she was a baby she would hold out her arms and go to Ernie. It never would fail, if I took her down there, she'd just throw her little arms out for Ernie's. Of course he loved her too. Lynne had her little cousins to play with and that was a joy because Lila Evans was a year younger and Kathy Howard was a year older. They were very close. They were good little friends. They'd always have their birthdays together. They took baths together in the tub and always had little water fights together. They were real good friends, if David would leave them alone, but David liked to tease them. They grew up as real good friends until they got to be teenagers and then the distance between their houses, I guess, separated them. And their schools separated them, too. Lynne stayed down to Kathy's place quite a bit.

Lynne had a little boy friend, that was two or three months older than she was. That was Gary Taylor. Those two little kids grew up together. He was a darling little boy. They played together all the time. When they got a little older, Gary said he was going to marry Lynne. They lived right next door to us on Highland Drive and after we moved Eva Taylor and I saw each other a lot so they played together. I think Gary wanted to take her out when they were in junior high, but Lynne didn't like him then.

The only time we did things with Grandma Berrett was on Saturdays. The kids all remember I would go over on Saturday morning and get Mother and bring her over to our place—especially when we lived on Highland Drive. We'd go to the store and shop for Grandma. The kids would wheel her cart around and get her groceries all boughten and then we came home and had sauerkraut and wieners. All the kids liked that. They loved that. I'm so glad that I did that because we had lots of good Saturdays.

Then on Sundays we'd go over and get Mother and Dad and bring them over for Sunday dinner and they loved that too.

Lynne loved to go to Grandma Brown's. And Grandma Brown loved her, too. David always mowed Grandma Brown's lawn for her. She would buy them Pepsi Cola. I guess Lynne got in on the Pepsi Cola thing too. The kids loved to go down to Grandma Brown's.

Lynne had lots of dolls—lots of storybook dolls. She played with them a lot. I can remember one year she got a little ironing board for Christmas. She loved that. She played with it all the time. She loved little dishes, too.

When we moved to St. George, she was all over town. I never could keep her home. She'd go down to Milne Truck Lines and climb all over the trucks and talk to the men.

After we came back from St. George she went to Hillside Junior High. Then when she graduated from junior high, she went to South High. That was a bad deal, because she went around in this ward with

Charlotte Robinson and Sheralene Hansen. They were good friends for her but when she went to South, the other girls went to Olympus.

She loved candy and cookies—everything sweet. She doesn't now, but she loved it then until she had so many cavities. She would go down to see Dr. Bennion. Eva worked for Dr. Bennion and she'd scold Lynne about it.

She loved jewelry—and clothes, too. And she took dancing lessons and ice skating lessons. It wasn't like a Saturday unless I was taking her to some kind of a lesson.

When Shirley finished junior high, I took her down to the Granite Board and Dr. Marvin G. Strong talked to me and to her. He said, "How would you like a work permit and just go to work?" Shirley said, "Oh, I'd like that." He said, "What do you like to do?" She said, "I like to baby tend." So, he gave her a baby tending permit and she stayed home from high school.

She worked constantly. She was in so much demand. She was a real good baby tender. She earned a lot of money and bought all of her own clothes.

She was working for this cute gal that lived up just east of Holy Cross Hospital (where the parking lot is now) in a two-story apartment. She tended the two little boys up there. She just fell in love with every kid she tended, really worshipped them. There was a guy up there painting these apartments and he told Shirley that he wanted her to have a blind date with one of his friends. Then this guy kept calling everyday and saying, "Is Shirley there?" I always said, "No." One night he finally got her and it turned out to be Bob (Robert H. Jensen, Jr.) He finally latched on to her and from then on it was just one date after another. They just fell head over heels in love with each other. Wally took their picture sitting out in the car with her in his arms. They sure did love each other. He told her he wanted to marry her and gave her a diamond. She was sure thrilled. We started planning the wedding. We were all so excited. I made her wedding dress. I got it nearly finished and then my Dad died (20 August 1954). I didn't have time to finish hemming it and Voneal Aagard took it home and she hemmed up that beautiful satin dress. It was really lovely. That was exciting for her to have a nice wedding. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple (3 September 1954). The wedding reception was up in Rosecrest Ward (that was our church then). There were cars parked all along 23rd East, just a long way. It was a huge wedding and we were all happy.

# Providing for Our Family

We bought the service station on 23rd East from Clyde Brady. That was during the depression, the horrible depression of 1929, that Dad ran that station. All that we made was about \$40 a month from that service station. It was cold and miserable and sometimes Dad would get so tired of waiting for business that he would just lie down on the floor. One day he was so sick that he got down on the floor, laid there. I was getting kind of pregnant then, and I couldn't go over and run the service station and let him come home. But he was so sick and all of a sudden some spots broke out on his arm. We had a customer, W. J. O'Connor, that bought a lot of gas from us. He had a big Cadillac and he must have bought thirty gallons of gas a month and it was a big deal. We just waited for W. J. O'Connor to come in. Then we had another customer, Dr. Ballwin. He was a bone specialist, an orthopedic surgeon, and he was a real good man. He lived right up 33rd South. He came in that day and Wally showed him the spots on his arm and he said, "Boy, you've got smallpox. You'd better go home." So, I guess we had to close up the station or something to get him better. However, no one else caught small pox from him, but he was sure sick.

One night (before Shirley was born) we were just cleaning up the table after we had our bread and milk. We ate bread and milk every night. We were just cleaning up the table, when a knock came on the door. Dad went to the door and two men just walked in. Just walked in the house, unannounced, and we didn't know who they were. We were so naive we didn't know they came there to rob us. They'd watched Dad walk home with his little bag of money from the service station. They walked around the kitchen and finally, this one guy said, "Well, I guess we got the wrong house." They walked out. I guess they saw me big and pregnant and they backed out. It is really scary when I think about it now. Other than me being pregnant, I don't know any other reason they left. Those two strangers just walking around the kitchen, looking the place over and we were too naive to know what they were there for.

We were having a hard time in that service station so Dad went with Associated Oil. He worked driving the truck for Associated until one day Paul Callister came out and talked to him. He said, "Wally, there's a gasoline pump out in Magna that needs repairing. Can you go out and fix it?" Wally had never seen the inside of a gasoline pump, let alone repair it. He took a wrench, and screwdriver, pliers and things and went out to Magna to fix that gasoline pump. He went out there and fixed it. From then on they just kept sending him out on jobs and he became their maintenance man. He worked for them for years and years. Premium Oil was a branch of Associated Oil—it was owned by them. So Wally worked for both of them. They bought him a truck. One day Paul Callister told him, "Wally, if you'd have had a college education, you'd be doing my work now and I would be doing your work. It's a shame that you didn't have a college education because you're the best mechanic we've ever had." I've got a letter from Paul Callister, recommending Dad, saying he was one of the finest, most honest men that they had ever hired.

He worked for Premium for a long time, until they came to him one day and said that they were building some cabins down at Lake Meade in Nevada and wanted him to go down there and build those cabins. They wanted a place to go and live when they went down there to fish. That was when we lived on Woodside Drive (summer of 1946). Wally went down there and worked all summer. It was a very interesting summer. I tended the kids and became very close to them 'cause I was their mother and father. We just depended upon him coming home once in a while and a telephone call occasionally. Finally, he came up to move us. We had been moving and packing boxes all over the house. Dad came up, walked in the house and said, "Mother, we're not going to move." I said, "Why not?" And he said, "I'm not going to take you down there to Overton, Nevada to live. I can't take my family down there to live." So, we unpacked and stayed home.

He went out to Associated Oil the next morning, walked in Paul Callister's office and asked him what they wanted him to do. He said, "Well, there's an overhead door out there that needs repairing. Do that." So he went and repaired that overhead door. After he got that finished he went in and



asked Paul and Jack Vincent what they wanted him to do. They just seemed so unconcerned. (He'd told them the day before that he wasn't going to take the family down to Overton. He said, "I can't take my family down there where there is nothing but bugs, heat and dirt and no running water. We can't exist that way when we've got a nice home here.") They didn't like it one bit, so that day when he went in they both sat there and looked at him and said, "Well, Wally, I guess there's nothing for you to do." So he came home and there were some unhappy times. After he'd put in seventeen good years for them, he knew he had to make a change somewhere. He went out to this guy out on Redwood Road who was a mechanic and had a shop there. He talked to him for awhile and he said, "Well, Wally, I'd love to have you come and work for me." We had him come to dinner and they talked it over. Wally went to work for him. The purpose of going to work for Bill was to get enough money ahead to buy tools so he could go into business for himself, which he did. We really skimped and put money aside so he could buy tools, enough to go into business for himself, and he finally did. He got him a truck (a green Studebaker that he bought from Henry Day out in Draper). We went into debt for that. He accumulated tools every chance he got. Then he went to visit Standard Oil and all the oil companies around to give him work. From then on it was pretty good. It was a hard two or three years but we got by. He just picked up his business and made a name for himself. It was a good name for himself, because I don't think there was a better pump mechanic in the city than he was. All the other service stations hired mechanics to come and fix their pumps. He would take that pump apart and lay it all out on the ground and know right where it came from. He'd never seen those computers before, but he would lay it all out on the ground, look at it and think about it. Then he'd be able to repair it in a good way and put it back together again. All the other companies would replace them—replace the parts rather than repair them. Those guys would take the meter out and exchange it for a new one; where Dad would bring it home, put it out on the kitchen floor or the garage floor and repair it. That's the way he learned how to do that. He was doing them a service by being able to do the work cheaper. He was a real good mechanic.

But then he got tired of working on the road like that. We were living next door to Carol and Wayne Settle. They said, "Why don't you quit running around the country. Why don't you go to St. George and buy the franchise for Dairy Queen?" We talked about it. I was very reluctant. I didn't ever want to go. I was just so belligerent about it, but it was what he wanted to do. We thought it would be a good job for our family to work in the ice cream store. When we got down there, Wally was the only who worked in the ice cream store with Dad and I. Shirley laid on the bed and bawled and bawled all the time. David run all over the red hills with his friends and Lynne chased all over town. I realized that I had to get my kids back to Salt Lake. I just couldn't live there. So, the night before Thanksgiving, we ran out of mix. Wally and I were running the ice cream store and it was getting late, about nine o'clock I guess, and we ran out of ice cream mix. Wally asked me if I was going to call in for some more mix. I said, "No, I'm not going to call for some more mix. I'm going to close the store up and go back to Salt Lake." I never went back in there again. Never did go back. I didn't want any more part of the ice cream store. All I could see was hard work; so I stayed home, took care of the house and kids.

We realized we really wanted to come back to Salt Lake, so we called Bud Johnson, a friend in East Millcreek, that we knew sold real estate. He told us that he had several good leads where he could see the ice cream store down in St. George, but finding a house for us to live in up here was something else. Then New Year's morning he called us and said he had a nice house he wanted us to look at. He said these people used to live in St. George and they wanted to buy a business down there. So, we put Lynne in the back seat of the car and told her to sit there, wrapped up in a blanket. We left the rest of the kids home to fight. Anyway, we brought Lynne up here with us. The streets were so icy all the way from Beaver up to Salt Lake. It was nothing but solid ice on the streets. It took us all day to get here. When we got to Provo, Dad got out of the car and went and called his mother. She lived down on Leslie Avenue. He said, "Don't go to bed, Mother, we're coming up." She just hung up the phone and didn't get any details or anything. She just said, "Well, he's bringing Thirza home to the hospital. She's going to die." I'd lost twenty pounds and looked like a skinny rag. Everybody thought I was going to die. Grandma had the bed made when we got here and went into her house. She was a worried woman 'cause Dad didn't have a chance to

give her any details at all. We stayed there all night and the next morning we got up and came up and looked at this house (2064 East 2700 South). It was the most discouraging house you ever did see. It was dirty. It was filthy. It was just rotten dirty. They had about five kids running around, dirty kids, but the people really wanted to go to St. George. We told Bud Johnson that we would take it if they would clean the place up. He said, "How about if we make an offer if they will clean up the house to the tune of \$300 you'll take the house?" That wasn't very much but that was the best we could do. They painted right over the dust, the long hair and everything. But it was a little bit cleaner except the front rooms and they were terrible, just awful. The living room had chartreuse and brown wall paper. There were great big chartreuse philodendron leaves, just like a jungle. The stems of the philodendron were about an inch and a half in diameter and these great big leaves like fig leaves, clear to the ceiling. Oh, it was wild. You can't believe what we saw. The kitchen was a little kitchen and had ugly little cabinets. It was a terrible kitchen.

I don't remember what was on the floor. The carpet was worn right down to the little threads. We just didn't have the money to buy new carpet so we just had to put up with it, but it was a mess—old, gloomy, brown stuff. But, little by little, we got the house put together pretty good. It was livable and clean.

Dad started contracting again. He had kept his truck and just started contracting again. Things became a little bit better for us then (January 13, 1951 when we moved back from St. George).

Dad contracted until about 1959 or so when for a year or two he went to work for Service Station Supply so he could have a steady income to count on. But then he went back to contracting until May 2, 1963 when he was burned. He was doing contracting for Standard Oil, Premium Oil and Quality Oil. That was the end of his contracting days when he got burned. It was a beautiful, beautiful morning this May 2. He walked out of the house and got in his truck. I kissed him good-bye and I thought, "My, what a strong, healthy man he is." He got in his truck and I never did see him standing again for three months. I was working for Dr. McCullough at the time and the little Horrocks boy had broken his front tooth and Dr. McCullough had to do endo on that tooth and he couldn't do it alone. I had to stay with him; but someone called and said that Wally had been burned and he was in the hospital. He said, "Stay there where you are and do your work until you close, because you can't do anything here. He's in the emergency room." I said to Dr. McCullough, "I can't leave." Dr. McCullough said, "You've got to leave. You've got to be with him." I said, "No, I haven't. I've got to be with you and finish this tooth."

Lynne was living where she lives now on Village Road. I called her and told her to be ready. I got in the car and drove out to our house (that was when we lived on 7150 South). I told her to be ready and I'd pick her up. I got home, just at six o'clock, just as the six o'clock news was coming on. I turned the television on and I stood there and watched them load him in the ambulance. I could see his bald head. That was just heartbreaking. I was trying to pull on my girdle and my stockings and everything and get ready to go. I didn't want to wear my white dress to the hospital. Lynne was waiting for me. I was hurrying as fast as I could. I opened the north door of our house and that lawn was just covered with neighbors. They had all watched the news, too. They were all standing there and were all coming into the house and I said, "I don't know any details. I'll just have to tell you when I get home." "I went just as fast as I dared along 7th East. Lynne was sitting by me, telling me, "Go on, Mother. Step on it. If a cop stops you we'll tell him what happened and then we'll have a siren to take us in there." So, we just went as fast as we could and nobody would stop us. We got up to the hospital and I rushed in there. They were just wheeling him out of the emergency room on the main floor of LOS Hospital. He'd been in emergency and he was all bandaged. He wasn't in one bit of pain but his hands were just bandaged and looked just like watermelons. Those two hands were laying there like great, big watermelons. He face was burned and his legs were just like huge barrels. They had them propped up on pillows. They'd given him so much morphine that he couldn't feel a thing and he was laughing and joking. Times were really bad then. It was so heart breaking.

That night David was coming down Parley's Canyon and he heard about the accident on the news. Imagine that poor kid driving all the way down there.

I was simply devastated. I didn't know where to turn. He needed lots and lots of blood. They didn't tell me how much but they said, "He will need lots of blood." I went out to Alvin Thomas' and talked to him. He wasn't the bishop then but he called the bishop, Sherman Crump. Sherman Crump came over that very afternoon to my house and sat down with a pencil and paper and asked all about how we were fixed financially. We had \$3000 in the bank and he says, "I think you can get along on that until he gets back on his feet." But that was all we had, \$3000. I was just like I was devastated. That night Alvin Thomas took over. I didn't work that day, it was a day off. I went into the hospital and when I got there Alvin Thomas was there with the Elders' Quorum President, Joe Burrell. They said, "Don't worry a minute." Joe said, "We've got sixty-four elders and we've got sixty-four pints of blood that you can have." People that we didn't know, 'cause we hadn't even lived there very long, all went up to the hospital and donated blood. Even the guy on the street that just lived a few houses east of us, we didn't know, but he went up and donated blood. Dad never set his feet on the floor for ninety days.

(I figured I made over one hundred visits to the hospital after work, because I'd have to work until 6 to go up there. Then on my days off I'd probably go in twice a day.) There were times when I went up there and I'd bawl all the way home. It was sad. This one night I got there to visit. It was dark and I went in the hospital. He says, "Mother, I've had this pain in the bottom of my stomach all day long." And I said, "Didn't you tell the nurse?" He says, "I told her but they didn't seem to take any notice of me." Boy, did I roar out of that room. I run out and down to the desk and I said, "He's having a heart attack. He's got a pain in his stomach." The nurse didn't even say a word to me. She just picked up the phone and called someone. I went back to the room and thought, "Boy, I'm going to have to build a bonfire under these girls to get them to take notice of him. With that pain in his stomach there is something wrong." While I was standing there, worrying and wondering what to do, a great, big, tall, dark man walked into the room. He said, "Mrs. Brown, I'm Dr. Barker. I was the first one on the scene out at the airport when your husband was burned." Dad didn't know him, he couldn't remember him. He said, "I gave him a shot of morphine. I was sitting in my airplane warming it up and I heard this man scream. I ran over to him and gave him a shot of morphine and called the ambulance and called the fire department. Now I'm back on the scene. They tell me your husband is having some trouble." He went over to him and I saw him working on him. He said, "Yes, I think you're having a heart attack right now." Boy, did he start some action around there. He got the oxygen in the wall and started doing everything. They started him on new pills to thin out his blood and he was getting better attention than he had for a long time.

But they didn't know what to do with him. They had his legs propped up on these pillows but all they could do was just keep changing these pillows and giving him transfusions. Every morning those pillows would be soaked all the way through. All they had to do was just throw them down the garbage chute and get another pillow. His feet weren't propped up and so his feet fell forward, the muscles gave way, and his feet fell forward. There were his poor legs, just leaking that lymph all the time. He was in such a bad way.

Dr. Broadbent and Dr. Wolff would come and see him but they wouldn't start the plastic surgery. They wouldn't do that skin graft until Dr. Barker released him. Or. Barker wouldn't release him for three months because of his heart attack. So, all he had to do was just lie there and suffer it out. He couldn't turn on his side, couldn't sit up, couldn't do a thing, but just lie on his back. He had to be fed. In that time when his hands were bandaged it was sad because he couldn't talk on the phone, he couldn't do a thing. One day when I went in there he said, "Mother, a nice man came in here and hooked up this telephone. I didn't know who he was, but he called me Wally." He said he hooked the phone up so all I have to do is reach over and touch it with the bandage' I said, "Well, you've got to know who he is". He said, "I didn't know who he was." Then later on we heard that it was Jerry Dean who did that. Wasn't that a Christian thing for that boy to do? After that, Dad, if he heard the phone buzz, he would just reach over and hit it

with his bandaged hand and talk into it. We thought that was a pretty marvelous invention for him to be able to do that.

After ninety days, Dr. Broadbent and Dr. Wolff came in one night, about nine o'clock, and said, "Dr. Barker has released you. We're taking you in right now and doing plastic surgery." Right now, that late at night. They took him up to surgery and I sat up in that waiting room until one o'clock in the morning for him to come out of surgery. They started right up at the breastbone and took all the skin off, clear down to his thighs—all the skin that they could take off. He didn't have any hair on his chest so they could use that skin real well. That was the most horrible pain to go through—so much worse than the burn because the whole trunk of his body was raw. They just rolled up the skin with a thing like a little lawn mower, just rolled it up and peeled that skin off and put it down on his legs. His legs took the whole body. That was a long time healing, but after it started to heal we brought him home. Oh, they were awful legs. His legs were small, just like little sticks, no flesh at all, just the skin pulled over the bones. They were gruesome. I couldn't stand to touch them and that's where Beth did a real Christian thing.

She would come over every day—I would go to work in the morning and she would come over—and rub his legs with lanolin. I couldn't stand to touch those legs, but she did. She was a real Christian. She'd feed him his lunch, too. I would put him out on the patio and let him sit there until noon. Then I'd come home and feed him his lunch when Beth didn't. He was just recuperating and worrying about what he was going to do when he got well. He knew he couldn't go back to pipefitting again. So, he thought and thought and he decided that he could go into the tool business. That's when he went and applied to Loren Peck down on 7th East for a tool franchise. He went to handle Mac Tools. That was the beginning of living again because he could get out on his truck, sell tools, and enjoy life (summer of 1964). He kept selling Mac tools from his truck—even after he had to have portable oxygen with him all the time. (He died 23 April 1975.)

# Parents and Home Memories

When we were kids growing up, my Dad was just a sweet man, just kind and sweet to everybody. He wouldn't say an unkind word for anything in the world.

He wasn't the kind of man that would get up and preach a sermon. I don't think I ever heard him get up to the pulpit and pray. But, he was just a genuine, good man.

On Sundays he obeyed the Sabbath right to the letter (he thought), but he would get up early, go out in the kitchen and shave. That was his Sunday morning ritual, to shave and then he'd come in and kiss us and we'd have a "shave kiss". Then he would always put on a nice, clean shirt—usually it was blue—and his best suspenders and his best pants. He would go around all day like that.

He would observe the Sabbath by not working, but he sold watermelons on the Sabbath. He figured he had to get rid of his watermelon crop. He raised a lot of watermelon and that was the way he would get rid of them—to sell them on Sunday because there was a people who came up 70th South. He thought there was a lot of Sunday traffic (there must have been ten cars come along). On Saturday night we would go down in the field with a stone boat. A stone boat was flat, looked like railroad ties joined all together and it was about four or five feet wide and maybe eight or nine feet long. It had runners on it—metal runners—and you'd pull it along the street with the horse hitched onto it. It would just scrape along the street and make an awful noise. We'd go down in around the little lane and load that up high. The stone boat didn't have sides on it. It was just flat, sort of a barge affair. It was called a stone boat because it looked like a boat and it rode on the stones. I've heard other people talk about a stone boat, but I always thought that was Dad's originality. After Dad would heap that up with watermelon, us kids would walk along the side and put it in the yard. Sunday morning after Sunday School we'd pull that stone boat up on the street on 70th South and park it there. Then we'd sit up there and sell the watermelons. The big ones were twenty-five cents and the smaller ones would be ten cents. They wouldn't buy them unless they were "plugged". You had to plug them to see if they were good. They just cut a little square and lifted it out and they tasted it. If it was good, then they would buy it. We sold the whole crop of watermelons that way. If we cut the plug out and it was green, they wouldn't buy it, so we'd just have to feed that watermelon to the pigs. The pigs ate the watermelons that we didn't sell or eat. That's how we used to spend Sunday afternoons in the summer, selling watermelons. Then when the tomatoes came on, we'd sell them, too. Since there wasn't much traffic on weekdays we'd have to sell them on Sunday.

Dad would never swear. He would never do anything to disobey the Word of Wisdom. He was just a genuinely, sweet, wonderful man. He liked, in fact he loved, 'near beer'. He loved the taste of that. It didn't have any alcohol. Even when we lived down on Highland Drive and Woodside Drive I was still hunting 'near beer' for him. In the hot summer days he just enjoyed that. The only way he had of cooling it was to put it out in the ditch to keep it cool. Oh, he loved it. He loved watermelon and ice cream, too.

After we were married, we never would go over to Mother and Dad's but what Dad would come to the car and say, "What would you like to take home from the farm?" We'd always go out and get a few dozen ears of corn or sack of apples or a sack of potatoes or something. We never would go home without some treats from the garden. I wish he was here now and I could treat him now. I don't think I could ever do as good as he did. He used to tell me how to garden, to raise things. He was a good, little truck farmer.

I remember Dad working at the smelter when I was a kid. I remember him hauling ore down the canyon. He hauled ore with his brothers down out of Little Cottonwood Canyon. It was the Cardiff Mine. I guess it was copper or silver. They'd get down as far as our place one day. Then they would take it down to the Midvale smelter or the Murray smelter the next day. Uncle Heber and Uncle Orson had horses. Dad never had one like they had. He had a team of horses, but they weren't the kind that would go up the canyon and haul the ore down. Uncle Heber, I think, was the one hauling the ore anyway. Dad didn't have a big heavy wagon like Uncle Heber had. They would go up and Dad would always be with

them, helping them. They'd be gone over night. I can remember Verdis and I standing at the window, late at night, listening for the wagon to come down. We could hear them when they would get down below Butler Hill. We could hear the sound of those wheels. Can you imagine that? We'd listen for those wheels to come down the road and then we would run and tell Mother that Daddy was coming home. We were always so happy when he would get home. Harold (Uncle Heber's son) would get out and beat the horses when they got down to our place. I don't know why he beat them, but he would take a rope and beat them over the back. Oh, it was so bad. I used to feel sorry. Verdis and I would cry and run down to the house. We couldn't stand for him to hit the horses. I don't know how many years they hauled ore, but it seems as though it was always cold winter.

Dad didn't go to Sunday School, ever. We wished he would. We were always wanting Dad to go to Sunday School, but he wouldn't. Mother never went to Sunday School either. They went to Sacrament Meeting, but they always figured Sunday School was for kids. In those days, that's what it was, supposedly a kids' organization. When we got home there was always rice pudding cooking in the oven. The smell of rice pudding was just as normal for Sunday as Sunday School.

Sacrament Meeting was at two o'clock. It lasted two hours. I never was quite sure that Dad would be there 'cause I would always walk up with my girl friends or go up with Bishop Horace T. Godfrey's family. I would always wonder if Dad was down to the back. I'd just wait to hear him cough. After the opening prayer, I'd hear "augh a augh", his little familiar cough, and then when a speaker would get through, I'd hear Dad cough again. He had a familiar little cough and I always waited for that.

Mother was from England and she had lots of English ideas, like she wore long dresses all the time. I never did see Mother's legs—her dresses were always that long. Maybe that was the style in those days, I don't know. Mother never had her hair cut. It was always in a bob at the back and her hair was always white, as long as I can remember; it was white.

She didn't have many clothes. She had just very few dresses but what she had were nice. She'd sew them herself. Mother sewed for all of us kids. I never had a boughten coat until I went to high school. I had homemade coats all those years. Sometimes at the beginning of school, I remember that I would have what Mother thought were just the most beautiful clothes and I wished I could throw some of them away. This one dress that she made me to start high school was black sateen and bloomers to match, with a little ruffle all around the bloomers. It had two little pockets with butterflies embroidered on them. Mother just felt as though that was beautiful. She always wanted to crochet everything. I had to have crocheted pockets and crocheted collars. I also had a knitted or crocheted shawl. It came around my neck, down to my pockets. Then a belt came from the back around the front and buttoned. One Sunday she made me wear that to Sunday School. It was a nice, warm day and I had to wear that shawl. I didn't want to, so when I got up on 70th South I got down to the little ditch that ran under the road I hid it under the bridge. There was no water in the ditch so I just took off the shawl and hid it there. Then when we came home from Sunday School I didn't forget it, but we rode home with Uncle Orson in his beautiful Oldsmobile. Verdis and I were sitting in the back seat and I didn't dare say anything about that shawl at all. No way would I dare say it, even to Verdis. When I got home, Mother says, "Where is your shawl?" Then I had to tell her. I told her I got too hot and I had to take it off. So, I had to run down the road just about to 13th East and get that out from under the bridge.

Mother was very fond of pongee. Pongee was sort of silk and a sort of beige color. She made me the prettiest dresses out of pongee. I always had a pongee and Verdis did, too. We had nice, little best dresses. We didn't suffer for clothes but they were always homemade. But that was all right, it was the best we had. She had a White sewing machine and I wasn't allowed to touch the machine, ever, ever, ever. I took sewing when I went to high school but I still couldn't sew on her machine when I got home. I just had to sit in high school and wait my turn on the sewing machine.

Mother worked hard in the summer. She had a raspberry patch and she picked raspberries a lot—lots of raspberries and strawberries, too. We always had strawberry patches and she would bottle the

strawberries. That was the only way we had of preserving them, was bottling the strawberries and raspberries. I hated a bottled strawberry but I loved the raspberries.

Mother always raised chickens, too. We always had baby chickens. We had mother chickens to lay the eggs, but we had baby chickens, too. It was a familiar sight in the spring to see Mother coming in with her apron full of baby chickens. (She always wore a front apron over her and it was usually dirty.) It was such a joy to have the baby chickens in the kitchen. We'd put them in a little box down under the stove. It seems like we always had baby chickens at Easter.

When the summer came it was awfully hot, but Mother would still make us go out and work. We had to pick peas and beans. Because we didn't have pressure cookers in those days, the only way she had of preserving the beans was to put them in salt brine. Oh, that was awful. I hated green beans because they were always so salty—and I still don't like salty things.

But the corn, Mother would dry. They had corn drying days when Dad would go down with big sacks and load the sacks of corn on the stone boat and bring them up to the house. Sister (Carrie) Coomber and her daughter Dorothy would come down. Dorothy and I would have such good times. They were just the loveliest days. We would stand there and shoo the flies away. We'd have long branches off the tamarack trees and we'd stand there and wave them to shoo the flies away from the corn. Mother had a huge copper boiler. Oh, it was huge. We had the fire out in the bowery—that was over the little ditch bridge and where the grape vines were. Dad would light a big fire in there and we'd boil that corn in the copper boiler. We had quite an assembly line going. He'd boil the corn and get it out and lay it on the table. Mother and Sister Coomber would cut it off of the cobs. Dorothy and I would stand there and swish the flies away, because we couldn't have the flies on it. Then we'd load it on trays that Dad had made. They were slat trays, about three feet square with slats all along. Mother put mosquito netting on there so the corn wouldn't go through the slats and then another layer of mosquito netting over the top. We'd spread the corn out on there and let it dry in the sun for a couple of days. They were just glorious days. Mother would take the corn and put it in flour sacks and hang it up on the tree to dry more. After it was dry, it would go in the sleeping porch and hang up on the two-by-fours by the beds and dry some more. When it was thoroughly dry, she would put it in cans or jars and seal it up. That corn was awfully good. When she would get ready to cook it she would soak it in water and put salt, pepper, and butter on it. It was good. But not the beans! We ate all the peas in the summer as they were fresh, but the beans we salted and saved. Dad would pick the potatoes and carrots and put them in a pit in the ground.

Mother was very quick-tempered and did a lot of yelling around. I only remember being spanked once. That was when I dropped a whole pile of dishes. I was carrying them from the table—clean dishes over to the cupboard—and I dropped them. I broke seven or eight plates. I got spanked for that. That didn't make me very happy. But Dad never spanked me, ever. It was only Mother that spanked me.

Both Mother and Dad had a sense of humor, a lot of humor. Dad was so cute with his wit and Mother was very witty, too. Being witty and having a sense of humor runs in the Ottley family—very sharp wit and clever.

They must have gone to dances before I was born because they talked about the waltz quadrille and the Virginia Reel. Dad loved to dance the quadrille. But they didn't go out much after I was born so that was in the earlier days.

We had movies on Friday night when I was thirteen or fourteen. I wanted to go to the movies so badly. Mother wouldn't let me go alone nor would she let me go with anyone else, so she always walked to those movies with me. Now that was two and a half miles, but Mother walked with me. Little did I realize that she must have been sixty and she must have been awfully tired. I feel as though I forced her to go to those shows with me just so I could sit with Don Nichols. Don was my best boyfriend then and he would come up from Midvale and we would sit at the back. There were two great, big, long benches. They were high so your feet wouldn't touch the floor. We'd have to put our feet on the bench in front of

us. I would always go in the door and look for Don, then I'd go hiking over there and sit by him. Mother would go to the show too, but she would sit up in front with the older folks. We would have to sit in the back so Don could put his arm around me.

During the flu epidemic in World War I Mother knitted for the Red Cross. Mother knitted so beautifully. She knitted sweaters for the Red Cross, dozens and dozens of sweaters and socks. Because of the epidemic they had to wear flu masks over their faces when they were out and at the Red Cross meetings. Wouldn't that be terrible? We didn't get the flu in our family. Mother said that it was because she sprayed our throats with Listerine every morning. Before I went to school Mother had the little atomizer and she sprayed our throats with Listerine. She claims that's what did it. But Mother went out nursing besides knitting these sweaters. Then when she got through she knitted sweaters for a company up town that knitted them for movie stars. I remember just as plain Mother knitting a sweater for Lillian Gish. So I was really happy when I'd see Lillian Gish's pictures.

I can remember our little home down Berrett Lane so well. On the east side of the living room there was a little straight-backed chair and then the heater. It was a wood and coal burning heater. It was painted, enameled red. It opened up in the front for you to throw the wood in. Next to the heater there was a door going into the middle bedroom. We called that the middle room. Right next to there was the sewing machine on the southeast corner of the wall. There was a window where Mother had her flowers. There was always a table in front of that window with her flowers. It was a bay window in later years, but when I was a kid, it was just a window. Dad built that out later so she could have all the flowers she wanted in it. Right next on the left of that window was a little, tiny bookcase, just about three shelves. We had bookshelves built in the wall, too, on the east side of the room as you went out to the kitchen. Next to that little bookcase, the door went out to the west. That had a little transom, over it—a transom where you let it down, and squeeze two little things together and close it up. That's how we got fresh air in the room. I guess linoleum was on the floor. Later on, they put a hardwood floor down and it just stayed bare wood. That was when Floyd was working at Granite Hardware. He would wax that hardwood floor.

On the west side, it seems as though there was another little flower stand or something on that wall. Then there was another window on the west side. Right next to that on the north side was Mother's little radio. The radio came alive in about 1921, I guess, so we had that little radio. Mother had her knitting and her crocheting sitting there. She had a little chair and she always faced the radio. On that north wall was a couch, always a couch. It was a couch that we would make up. We'd pull up the sides when company came and had a bed there.

The walls of the living room were painted. They were wallpapered until Floyd got big enough to paint. Then he painted over the wallpaper. He was always changing the paint when he worked for Granite Hardware.

There was a door in the northeast corner that went into the kitchen. There was a cupboard that used to be a bookcase, but after we put the books in the little shelves, we put mother's dishes in there. Her nicer dishes were in that little shelf in the northeast corner. There was a lot in that room, but, usually—more often than not—there was a quilt up. Mother was always quilting, so she had four chairs with that quilting frame resting on the top of that in the middle of the room. I formed such a dislike for having a quilt up in the middle of the room that I have never put a quilt up in my living room. I just can't stand the thought of getting down on my hands and knees. If we wanted to go into the other room we had to crawl under. Mother had a lot of quilting friends and lots of quilting bees. Carrie Johnson, Carrie Coomber and Clara Boggess and Aunt Ellie were her quilting friends. Quilts were always up in the living room because we had to have quilts. We slept in blankets in winter. We didn't have sheets very often—not in the winter. We never had sheets, we had blankets and then a big, heavy quilt on top of that. We had ticks—our mattresses were called ticks. They were filled with straw. It was nice, clean straw—in the Fall. We'd all go out there to the straw and Verdis and I had the job of filling those ticks with the straw. I remember the smell of that straw. For awhile it smelled so good. No wonder we had hay fever all the time! The pillows



were full of feathers, too—chicken feathers. They would get pretty dirty before Mother would ever wash them. That was almost a “no, no” to wash a feather pillow. There was no way of drying them. But Mother had a habit of every Saturday that the weather was decent at all, all the bedding went out on the clothesline. We had to carry it out there, hang it over the line, and let it blow in the air. Mother was very meticulous about her bedding.

Washing was quite a trial, because every bit of water had to be carried from the ditch or the pump and put in a big boiler on the front of the stove and heated up. Mother and Dad would carry the water over and put it in the washer. The washer had a handle and Dad would twist the handle back and forth. That was the way they pushed the washer with just that handle. We did have a wringer on the old washer that you turned and cranked—like they have at the car washes now to run your chamois through. That is like our old-time washer. They had little hard rubber rollers that were just as hard as a rock to wring the water out. Most of the time, though, we had to wring them out by hand. We washed on the washboard too, but, I do remember that washer. Happy was the day when Mother got an electric washer. Mostly we would have to hang out the clothes when we got home from school because it took Mother all day to wash. We’d hang them out after we came home from school and they’d freeze solid. Then the next night they would practically be dry with the frost. If it was snowing and raining we would have to drape them all over chairs in the kitchen, and hang them on the oven door. Oh, they were hard, bitter, cold winters.

The kitchen was a joy, though. There was cupboard on the south wall that had shelves in it. I think Grandpa Ottley built that cupboard for Mother. It had shelves, no glass doors that I can remember, but I can remember what was on every shelf. The cereal bowls were on the bottom shelf where we could reach them. The taller plates were next to them. The platters and things were on the next shelf up and the cups were hanging on hooks. All the candy and goodies were up on the top shelf. We’d have to stand on a chair to get them when Mother was out of the room. And, of course, the cupboard had doors in the bottom. All the food went in those bottom shelves—like a bowl of potatoes. Mother would always boil enough potatoes in a big saucepan so there would be enough for breakfast, fried, and two or three meals. But there was no refrigeration. It’s a wonder we didn’t die. We were always sick to our stomachs because there was just no way to keep things from bacteria forming all the time.

We had a big black stove that we had to polish on Saturday. We’d put black polish on it and shine it. We also had to clean the lampshades, too, on Saturdays. They would get pretty smoky. They were kerosene lamps and they had a wick in them. You’d turn up the wick (and we always liked it high) to give more light but it smoked the glass all up. Usually it was Melva’s job to clean the lampshade. If we broke one of those lamp glasses we’d have to wait until Mother went to the store on Saturday to get a new one.

Mother would take the butter she churned to the store. It was all of our jobs to churn—we all had to take a turn. She would pat the butter in pounds (I bet I could do that right now—I would love to do that). She had neat little butter papers, about twelve by eight or nine inches. She’d put a pound of butter in the middle and fold it up and fold it over and then fold it envelope-like on the corners and pick up the corners and set them in a white enamel dripper pan. Then she’d put a white, wet dishtowel over the top of them. She’d have eight or nine pounds stacked up. Then she’d get in the buggy. Dad would always hitch up the horse. She would go clear down to State Street to take her butter and get the groceries. She paid for the groceries with the butter. She would take it down to George Sharp’s store on 64th South and State Street, on the northwest corner. It was general merchandise. Burgons store came later. We would love to go to the store with Mother but she didn’t always take us. She would bring the groceries home in something—but not paper bags. It was probably a basket.

Up in the center of Union was Walker’s store and that was a choice little general store. They had big jars of candy and big jars of peanut butter. It was poured in the jar with the lid on the slope. You would just lift up the lid, stick your finger in and get some peanut butter. They had a candy case that had “tons” of licorice in it. Sister Walker was always so good to us.

We lived two and a half miles from the school and it took us a long while to get home from school. We'd come along the center of Union where we always sat down on the way home from school and hammered walnuts from the walnut trees that were lying on the ground in the June grass. We'd pick those walnuts out of the shells and get our hands all stained up with walnuts. Then we'd get farther down the street and there was an apple tree in front of Curt Brady's house. We'd sit there on this little grassy slope and eat apples. Then we'd cut through the pasture and follow the ditch along underneath the hill where there were wild grapes. We'd eat those wild grapes and get our hands all purple. We'd be walking east on 70th South until we got to 13th East and then we'd go north. We'd go along by Milnes and Caspers and Bradys—that was called Brady Lane. Until we got down to 70th South we weren't going east on 70th, but we were going east on Union Avenue which wasn't named a "south". Thirteenth east ended where the little rock service station was. And there was that little creek with two bridges going over it (now in back of Harmon's Family Center). We'd finally get home but walking home from school in those days was something I'll never forget.

We'd hope that Mother would have all the dishes done by the time we got home from school. She'd leave all the butter dishes and the bread dishes—the bread pan—for us to wash when we got home from school. The dough on the bread pan was dry as dry. We did the dishes in a dishpan. Verdis was the one that washed and I dried. We drained them in a pan.

We didn't have a grinder so Mother bought cornmeal in big cloth sacks. I guess they were ten pound bags of white Germaid cornmeal cereal. I hated it, but I liked it better than oatmeal. When we got really splurged Mother would put raisins in the oatmeal and that was good. But I hated cereal 'cause there was always a speck of cream on it and I hated cream. Now I pay ninety-nine cents for a quart of cream and drink it down (that's half and half). I can eat any kind of cereal now, as long as it has cream on it.

Dad had a little cellar down over the little bridge and not quite down into the orchard. It was a root cellar and was right under the huge cherry tree. He had the cream separator there and in the winter he stored the apples down there. They would last all winter. We never knew what it was like to run out of apples. Even into the spring we would have Winesap and Roman Beauty apples. It was remarkable how cold it was in that cellar.

Mother would bottle the cherries from that big tree. Oh, I loved bottled cherries. I can remember not being able to say my "r's" and I said them like "b's," so cherries were "chebbies." Always, they were "chebbies." I learned to climb up a little ways in the big cherry tree, but I couldn't climb very far up. I was afraid. I must have been afraid of everything. Verdis and Floyd would climb way up in the top of the cherry tree, but not me, I was scared. But just as soon as those white cherries would turn just a little bit yellow, I would start eating. Then Eva would come home from her job and she would say, "I can see that Thirza has been out in the cherries and gooseberries." It seems like when spring came we were just starved for something good—just literally starved for gooseberries and cherries. I would eat them until I got big circles under my eyes and was sick. That was Eva's clue that I had been eating green cherries.

In the summer Dad would build a fly catcher. It was about two feet high and it had screen wire over the top, just like a little tent. It was mostly like a tent, only rounded on the top and inside was another layer of wire that came to a point and then down, like a teepee. Inside that there would be holes that Dad would poke in there so that underneath the wire (it was put on a little wooden frame) he would leave it open about an inch and a half. Inside this little sharp, pointed tent he would put watermelon and cantaloupe and honey—anything that would attract the flies. The flies would climb in underneath the wire, go up in that place and get the watermelon and cantaloupe. They would crawl through the holes and go up in the other part and that would trap them. Dad would take the top part off and go out and bury the flies. He would catch literally thousands and thousands of flies. There was always a flycatcher standing on the back porch and one under the grape vine.

# Grandparents and Other Relatives

Grandpa Edward Ottley was Mother's father. He was just a wonderful, handsome man. I can still close my eyes and remember the smell of him—the smell of his beard. Grandmother Ottley died so I never knew her. Grandpa lived alone down on 64th South and 7th East—just south of 64th South. He had a little, tiny, one-room house where he lived alone. The same smell of his beard was in that little house. The house was very plain. It had a little cellar out at the east side.

He had a little dog named Trixie. It was a fluffy, white one, kind of skinny, but still fluffy and white. I loved her too.

He used to walk up and bring Mother his washing. Mother did his washing for years and years. I guess that was the reason I was so close to him because he came real often. He came up and ate with us a lot. I dearly loved him. I didn't know my Grandfather Berrett, but Grandfather Ottley was a joy. He was a joy and another man who dearly loved me.

In the winter when he would go up to Idaho I would sure miss him. He would go to St. George, too. He would write me letters and he sent me little olives off of the trees in St. George and little balls of cotton. It was just like a million dollars came through the mail.

He died in Idaho during the winter in 1933. He was such a sweet man. Oh, I loved him so much. I was absolutely crazy about him.

He was my only grandparent that I knew except Grandma Berrett and I never felt free with Grandma Berrett. That was Eliza Hookway Berrett—a dear, little lady that probably weighed about 86 pounds. She is the one who buried her mother and sister in Wyoming, Nebraska. She had such a sweet little tiny face and her eyes were kind of sunken in. I don't ever remember playing with Grandmother—not playing as our grandchildren have played with me. It was just a place where I sat. We could never talk. And she lived so close to us—just through the pasture. She lived with Uncle Frank and our pasture joined with Uncle Frank's pasture. Every Saturday morning Verdis and I would take butter to her. We had to crawl over the stile in the pasture to get there. We'd have to crawl up two steps and down over the other side two steps. Then we'd go in her house, into the kitchen. It was such a neat, little kitchen with little short-legged chairs. There was always two or three chairs in front of the big window. Verdis would sit on one and I'd sit on the other.

Verdis felt quite free with her, but I was always afraid of her. I wouldn't talk. I wouldn't dare say a word. I would just sit on this little red, painted chair. It was sort of a brownish red. It had short legs and my legs wouldn't touch the floor. I would sit and swing my legs, so I must have been rather small. I wouldn't dare get off of those chairs till Verdis would say we were ready to go home. No way would I ever get off of those chairs. I wouldn't dare in my grandmother's house, get down and run around. I guess I was just bashful—afraid of everyone.

Grandma would give us a piece of shortcake. It was just a little square about two inches square and it was really shortcake. It was a little flat, very buttery, very square cake—cookie, mostly. That's all I can remember of Grandma Berrett except that I remember when she died and how Verdis cried. I didn't know her very well. I guess I cried, too, but I don't remember a funeral or anything. She never talked about crossing the plains. All I learned was from Dad. When Mother and Floyd would go to choir practice—they would go to choir practice one night a week—I would stay with Dad. We had a lot of meetings. They'd get out and get in the buggy and go, winter and summer. We had it rough and we'd nearly freeze. We were wrapped up in our warm coats and Dad would always put a brick on my feet. We would go to all our meetings, but it was always in a horse and buggy. While Mother would go to choir practice at night I would always bawl because I didn't want her to go. So, Dad would tell me stories and play the phonograph for me. We had this little Victrola that had a horn—one of those morning glory shaped horns.

It had little round tube records about two inches in diameter and about six inches long. It's surprising how much music was on that little round cylinder. I went by the colors. My favorite was the light blue one. I couldn't read anything on them, but I just liked the light blue one—that was the bells. Then there was "Manhattan Beach" and "El Capitan March." They were my favorites. Dad would have to sit there and play them over and over and over for me. I remember that I sat on the east side of the living room. Then Dad would tell me stories. This one night especially he settled me down and said, "I want to tell you a story." That story was the story of Grandma (Eliza) coming across the plains. Her sister and her mother got sick in the little town of Wyoming, Nebraska. Grandma buried them both with the help of the company she was with and then she came on alone. Image the sorrow that dear, little lady must have had. It makes me shudder. It didn't impress me an awfully lot at that time, but just think of how she must have suffered to come on alone. It seems as though her sons, as they got older, should have got in their wagons and gone up there and found those graves. I don't know as anyone made the effort. Maybe they weren't even marked graves. That's all I know about Grandma except that she lived with Uncle Frank after Grandpa died. I don't remember Grandpa John Watts Berrett at all. I have no recollection of him.

But because of John Watts Berrett, all five of the Berrett brothers lived close together, down Berrett Lane. That was such a beautiful relationship we all had down there. John Watts Berrett had this plot of ground and he divided it up. I don't know why, but ours was the first house. We had seventeen acres. I don't know what the others had, but we had seventeen acres and that was a ranch to me. I figured we were rich. We really were rich. I never, never considered myself poor. We always had a cow, or maybe two cows, and a pig. In the winter, Dad would kill the pig. We were well fixed for pork in the winter. We had everything: eggs, milk, pork, wheat. We were quite deprived during the war. World War I was a very sad situation. Dad would take his wheat down to the mill and have it ground. It was coarse and heavy and the bread was almost black. I didn't like whole wheat bread because it was awful. I would just give anything if we had a loaf of boughten bread. But I hated that whole wheat bread like I did the milk, but other than that we had good food.

Uncle Frank's farm came next, north of us, down the little Berrett Lane. The lane curved around Dad's orchard and circled down. Then it made another curve just like a figure "S" further down, toward the east and then straightened out. Uncle Frank's place took off from there and went west down a little lane. Then out on the road was Paul's. Next was Uncle Orson's place and it took off to the east. Uncle Heber's was next. His soil was entirely different from my Dad's soil. His soil was fine, sandy soil and ours was coarse, sandy soil. I loved Uncle Heber's fine soil because it raised such beautiful onions. We would go down there and pick onions.

I especially remember Aunt Ellie—that's Uncle Heber's wife. I went to her place an awfully lot because Mother would leave me there. Aunt Ellie taught me how to sew with a needle and thread. That was really pleasant. She had a little, red, painted (sort of varnished) chair, high cupboards too. I loved to stay with Aunt Ellie because she was so good to me. I had fun with her. She always had good dinners. In the middle of the day she cooked a great, big meal—just a big, fat meal, with potatoes and gravy for Uncle Heber and the boys. I loved that. Mother didn't ever cook a big meal in the middle of the day. It was always at night. There were always horses to ride and it was always fun to be with the animals and the chickens and rabbits and things. Uncle Harry was my mother's brother—right next younger to her. She had to take care of him when they came over from England, when she was eleven. She was the oldest in the family and she had to take care of Uncle Harry. He married Doris Granter and they lived down in Delta for years and had their family there. Then they came to Murray and lived on Vine Street in a big two-story house. I had lots of fun with Uncle Harry (he is Enid Heise Warner's dad).

Aunt Annie was Grandpa Ottley's sister. She was my Mother's aunt. She married Richard Ballard. Aunt Annie and Uncle Richard lived right on the corner of Vine Street and Ninth East, on the northeast corner. Uncle Richard had a shoe shop. He was a shoemaker. It was always a joy to go down there in the buggy. We'd go into Uncle Richard's and sit on the stool while he fixed our shoes. He had a beard, a little, sharp beard. He was a cute man. Aunt Annie was rather robust, with a round face with little veins in

her skin. She was happy and loving. She'd just gather me up in her arms. When we'd go there we'd drive around the back of her house. Their house was just east of the shoe shop. Uncle Richard always fixed our shoes and we always had nice shoe laces. When they broke we just tied them in knots, of course. Uncle Richard died first. Aunt Annie lived with another relative, Aunt Millie (a sister to Uncle Clarence Walter) until she had to go to a nursing home.

# Patriarchal Blessing

*Given to Thirza Berrett Brown, by Patriarch James M. Hopkins on 13 October 1957 in Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Sister Thirza Berrett Brown, as a humble servant of the Lord, clothed upon with the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood, I seal and confirm upon you a Patriarchal Blessing, leaving with you this assurance that the life of love and unselfishness which you have lived up to this time here upon the earth is known to your Heavenly Father and the guardian angels which He has sent to watch round about you until your life here upon the earth has been completed.

You have come to the earth through the loins of Joseph through Ephraim, which is a glorious birthright and heritage and I bless you and seal upon you every blessing which one of this noble lineage and birthright should receive, blessing you that you shall come to understand more fully as the days go by your true mission here upon the earth, for outside of being a mother in Israel you have been blessed with the capacity to wield a mighty power for good in lifting up the hearts and minds of those that you come in contact with, for you are in very deed a mother to many. Unto you has been given a deep and abiding love and confidence in those that you mingle and associate with and I bless you with the power to wield that love for good among those of your friends and associates, that many of them will hold in their memories throughout their lives and throughout their time here upon the earth a deep and abiding love for you and confidence in you.

You have the power to mold the lives of your children as do few mothers. It is through love and understanding and a desire that knoweth no bounds to have your children live lives that are pleasing and acceptable to your Heavenly Father and I bless you that your every desire shall be granted unto you in this regard—that your children shall love, honor, obey and sustain you down through the years of their lives, that inasmuch as you have been glorified in motherhood you will become doubly so as you work with your grandchildren, molding their lives for good, blessing them that the influence and power that you leave with them will remain with them down through the years of their lives.

You have inspired confidence in those who preside over you in the Holy Priesthood. They have come to love, to believe in and sustain you and I bless that you shall so order your life that that love and confidence which they have in you will grow down through the years of your life and that your memory in the hearts of many will be a sainted memory. They will love you long after your mission has been finished here upon the earth and you have gone to receive the reward which is yours by right of divine inheritance.

I bless you with the strength, with the power to live out your mission here upon the earth, blessing you that your time here upon the earth may be lengthened out and you will be permitted to do much good, particularly with the young people in Zion. I bless you that you shall have the power to hold many who will come to you for counsel close to you, that through your love and understanding, through your appreciation for those that you come in contact with you will be able to influence many of the youth of Zion to live upright and honorable lives, thereby becoming a mighty power for good in building up the Church and kingdom of God here upon the earth. Many of the youth of Zion will go to the holy temples of the Lord and there be joined in matrimony because of the power and influence that you will wield in their lives.

I bless you that in your home with your companion, that you shall be the central power that brings peace, understanding, love that knoweth no bounds, that your home shall be a place where there is love, honor and understanding that will strengthen you and those who live in your home and give no place for the power of the adversary to come in and disturb the power of tranquility and love that will be within the confines of your home.

I bless you that you shall have the blessed privilege of coming forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed upon with immortality and have the blessed privilege of becoming the mother of eternal increase in the celestial mansions of our Heavenly Father.

I seal upon you every blessing, material and spiritual, those things that you need of a material nature to uphold and sustain you until your mission has been completed, blessing you with everything necessary to fulfill your mission as a wife, a mother and a grandmother in Israel, that the declining years of your life will be filled with peace, tranquility and understanding and that your last days here upon the earth will be filled with peace that knoweth no bounds and that you will be permitted to be forewarned of the time when you must pass from mortality to immortality so that there shall be no fear within your heart and soul at that time.

These blessings, spoken upon your head this day, I seal upon you according to your faithfulness as you continue to serve your Heavenly Father and keep His commandments, sealing them upon you by the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.

*Signed by James M. Hopkins*

# Serving in the Church

I remember going over to Sandy to be baptized. We didn't have a font in our church. We lived on 70th South and 15th East and we never had a baptismal font closer than Sandy. Mother took Ella Godfrey and I out to Sandy and got us baptized in September right after my birthday. Ella became eight on the 17th of July and I was eight in September. I remember driving out there but I don't remember anything else about it, coming home, or anything. (Records show baptism on 30 September 1917 by F. G. Fisher and confirmation on 30 September 1917 by Frank H. Berrett.)

Sunday School was always at ten o'clock. Priesthood meeting was Monday night. Primary was Monday. Religion class was Thursday. That was for school kids. Religion class was just a meeting for kids after school. It was like Primary but it was religion class. We'd go down from school on Thursday and go to religion class. It was at the church. Sunday mornings at Sunday School, we would have opening exercises and separate for classes. The first teacher I remember in Sunday School was William E. Berrett. (He is as old as Floyd. He's eight or nine years older than I am.) I must have been a teenager at the time. I don't remember my little classes at all.

Sacrament meeting was at two o'clock. It lasted two hours. We had little grey hymn books and I think I knew every word of every hymn we sang.

Sacrament meeting then had long, dry speakers. Long, dry speakers like my Uncle Al (John Albert Berrett). He would stand up and pound the pulpit—just pound the pulpit and call everybody to repentance. It was miserable and the kids hated it. We'd sit on the back row as much as we could, and giggle 'cause we hated to hear all those old guys talking. We never had a youth speaker and we didn't have two and a half minute talks in Sunday School.

For the sacrament meetings we had a common sacrament cup with handles on each side. Everybody would drink out of it and pass it on to the next one. We'd turn it around and drink out of the opposite side. Verdis and I would always drink over by the handle. We didn't think as many people had drunk out of the side where the handle was. Wouldn't that be weird? Oh, I wish I had one of those now. They were silver, with nice handles on them and they were on a little pedestal. But I always hated to drink out of those big sacrament vases. Vases, we called them because they looked like vases—or silver chalices with two handles. Then they changed to little glass cups. The little cups were crystal and tapered at the bottom.

We didn't have a youth speaker but we did have youth choruses. I sang in the Beehive chorus. I remember we were singing one day and I was sitting in the front row of the choir seats and Leila Nix (that's Clyde Brady's sister) came up to me and said, "Oh, Thirza, you're so beautiful. You're prettier than any girl we've ever had here in Union." That just really went to my head. I didn't think she even knew me.

Then on Tuesday nights we had Mutual. At 7:30—that's when we had to get up there, winter and summer. We got up there somehow.

I started early to play the organ in the church. I must have been in the eighth grade when I would hurry like mad from the schoolhouse up to the church so that I could play for Primary. I was playing the piano. They also had religion class and that was on Thursday nights. I played for that too. Then I started playing for Sunday School when I was a little older (probably sixteen). I played the organ then.

I was Sunday School organist in Union Ward. Then after I married and lived in East Millcreek, I was Primary organist. Shirley was a baby then. Della Capson came over and asked me. It was East Millcreek Ward and it extended from 20th East to 27th East. Eva was in the Primary Presidency and I remember going to "union" meetings with her on Saturday afternoon. That was the old ward on Evergreen Avenue.



Then we moved out to Union to the little house at Grandma and Grandpa Berrett's. Then I played the organ there in Union Ward for Sunday School. When we moved to 4570 Highland Drive, we should have been in Winder Ward, but we didn't want to go because Annette and Wally wanted to be in the same ward, and I wanted to be with Verdis, too, so we went up to Holladay Ward. That was the ward that was on 48th South by Olympus Junior High, that was recently torn down. I was Primary organist there.

Then we moved to Woodside Drive and I was ward organist for sacrament meeting. It was in the Winder Ward chapel, but it was Valley View ward, down on Highland Drive (where the Old Meeting House Reception Center is now). Right where you go up the steps now is right where the organ sat. It is fun to go in there to see where I used to sit.

Then we moved to St. George. I was junior Sunday School organist. Well, I was for two or three months while Mrs. Picklesimmer was on her vacation. When she came back they came to me and said that she was back from her vacation and wanted her job back. I said, "Well, haven't you got another job. Couldn't I teach or something?" "No, we haven't got anything else." So, I went over to the store with Dad every Sunday morning and opened up the store and we sold ice cream like mad.

We moved back to Salt Lake, January 13, 1951. We moved to 2064 East 2700 South. We were in Grandview Ward for about a month. Then we were in Garden Heights Ward but we used Rosecrest chapel. I played the organ there. I guess it was for Sunday School and for Primary also.

Then Della Capson came and asked me to play for Relief Society. I played for Relief Society. Laverne Coombs was the president. Then they reorganized the Relief Society and I was put in the presidency. Myrna Melville was President and Milred Urien and I were counselors. Later, they divided the ward and Bishop Tom Neff came to me and said he wanted me to be Relief Society President. That was about 1956. My counselors were Sylvia Evans, second counselor, Alice Neff was first counselor, and Janice Madsen was my secretary. Janice Madsen was the best secretary. Oh, she was good. We just had the best time until after a year something happened. The stake went to Bishop Neff and asked him if they could take me to be in the Stake Relief Society presidency. Bertha Blomquist was the president and I was her first counselor. She was a good gal. She said, "Is there anyone you could recommend for second counselor?" I said, "I sure can. I think Mildren Urien would be a tremendous help to us." So they got Mildren Urien for second counselor. I was released from the stake Relief Society presidency right after I went to work (1958).

Around 1959 or 1960 I taught the five and six year-olds. I had Julie Lawrence and that age. I just loved it. It was really fun. I had all kinds of teaching aids and I just loved to give those little lessons. The only other time I taught was a Mia Maid class in Winder Ward. I taught the Miller girl (Margaret) and that age group. That was about 1942-43.

After I taught junior Sunday School, I went back to being Sunday School organist.

In 1961 we moved out to Butler and I was Mutual organist there. Then we moved back to 27th South in 1964. It was early 1964 and Dad wasn't too well. Then I went right back to the Sunday School in Garden Heights North ward then. I was doing that when I had kidney surgery in the summer of 1964. Ben Burdette was the Sunday School President and he kept coming down here to see if I was coming back. "We've got to have you back." It was just darn funny that no one else could play that organ. Burt Keddigton was the chorister. I played for Burt to lead for fourteen years. Edna Chase was the chorister to start out with and then Betty Allen. But, I played longer for Burt. That was from 1964 to 1978 or 1979 when they "disbanded" the Sunday School (when the consolidated meeting schedule went into effect—1980).

After I quit work (January 1973) I went back in the Relief Society. It was in the spring—I was out planting the garden—and Dad was in the house. Ray Lawrence came down and he wanted me to be a counselor to Barbara Cook. Pat Hansen was the other counselor and Audrey Bryant was the secretary. I

stayed in that presidency for one year and I went right to Bishop Lawrence: "I've been in one year now and I want out." He had promised me that he would let me out after a year.

Then the next year (1975) Bishop Lawrence called me to come up there. He put Faye Durham in as Relief Society President and he wanted me to be her first counselor. I said, "I'm just afraid it will be another bungled up job, like it was before." He said, "I promise you, you'll love her, and you'll get along just fine." So I agreed. Elda Martell was the other counselor and Audrey Bryant was the secretary. I did that until 4 February 1979 when I had that ischemic cerebral incident. Then about a month later, they released me from the Relief Society. Dr. Green insisted that I get out, but I had continued playing the organ all the time I was in the Relief Society.

I had played for priesthood meeting for awhile in the Garden Heights Ward.

About six years ago (1975) Marjorie McMurray called me one day and said, "I am just desperate. I've been going through all the ladies in the three wards thinking of just who I would like to present to Sister Jepson as a hostess up at the Relief Society Building. Would you go with me, if I came to pick you up?" I said, "No," but finally I gave in that I would go. Then I got a letter from President Kimball. I worked on Wednesdays for awhile then I changed to Thursdays when they changed our Relief Society meeting day. I've been there for six years, in August (1981). Of course, I guess I am kind of emeritus now. Ruth just doesn't call me unless she needs me. She says, "I'm working these other women. They like to come and they haven't got as much to do as you have." So, she calls me when she needs me.

What I enjoyed most about the Relief Society Building was playing the organ on Wednesdays. It is a beautiful Reuter pipe organ. But when I changed my day to Thursday, I couldn't play anymore, because the Relief Society General Board meeting is on Thursday. So I have just been going as a hostess, showing people through the building, taking tours, explaining the beautiful porcelain and crystal and paintings. I had a lot of fun experiences when missionaries would come in and I'd take them down to the ground floor to buy garments. I get so excited with these groups over to the temple, also. I just have so much fun with them. I like to talk to them.

The week of January 15, 1981, I got a telephone call. A lady said, "This is the Salt Lake Temple calling. President Curtis would like to interview you Friday morning at ten." I stuttered around a little, but I went there. I couldn't find a parking place. I ran from Second North clear down to the temple, down that hill. I ran up the hill and then I ran down the hill. But I got there at ten o'clock. President L. Ray Curtis interviewed me. Then President Marvin Pugh came in and he said, "Well, we'd just as well set her apart right now." So, they did. Then Sister Curtis came in and Sister Ferguson and took my arm and said, "Well, let's go up to my office now and interview you." We went up to Sister Curtis' office. Talking to those two dear ladies was worse than talking to the two men. They wanted me to be an ordinance worker but I was just a little bit nervous because I was afraid after that "brain thing" that I might get too nervous. But now I wish I hadn't. I could go to Sister Curtis or Sister Ferguson and tell them I am ready. I think I can memorize. I really think I could do it now. One of these days I will, but they are so short of receptionists I feel kind of sorry. There are huge rooms full of ordinance workers and there are only about thirty receptionists so I feel rather guilty, asking to be changed. I started at the Salt Lake Temple, 26 January 1981.

I just play the organ in our ward now when Marilyn Ehlers isn't there. I play for the choir every Sunday. When Marilyn is out of town I play for her and that takes in Relief Society too. I play for choir, Sacrament meeting and then for Relief Society. When I come home I am just bushed. Lynne says, "With those fingers the way they are, I don't see how you do it." I don't either. Brassy, that's all I am.

# Work

In March 1958 I went to work. I really wanted to go to work for a dentist. I went down to Sugar House to the employment agency and asked the lady if she had a job with a dentist. She didn't have one. She said that Castletons needed someone. I said, "No, I don't want to work for a store. I want to work for a dentist." She said, "Well, why don't you just go up and see Dick Castleton and talk to him." I went up to see him right from that office. He didn't even let me come home. He kept me right there. I wasn't even dressed up to work but he just kept me there. This was at Castletons at Foothill—that was their only store then.

In July 1958 I went to work as a dental assistant for Dr. Carlyle Munk on 13th East. I worked for him until July 1961. On July 17, 1961 (the day my mother was buried) I got a job with Dr. Robert V. McCullough.

During the summer of 1964 when I was working for Dr. McCullough, I got so sick. Everyday I came home sick. I just didn't know what was wrong with me but I was so sick I couldn't hardly wait to get in bed. I'd give Dad his dinner and then I'd go right to bed. I'd try to get enough strength to get up and go to work the next morning. I knew I had to go to work. Dad's tool business was just picking up and he was out of town so much. This one day, I got through work at noon at Dr. McCullough's. After I cleaned up the office, I went out and got in the car. I sat there in my car, almost too sick to drive home.

David and Gayle were away and I was taking care of their lawn. They'd just planted their new lawn so they asked me if I'd go up and water it every day. That day I went up to water it I was so sick I sat on the wheel barrow or something that was there, to spray the lawn. The neighbor saw me and he knew I wasn't feeling good, but I drove home and then called Lynne and Frank and wanted them to come over to dinner. Always driving myself, I've got to do more, I've got to do more. They came over and we had hot dogs out on the patio. Frank noticed that I wasn't standing up very good. I was bending over when I stood up, but I didn't say anything to them. The next morning I had to go to Sunday School to play the organ. Ray Lawrence was the Superintendent of the Sunday School then. After Sunday School, I couldn't get out from under that organ to save my neck. He had to come and almost lift me bodily out from under the organ and help me out to my car. I remember right where my car was parked. After I came home I just got into the bedroom and laid on the bed. Then I started with real pain. I was just rolling back and forth on the bed. I couldn't hold myself still. Then I looked up and there was Ray Lawrence right in my bedroom. He was so worried about me he'd come down to see how I was.

Somewhere in there, Dad called Lynne. She came over. Lynne said, "Mother, you can't go to work in the morning." I said, "I've got to go to work in the morning. That's all there is to it. Dr. hasn't got anyone to help him and I've got to go." Lynne went out in the kitchen and called Dr. McCullough. He said, "Get her to the doctor." Lynne said, "She hasn't got a doctor." He said, "I know she's been to Dr. Kirk so call Don Kirk." Someone called Don Kirk and told him I was coming in the next morning. He is an obstetrician and there I was in that room with all these little pregnant girls sitting around the room. There I was, this old, white-haired woman. Dr. Kirk came out and said, "Thirza, come on in." I walked across the room and couldn't straighten up.

I went in there and he laid me up on the table and hit me on the back with his fist: He just went 'bang' down on my back. I screamed and he said, "I've got to send you over to Jay Henderson." Jay was a urologist. I didn't know what I went for but I went over to Jay Henderson's. Jay told me to come back the next morning and they would x-ray. Dad had to go out of town, so Lynne took me back there. Poor Lynne! She was pregnant with Michael and she was miserable. But she took me in. I had an appointment with Dr. Winder to x-ray me. He said, "Well, now you go out and walk around awhile while these pictures are being developed. Then Dr. Henderson will be back in the office." He wasn't in and the nurse

was so disgruntled that she wouldn't even talk. So we went out and walked around for awhile. We went back after he came back.

I went in there and he said, "You stay here and I'll go down to Dr. Winder's office and get the x-rays." Then I heard him come running back, up the hall. He came in there and said, "Well, we gotta get rid of that." I said, "What?" He said, "Your kidney." I said, "You're not going to get rid of my kidney." He said, "Oh, yes I am. You won't be alive another day if you don't get rid of that kidney." I said, "Oh, no, you're not." I picked up my purse and walked out in the hall. Lynne was right on my heels. She said, "Mother, you can't go on like this." I said, "Oh, yes, I can. I'll be better." Dr. Henderson came out in the hall and they both brought me back in and tried to reason with me. He said, "I want you to go home and do what I tell you. No, I want you to take her right up to the LDS Hospital right now. Stop and get her some food on the way." We stopped at Grandpa Folland's (Frank's grandpa) drugstore and got a sandwich. I know that it was July 13, 1964 because it was Floyd's birthday and I bought a card at Grandpa Folland's drug store. I went up to the room in the hospital and I leaned on the window and the radiator and wrote this card to him. I said, "I'm sorry I'm late but I know it's your birthday." I didn't tell him I was sick. I just sent the card. Lynne posted it.

The next morning after the surgery, I opened my eyes and Tata VanDongen was standing by my bed. She said, "Thirza, you probably don't remember me, but I was just down in the lab and I checked your kidney. There's no sign of cancer." I said, "Was there supposed to be?" She said, "Well, that's what you're here for, but it was clear. There was no cancer at all." I wondered why on that morning they took me up on the eighth floor and x-rayed my lungs. I didn't know why. I know I was so sick that I had to lay my head down on the wheelchair all the way up there. I couldn't hold my head up, I was that sick. I thought that was a big nuisance for them to be subjecting me to that torture to x-ray my lungs. I didn't know I was supposed to have cancer.

I stayed off work with Dr. McCullough for six weeks after my kidney operation—long enough to go up to Crow Agency and took care of Barrie and Alan while Pat was in the hospital having Diane. I was still pretty sick. I was not too well. But then I came home and Dr. McCullough would just keep coming up here every day or so to see if I was able to come back to work. Just kept after me all the time and finally I was able to go back to work.

I worked for him until 1971 when he sold his practice to Dr. David L. Christensen. I worked for Dr. Christensen until January 17, 1973 when I had back surgery. Then I quit work for good.

# Interests

I was so interested in seeds even when I was just a little bit of a kid—maybe when I was five or six. Seeds have always been a big fascination, a great event. I guess you'd call it a great event to me when a seed would come through the ground. It just means so much to me to be able to plant a seed and see the ground crack and a little green sprout come through.

Mother would always give me a little spot out in her flower garden. I always had little tiny rows of flowers so I could watch them and water them and tend them. But the funniest thing was every time I would plant something, the next morning there I was out digging it up. I never could leave it in the ground long enough to let it grow. I guess Mother knew that I was going to dig it up the next day.

I was so interested in Dad's farming. Dad would plow and before I went to school, I was always out in the field with Dad. I was interested in the rows and how he watered and the irrigation water running down the rows. I would lay down there by the rows and get muddy and run my little fingers down the rows with the water. It was just a fascination to me.

It carried on after I was married. The first thing that I did when I had a home of my own—a rented home and that was on 33rd South and 23rd East—I had flowers growing in my window. I had my windows full of geraniums and coleus. We needed a house with a bathroom in it so we moved up the street east of there on 33rd South and 24th East. That house had three rooms in a row and a bathroom. That was a big event to have a house with a bathroom. There I had quite a few flowers in pots. It was a pretty cold house because all of the rooms were in a straight row and there was no circulation of heat. The east wind blew an awful lot up in East Millcreek. We just had a coal stove and the wind would blow the smoke down the chimney and right out into the room. I had Shirley wrapped up in a blanket one day when the east wind was blowing. Eva's kids were sick, they had scarlet fever. I took Beth to my home and the rest of them were in quarantine. They put this big yellow sign out on their front porch, "Scarlet Fever." Eva couldn't come near so she just stayed there and took care of those sick kids. I took care of Beth and Shirley. I had them wrapped up in blankets. This one Saturday in particular was a horrible day. The smoke would come right down the chimney and out into the room. You could smell the smoke in the room. You could tell how cold it was in the room, because the flowers froze being on the kitchen table. Right in the middle of the day, the flowers froze. That night when Wally closed up the service station he and Clyde decided that they would take me over to Grandma's. So they loaded us in the car and took us over to Grandma Berrett's—my mother's. We stayed there until the wind quit blowing and then we came home. But I cried and cried and cried because my flowers got frozen. No one else could understand why I took them so seriously. But those flowers meant so much to me.

Later on, after that, we moved over into that little house at Mother and Dad's orchard. Floyd built it. We bought it from Floyd for \$300. There I could raise all the flowers I wanted to. When spring came I went over to Ernie Pearson's greenhouse on 33rd South and bought me some roses. They were ten cents a piece. A rose bush was ten cents. I bought Etoile de Hollande roses, a whole bunch of them—three or four anyway. They were my first roses. Ten cents each, can you imagine that? Now they're six, seven and eight dollars for those. They were my garden and that was the beginning of my gardening days.

Dad had a strawberry patch out there by my back door so I had all the strawberries I wanted. I could go out and do anything I wanted on Dad's property. I planted asters and petunias. From then on, I've had a garden wherever I've been.

I can't remember ever since, after we were married, that I didn't have a vegetable garden. I always had a vegetable garden except when we lived up in that apartment up in Park City. That was the only time that we didn't have a garden.

It's really hard to not have a place to plant flowers. I just sort of got a longing and a sudden interest in how things had to grow. It came naturally to me to plant and raise things. Here in my ward now, they ask what they should plant and when they should plant it. Even the men in the ward call me for advice on what they should plant and what kinds of things to buy. I have always been kind of an authority on seeds and plants.

During the war the main thing was for everybody to have a vegetable garden. A victory garden was one of the things that we had to have. I think we raised corn, lima beans and dry beans. We always had peas. We always had fruit trees. We've always had tomatoes and I've learned the special kind of tomatoes that I like most of all. But then every year, when it is time to plant tomatoes I like to plant several varieties because I am not sure of the one that I like the best. This year (1981) I've simmered down to three, maybe four. There's Burpee's super beefsteak. I like that because I like the shape of the slices when they're cut. They're so perfect on the inside. I like Moscow because it doesn't have cracks on the top. It's a perfectly gorgeous tomato with no cracks and a pink, red color. It's a good canning tomato. Moscow is my favorite now and just for fun I like those Oxhearts. I think they're just nice because they're mild and very tender skin. But this year I think I watered them too much and they cracked. And then there are these little Romas. I love those Romas because they are good for ketchup. So, I have got to raise those four varieties. I've always liked to raise beans. Beans seem to be a favorite. Beans and peas . . . and beets. Detroit Dark Red is my favorite beet.

I've always had a mania for rose bushes. I couldn't say the rose was my very favorite flower because I have lots of favorites, but I seem to have understood the culture of rosebushes. I know that they need a lot of fertilizer and they need a lot of water. I like to prune, also. I get such a satisfaction out of pruning a rose bush properly. So, I've always, wherever I've gone I've had to invest in rose bushes. Sometimes I feel like I'm so extravagant to buy rose bushes, but when the catalog comes from Jackson and Perkins in the spring, I just have to buy rose bushes. They just seem to fit my need because they respond so well to what I do for them. This summer has been disappointing to me because I worked so hard up at that Church (on the musical "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown") that I couldn't give my rose bushes proper fertilizer. Now it's fall and they're not doing too well.

In the spring about the first of June, the custodian at the ward, John Filiahoo came to me and he said, "Thirza, the bishop in one of the wards came to me and told me to get a hold of Thirza Brown and the two of us go down to the greenhouse and buy some petunias and get them planted up here at the church."

So this one day I had already set out about six flats of petunias at my place. I figured I had set out close to six hundred petunias here. Then I went up, picked John up at the church and we went down to the green house on 33rd South and bought three hundred more. I set out three hundred petunias up at the church all by myself. Nobody helped me, except John turned on the water in the hose when I needed it. Those petunias have been just a beautiful spot. Everyone that has talked to me this summer from the other wards has mentioned how beautiful it looks 'cause they know that I planted them. They have just been gorgeous.

I started pruning rose bushes for everyone else. I've pruned roses for the people in the ward now until they come to me and ask me if I'll come up and prune from them. Then I pruned roses for Edith Young's sister, LaVell, over there at Country Club acres. I did it mostly because LaVell had cancer and I knew she was going to die, so I wanted to help her out. LaVell did die and now here husband still comes for me to go prune those roses. I pruned Jess Curtis' roses this spring and that was a job. Jess says he really wore me out that day. But it was very satisfying. I met Jess up at the Relief Society Building one day and he said, "My rose bushes are as tall as I am now and I've never had such pretty roses since LaVell died. I want you to come over again and do them next spring." He was so grateful for me to come and prune those roses. One day he came over and brought a great, big, beautiful Easter lily for me. He just really appreciated that. I've pruned roses for Brad Nygren, Gary Thompson and I go up and prune roses for Eileen and Vernon. I am always happy when I can prune roses for anybody.