

As Related By Mildred Beatrice Lundberg

Reflections

I love my Father and Mother very much. They were good to me. I hope my children may say the same of me.

We had a humble home which was one of our greatest blessings. We learned how to work and support ourselves and our loved ones. Other children around us were of the same modest means and had to work like we did to support our families.

After my Mother and Father died I received \$41.98, which was my share of their estate. My mother-in-law, Grandma Lundberg, asked me, "Beatrice, really, what did your Mother and Father leave you after all those years?"

I looked her straight in the eye and said, "Grandma Lundberg, I'll tell you what my Mother and Father left me; it is one of the greatest inheritances that I could ever have. They left me a good name and the knowledge of how to work for a living and how to give a good day's work. They gave me the knowledge how to help others and to help myself."

This knowledge not only enabled me to get through the years that I've lived alone but was a great help when my husband was alive.

As I reflect on the lives of all my brothers and sisters, there is not one of them that has had to go on relief because they didn't have the knowledge of how to work. They, too, learned how to work and support their families.

A Typical Early Birthday

The first thing I remember about Mother and Dad is what happened on one of my first birthdays. Dad always came home from town the night of my birthday -- I remember it so well -- with a huge sack of candy. As I look back on it I'm sure the sack of candy wasn't nearly as large as I thought it was, but he brought me home a bag of candy. Then I got to share it with all the other kids. We made as many piles as there were children and each child took her choice of the piles. I got the last pile because it was my birthday.

Working in the Beet Fields

When Dad took me on his lap, that was so nice. I don't remember him giving me many hugs or kisses, except when he left or when we left, but I do remember him taking me on his lap. When I was five-and-a-half-years old I wanted to go into the beet fields with my Dad and my older brother and sisters to help thin beets. The children who went were Violet, Pearl, Edith, Albert, and Bertha.

Mother got up and prepared our lunches in eight- or four-pound lard buckets. Lunch was often a variety of sandwiches and maybe two or three little bottles of fruit. Then there was a cookie or piece of cake for desert. We took our lunches and got in the horse-drawn buggy, a single-stave buggy, in which Dad took us to the fields. We left home about seven in the morning.

On the way to the fields we rode past a canal. It wasn't large, but I thought it was like the Atlantic Ocean. Dad drove the horses into the canal so the wooden part of the wheels on the buggy got soaked. This prevented the iron rims from coming off. The horse waded in the canal a quarter of a mile or so. This stretch of road into the canal was well traveled by buggies going down into the canal.

When we came onto the road, we trotted the few miles to the fields where we did our work.

Because beets do not grow well when they are crowded, the beets needed to be spaced or thinned. Dad spaced the beets for me and my older sisters. We crawled on our hands and knees pulling out all the beets around the one Dad had spaced. Being so young, I guess, I didn't want to pull out all the beets. I'd find a clod of dirt, bend all the beets over but one, and cover them with the clod. This made the one beet stand up that Dad wanted left to grow. I figured if this one beet drooped over it might die, so while I buried the other beets I propped up the one.

When Dad came back to check on how I was doing, he said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "The beet wouldn't stand up and I wanted to make the rest fall down so it would stand up by itself."

Dad smiled and said "Honey, I want you to know that beet will live." Then he showed me once again how to pull out all the beets but one.

Dad spaced for two or three people. Gradually I would get behind the others because I couldn't thin as fast and they could. Dad gave me what called a little "skip." This skip was where he thinned the beets. When I got to that spot, I saw that Dad had thinned all the beets. Then I was up with him.

There was great wisdom in this; if I got too discouraged I wouldn't want to come again, but when I could keep up with the others I thought I was really big.

I said, "I'd like to go back tomorrow." And I went back the next day and the next.

At lunchtime we went to the water hydrant for a bucket of water. We used an empty lunch bucket as a waterbucket. We all drank out of the same bucket.

Working in the fields taught me a great lesson about working, and as time passed I got very proficient at thinning beets.

This first day out I had to go to the bathroom. I told Dad. He said, "Honey, you run right over there. You see that clump of trees over there? You go over there to the bathroom."

I went over to where he pointed and I hunted and I hunted. I couldn't find any bathroom. I yelled back to him, "Papa, I can't find the bathroom in the trees."

Then he explained to me that there wasn't really a bathroom, but I could hide myself and sit down among the trees and do whatever I had to do. This was my first experience using the bathroom without have a toilet.

Our home did not have an indoor toilet -- we had an outdoor toilet -- so it wasn't unusual to run outside to the toilet.

Many years later when I was fifteen or sixteen years old, Dad said the toilet outside had to be moved because it was getting full. Pearl, the third from the oldest, and I were assigned to dig the eight-foot-deep hole. Dad measured off the distance and showed us how to start digging and how to keep the hole square.

We were very good workers. Pearl would dig for fifteen minutes and then I'd dig for fifteen minutes. The ground wasn't too hard because we had good sandy soil. As the hole got deeper and deeper it became harder and harder to get in and out of that hole. Pearl -- oh, how we loved her and what what a good boss she was -- she said, "Beatrice, why don't you dig for fifteen minutes and then I'll time you while you rest in the hole for fifteen minutes so we don't have to keep getting in and out of that hole."

I thought that was a pretty good idea. So I finished digging the eight-foot toilet hole because Pearl could hardly get in and out. She timed me. She'd let me rest for fifteen minutes and then dig for

fifteen minutes.

I'm sure if anybody made that proposition to me this day I would say, "No!" But then I wasn't quite smart enough, and we always obeyed Pearl's wishes.

In the beet fields Dad let us rest at the end of the rows. At five o'clock we quit work. We crawled in the buggy tired. Dad took us home and Mother had a lovely hot dinner for us.

As time went on we got very good in the beet fields. There were people all over Hyrum wanting Niels Johnson and his daughters to do their beets.

I remember working for C.|J.|Nielson. His beets were very weedy. This made it difficult to pull all the little weeds. Almost as soon as we got done there were more weeds growing. He complained that we didn't do good enough work.

If someone was not happy with our work, we went back and did it over again. C.|J.|Nielson's beet fields were hard to weed because he never cultivated his fields. The ground was very hard.

Dad was very particular who we worked for because we did good work. If they didn't cultivate and care for their beets the work was too hard. So Dad told C.|J.|Nielson, "No. We won't do your beets."

But we did beets for Edwin Clawson, Burt Neielson, and Leo C.|Nielson. When we did their beets we liked to go back and hoe them because there weren't many weeds. They cultivated them like they were supposed to and it wasn't hard for us to pull all the weeds in the beginning.

Dad taught us that we could have fun as we worked.

Later, when Dad had other obligations, we went to the fields by ourselves. Edith, the oldest, didn't go with us much. Pearl was the oldest that went, and she was in charge. We took the buggy and wagon.

Every once in a while we raced another wagon. One day as we were racing we lost a piece of harness from the wagon. Bertha spent the rest of the day looking for it.

Cedar Posts

Dad helped support his family by cutting cedar posts. He made trips into the mountain to cut these posts. Now we had about an acre, an acre and a half on our place. We kept a cow and the horse and buggy behind the house. On one side of the house was a lane. Dad lined the fence that ran alongside the lane with the cedar posts that he brought down from the mountain. People came all the time and wanted to buy cedar posts. If Dad wasn't there Mother sold them. At times he took orders. Then he would have a lot of cedar posts for the person who ordered them. They would come and pick them up. I never saw any money change hands, but I'm sure he got paid when they picked them up.

Dad was always honest. Everyone trusted him because he was as good as his word. If he said he would do something, he'd do it.

Dad As Cemetery Sexton

Years later Dad became a sexton for the cemetery. One of the projects undertaken by the cemetery was to plant pine trees. It seemed like these little pine trees were planted every few feet. Almost every day we went to the cemetery, dragged out these great big hoses, and watered the pine trees. The reason we had to go so often is because we couldn't get the whole cemetery watered in one

day. Dad cut the lawn with a push mower and dug any graves that needed to be dug. I don't know how much they paid him, but he worked there for a number of years. We enjoyed helping Dad and playing on the headstones.

Sometime later Mother took over the job of mowing the lawns. Then we really needed to help mow the lawn and water the trees because there wasn't a sprinkler systems.

Winter Transportation

In the wintertime whenever we had to go any place we had a sleigh called a cutter. It had thin runners and one seat, like a little rumble seat or a little place in the back where one could put tools or things like that to be transported. The sleigh was drawn by one horse. In the winter time when it snowed, Dad hooked up the horse to the cutter sleigh. It was about this time, about 1929 or 1930, that he became the superintendent of the Water Works in Hyrum City. He was superintendent for a good many years.

I remember what a delight it was when we got out of school and Dad would be on his way home from some other place in town. He would stop to give us a ride. If we didn't get a ride home with him, the neighbors had a big sleigh with runners about eight feet long. Their sleigh was pulled by a team of two horses. The runners on these sleighs seemed to be a foot wide; I suppose they were about four to six inches wide. No matter what was in the sleighs, even if they were hauling cow manure, we jumped on the sleighs. The runners had kids stashed on them.

But Dad has small runners that were not wide enough for a person to stand on, but with wide runners a horse could pull you along at a nice gait. We always got home early.

In the summer he used his horse and little buggy.

Entertainment

On Friday nights Dad took Mother to the movies. Along with the regular feature there was a continued show -- which was usually a wildwest show. Because there was usually a baby, we older children stayed home. If the baby cried, one of us walked all night with it. But we had fun tending the children, and we didn't mind doing it. Mom and Dad loved to go to the movies.

On Friday afternoon there was a matinee movie and we got to see that. Mom and Dad gave us a nickel to buy a candy bar, or maybe we got a penny to buy an all-day sucker. This way we got to see the movies and so did they. Mother just couldn't wait until the next week when Dad took her to the show to see the continued movie which always ended with a cliff hanger. Once in a while they had live entertainment.

Because the movies were silent, many times you could hear people reading the subtitles to their children or to people who couldn't read.

Sometimes Mom and Dad invited friends home to play cards, a game they called "high-fi." They sat for the evening and played cards which they enjoyed.

In the wintertime when we weren't so busy, after dinner and the dishes done, Dad would say, "Go down in the cellar and get a big pan of apples." And we would.

Dad tried to make peanut brittle for us. To this day I can taste that peanut brittle; it went to sugar every time because all it was was caramelized sugar. Then he dumped in peanuts. I remember

thinking, why does he waste those peanuts on that burned sugar? I never did like it. I wish he could taste the peanut brittle that I could make for him now.

And he popped the popcorn which we grew. If it didn't pop, he fixed it some way in the oven. We called it parched corn. He covered it with grease and salt, put it in the oven, and stirred it often. We ate this parched corn as a treat for our family home evening with apples.

Every fall we picked apples. We had three great big bins of apples in the cellar. Levi J. Anderson, who lived quite a ways out, asked Mother every year, "Maud, how many bushel of apples do you want this year?"

She always told him, "Twenty."

Now, we couldn't afford to buy twenty bushels, but Levi J. Anderson called Mother when the apples had been picked and would say, "Maud if you'd like to come strip the trees, you can have the apples for 25 cents a bushel. So we'd go out and strip apples off the trees.

Because the apples were the ones that were left, they were always high in the tree. This made them more difficult to pick. We got good, tall ladders and went out. (I think that is why we are all so tall -- because we stretched so picking those apples!)

I think Levi Anderson delivered the apples right to the house. We carried them to the bins in the cellar. And we had apples from around October until the next April. By April most of the apples were shriveled. We would have to dig around for a good apple.

At Christmas time, while out of school for Christmas vacation, our duty, and one we detested, was to sort the apples, to throw away the rotten ones or the ones starting to turn rotten and put the good ones back in the bin. But we always had apples -- to cook with or eat or whatever we wanted to do with them.

Religious Training

In our home we always had prayer on the food before every meal. Mother had dinner at five in the evening for us. We always ate together because with so many children Mother didn't want to serve dinner all night. After dinner we turned our chairs around, knelt down, and had family prayer. If Dad was there, he called on one of us to pray; we all took turns.

We had many good times with Dad in the ward. Every fall the youth program of the church, MIA, had a roundup or a bazaar. I wasn't in the MIA when he was superintendent, but I remember going over to the church for the big dinner. We never went for the dinner, but we went there. Dad was always in charge of cooking hamburgers and hot dogs. Dad fixed us a hamburger or a hot dog. We were so happy. We'd go away and eat it.

There were many beautiful quilts and pillow cases and everything like that. Mother was active in the Relief Society and did her part while Dad helped in the booths outside.

Dad was always a man of great faith. There was plenty of sickness in our home with fourteen children. Dad called in the elders to administer to the sick children.

I learned the testimony of prayer. This is one of my experiences with the power of prayer.

I slept with June. One night she constantly pecked me on my back with her fingers. Like any child, I bawled and called out to Mother. I said, "June keeps slapping me on the back with her fingers; she just pecks, pecks, pecks."

Mother said, "June, you quit doing that." Then she went back to bed.

The minute Mother turned out the lights, June started again. I got upset. Mother got up again

and found June glassy-eyed. Mother knew she was sick, but she didn't know what was the matter with her.

It was early in the morning when she called the doctor. He came right away and diagnosed June as having spinal meningitis.

At the same time Reed was in the other bedroom with pneumonia. The Doctor (who was a Latter-day Saint) looked at Reed. He said to my Mother, "This boy is going to die unless someone greater than I am can save him."

He called a hospital in Logan to get some syrum to give June for the spinal meningitis. At the time there was an epidemic in Hyrum. Around five children had it. Because of the epidemic there was no syrum, so the doctor called a Salt Lake City hospital. The Highway Patrolmen carried the syrum from one town to the next. In each town it changed hands. It was around 3:00 P.M. before the syrum arrived in Hyrum. The doctor came to the house and changed the fluid in June's backbone. The fluid that came out was cloudy; the syrum they replaced it with was clear. The cloudy fluid was a symptom of spinal meningitis.

As I recall, of all the people that had spinal meningitis, June was the only one that rose from her bed without being crippled in any way. There was one that was deaf, another was crippled.

Reed was very ill. Dad said, "I think the Lord needs our boy." Now, Aunt Alice (Mother's sister that lived there in Hyrum) had a baby who contracted pneumonia. That night, in the middle of the night, they sent word out for Mother or Dad to come down because Aunt Alice had lost her little boy with pneumonia. The minute they received this news Dad looked at my Mother -- I can still see it -- and said, "Maud, we're going to keep ours. The Lord needed one of them, and now we're going to keep ours."

From that day Reed began to get better. June got better, and everything was fine.

Dad knew the power of the Priesthood. He used it when it was needed and he knew its healing influence came from our Heavenly Father. He used the Priesthood that he had.

Another time when one of us was ill Mother's brother was home. Dad and Mother's brother didn't see eye-to-eye all the time on everything, but Dad asked if he would administer to the child that was ill. Of course he did.

After he left the house, Dad said to Mother, "Let's get someone else to administer to the child; I don't care for the man, and I don't think the prayer went any higher than the ceiling."

So Mother, being the woman she was, said for him to go ahead and get whomever he chose. The Lord did answer their prayers and blessed us.

As a Shepherder

Later in Father's life he no longer worked as superintendent of Hyrum City Water Works. Then he went to work for Wally Peterson herding sheep. Wally said that he always got more and better sheep with Dad caring for the sheep than any other person. He said he could depend on Dad no matter where or when he went. He never left the herd unattended no matter what the trouble. He watched them carefully.

Wally sought after him to herd his sheep and offered him more money to continue working for him.

This meant that Dad left the family and was gone for many months at a time. But it was a way for him to support his large family. The children helped support the family by working in the

summertime. In the winter we helped by tending children.

Mother took money when we were young and put it away. When it came time for school and time to buy clothes, we all went to Logan and bought our new clothes with the saved money.

But it was bad for Dad and bad for us not to have him around. But I remember the joy when he came home.

Grooming

Whenever Dad was around and we were getting ready for school or church, he would open the door and tell us, "Even though you're tall girls, stand up straight and be proud of your height."

He told us we were born of royal heritage, which I never did believe.

Years later doing research on our genealogy we found out his great-grandmother was married to a Lord. When his great-grandmother died, the Lord married another woman who did not like her daughter, so the daughter was sent to live with some servants. Later she immigrated to America.

He told us that even though we didn't have enough money to own three or four pairs of shoes we should keep our shoes shined. He maintained the first thing an employer looked for in an applicant's appearance was clean clothes and polished shoes. If an applicant did these two things, he would get a job. He was proud of all of us.

Family Activities

Every fall we went to the canyon to pick chokecherries. Mother fixed our picnic lunch.

I only remember once sleeping overnight with Mother and Dad. The night we slept out, we went by the Power Plant and stayed overnight. Mother said she didn't like to go because she had to take all of her bedding. The bedding would get in the dirt and have to be cleaned. This was an enormous job.

We picked tubs of chokecherries. We filled the wagon until there was only room for the children.

When we got home Mother made chokecherry jelly. We had this jelly on hotcakes all the time.

We liked it a lot. To eat a chokecherries raw was terrible, but when put in a jelly it is delicious.

When Dad herded sheep sometimes we went to the mountains for a Sunday afternoon or maybe some Saturday.

Dave Thompson, Violet's husband, took us to see Dad in the mountains. Dad always fixed us a delicious dinner of hot bisquits and meat, perhaps a lamb roast. I remember how good it was. And he fixed potatoes and vegetables. Usually he had a little candy tucked somewhere.

These were joyful days with Dad.

Stories

One day when we were visiting him in the canyon I asked him where he got his water. He looked up at the few clouds lingering around the side of the mountain. He said to me, "Come, I'll show you."

He took me off to one side and said, "Do you see those clouds up there?"

I replied, "Yes."

He said, "Well, Daddy goes up there and pokes his finger in a cloud. When the rain comes down through the cloud I fill the bucket and then bring it back."

For years and years I believed him. But now I know he got that cool spring water from the little spring that was a little way up the hill.

Dad never forgot the Lord, not even when he herded sheep. When he left home he asked Mother, "Do you have my book in my bag."

He used a flour sack to carry his things in; we didn't have a suitcase. He carried with him ~The Bible~, ~The Book of Mormon~, and ~Essentials of Church History~. He could recite from these books. He studied and studied. He believed in the Lord, and he knew what was right. His good points were far greater than the few failings he had.

I never did hear Mom and Dad quarrel. They must have had some disagreements in their life, but I never heard them argue in front of me. It was a great thing that they settled their differences elsewhere.

Holidays

In the summertime we looked forward to the time when the Ringley Brothers Circus came to Logan. We never could afford to go into the circus, but we did go to the big parade of all the animals -- elephants, monkeys, etc. -- and clowns. There was something for both adults and children at the circus.

Dad put us on the streetcar that went from what we called the Bamburger in Hyrum to Logan. Mother stayed home to care for the children too small to go.

After the parade we got to see the elephants and monkeys do tricks in their cages. Then we went to the circus grounds and looked at the animals where they were kept in the back. Many people did this.

Dad bought us an ice cream cone or some little treat. Then in the evening we went back to Hyrum.

Decoration Day was a special time. We didn't go to work on this day. We got up in the morning and picked tubs of lilacs. Then we made bouquets out of them. We went over to the cemetery and decorated the graves.

Al Gaier, a candy shop owner, brought his car with big padded containers of ice cream. Maybe we had fifteen cents to spend. We could have a candy bar, an ice cream, and maybe something else. This made Memorial Day special for us.

One of the highlights was a meeting at eleven o'clock. We sat in the grandstands and listened to the speakers. I don't think I heard much of what the speakers said, but these were good times.

Field Work

Dad was proud of our work in the fields. We did a lot of work in the beet and bean fields. We planted beans in the spring and harvested them later in the year.

Our bean patches were next to Brother Allen's bean field. Dad rented this land. Brother Allen would come over and say, "Well, I will have you a race today with one your daughters and one of my pickers to see who can pick the most pounds of beans in a certain amount of time."

Dad would reply, "I'll be glad to do it."

The time was set; maybe ten minutes, fifteen minutes, whatever they choose. Every time Dad chose Violet because she was our fastest bean picker. Heaven to Betsy, I wasn't. He gave Violet the best row we could find.

His daughters didn't compete against each other, but when he brought children from the Welfare Farm to pick his beans, he had competitions between one of them and Violet. Almost every time Violet won. She was a very fast picker.

Dad had us in competition with anybody; being the best worker or the best dressed. He always said he had the very top for kids. It made me happy to know he thought this of us.

Chicken Business

Edith and Dad went into the chicken business. They build a big chicken coop. Edith worked at the telephone office and Dad wasn't home all the time so we had to care for and feed the chickens. I didn't mind feeding the chickens, that wasn't the worst of it, but on Saturdays we took straightened-out hoes and scraped all the manure off the floors from under the roost. That was the most terrible job. I detested this job more than any other in my life.

From this association they sold eggs. I'm sure they made good money doing it -- I don't know how much -- but at least we had all the eggs and chicken we wanted to eat. (And I used to wonder why we had chicken every Sunday for dinner!) Mother killed the chickens on Saturday; we plucked the chickens. When I got a little older we got rid of the chickens.

As a Mechanic

Albert had a Model T-Ford. When he left on his mission in 1929 he let Dad drive the Model T. Dad used it often to take us to pick berries or beans. One day something went wrong with it. He told Mother, "I know we can fix this car if you'll come out and help me. You watch where I take the parts from and then when we go to put it together we'll be able to do it."

Mother watched him. She was out there the biggest part of the day, I think. When Dad starting putting it together he came in the house and said, "Maud, you'll have to come help me because I've got too many parts out there; I can't find where they all go." Only when Mother helped him did they find a place for every part. Mother was handy this way.

Getting Married

We were sad when Dad went to herd sheep because he missed out on a lot of things we older children did as we got older. We missed having him around. But it was always a joy when he came home from herding sheep. Perhaps he would come home and spend a week or two. Then he would go back.

When I got older I was going with David Lundberg. Dad said to me, "You'll let me know when you are going to get married; won't you?"

I said, "Oh, yes, Papa, I will."

David wrote to me that he was coming up to get married. We had planned on getting married a few times, but when his job fell through we didn't get married.

This time before he came to visit, he bought sixty acres of ground that I now live on. He told me he had purchased the land and was coming to get me. The date to get married was set for the 12th or 13th of April.

I wrote back to him and said that he could come see me but I wasn't going to get married because it had been too long.

David came about the 11th or 12th of April and he talked me into marrying him, which I did on the 14th of April. We got our license the day before.

I forgot the promise that I made to Dad about letting him know when I was going to get married. I never did go to the mountains and tell him I was going to get married. To this day I feel guilty about this.

The next time I saw Dad he put his arms around me and tears came to his eyes. "Honey, you didn't let your Daddy know."

I felt I had let Dad down, and I feel badly about it now, but there is nothing I can do because it's too late, but not forgotten.

After being married for sometime, I went home to visit the folks. My two front teeth on the bottom had begun to turn color. Dad looked at them and said, "My land, what have you done to your mouth? Have you got hurt or something?"

I didn't know what he was talking about until he told me that my teeth had grown crooked. "You had such beautiful teeth. What's happened to them?"

I hadn't noticed that they had gradually gone that way. He said, "Now that isn't any way for one of my daughters to look. I want you to have those fixed because they just look terrible when you smile." I never did because I never went to the dentist.

My School Ring

Dad gave me the \$11.75 for my school ring. He said, "This is your gift from your Daddy for your school ring, and I am so proud." When I was a senior in high school I didn't know if I was going to finish school or not, but Dad gave me the money and I was able to purchase the school ring like all the other students.

I loved this ring and wore it every day of my life until one day I got on the combine. I was helping a man combine. David wasn't home and I didn't know if he was coming or not. So it was left up to me to help on the combine and stack the sacks of grain as they came off the combine. Someone came along later, picked them up with a wagon and team or in a truck, whatever we had. That night when I washed my hands I discovered my ring was gone. It had worn thin and popped off some place along the way. The ring had a lot of sentimental value because this was the last thing my father gave me before I left home to get married. It had more sentimental value than I realized. I often wish that I had that ring. As it happened, it was the last thing my father gave me before he passed away. It would have meant much to me to have it and show my children and tell them about it.

I was always proud to be Niels Johnson's daughter. I didn't feel inferior in any way. We could be trusted and knew how to work hard. We were honest in our dealings. These things are worth more than anything I can think of.

Spiritual Background

Dad taught us the true meaning of prayer. He made certain we went to church on Sunday. He didn't always go and Mom didn't always go. It seems like there was a lot of sickness in the home, not bad sickness, but there was a lot of communicable diseases, and it seemed like we were always quarantined with the chicken pox, mumps, or scarlet fever. And so there were many times that Mother wasn't able to go. Usually she attended Sacrament meeting in the evening. At that time some of us stayed with the younger children. Of course we always didn't want to go to Sacrament meeting because it was at night -- from 7:30 to about 9:30 or 10:00 at night.

I'm grateful for my Dad and for the things he taught me, for our good name. People often said, "Oh, you are one of Niels Johnson's daughters?"

I answered, "Yes." I felt proud.

We were never taught to think we were better than everyone else, a little bit above other people, but we felt proud of our family. We felt loved in our home. No one could have loved us any more than what our Mom and Dad did.

When I look back on the work and the hardships that we had, I don't think they were so terrible. It was a learning experience in our lives. That is what we are sent here for, to overcome hardships.

Mother

My Mother was one of the choicest mothers anyone could ever have. In my patriarchal blessing I was told: "Beatrice Mildred Lundberg, the Lord has given you one of the greatest blessings that He ever gives unto one of His children, and you were born of goodly parents."

I was born of goodly parents and am grateful for my heritage. My parents taught me many principles that have helped me in teaching my children so that we might return and live with our Heavenly Father. My Mother, how she was loved; and my Dad, how he was loved.

First Memories

The first thing I remember about my Mother is seeing her put up our lunches. In the summertime and wintertime the table was always loaded with slices of bread and butter ready for sandwich making. We always had nice lunches -- sandwiches made from some kind of meat, usually deviled ham, bologna, or leftover pork or beef. If we wanted another sandwich, we could have jam, cheese, or something like that. I never did like jam sandwiches so I never took any of them. Then Mother usually sent some cookies or something special.

She was a wonderful cook. I used to wonder how she cooked all those big meals for us, but as I got older I saw she had it well planned. I'm sure before Mother went to bed she had the next day's work planned.

There was never a time when we got up that Mother didn't say, "Today you can have eggs or you can have a bowl of cereal for breakfast, or if we were too full after supper to eat our bread or rice pudding, we could have it for breakfast the next day if we wanted. We enjoyed that.

Mother believed in three square meals a day. We weren't allowed to piece during the day -- grabbing a little piece now and a little piece then.

Often we asked Mother, "Can we have a sandwich for supper tonight?"

She replied, "No."

We wanted to know why not.

She told us, "Because I want to fill you up the first time. When you have sandwiches, an hour later you're hungry and you come back for a sandwich all night long. I want you to eat your meals and get through with them."

If we wanted a treat at night, though, that was all right.

We had very simple meals. usually potatoes and gravy, some meat, vegetables, and fruit. We had all the fruit or bread and jam we wanted. We had our own cow and churned the cream into butter by pouring the cream into a two-quart bottle and then pounding the bottle on our laps, so we always had butter except when the cow was dry. I guess we went without or had to buy it, but I don't remember ever buying butter. And I don't remember being without butter very often.

Sometimes we put lard and butter on bread and added salt and pepper. Then we ate it. As I think of it now, I don't know how we ate it, but nevertheless Mother let us do it.

Even though we were poor, I never remember going hungry during the depression. We always had food to eat and clothes to wear.

Once I asked Mother if I could put some vanilla in a chocolate cake, and she said "No, my girl, the chocolate is enough to flavor it. We don't need to waste the vanilla by putting a teaspoon of vanilla in it."

I wondered if I'd ever be that way. So far if I've wanted to use vanilla I've been able to, but I'm sure that I have had more in my lifetime than Mother ever had.

Mother's Childhood

I remember Mother telling us stories about when she was a little girl. Her parents couldn't afford shoes for Sunday school and shoes for everyday so the children only had one pair of shoes. When one pair of shoes wore out, then they tried to get another pair. And so they went barefoot a lot, especially in the summer. In the wintertime when they went out to skate, which was one of their main recreational activities -- she couldn't wear her shoes because they would wear out too quickly. Mother wrapped gunnysacks around her feet so she could skate, and then ran down to the canal which was close to their place.

Mother was the eldest of eleven children. She took care of the younger children because Grandpa didn't make enough money to support the family. Grandma went to work for the Bandles at the mills. Mother carried the babies to Grandma during the noon hour or maybe once through the day to be nursed. Mother cared for the children all the time.

Mother was taught how to cook and sew and keep house.

When the Bandles Mill left Highland, Grandmother got a job as janitor in the bank in Hyrum. Grandma was as honest as the day is long; she never cheated anybody, she never stole a penny from anybody. Mother was the same way. Mother always gave generously of whatever she had.

The Hotel Woman

Mother was not of a cross nature, even with as many kids as she had. She loved us and played with us. When we were small, we played outdoors in the summertime. We always said that we could play until the hotel woman called for us. When she called for us then we had to go.

We used her broken dishes while playing outside. We played in the corner of the L-shaped area

outside the house. We made a playhouse out of bricks and boxes and orange crates or whatever we could find.

Mother called us to tend the baby when it woke up. We would tell the others, "I have to go now because the hotel woman needs me."

Indians, Tramps, and Gypsies

Indians knocked on our door every once in a while -- and Mother was a little frightened of them. Mother gave us instructions what to do if an Indian knocked on the door when she wasn't there. "Now, if an Indian comes and I am out any place, just give them whatever they want. If you can't understand them, give them a bottle of fruit and jam and loaf of bread and let them go on their way."

Quite a few tramps came by our house. Mother gave them handouts, and then they went on their way..

When the gypsies came, though, she didn't like it. They roamed the streets of Hyrum. She was frightened of them. I never remember the gypsies coming to our place, but I do remember Indians and some men who came asking for food. Mother was most generous with these people.

A Caring Mother

We never wanted for the necessities of life. We had food to eat, a roof over our heads, and coal to burn.

Most of the money Dad earned he sent to Mother. She provided for the children. She never squandered the money. She made sure we had coal and flour. The flour was kept in the "middle" girls' bedroom. And there was always plenty in the cellar for us to eat. The only bills we had to pay were the electricity bill, the water bill, and property taxes. I never felt I was deprived of anything.

When one of the children got hurt, either physically or emotionally, Mother put her arms around her neck and said, "My girl, I wish I could take all the hurt from you, but there's no way I can."

When we were sick, Mother was at our side at a beckon or call. She worried about us, stayed up at night with us, and let us sleep on her arm when we needed comfort. She was everything a mother should be. She supported us in whatever we did.

Even though she had many heartaches, she never told anyone about them; She kept them to herself. If she talked to someone, I don't know who it was.

We knew that she cared for us, and we knew we had many lessons to learn.

I look back at it now and I think what a giant of a woman she was to want to take our hurt from us, because there are things in life that hurt, and things that make you feel bad, things that each one of us have to face that no one else can face for us. But we can give encouragement, which Mother always did.

I never saw Mother lie in bed late in the morning. Not once. She wasn't a lazy person at all. Most of the time when we got up, Mother was putting up lunches, doing the wash, or outside doing work that needed to be done.

In the fall there was always a breeze coming from the east. Many times Mother would be harvesting the beans when we got up. She threw the beans up in the air and the wind blew the chaff away.

We had every kind of bean. The beans and corn were kept in the boys' room. She built a little closet in the boys' room where she hung the beans and the corn and the other things she dried.

It was rare when she sat down. Sometimes when we got through eating she would say, "I just need a little nap, a five-minute nap."

We replied, "Mother, why don't you do lie down?"

"Oh, I just need a five-minute nap."

Then she lay her head on the table and dropped off to sleep for five or ten minutes. She would be refreshed and ready to work again.

She didn't stay up late. She liked to retire around ten. We would ask her if we could stay up a little longer. She would reply, "You can stay up until half-past ten or eleven."

But she wouldn't let us stay up later than that.

When we got older and had studies, she told us, "You can't stay up late because it takes too much coal to keep the house warm."

A Seamstress

Mother always made quilts for our beds and all our clothes. I think I was a senior in high school before I bought my first coat. She sewed our pants, our bloomers (as we called them), our bras, and slips. These were made from flour sacks. And, of course, she made all our dresses. We had a new dress every Easter and every Christmas. When we graduated from Seminary or had some big affair in church, we always got a new dress.

Mother never bought a pattern. We got the Montgomery catalog or a clothes catalog and we could choose the dress we wanted. Mother made it.

When I graduated from the religion class in the 8th grade, I asked Mother for a new dress. She made me a red silk dress that was lined with light tan material. The front was like a vest. I will never forget of how proud I was of that new dress. I was never ashamed of what she made me because she did such a lovely job.

Mother was always well groomed. She combed her hair first thing in the morning. Sometimes her dress was patched, but it was always clean. She always wore hose and shoes.

In the Fields

Because Dad was gone all the time, she did the irrigation. She went to the canal and turned the water down to the garden. Then she sent the water down a row. We stood at the end of the garden and told her when the water was to the end of the row. Then she changed the water to another row. This way we wouldn't waste any water.

We took the water at twelve Midnight because we got six hours of water instead of four hours because it was at night. One night she asked me if I'd go with her to set the water. I told her I would go with her.

When we got to the garden she said, "Now, you sit here and I'll walk down to the bottom end and see if the water is through. I'll call and tell you when it is through."

Well, before she got very far I had gone to sleep. I toppled over in the ditch. I was wet and cold and she had to take me home. I wasn't much help to her then.

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When we got old enough to pick beans, Mother got up and woke us, fixed our lunches, and saw us off. When we got older and worked in the berry patch, she would usually lie in bed a little bit longer. We could get up on our own. We started eating cornflakes. This was the first time in our lives we ate cold cereal. It was unheard of. Mother told us she couldn't afford it for us. But in the summertime we had cornflakes with the berries we picked.

Sometimes we picked berries on shares. We got half of what we picked. When we brought home these berries, Mother canned them immediately. It seems we did this all summer. The strawberries came on first. After the first berries came on, we never opened any canned fruit. We had fresh fruit in its season. We had strawberries for breakfast, dinner, and supper; then we had raspberries for breakfast, dinner, and supper; then, applesauce, apple jelly or jam, or perhaps stewed apples. We had apple, strawberry, or raspberry jam. We never opened any of the canned fruit until the autumn.

Because we didn't have a refrigerator we used the "cooler cupboard" in the pantry. A little breeze blew in from the mountains and cooled the milk. We skimmed the cream and churned the butter. And we always had plenty of bread. Sometimes we had bread and milk for supper.

Our Source of Meat

Mom and Dad raised a pig or two every year pigs for our meat. In the early fall they would kill the pig. They were stored in a barrel of salt water in the boys' room.

I remember them putting the cooked jowls, bacon (the thin part of the bacon that was too small to cut up), the hams, back, and shoulders -- the whole bit -- in this barrel. After it was cooked, she would grind all this meat together and add spices. We called this "finkers." All the other pieces were put in the salt water.

When we wanted a piece of meat, she took it out of the salt water. The meat would be frozen on top, it was that cold. She sliced the ham and cut the meat off the bone. We used the bone to cook with a big pot of white beans. She parbroiled the meat and then fried it. I don't think I've ever tasted any better meat when I was a girl.

We seldom had bacon for breakfast. The slices of bacon were very thick so many times the bacon was our meat for supper with our potatoes and vegetables.

Mother knew how to be conservative and she knew how to live the Law of the Lord by eating meat sparingly. Mother taught us to eat foods that were good for us.

Lessons at Home

I'm sure not one of us realized what mother really taught us as life went on. We got home from school about four o'clock. She had one of us peel potatoes, another one sliced meat, another one set the table. She helped us with the gravy. We thought she'd do these few things and we were

cooking supper. After she tasted the gravy and got it ready, we sat down about five o'clock to eat.

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One day Lorraine helped a neighbor can fruit. When she got home, she said, "I'm so tired. We canned twenty-four quarts of fruit." Mother and I had canned over a hundred bottles of fruit that day.

In our cellar we had shelves and shelves of fruit and crocks of jam and preserves. There were there when we wanted them.

A Woman of Service

On Saturday we got ready for the Sabbath. We got our clothes ready, ironed our clothes, curled our hair, and shined our shoes.

Because there were so many of us, Mother didn't always make it to church. She cooked for us. We had a roast, mashed potatoes with gravy, and vegetables. Once in a while she made a pie or cake, but not too often.

* * * * *

On Sunday Mother's brothers and sisters often came to visit. There would be four or five cars parked in front of our house. Sometimes they stayed for dinner, but usually they just visited for the afternoon. It was a delight to see them. Mother made them welcome, as she did no matter who came into her home.

Many times Grandma and Grandpa came up with the horse and a buggy with a top. It was a one-horse buggy with two seats. Sometimes on a Sunday Grandpa took us to visit Aunt Ethel's place which was eight miles over and eight miles back. We arrived in the morning and had a nice dinner with Aunt Ethel. Then we visited and played with our cousins -- mostly boys. I think there were only two girls. This is where I learned to ride my first bicycle.

Later I took a vacation to California. It was one of my most joyous vacations. Mother, Violet and Dave, and their girls, Myrtle, and I went to California to see Edith. Dave drove us. There were trees all along the sidewalk, and it was very beautiful.

Dave Thompson would do anything for Mother. The first mention of going anyplace on a Sunday afternoon, he'd say, "Should we go get your Mother?"

Mother was loved by everyone who knew her. I never heard her speak guile of anyone. Sometimes when we made fun of one of the neighbors, she'd say, "That's all right, she's a good neighbor, and you don't need to say those things."

One day a neighbor asked Mother if one of her girls could help her because she was having a big party that night and was behind. Mother said, "Yes, Beatrice is here. She can come and help you."

So I helped her. I mopped the kitchen and the staircase. I dusted and helped with other cleaning. Finally we were done. The lady said, "Well, thanks a million. I think that's all I need you for now."

I stood there, I guess, and she handed me fifteen cents. I was furious. When I got home, I said to Mother, "Look at this. She only gave me fifteen cents for working for her all afternoon."

Mother looked at me and replied, "Well, my dear, you didn't need to take any money. After all, she needed you, and you just didn't need to take any money from her. It was nice just to be able to help her."

I have thought of that many a time. It is nice to help, but then, as a girl, I thought that was the most pitiful thing that had ever happened to me because the lady didn't pay me more. Now I see the wisdom in what Mother was trying to teach me.

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Mother never held any great auxillary positions in the church, but she was a Relief Society teacher and a faithful Relief Society member. She visited other members. It was hard for her to go to church with a big family, especially since she always had so many little ones. She always made it possible and taught us that we were supposed to go and do the things that our Heavenly Father expected of us.

Our neighbors respected her and loved her, and they came to visit with her often. Many times they asked her advice when they got downhearted. Sister Anderson, who lived on the corner, came to visit Mother quite often through the day.

Whenever we butchered, she sent a piece of meat to the neighbor. I don't remember the neighbor sending any back, but she and Dad were always willing to help someone else in need. No matter what it was, if they could, with their own labor and their own time, do it, they would. They always had time for people.

Mother always went to Relief Society. She loved this organization and the things she learned there. When the older ones got old enough to tend the smaller ones, she would ask, "Who would like to come home at 1:30 and tend the kids so I can go to Relief Society." I always liked to do this. I don't remember the classes I got out of, and I don't know why I did because I loved school, but I liked going home and tending the little ones. She was gone from a few minutes to two until about five.

When she went to Relief Society she had supper on the table or on the stove before she left. It was usually a big pot of soup or a big pot of dry beans, chili, or something of this nature. But I never remember us ever eating spaghetti or much macaroni.

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Mother always saw that we had family prayer, and she would remind us to have our own prayer. Many times in her life she turned to her Heavenly Father for help, and I know He was always there to assist her, for things went well.

She and Dad taught us how to pay tithing on all the money we made. We always paid the bishop the ten percent. This taught us early in life to do these things.

One time she needed to buy a pair of shoes for one of the children. She didn't have enough money to buy the shoes and pay her tithing. She paid her tithing, and it wasn't long until somebody came along and paid her money they owed her. Then she was able to get the shoes. Incidents like this helped me realize tithing is a blessing and we do receive great blessings from it.

There never was a time that Mother didn't have money hid away when one of us needed a nickle, dime, or quarter. I don't know where she always got the money, but she always had a little extra stashed away.

She took care of Albert's money for him. He'd come in and say, Mom, I need this much. If he put down half a hand that meant that he needed \$5. If he put up his whole hand, he needed \$10. He loved Mother, as we all do. She was good to each one of us.

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She was a great woman to work in the women's relief organization of the church, the Relief Society. The leaders asked her, "Maud, could you or one of your girls help with this, take something to these people." She always did it.

It was a general belief that when there was a death someone had to stay up with the body until they were buried. Many, many nights she sat up with the dead. She always did this willingly.

She made us feel it was our duty and our obligation to take church jobs. She looked on them as opportunities one should never turn down because the chance may not present itself again. So when we were asked to do anything in the ward -- and we were all asked to participate and help -- we did.

Before I got married I was the Sunday School secretary. Often I helped teach classes. I appreciate having these opportunities. Mother taught us we had a responsibility to go to our stake and ward meetings. And we were always encouraged to go to the MIA. It was our goal to attend 100 percent of our meeting.

One time I was asked to act in a church play. This is when I was in the Gleaner class, when I was older. I didn't think I could, but Mother said, "Of course you can." And she made me feel like I could do anything I wanted if I put my heart in it. This made life easier for me.

Mother was interested in our school studies. She didn't graduate from 8th grade -- I don't know how far she went -- but she wasn't a fluent reader. She loved to have someone read to her. Many nights she sat at her sewing machine in the corner and sewed until ten or eleven at night. She loved to have one of us read to her while she sewed. I remember reading her ~The Book of the Rosary.~ How she loved it.

She loved the finer things of life; she didn't have much, but she got along the best she could.

Later in life we bought a phonograph. I loved listening to records. One day I put on a record while doing housework. The piece as called ~Humoresque~. It was a slow tune. Now, we were in a hurry to go someplace, but I had to get the floor mopped before we left. I was moving slowly, keeping pace with the tune. Mother yelled, "Beatrice!" I was so frightened I jumped out of my wits. She said, "If we're going to go you've got to mop faster than that." But she did appreciate good music.

Mother liked good candy. If we bought her a Hershey bar she would say, "That's the poorest candy anybody can buy." She liked good chocolate.

Temple Work

Later in Mother's life, when there were eight children left at home, Mother took the bus to Logan to do temple work. She left after we left for school. She would be home about three or four in the afternoon. She did this many times. She was a dedicated temple worker.

I remember hearing how bad her attacks of gall stones were. She was given a blessing in the temple. They told her if she remained faithful, as she was, and did the things the Lord asked her to do, she would be healed. From that time on Mother never had an attack of gall stones. I remember her telling us about this.

All fourteen of her children were born in the same home. The doctors always came and took care of her. Grandmother cared for her after every birth. She didn't die until my baby was five weeks old. She made Mother stay in bed until the baby was two weeks old -- fourteen days. Then Mother could get up. All this time Mother would only be able to sit in a chair while the bed was made. Other than that she had to lie in bed.

When I had twins, she cared for me. She sent Myrtle out to stay with me. I had to stay in bed for fourteen days. I couldn't believe it because on the third day I was ready to get out of bed.

Mother, up to the time of her death, had excellent health. She kept herself trim and neat looking and she didn't have any problems. We didn't have many doctor's bills. If there was something wrong with us, Mother had a home remedy. Seldom did we see a doctor unless someone had an appendix removed or to get eye glasses.

A Follower of Christ

Mother was a follower of Christ. She did good and was without guile. She was always doing good for other people; she always helped her family and her neighbors. If anybody needed anything, they called for Maud.

Aunt Alice sent her children to have Mother cut their hair. Mother cut our hair, including Dad's and the boys'. She seemed to cut it the way we wanted it. Mother would get upset when Aunt Alice sent her boys on a Sunday for their haircuts. One day she told them, "If you don't come up on a Saturday, I won't cut your hair any more."

The next time they came on a Sunday, she sent them home, telling them to come the next Saturday.

If Aunt Ethel was sick, Mother visited her when she went to Logan. She showed her concern.

When Violet lost her husband, Mother caught the Bamburger and went over to Violet and spend the day. She came home at six o'clock that night.

She was a joy to each one of her girls who got married. She supported them in whatever they were trying to do. "By their fruits you shall know them." All Mother's daughters are active in the Mormon Church and have been married in the temple. One son is a bishop. She and Dad taught us well. As they say, "Train up a child when he is young and when he is old he will not depart therefrom."

We all make mistakes. We are sent sent here to prove ourselves, to see our mistakes and to benefit from them. Mother's family has truly done this.

Duly Punished

I never remember being spanked by my Dad, but I remember being spanked twice by my Mother. Every morning I would lose my coat. I came in the house and threw my coat down someplace. You can imagine with fourteen kids it was difficult keeping the house clean. We only had four rooms. I could never find my coat when it came time to leave. Many times Mother told me, "Beatrice, if you don't hang up your coat, I'm going to spank you." She said, "There's a place in the hall for you to put your coat, and you never do."

To find the coat we had to go through everything -- the beds and everything. She warned me and warned me. One morning when I came out bawling, "Mother, I can't find my coat." she spanked

me. It hurt my feelings more than it hurt my bottom.

The next time I lost my coat, and everyone was looking for it, I stood looking in the mirror that was across from the table, the big round table that we had in the kitchen, and here I could see myself in the looking glass. I stood there making all kinds of horrible faces in the glass of me bawling. I pulled my face this way and that way, and I guess Mother happened to see me, and she had found my coat. So I really got a spanking that time. And I went to school crying. But I never left my coat down after that, as I remember.

There was one other time she spanked me. She called me and called me and I didn't answer her. Dad has sent me down to Pete Pumps to get some putty to put in a window. When I got the putty back to Dad, Mother came out and said, "Young lady, the next time I call you, you answer me." And she spat me.

And I bawled, and then Dad said, "Well, I told her to go down to Pete Pumps for me and there is where she was."

Mother apologized. But I took the best of the advantage, I stood and sobbed and cried, and I was going to show Mother that she had no right to spank me.

But Mother and Dad were not people to beat their kids. When Mother spoke, though, we paid attention. We knew that she meant business. When she asked us to do something, she didn't have to ask a dozen times. We did what we were asked right then.

Looking Nice

On parents' day in high school, Mother went to school. I watched for her. It thrilled me stiff for Mother to come to school. She always looked so nice. I was so proud to have my Mother come to school so I could show her off and say, "This is my Mother." I still feel the heart throbs -- like my heart was coming up into my throat -- when I saw Mother coming across the last two or three miles. There were no homes on the way to high school. She came down the hill. I know she was proud of all of her girls.

She had us looking nice. She washed early in the morning. On wash day she got up and had the clothes through one water before we ever made it to school. All the clothes were piled on the table-- she boiled all the white clothes. She had us punch these clothes while they were boiling before we left for school. She was the first lady in the neighborhood to ever get her washing out on the line. She always said, "Well, I'm not going to have Merilee Rose or Anna May Larsen beat me with the clothes on the line." So Mother was the first one with clothes on the line.

I'm not saying she was the first one to get through washing, because I'm sure she had a bigger family than any of them. We were lucky if she would be done washing by the four in the afternoon. Many a time she scrubbed the floor when we got home. Sometimes she asked one of us to scrub the floor, but not very often.

Every Saturday we scrubbed the wooden chairs, the woodwork, and the oil cloth that went up halfway on the kitchen walls. We cleaned the house for Sunday. The chairs were bare wood -- we scrubbed them with lye water -- they were white. When new, the oil cloth had a design on it, but it soon faded with the many scrubblings we gave it. I wondered why we always had to do this, but since I've had my own family I sympathize with her. Fingermarks must have been everywhere.

In the winter time the kitchen was the main room where we stayed. During the week we

couldn't build a fire in the living room because it took too much coal, so most of the time we were in the kitchen playing or working at the large table in the center of the room.

Mother kept a nice yard. She had flowers and a beautiful garden. We had a neighbor named Alvin Allen who hired one of us to sit on his horse to make it go through his rows. I know that horse knew more than we ever did, but we sat on the horse for him. Then he cultivated Mother's garden. We hoed out the weeds between these cultivations. And Mother helped with the hoeing.

Mother also picked many berries. When we got older and picked berries for other people, Mother picked her own. If she needed help, she asked us if we would help her.

Holidays

In our home we were taught not to fight, quarrel, or argue. If we were playing games and there were words or anyone quarreled or fought, accusing someone of cheating or somebody doing this and that, Mother would say, "If you can't play decent, don't play at all." And we had to put the game away.

So we learned quickly we hadn't better fight and quarrel. We loved to play, so we worked out our differences.

Christmas time was most enjoyable. With so many children, it was difficult.

I always got a new doll and sometimes I got a buggy and a set of dishes. As we grew older we got something like a watch, a ring, or clothes -- usually things we could use.

The highlight of our Christmas to me, when I look back on it now, was the big dinner on Christmas eve Mother prepared. It was always chicken and maybe a big pot roast with all the trimmings. We had any kind of pie. It was much the same at Thanksgiving. We always had mounds and mounds of pies and big dinners.

After our Christmas dinner, we gathered in the living room and sat around our tree. We couldn't afford electric candles, so we had candles. We wanted to light them. Sometimes we could light them for a few seconds, but not for long because she was afraid the tree would go up in smoke.

We sang songs, played a few games, and then passed out gifts. We exchanged gifts from one to the other. When a gift cost too much for one, two of us went in together for the gift. Then we all went to bed early so Santa Claus would be sure to stop at our house.

I think I was in the eighth or ninth grade when I happened to stay up one night. The others had gone to a dance or something after the party at home. Dad said, "Beatrice, would you like to help Santa Claus fill his socks tonight?"

Well, I felt so thrilled I didn't know what to do. I thought sure Santa Claus would come in that door any minute. And then I found out who Santa Claus really was. And I got to help. I was a little disappointed, but yet the joy of being able to help was something that I'll never forget, the joy of that night that I got to help Santa Claus fill the socks of my other brothers and sisters.

Every year we got Parchassi and an Old Maid card deck. We got most of the games we wanted. We played a lot during the holidays. We had many friends, but we didn't need our friends on occasions like this because we were sufficient unto ourselves there were so many of us.

Friends

When we were younger, we pulled the wagon out to Anderson's pond. It seemed to be eight miles, but I am sure it wasn't more than a mile. We would have a weiner roast. We pulled the little kids in the wagon. After we had our fun, we turned around and came back.

There was a lot of kids to be taken for a pull, but Mother thought these things were important. We were in 4H clubs. Besides the outdoor activities, we learned to cook and sew. She let us do these things and insisted that we did when we were able to get time off from our farm work -- picking berries or whatever.

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Each of us had her own friends as she was growing up. I invited my friends home. Mother fixed something for us to eat. Many times she fixed waffles.

We had a waffle iron. No one else in the community had one, I guess.

It is an interesting story how we got the waffle iron. Pearl and Violet went to the fair in Logan. As they walked around, a man said to them, "Put your quarter down, and you might get your choice of these gifts."

So they put a quarter down and won the waffle iron. Until I left home I remember we were able to have waffles. Because other people weren't able to have waffles, many times I had a girl friend over for a waffle supper. We had apricot marmilade and whipped cream on top of it. Those girls ate and ate until I was almost ashamed for them.

So Mother did things for us like this that we might have a happy life with our friends as well as with our family.

Mother's Working Ability

Mother knew how to fix anything that was broken. She could see how it worked. If some little thing needed to be built or something done, Mother was able to do it.

We needed a porch built on our house so she had someplace to wash in the summertime. She got some boards and built the porch.

I mentioned the storage area she build in the the boys' room. When three boys were gone, she hung things in his room. She did the same in our girls' room. She was always building and fixing some little thing where we could keep our clothes or things.

She did the wiring and things like that so we didn't have to go to the store. Mother knew how to repair.

She had a way of knowing what to do in times of emergency. Much of the time she was alone with the children. I'm sure it wasn't easy for her, but she seemed to know exactly what to do.

If she was disappointed, and I'm sure she was many times in her life, she never let us know about it. She did the things she was supposed to do. Each one of us went back to her for counsel or advice. She would give it to us. It was important for us to know she was always behind us 100 percent. If we did something that wasn't right, or if we did something wrong, she would still be with us.

She would counsel or give us advice if we asked her help. She was a Mother of one in a million. I don't think anyone had a Mother any better than what she was to her family.

Thrift

There was one place in town where we bought material for clothes. The lady who ran the store was Maud Linquist in Hyrum. When Mother entered the store, she'd say, "Now, Maud, I've got to have something, but not too expensive."

When Mother said this, Maud Linquist knocked off quite a few dollars if Mother really wanted to buy it.

The same thing happened when she went to Logan. She always traded at the Jessup Jesse Shoe Store. When she went in to buy shoes, he always gave her a good deal. She shopped where people knew her.

The only time I remember Mother and Dad owing anything was when they borrowed \$60 from the bank. I don't even remember what it was for, but I remember they wanted to pay off this note for \$60. Because we worked in the bean fields and helped earn the money, they asked us if it was all right to take \$60 to pay off the note. Of course we told them yes, and so they paid it off.

When the depression came we had no bills at all. This was commendable for a family of fourteen to be able to say their place was paid for. All we had to pay was the light bill, the water bill, and the property taxes. My parents were thrifty, hard-working people who were taught the ways of the Lord.

Horse Story

In one of Dad's jobs, he traveled a long ways to the bench. By this time there were a few automobiles around the country. We girls were embarrassed to ride in the wagon, so we lay down in the wagon so nobody could see us.

One day as we were going past Grandma's place, which was about a mile in the country from where we lived, we were all lying down. Our lunch buckets were lined up behind the backboard. Dad was in the seat driving the horse.

Usually when the horse deficated, Dad put his foot on the horse's tail so the manure wouldn't come back on us. But this time Dad didn't see it in time. The horse lifted his tail. The horse had diahrrrea and manure went all over the lunch buckets and all over us.

Dad didn't have time to take us home, so when we got to the bench on the river, we washed ourselves off and cleaned the lunch buckets.

After that we were cautious where we "slept." Dad got quite a chuckle out of it. He had a good sense of humor. And Mother had a sense of humor. She would have to have with the children she had.

A Continued Source of Strength

When one of us got married, Mother helped each one of us in her own way. Never once did I go home but what I went away with a batch of what we called the big flat peas or with a sack of corn, dried corn, a sack of chili beans, and a sack of white beans. She seemed to always have plenty of these things for each one of us when we went home.

If Mother didn't think we looked just right when we went to visit her, or if our clothes weren't quite right or weren't what she thought they should be, she would say, "My girl, if you buy a little material I'll be glad to make you some new clothes."

Every time I went home she made me some new clothes. Before she passed away she made me a beautiful blue corduroy jumper and a white blouse. When I got home David said that was the prettiest outfit that I have ever had in my life.

Mother loved David, my husband. David thought the world of her. When she came to visit, there wasn't anything that he wouldn't do for her because he loved her. She was a woman who was easy to love and most people loved her.

After Dad Died

I remember when Dad died she stood by the heater in the living room with tears in her eyes and tears running down her cheeks. She said, "No one will know how I loved that man."

I know she must have loved him through all the toil and the strife they went through. Life wasn't easy for her; it was hard, but she never complained. I never heard her complain how tired she was or how much she had to do. She never was too tired to sit up at night and make a new dress. She was never too tired to help someone.

Final Comment

My heart is full when I think about my Mother. She was one of the greatest blessings the Lord gave to us. There isn't a night when I kneel to say my prayers that I don't thank my Heavenly Father for my Mother and Dad and for the things they taught me. What they did for me was so much greater than their faults.

My Dad had a weakness. Because he recognized this, he spent many of his last years herding sheep in the mountains. He seemed know or had a fear that he would die out in the mountains and not be found. This was exactly what happened to him.

He had other characteristics that surpassed his weakness. We all have mountains to surmount, like he did, and I'm sure that if we do it as well as he did and as well as Mother did, we will be rewarded well for it.