

As Related by Myrtle Blanche Winn

Childhood Memories

The United States declared war on Germany April 6, 1917. The first men to go in the Armed Services were the young unmarried men; the next, the young married men; then the young married men with one or two children.

Papa had his draft papers filled out and was to be in the next group called for service when the war ended. If he had been called into the Armed Services, it would have meant leaving his wife and seven children at home, for I had just been born on November 4th, 1917. I was the seventh child.

During this time, commodities were rationed. Because we had a growing family, we needed more flour. When Dad told the miller, he put an extra ration of flour in a grain sack used for bran or shorts which was used as pig feed. One could have all the pig feed one wanted. This way we were supplied with a necessary staple.

The year I was born Mama hauled all the hay. We planted hay for our cow on part of our place. She cut the hay with a scythe and then rake it into piles with the pitchfork. As the hay dried, she turned it so the underside could dry. She hauled all the hay to the barn in her apron. It wasn't often we had to buy hay because we ran out. If we did have to buy hay, we didn't pay much for it.

Mother worked until the older children -- Edith, Pearl, Violet, and Bertha -- were old enough to work in the berry patches, in the beet fields, or in the bean patches. When the children started going to the field, she spent her time washing and ironing clothes, cooking meals, sewing or patching clothes, or storing food for winter. She was a neat housekeeper and a good cook.

When I was a child, Papa was away much of the time working on the railroad or working in the canyon herding sheep. But I do remember him playing with us. He had an enormous sense of humor and loved to play tricks or joke. He loved to tell us stories and kept us spellbound with his tales.

Papa told us of the time he was in the mountains working very hard. He lost his canteen. He was very thirsty and the heat was unbearable. He thought he would die if he didn't get water. Just as he thought he was taking his last step, a cloud settled above him. He immediately poked his finger into the cloud and water trickled out. He drank to his heart's content, then took a piece of cloud from the outer edge to plug the hole.

His stories were usually about clouds, rain, the hills where he herded sheep, snakes, deer, fish, or other things in nature. Only after we grew older, did we realized many of these stories were tall tales.

He got on the floor and played with us. He put an elastic or a string over the cat's feet. He told us, "The cat has to have its dancing shoes on." Then he played his harmonica and told us the cats were dancing.

Another favorite story of his was when he was herding sheep in the Nevada desert. One day his dogs went off chasing a jack rabbit. He called and called to them, but they didn't return, so he finally left them and went back to camp.

In a day or two the camp was moved so the sheep would have more grass for grazing. Early in the spring on his return through that some same area he heard someone calling his dogs. He listened and listened. Finally he realized it was his voice; it was thawing and he was calling his dogs. Sure enough, the dogs came running back to him.

When we asked him where the moon went when it was waning, he said the moon was made of green cheese and that mice ate it. "That's why it gets smaller," he told us.

We pointed out to him that it got big again, and he said Heavenly Father put back a new piece of cheese when it was all gone.

Dad told us, "My daughter, you came from royal blood." Then he would take us by the hand and show us the purple blood in our veins that proved what he said. I was fifteen or so before I found out that blood is red.

Often he was a horse for us to ride, a tiger or some other animal ready to pounce on us. This made us run.

And Papa could make money appear or disappear out of our sleeves or out of our ears. This fascinated us. Or he would make a dime pass through our head by putting one hand to the right ear and the other hand to the left ear. This made us very excited.

The Hotel Woman

When we played outside the house, we called Mama the hotel lady. 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 and whatever we could find. Mother would call one of us to tend the baby when it woke up. We told the others, "I have to go now because the hotel woman needs me."

While playing we had all kinds of dishes. If we didn't have enough of Mother's broken dishes to use, we made dishes out of lots of things. We used broken bottles, pieces of things we could find. Sometimes we made a small hole in the ground, put sand in it, flattened it out, and poured water over it. When it got dry, we had a sand dish to use.

We used different things for food. We pulled leaves off trees and used that as our meat. We used box elder flowers for fish.

One thing we really liked to eat were peas in cherries. We made sure no one was looking. Then one of us would climb a cherry tree and get a handful of cherries. Then we went to the garden and picked some peas. We then removed the stones from the cherries and stuffed the pea in the cherry. How we loved this treat!

Mother was not of a cross nature, even with as many kids as she had. She loved us and played with us. But when she called, then we had to go.

A Hard Lesson

When I was in elementary school, a boy gave me seven pennies for my birthday. They were in a wooden box. Bea got into my birthday box and then teased me about having a boyfriend. I got mad and called her a "son of a bitch." I had no idea what I was saying.

She told me she was going to tell mother what I had said. I told her I didn't know what it meant. So she explained to me what I had said, and then she went and told Mama what I had said.

Mama looked at me and said, "Thank you, my daughter. I didn't know you thought that of me."

I went in on the bed and cried my eyes out. I cried and cried. I felt so badly about what I had said.

Cemetery Sexton

We had to do manual labor for survival. Papa worked for the railroad, then as a water sexton for Hyrum City, as a common laborer, logging wood, and as a sheep herder. His congenial personality helped him obtain employment. His motto was: "Do a day's work for a day's pay." He taught this to his children.

While Papa worked as sexton for Hyrum City Cemetery, pine trees were planted. We carried water to the little pine trees every day. Now these trees tower into the sky. They help make a beautiful cemetery.

Papa took care of the grounds and dug graves as they were needed. The law did not require the dead to be placed in a vault when buried, and it upset Papa when he found a grave where the earth had given way.

After Papa quit working in the cemetery, Mother cared for the grounds. I remember she always had a patch on her dresses in the stomach area. She wore her dresses out in that spot by pushing the mower.

We always worked in the cemetery. When school let out, all the students who walked by the cemetery crossed the street so they wouldn't walk on the side of the street next to the cemetery. But I wasn't afraid to walk by the cemetery. In fact, we always walked on that side of the street.

The Depression

During the depression it was hard to get work so Papa came home and worked for the City of Hyrum reading water meters and fixing broken pipes. In doing this work, he drove an old Rome horse and buggy. Everytime he met a man on the street, he stopped and talked to him. The horse was soon trained to stop because Papa did this.

When we, his girls, took the horse to the beet fields, every time we passed anybody that horse stopped, and you just could not make that horse go until they passed by.

Dad told us, "Beware of any man that puts or keeps his hands in his pockets. He'll cheat you." Dad stood tall and straight. And his promises were kept.

During the depression we never went without food at all. We had plenty of sugar and had plenty of fruit and everything. My Mother and Dad always made sure we had food and coal. They brought -- it seems to me just a little pile of coal -- tons of coal and dumped it in our bin. And Dad always brought logs home from the mountains to burn. It seemed our lane was full of logs and wood all the time. He also brought home cedar posts to sell and then he had wood that he brought home for us to burn. Maybe it wasn't so much, but it seemed like a lot to me.

We always had flour. Mother always had a great big bin that she kept her flour in, plus she always kept flour stored in Albert's room. We also had sugar -- always hundred pound sacks of sugar.

Our cellar was always full. The cellar was outside but was attached to the house. It was underground. We always had any kind of fruit we wanted.

During the depression the government paid you \$5.00 to kill a cow -- to put it in the gulch and shoot it -- five or seven dollars. I can remember that. We had two cows. I believe we had a cow that was taken out and shot. We kept one cow all the time. We raised a calf every year off of it. We always had chickens, too, and we always had pigs. We had a weiner pig (or two pigs) and raised it until it was big enough to butcher.

It was during the depression Papa was fired from this job. He left home to herd sheep because he couldn't get any other work. From then on he was gone most of the time. He traveled far to herd

sheep and didn't get home very often.

As a Sheep Herder

Papa took his sons with him, at one time or another, to herd sheep. The boys spent the summer months with him at the sheep camp.

He was a good cook and made tasty food; he insisted on cleanliness. He taught them to care for animals and themselves while in the mountains, how not to panic if they became lost. He gave them survival lessons, how to find a marker or identify where they were by looking at the mountains, by walking downhill or following a stream.

All of his sons were good hunters. It was while the boys were with their father they were taught how to use and care for firearms. It was because of this teaching that Boyd took the highest shooter in his Battalion in the Army Sharp Shooters. He was awarded a medal for this. Reed also qualified the first time he was up as a Sharp Shooter. Out of 200 enlisted men, only about five or six qualified for Marksman the first time up.

They loved to fish and found much joy in being in the mountains, as did Papa.

Sometimes the days were long because there would be days and days of seeing no one. Sometimes Papa or one of the boys waited on a road for a passerby to take a letter to town and mail it for them. Often it was three or four days before someone would come along to post the letter for them.

Papa had many friends who frequently visited him. Papa loved these visits. Sundays were good days to visit. If there were other sheep camps in the area, they would enjoy an afternoon relaxing and visiting with each other.

Mother saved the Church Sections of the Deseret News and sent them to Dad. He read these over and over. He often read the scriptures and usually carried ~The Bible~, ~The Doctrine and Covenants~, or ~The Book of Mormon~ in his hind pocket to read in his spare time. He wore several books out this way.

Household Duties

Every year in the spring and in the fall, our house was calcimined, that is, it was painted with a white wash. We added water to this powdery substance.

Every Saturday we washed the oil cloth that went half way up the kitchen walls. Every Saturday we washed our cupboards and scrubbed the chairs -- just like I did my spring cleaning after I got married. We cleaned our house like that every Saturday.

And every Saturday Mama made sure that our clothes were ready for Sunday morning. There was no getting up on Sunday morning and having to hunt for something.

Mother had a beautiful wash. We often said, after she died, "Mama would turn in her grave if she saw our wash."

When she hung her wash out, it was hung out by color and size. She put the clean laundry on a table. She shook the laundry, separated it by color and size or who it belonged to. Then the laundry was hung on the line in that order. The pinks would be in one section, the blues in another, etc. It was a beautiful sight to see.

A Compassionate Servant

Mama was a woman of service. She knew the meaning of sorrow and the blessings of love. She had no thought of her own reward, but she was a blessing to her fellowman. She expressed her love in many ways.

She often helped other people who needed their homes cleaned. I remember the time she took some of us to help her clean Wood's house. The woman was senile and was cared for by her husband, who was very old. Their place was so dirty -- they had bedbugs, and the wooden floor was black with filth. They had braided rugs that were on the floor and were almost stuck to the floor.

One day we went to clean their two-room house. We calcamined those rooms. We couldn't afford soap, not even for our own house. So we used lye to clean. After we calcamined the room, then we cleaned the floors with lye. When we got through with the floors, they were almost white. Our hands were all eaten with the lye because we used it in such high concentration. Everything was spotless when we were through.

We took a feather and soaked it in kerosene. With this feather we had to wash the coils on the beds. Then we had to cover the springs and go along the edge of the mattress, on the buttons, underneath the buttons to kill the bedbugs. And we had to go all around the mop boards -- and mop boards were then six inches high.

That day for our lunch we went down to the spring. We took off our clothes and washed. While in the bushes we changed into our clean clothes. Mom brought our lunch. After we finished lunch, we put our dirty clothes back on and went back to finish the house.

When we got back to the house, we found something all over the floor. I imagine it was cottage cheese that Mother had made for her. The lady had spilled this all over the clean wooden floor.

I said, "Mama, why do you do this?"

She said, "It's compassionate service."

* * * * *

I thought it was terrible that Mama used to go do all that work, but it was giving of herself. She said that she couldn't get up and teach a lesson in Relief Society, but she could do this work -- which is the greater of the two by far.

I remember another family she cleaned a house for. One of the parents had died, and Mama went up there to clean the house. We stayed up there that night to sit with the dead after the house was clean.

I often went with Mother when she went to sit up with the dead. The dead were taken home from the mortuary after they were embalmed. She put two chairs together and placed a quilt on them. This is where I slept. She would crochet and embroider and do all the fancy work while she was sitting up with the dead.

Many times she was asked to sit up with the dead. It was believed that you could not leave a dead person alone without someone to watch them. It was probably superstition that the cats would break in, perhaps break the doors or windows to come in and get the dead.

Often after staying up all night she went home and worked the next day without any sleep at all. Maybe she took a five-minute catnap, but she was always up without going to bed. Many times she was called upon to help dress the dead.

* * *

My mother was an excellent cook. She always made our bread, pies, cakes -- pastries and all that. It seems she was always taking bread to someone. No one could make pickles quite as good as she could, and her jam always had that extra good flavor.

Besides being good in the kitchen, she was professional at doing wallpaper. She could start in the middle of her ceiling putting on the wallpaper. Sometimes she bought wallpaper that needed to be matched. The match was perfect. We always had our front room wallpapered. (There were two beds in the front room.) And she wallpapered the kitchen.

The neighbors called her in when they got ready to wallpaper. She always went to help them, especially in putting the wallpaper on the ceiling. She could hang wallpaper as well as anyone trained in the business.

Mama had other talents no one in the community could surpass her in -- quilting, crocheting, and embroidering. She was loved by her neighbors and they sought her counsel and advice. When new babies were born, she was sent for.

Tracy Reynolds -- the neighbor on the west -- had her second pair of twins. The first pair were one-and-a-half years old. The family came down with the dreaded disease influenza. No one dared to go in to help her. When Tracy contracted the disease, Mama put on her mask and went in each morning. She bathed, dressed, and fed the babies until Tracy was able to do the chores herself.

With tears in her eyes, Tracy thanked Mother saying, "I'll never be able to repay you."

Mother loved the Lord and tried to keep his commandments. She was a faithful block teacher for many years, being a faithful member of the Relief Society. She rendered a great service to this organization: she helped with the sick, with the needy, the dying, the dead. After she raised her own family, she spent many, many hours in the service of her community, helping anyone who needed it.

* * * * *

Mama, being such a good seamstress, was asked by many people to sew for them. They offered to pay her well. She told them, "Bring over the material."

When they arrived, she would say, "I just don't have the time, but just leave the material and I will help you."

Then she completed the article and return it without accepting any pay.

She learned to be an expert in sewing shortly after she was married. Her mother gave her some material so she could make herself a suit. She didn't have confidence in herself to sew this material, so she asked Mrs. Selby to sew the suit for her. Mrs. Selby was too busy with other sewing she had promised to do, but she told Maud she had seen the doll dresses and hats she had made and anyone who could sew that well could make her own suit.

So with a little help and a few suggestions, Mother sewed her first suit and was proud of the finished product. This talent proved to be a blessing to her family. She sewed all the girls' clothes, including dresses, coats, and underwear.

My sister Beatrice and I were named after Aunt Myrtle and Aunt Beatrice who lived in Ogden. They were Dad's cousins. They always gave us Christmas presents. I can remember one year they gave me a great big boy doll -- it was enormous. They always gave us clothes, plus a toy.

Aunt Beatrice and Aunt Myrtle always dressed in the latest styles. They sent all their old clothes, which weren't worn, to Maud. She remodeled them for us.

Mama had us look in a catalog for the types of clothes we wanted. We could choose anything we wanted: a blouse off one pattern -- perhaps a sleeve off one blouse, the collar off another -- a skirt off another pattern. Mama sat down and cut the pattern out of newspaper and cut out our dresses, blouses, skirts, whatever. These clothes fit us perfectly.

I can remember once she made a most beautiful suit. Boyd said -- and this was after he was married -- "Where did you get your suit?"

And she said, "Well, I made it."

He said, "I'd rather have a beef steak. You can't wear a beef steak on your back and keep you warm!" And he said, "Well, Mom, you shouldn't be so stylish."

Nobody could surpass Maud in many things. She made quilts for her girls when they got married. Our beds were covered with beautiful quilts. Any quilt you wanted, she knew how to make. And she made quilts for neighbors, too. People came and asked her to do things, and she did them. She never turned anyone away, no matter what they asked of her.

She was very particular about how she looked. Her hair was always combed. The very first thing she did when she got up was to comb her hair. Her dresses were neat and clean even if they were patched.

Her embroidery work was fantastic. She made beautiful pillow slips. And she would crochet all her children's slips and dresses. She made rolled roses on the clothes she made for her grandchildren. These dresses were beautiful. I saved the dress she made for Lonnie Kay, but it burned down in our house. I can still see those roses. They were crocheted on the neck and the sleeves and the slips. There was a line of rolled roses on the bottom and all the way up the front of the dress. The roses started at the bottom and then went up towards the center.

Summer Work

During summer Mother picked berries for Alvin Allen and Ole Thompson on shares. By doing this she earned enough to supply our family with the smaller variety of fruit for winter use. Pearl and Edith, the two older girls, were left home to care for the little ones.

At noon the baby was carried over to the berry patch to be nursed, and a bowl of bread and milk was taken for Mother to eat.

* * * * *

Papa hired out to do farm labor because work was scarce. The children went to the beet fields with him to space the beets. The younger children pulled the double beets out, and the older children learned to thin the beets by themselves.

We were taught to do an honest day's work and to do a good job. Papa was very dependable and honest, and he made certain we did good work. He made us do the work over if we didn't do it well. He insisted on honesty and fairness.

Soon we had a good reputation, and we had all the work we could do. We were all respected. We had much fun and many exciting experiences while working in the fields.

Pearl made us get up at two o'clock in the morning so we could be down in the fields first. We

got there before daylight so we could hide. This way we got the first rows that the other people had picked or else we could pick our choice of rows. We didn't want to pick the same rows we did before because we picked clean. The other pickers didn't pick so clean, and we could go over their rows and get more berries than by picking our rows again.

Papa never accepted second-rate work. One day Violet was planting beans. Papa was making the furrows and Violet was supposed to measure with a stick how far apart the hill of beans should be planted. She didn't want to do the work, so she planted the beans closer and many together. Soon all the seeds were gone. Papa never said anything to her, but when the row was finished she had to pick up all the beans and replant them properly by using the measuring stick. She wanted to pick up only the "extra" beans, but Papa made her pick them all up and start over again.

We all learned obedience from these kinds of experiences.

~Always Work To Do~

We were never without a job. Mother told us we could babysit for nothing because it was good for us to do something constructive and it was good to help people without getting paid for it. Dad also made us help people. I don't remember anybody coming to help us.

We always had jobs picking vegetables or fruit. When we picked raspberries, we picked by shares. We picked them and got a half or a third of what we picked. Then we took them home and canned them.

We planted and picked beans. Mama brought our lunch to us in the little red wagon. When she got to the bean field, we ate.

After we finished picking beans, we hauled them to the bean cannery to sell. We placed one bag of beans in the bottom of the wagon, three bags across that one, and then one bag on top. One of us pushed and the other pulled. Bea and I worked in the factory, so while we stayed to work at the factory, the others pulled the little red wagon home.

~Winter Apples~

We got some of our apples from Levi Anderson. We delivered the newspaper to him all year round. The delivery of the newspaper was pay for the apples. We picked the apples, and used them for our winter supply. Every night during the winter months, we got a bowl of apples from the cellar. This kept us in apples from fall until March or April.

During the winter we went down in the cellar and sorted the apples. We took the rotten ones out so the rest wouldn't spoil.

~Handling Complaints~

If anyone complained about the work that we did in the fields -- in the beet fields or picking berries or anything -- Dad made us do it over or he wouldn't let us get paid for it.

I can remember once we had to hoe somebody's beets over because the field was weedy. It was not our fault. We had weeded them. About a month later the man came and said the weeds were thick in there -- that was because he never kept his weeds down in the first place and the weeds kept coming up. We had to go back and weed his place again.

We picked dew berries for Victor Peterson. Dew berries grow very long succers. These need to be pruned every year. The berries grow in clumps under the bushes, so to get to the berries one needs to lift the bushes. We pruned his bushes for him, and in so doing made it easier for us to get to

the berries. He said we broke all his vines off the bushes, so we never got paid for that job.

Those two complaints were the only two that I remember.

~Nicknames~

There were many nicknames placed on the people of Hyrum. Pete Anderson was called Pete Pumps because he pumped gas. Papa had his share of nicknames. He was called Niels Cedar Post because he logged and sold poles, also Niels Kill-a-Pig because he butchered so many pigs.

Spring almost always found him with a pen of weinners for sale. One spring after selling all but the runt of his piglets from one of his sows, he put the runt in with another sow whose piglets were younger. A neighbor, Pete Anderson, came by and wanted to buy a pig. Papa took him to the pen and immediately Pete wanted to buy the runt. Papa told him what he'd done, but Pete insisted that was the weinners for him, so Papa sold it to him. The runt never did grow very much was finally sold to another neighbor (Glen Henderson) who butchered it and roasted it whole.

Papa logged poles from Blacksmith Fork for the Utah Power and Light Company, and also for the railroad or neighbors. He used the poles to barter for something we needed. One time he traded Lou Bent Nielsen a ton of mahogany wood for a ton of hay. Brother Nielsen was very disappointed because the ton of wood was much smaller than the ton of hay.

~Outings~

We always loved to go on outings. Papa fished in a place so often it was called Niels' Rapids. Reed said he got fish there that had to be cut in several pieces before they could be fried for supper. And Papa took us to Blacksmith's Fork on outings. He often fixed our meals for us. Mother would get to relax.

Sometimes we went to the canyon in our one-horse wagon to pick chokecherries. Mother and Papa rode on the front spring seat while we rode on the back or ran or skipped alongside the wagon. We took the tub in which we took our weekly baths, the boiler used for washing clothes, and other containers to transport the chokecherries home.

Chokecherries are very bitter, but Mother made them into a delicious jelly. This was a treat on Mother's delicious homemade bread with fresh churned butter.

Every Easter we hiked up to "the Point." "The Point" was the top of this mountain. When we got to the top, we could see Bear Lake. Mother made us whatever we wanted to eat on the trip -- pie, cookies, or Merry Widows. Merry Widows were cakes filled with jelly.

One year Albert said he wanted a cream pie -- that is, a pie with nothing in it but cream, so she made one for him. He couldn't eat it, and never asked for cream pie again.

We saved our pennies from Valentine's Day to Easter. We bought our candy for Easter with these pennies. Sometimes we bought the candy early and let it get stale. We thought it was better that way because it lasted longer!

Every Fall we went to Anderson's pond. We put our lunches in the little red wagon and pulled it to the pond. We spend the afternoon there eating and swimming.

Entertainment

We always played a lot of games. We played Twenty-one with matches -- we didn't find out it

was a gambling game until many years later -- or we played with beans.

We played Rook, a card game. Or we played Run-around, or Parchese as it is called.

We played games all the time, but as soon as we quarreled, Mother made us put them up. She said it wasn't any fun to quarrel. "If you quarrel," she told us, "then you aren't happy." We would have to put up our games.

When we played with Dad, and he was losing, he would get up and walk around his chair three times. He said that brought him good luck.

Mother was the best Pinnochle player. Bea and I were good, too. We don't play these games any more because they are gambling games. After Bea and I got married, we played these games all the time.

Even while we canned or worked we played games. We played "I'm hiding, I'm hiding, and no one knows where." We laughed and had a good time. We hid in the clock or in the window or the flower pot or wherever. We did this while we prepared beans for canning.

Then we used to play "Crossing the Plains." We played it two ways. I took a pig and you had to take a cow for ice cream or something. I'd feed my pig, and then you had to feed your cow. When you came along, you would say, "I have to eat my ice cream." Then I would have to say, "I have to eat my pig."

The other way to play was you had to take something beginning with the first initial of your name. I would take "matches."

For our birthdays Dad brought us home a bag of nuts. Mother cooked us a birthday dinner, usually chili or soup.

Christmas Celebrations

At Christmas time the nuts and candy were always placed in piles before going into the stockings, to see that each child had the same number and same kinds of candy and nuts. This always eliminated any bickering. Treats were always equally shared by all.

Christmas was a special time for us all. We followed Papa's Danish tradition in celebrating Christmas.

There was always much preparation going on to prepare the feast and activities for the evening. Every child had many tasks to perform to make the evening more glorious. After everyone enjoyed a delicious meal, the dishes were washed, and things put into place. Then the family gathered around the Christmas tree to exchange gifts. Everyone was thrilled and excited. This was togetherness in its fullest, and Santa always came with more gifts before morning.

Religious Upbringing

Each child was welcomed with a strong bond of love. Their sense of togetherness developed as they grew in size and numbers. Many standards were set for the children to abide by. Discipline seldom seemed to be a problem with the children. Much of the disciplining was left to Mother, but Papa always supported her decisions and enforced his own punishment when necessary.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Mormon Church, played an important part in our lives. It was a source of happiness and support for us. We received a great joy from the Church and felt it important to support the Church.

On April 30th, 1919, Mother and Papa were married in the Logan Temple. This brought joy and happiness to the family. Seven children accompanied them to the temple to be sealed to their parents. The children were Niels Albert, Edith Leora, Mary Pearl, Violet Jessie, Bertha Annie, Mildred Beatrice, and Myrtle Blanche. They dressed in white, knelt at the alter to be sealed to their parents. Mother felt her joy was complete.

She made many visits to the temple after this memorable day. She had seven more children after this.

Alvin Allen, the chairman of the genealogy society of the ward, made the statement Mother did more temple work than any other person during the last years of her life.

She spent many Saturdays with her Father, Mother, and Uncle John Buckley in the temple doing sealings for the dead.

It was on one of these occasions Brother Cranney, first counselor to President Joseph Quinney, paid tribute to Mother for her faithfulness by saying, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things the Lord has in store for them that love him and keep his commandments."

* * * * *

Mother always saved fifteen to twenty-five cents to give to the visiting teachers each month. She put this money in her sewing machine drawer. She didn't have much money, but when she got some, she always put away the portion that was to go to the Church. In those days, the visiting teachers collected the money for Church welfare.

Mother always paid her tithing. She always saved her money right when she got paid, even though she didn't pay her tithing until later. Many times she needed something, but she never used her tithing money.

* * * * *

Papa was called to serve the Mutual Association or YMMIA as a counselor along with Brother Albert Nielsen and Don J. Allen. Knowing he should take his turn conducting the meetings made him very reluctant to accept this position. The brothers promised him he would not have to conduct meetings if he felt he couldn't, so Papa accepted the position.

Soon, seeing his responsibility to take his turn in conducting the meetings, he accepted the challenge and within six weeks was taking his turn.

* * * * *

Mother and Papa sent their son Albert on a mission to the Northern States Mission. Mother watered and mowed the lawns in the cemetery to support Albert. At this time Papa was water superintendent for the city. The girls rented land and planted and pickled string beans. They also worked in the beet fields. Through their combined efforts, they were able to support Albert in the mission field and care for the needs of the family of eleven at home.

In 1935 my sister Pearl went on a mission. She also was sent to the Northern States Mission. This wasn't a hardship on the family because the oldest girl, Edith, supported Pearl on her mission.

Nevertheless, it brought joy and the blessings of the Lord to the family.

* * * * *

We always went to church. I don't know how our parents taught us to have the desire to go to church, to say the blessing on the food, and to be honest. But they did.

In those days they gave one a blessing in the temple, like a patriarchal blessing, only they called them temple blessings.

Mama spent many hours doing welfare service. There was a welfare center -- I think it was in Logan. In the morning, Mama would catch a ride to Logan with somebody. She stayed there all day long and then came home at night with them. They sat and made quilts, sew clothes, do projects for people on welfare. The Church always took care of its own. Those people needed help.

She spent more hours doing welfare work than anybody. She loved to do it; she loved to sew, to whip up a dress. She knew how to cut the necks and sleeves. She could just look and see how it needed to be done.

Mama used to help people that we thought were poor. We were probably as poor as any of them. Dad sent her \$30 a month. That is what we had to live on.

* * * * *

Papa had a special gift of premonition. It was manifest to him many times when there were deaths and sickness in the family.

We had a lot of sickness when June was about five. She had spinal meningitis. June, Beatrice, and I slept in the bedroom with Mama. That night June woke and stated to cry like she was having a nightmare. Mother called for Edith who worked at the telephone office. By the time Edith got home, June was delirious. About 4:00 A.M. we called the doctor.

Papa came home one night and asked Mother what was wrong with June. Mother said she just didn't know but June was very feverish and really sick. Papa looked at her and knew it was serious and said he was certain she had spinal meningitis.

So Dr. Baird was called who examined her and then summoned Dr. J. C. Hayward before it was confirmed as spinal meningitis. They gave her a spinal tap and got over a quart of fluid. She was very ill.

Reed, at this same time, was very sick with pneumonia. Papa was sure there was a death to come. He could always tell if there was trouble by the way his chin itched.

Aunt Alice Bostock (mother's youngest sister) had a boy Bernard who also had pneumonia and was very sick. At this time there were no drugs for the treatment of these diseases. Bernard died within a short time. After his passing, Papa told Mother that he knew now their two children's lives would be spared.

Papa and Reed were at the sheep camp at the time Violet's husband, Dave, was killed suddenly while working for the railroad. It was a shock to all the family. While there was no way to send the news to Papa other than driving up into the mountains, Papa had already sensed there was trouble at home. He had not left the sheep camp area for three days anticipating the news that was to come from home.

As Wally Petersen (the employer of Papa) drove to the camp, Papa met him as he stopped and

immediately asked what the problems at home were and if it was Mother. Papa had told Reed three days before they would be going home and to have things in readiness so they could leave.

* * * * *

The people in Hyrum had a great respect for the Johnson Family. Years later, in January of 1960, Edith died. Her body was taken from Neola, Utah, to Hyrum for burial. The family had been gone from Hyrum for over ten years. The people from Hyrum Second Ward insisted on preparing lunch for the family after Edith's funeral. There had been a superior bond of love and respect developed through the years with the townspeople.

* * * * *

There is a story Grandpa Hulse often told which was related to me by every one of my mother's sisters.

Aunt Ethel had asthma very badly when she was a little girl. This lasted until she was eleven years old. At this time she was very sick. Grandpa had started to smoke by this time. He said he prayed to the Lord and said, "If you will heal that girl, I'll never smoke another cigarette in my life."

He threw his cigarettes away and didn't smoke for years and years.

She never had asthma after that.

After Aunt Ethel got older, Grandpa started smoking again. Aunt Ethel got asthma worse that she has ever had before in her life. From that day until she died, she had asthma. Grandpa did quit smoking again, but it didn't make any difference.

I can't remember Grandpa Hulse going to church, but Grandma Hulse went.

With the help of her husband, Mother taught us to pray, love the Lord, and keep his commandments. She always made certain our Sunday clothes were ready so we could attend Sunday School and go to Sacrament Meeting. We were taught to be obedient, to pay their tithing, keep the Sabbath Day holy, and to be honest in all our dealings with the Lord and our fellowmen.

Illness

There were many times when we were afflicted with disease.

At the time Papa worked for the railroad he was often required to leave home on Monday morning and not return until Saturday evening.

While working for the railroad an epidemic of influenza broke out. This was the result from World War I. Dr. Eugene Worley was the Doctor of the City and was called when Papa took sick. Dr. Worley had been called to almost all of the men's homes who had been working for the railroad. Drinking from the community dipper caused the spreading of this dreaded disease.

This epidemic took the lives of many people.

Funerals were not held in churches, but in the open, because of the fear the virus would be contracted.

* * * * *

One time Reed broke his leg, and he was very sick. He had his leg in traction. They put rocks in a bucket and used this as weight for the traction. This helped to straighten his leg.

Another time I came home with scarlet fever. The older girls had to go live with Grandma Hulse. In those days a sign was placed on the house -- it was red with black lettering. It read "Measles," "Diphtheria," or "Scarlet Fever." No one could go in and no one quarantened could go out.

I just got over scarlet fever and the rest of the younger children came down with it.

Then Mama came down with quinsy, a terrible sore throat. She couldn't eat or talk. She had a terribly high fever. Mama wouldn't let me tell the other children that were staying with Grandma Hulse that she was ill. I used to take lysol and put three or four drops in a syringe of water and then take the hose and put the water down her throat, as far as it would go. Mama lay on the edge of the bed and let the water run out into a pan. Then when the girls came up to see if we needed anything, or if Grandma came up, when Mama talked to them they couldn't tell she was so sick.

When we were all better, we fumigated the house. We had to take all the clothes and wash them, take all the books out of the cupboard and put something in each room to fumigate it.

* * * * *

When Mother was sick or had a new baby and only Papa to help, he always prepared her meals and would take her the very best of what they had for her to eat.

Mama used to suffer with gall stones. The doctor wanted to operate, but Papa wasn't converted to operations. One night she had a bad attack. Papa called to the girls in the bedroom, "If you want to see your Mother alive, you'd better come quick."

He then called to Albert who was in his bedroom. Mama was very sick. She cried as she saw her little ones come in to see her for the last time. But seeing all these little ones that needed her help and guidance, her faith was revived, and she asked for the elders to come and administer to her. Edith and Violet were sent to get Christian Thompson to administer to her. Albert and Pearl were sent for Grandma and Grandpa Hulse.

Through her faith and the blessings of the Lord, her life was spared; she again gained her health and strength. After that experience she gave birth to five more children.

Another time she suffered with gall stone. Her feet were so swollen she was unable to put her shoes on. Bishop Edwin Clawon called to see how she was. She told him she felt that if she could go to the temple and receive a blessing she would be made well again. The bishop took her to the temple. She had to be carried out to the car and from the car into the temple. There she was given a wonderful blessing. The Lord promised her if she continued to be faithful in serving him and keeping his commandments, she would never have another gall stone attack.

Mama said as she was being given the blessing she could feel the water run out of her legs. When she opened her eyes, she thought surely the floor would be covered with water. To her surprise the floor was dry and the swollen legs were normal. After the blessing she walked out to the car and felt perfectly well.

On her arrival home she found that Pearl and Violet had been playing and forgot to herd the cows. The cows were lost. Mama walked from home out to the old red bridge, a distance of two miles, to find the old red cow. She found her and brought her home. The Lord had truly blessed Mama; she never had another attack.

One time she went to Dr. Hale for a treatment. He asked her how often she had gall stone attacks. She related her story to him. He advised her not to take any more treatments for fear the gall stones would be upset, for she had had a nest of them in her side.

The Hulse Family

We used to take the cows to Grandpa Hulse's pasture. He had one of these swivel chairs that came from the bank. We used to go in the house, and he would send us home.

Grandma always had a white cake with coconut on it or else some bisquits for us. We put butter and sugar on the bisquits. Every morning of Grandpa's life, she made bisquits.

When we got sick, we asked for Grandma Hulse to come. I remember them as kind people.

Grandma Hulse used to take her grandchildren shopping all the time. Each child put out the money that he or she had on the counter. I can still see and hear Grandma fumbling in her purse to pay what we couldn't afford. She was a dear lady, and that is something I will always remember.

A Baker's Dozen -- Plus One

Whenever we bought eggs from the neighbors -- because there were thirteen of us in the family -- they'd give us what they called a baker's dozen. They'd put one in for good measure in case we broke one on the way home. When there got to be fourteen of us, we got a baker's dozen plus one.

No matter when we'd go to the store, we'd buy a dozen of anything they had, and they gave us fourteen because there were fourteen children.

When the thirteenth child was born, Mama was asked if that was the last. She replied, "Oh, I suppose we will have a baker's dozen."

When the fourteenth was born, Mama said, "We had our baker's dozen and now one for good measure."

Never once did Mama complain about the work, worry, and hardships that came with raising a large family. She was a strong woman, knew how to work, and wasn't afraid to do her part. I never once heard Mama complain about the children she had.

Teachers of Love

Beatrice and I loved to go home with our little ones. Mother was a real Grandma to all the grandchildren. She nearly kept Lonnie Kay and Jay in clothes until she died.

Mother made me several dresses after I was married and mailed them to me. When our house burned down, she made me three dresses and the children some clothes. Papa also sent me \$60. With this money we bought us a sofa.

Our parents were always concerned about our welfare and helped us whenever they could. I remember going home several summers and picking fruit and then canning it. I took this food home to the Uintah Basin with me. This way we always had plenty of canned fruit and jam.

Mother always gave me a sack of dried peas and beans which we enjoyed all winter. I'm sure she gave all the children the same things.

Violet was very good to Mother and Dad. She was a comfort to Mother and helped her a lot.

She had new cupboards made for Mother and put new linoleum on her floor. I'm sure she did many other things I don't know about.

I love my parents very much. I really didn't know how much I loved them until I had children of my own. Then I discovered what a mother's love is all about. As the children grew older, my love and appreciation for my parents grew. Today I marvel as to how they raised fourteen children and taught us all to be good workers, to be honest people, and to be good citizens.

Everything I have been able to accomplish in my life, I must thank my parents for. They taught me well.

Mother and Dad were well loved by their children and by their neighbors. I never heard my Mother say anything mean about anyone.

About my Dad:

@POEM = You can catch a fish for a boy all his life,

@POEM = and he'll always be hungry.

@POEM = Or you can teach a boy how to fish,

@POEM = and he'll never be hungry.

My Dad taught us how to fish.

Together they gave us the courage to face life with all its ups and downs.