

As Related by Pearl Beutler

My parents were honest and industrious people. They were good neighbors, and they weren't afraid to go the second mile in giving service to those in need.

As children we called our Mother and Father Ma and Pa. I don't recall when we started calling them Mom and Dad, but I'll refer to them here as Mother and Father.

They were good parents. We didn't have a lot of wealth, but we had the necessities of life. We didn't have a modern home, but there were many people who weren't any better off than we were. I was one of the older children, and as I think back on the important things in life, we had most of them.

My Mother and my Father gave me confidence in myself. At times in my life I lost this confidence in self, but it was never long before I gained it back again.

We were a happy family, but we also had our ups and down, our sick spells, our disappointments, worries, and concerns. But the important thing was how we met our challenges. This determined what we are today.

Early Days Around the House

When Mother was having her family, there weren't hospitals or nursing homes where we lived to go to. Mothers had their babies at home. When Mother had a child, Grandma came up each morning, bathed and dressed the baby, and gave Mother a bath.

Before we were old enough to work in the beet fields for the farmers, Mother picked raspberries and gooseberries for Alvin Allen. She always took berries for pay. As the older girls, Edith, Violet, or I tended the little ones. The berry patch was a block and a half from our house. At noon one of us carried a bowl of bread and milk and a bottle of cold water to Mother for her lunch. The other one carried the baby to be nursed. Mother drank the cold water before nursing the baby. She felt if she didn't that her milk would be too hot and cause the baby to become ill.

After we started working in the fields, Edith, Violet, or I stayed home from the beet fields or from school to care for Mother and to do the household chores. One day it was my turn to stay home. The rest were going to the beet fields. I got up early to prepare breakfast while Dad milked the cow.

Now I really didn't know how to make mush, but I thought I did. I had seen my Mother take flour and put it into water and stir it so all the lumps were out of it and pour it into the boiling water on the stove. So I put a kettle of water on the stove and took the flour, about as much as I figured we would eat, and stirred it into the cold water until there were no lumps left. This I poured into the boiling water. After it came to a good boil, I put on the lid and set it away from the hottest part of the stove so it would stay warm until the family was ready to eat breakfast. Then I went about putting up lunches for those going to the beet field.

When Dad came in he said, "Is breakfast ready?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Well, what's this in the kettle?"

"Well, that's the mush."

He asked, "Pearl, how did you make this mush?"

I told him. He was disgusted. He put on another kettle of water and put in the oatmeal to make the cereal.

By the time they had eaten their breakfast I had all the lunches prepared and placed in buckets in their usual place at the north side of the table. It was my responsibility to put up lunches all the time, whether it was for school or for work, so this wasn't a problem for me -- I was accustomed to it. As

they left the house each took a lunch pail and away they went with Dad to the beet fields.

After they left I began cleaning the house. I picked up what I thought was a bucket of lard. Instead of lard it was a bucket of lunch. Now I knew my Dad would be cross with me. I felt so badly I went in by my Mother and began to cry. I knelt down by the bed and just sobbed. I had made the mush wrong and now I had sent the lard to the beet field. She put her arm around me and told me not to worry, things would turn out all right.

As it happened, that day Elva Anderson was helping with the beets. She got sick and walked home. She left her lunch with them, so they all had plenty to eat. A blessing in disguise. Yet not. We usually didn't hire others to help us thin the beets. Elva asked for a job. She was about Edith's age. Dad felt we were a little behind in our work, so he hired her.

Elva hadn't been taught to wipe her nose. As a result she always had two strings of discharge coming from her nostrils. We called her, to her back, Elva Lamblegs. So the beet thinners didn't care about eating her lunch, but Dad divided it and each ate.

Tracy -- A Neighbor

Tracy Reynolds lived to the west of us. Her husband was one of the section crew members of the railroad, so he was away much of the time. Many a night I was sent to stay with his wife, Tracy, because she was afraid to stay alone. Their first baby was a girl named Emma. When Emma was a year and three months old, Thomas was born. When he was one year and about three or four months old, a set of twins came. And a year and a half later, more or less, another set of twins was born to them. They had six children under five.

Mother was very good to Tracy. When Tracy was ill, Mother bathed the babies, fed them, cleaned the house, and helped her with the housework. Many times, almost all one winter, Mother had me stay with her helping to dress the four babies and feed them before I went to school. Many Saturdays I helped her clean the house and care for the babies. Mother never accepted anything for this.

Entertained by Dad

Father was a good worker. He worked hard at what he did. He had no special training. I suppose he would be called a a common laborer. He was a genius at herding sheep, so he could always get a job doing that. As I grew up he was away from home some of the time, yet I remember some choice experiences with him.

One night as my Father was helping me get ready for bed by putting my sleepers on. I complained that they were too tight, so he cut the feet out. That didn't please me, so he sewed the feet together again.

When I was little, he loved to play with us. He loved to play on the floor. On his hands and knees he would play the bear. He growled and came after us.

Sometimes he made the cats dance. He put paper on their feet. Then he played his harmonica. He'd tell us, "See, the cats are dancing to my music."

Dad told us the most interesting stories. Only when I was older did I realize these were stories -- that the cats were trying to remove the papers from their feet while he played, not dancing.

Other times he opened the door and played his harmonica. The dogs howled and howled.

He told us if he wanted it to rain all he needed to do was climb a mountain and stick his finger in a cloud. The water would run out through the hole!

Decoration Day

Dad was sexton of the cemetery. The week before Decoration Day he received cards from former residents of Hyrum asking him to clean cemetery lot for Decoration Day. We girls did most of this work. ("We girls" usually refers to Edith, Violet, Bertha, Beatrice, and myself. As Edith got older, she didn't do a lot of work with us.)|| We used a rubbing hoe to clear the weeds and alfalfa off the cemetery lots. Then we raked the ground to make it smooth and even.

A few days before Decoration Day, Dad had us clean all the lots that hadn't been cleaned. He said that made a cemetery look prettier and more cared for. This of course was gratis. It was a lot of hard work, but it gave us a feeling of satisfaction on Decoration Day.

About a month before Decoration Day, Mother started making paper flowers to put on the graves. This was a special art of Mother's. She could make beautiful paper flowers. Decoration Day we were up very early, at least by 6:00 A.M. We had snowballs, lilacs, tulips, peonies, lillies-of-the-valley, and other early flowers picked, made into bouquets ready to place in big tubs to carry over to the cemetery. Most of these flowers were put on relatives graves, but we saw to it that all graves not decorated had some flowers.

This was a busy day at our house. We had lots of relatives come each year. Special relatives and friends asked Mother and Dad to take care of the baskets they used on the graves, to keep them at their home. The next Decoration Day when they returned, they picked up the baskets to fill again with flowers.

Mother always made a big kettle of chili. She made lots of bread and dripper pancakes.

Violet and I did a lot of dishwashing, but we enjoyed the company. I still remember how fast and continuous Mother's cousins, Nell and Emfy talked.

At sunrise World War veterans lined up at the cemetery's gate and marched to the grave of each World War veteran soldier, fired a shot over each grave, and placed at the head of the grave an American flag waving from a flag staff about two inches high.

When I was growing up this day was not a pleasure-seeking day, but a day to pay respect and reverence to those who had gone before.

After we decorated the graves, we returned home and put on our Sunday clothes. Then we went to a patriarchal meeting.

A Primary Cake

I was about eight years old when I had this experience. We had no water in the house until the year after this happened. Washing was an all-day job. We helped as much as we could before going to school, but we weren't much help. Mother would still be washing when we got home from school. All the water had to be carried in the house, heated on a coal stove in the boiler, and then transferred to the washer. The washer and wringer were operated by hand. We had electricity in the house, but we didn't have an electric washer at this time. The rinsing water was carried in from the hydrant outside and emptied into the two rinsing tubs.

It was Primary day and Mother was washing. My Primary class was having a party. I told

Mother I wasn't going to the party so she need not make a cake for me.

When I got to school, my friends persuaded me to go. After school I hurried home. Mother was still washing. I told her I needed a cake, that I had decided to go to the Primary party. She stopped her work to make the cake.

We had no milk, so she used water instead. We had no powdered sugar for frosting, so she sprinkled grandulated sugar on top of the cake before baking it. Then she put the warm cake on a pretty plate. It smelled so good as I carried it to Primary. The love and understanding of a mother is wonderful.

In the Fields with Dad

We learned many lessons working with Dad. He took Albert, Edith, Violet, Bertha, Beatrice, and myself to the beet fields to work. This money helped buy school clothes and pay expenses. Beatrice was only five years old the first year Dad took us out to the beet field. I was about eleven. He instructed us that we should give an honest day's work for a day's pay and that we should do our work well. We were never allowed to do sloppy work. Because of this many farmers in Hyrum hired us to thin, hoe, and pick beets.

Dad was pretty shrewd. He knew who we should work for and who we shouldn't work for. Men came to the beet field and said, "Mr. Johnson, I have heard that you and your family do a good job of thinning beets. How about doing mine?" Dad had the ability to know whether these men were honest and whether they were telling the truth about the condition of their beet fields. He could tell just by talking with them. A lot of that rubbed off on us girls.

We were told that we must rise early. We didn't lay in bed late at all. We were out in the beet fields early, lots of time before the sun came up.

Dad worked with us two or three years and then we went on our own. He taught us if we made a bargain to keep it even if we came out losers. Some people I could trust and some people I couldn't; he taught me that. "If a man comes to talk with you and he wants you to do something for him and he stands there and all he can talk about is how honest he is and how he never cheats and his beet field is just so-and-so and I'll pay you and I'll be honest with you," Dad said, "Put your hands in your pockets and hold onto every penny that you have."

Dad told us to quit early on Saturday. "Then you can go home and get ready for Sunday."

One day we left the beet field in the middle of a Saturday afternoon. We started walking the mile and a half or two miles home. We got down by Dick Petersen's place, a block or so above our home. Dick Petersen saw us coming. He was always a cheap guy anyway. He stopped us and said, "Say, would you girls come in and pick some strawberries for me? If you pick these rows, I'll give you a certain amount of the berries you pick." It was a large amount, we thought. We knew we could have all the berries that we wanted for one meal, which we thought was a good offer. So we took him up on it. We picked strawberries until just about dark.

When we got home Dad said, "What kept you so long tonight?" We told him of our experience. He said, "All right now, get your paper and pencil out and figure how much money you could have made up in the beet field during the time that you picked strawberries." We did.

Then he said, "How many strawberries could you have bought?" We figured that out and found we could have brought two or three times the amount of strawberries that we got from from Dick Petersen.

Another lesson learned. We should do a little figuring for ourselves, not depend on another man's persuasions.

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We had a large garden and were taught how to plant it, how to cultivate it, how to hoe and water it, and how to harvest the crops from it. When Dad was home, he cultivated while one of the girls drove the horse. When Dad wasn't home, Mother did the cultivating. I did not like to ride the horse no matter who did the cultivating. It was a hard job for me to keep the horse walking straight and not step on the plants. It was hard to keep the horse going straight and not cut out any of the plants. It was just hard for me to do, and I didn't like it.

One day when Dad was going to cultivate he told me to ride the horse. Mother knew I didn't like to and she knew Edith did like to. Somehow or other she sent Edith out to ride the cultivator. I was supposed to stay in and help her get dinner. She told me to bake a baking powder bisquit cobbler. This I did but forgot to add the baking powder and soda. When it came out of the oven it was flat as a pancake. I all but cried. Mother said, "Well, hurry quick, get another bottle of fruit from the celler and get the flour, and I'll hurry and make one and we'll have it ready for dinner." Due to her patient nature, there was no scolding. She still loved me and helped amend the wrong.

Preserving Food

Preserving food wasn't easy. We had no refrigerators, no freezers, and no pressure cookers. To harvest the food and store it for winter use was a big job. What we raised in the garden plus what we purchased from the farmers in the field was our winter food supply.

We had a tree of summer apples and a tree of winter apples. Because these apples were gone long before winter set in, Father saw it to that we had apples stored away in the fall to last us through the winter.

We raised plenty of potatoes, corn, green beans, dried beans, red beets for pickles, as well as cucumbers for pickles. Our preserving method kept the beans in good condition most of the winter. We picked the beans, snapped them, and broke them into pieces. After washing them, they were placed in a crock. While we did this, Mother made a brine to cover the beans. Brine is made from salt and water. When an egg floated on the water, there was enough salt in the water to preserve the beans. The water was then poured over the beans. A clean white cloth was placed over the top of the beans. A big crock plate covered the cloth, and then a weight on top, which was usually a large rock. After a month or six weeks, the cloth got slimy and moldy. We then removed the rock and washed it good, removed the plate and washed it, and put on a clean cloth. Then the crock was covered again as described.

During the winter when the beans were taken out, they were added to cold water, brought to a good boil to remove the salt, and then they were ready to be prepared to serve.

This was also the method used to cure meat. Dad got a big barrel and filled it with boiling water. The pig was killed and then dipped into the boiling water so the hair could be scraped off easily.

When the pig was butchered, Dad helped us make a football from the bladder. We used all kinds of things out of that pig to entertain us in the winter months.

We covered the pig with brine, and it was then stored for winter use.

We butchered pork around Thanksgiving time, so we had pork ribs for Thanksgiving. They

weren't put in the brine, but were fresh. We didn't have turkey or chicken for Thanksgiving.

The carrots and potatoes were stored in the pit cellar which was about twenty-five feet from the house. The pit cellar was built by digging a hole in the ground, placing poles overhead as support beams, and boards placed on the poles. Then the whole thing was covered with sufficient dirt to keep out the frost. In this room were three bins for carrots, potatoes, and cabbage.

There were steps going down into this root cellar. A door was laid flat, which we had to lift to get into the cellar. We also had a fruit cellar built the same way, only it was larger. Instead of bins there were shelves. Here we stored bottled fruit, pickles, dried corn, beans in the brine, and the apples. This cellar was built alongside of the wall close to the kitchen. It also had stairs, but there was a cover over the stairs, not a flat door like the pit cellar. We went out the kitchen door, through the porch, walked by the house, and there was the fruit cellar.

Drying the corn, however, was the most fun of all. On this day Mother took us to Grandpa Hulse's. Grandpa had a screen or else a heavy cheesecloth on a frame. This frame was placed on saw horses. Then we went to the creek and cut off some long willows. The foliage was left on them.

The corn was cut off the cob and placed on this frame in the sun to dry. The children stood with willows in hand to shoo the flies off the corn. Then we always had a good dinner at Grandma's. I don't know who could make cookies or sour cream cake as good as Grandma. We enjoyed this day of drying corn.

The biggest problem in our harvesting was the dried beans. Mother had a large canvas under the shade tree at the side of the house. We pulled the dried beans up and placed them on this canvas. I never could understand why they put all the beans on that canvass -- white beans, speckled beans, chili beans, any kind of beans that were raised in the garden for winter use were placed on this canvas in a big heap. As a flail to thresh the beans we used a partly worn out broom or a couple sticks tied together. The threshed beans were gathered into a pile; the dried vines were carried to the pigs or to the cows. In the morning when the east wind was blowing out of the canyon, Mother got the beans ready for separation by putting some beans in a bucket which she held high over her head and poured the beans out a little at a time. The beans fell in one place, and the wind blew the chaff away. The beans were then gathered and put into sacks. Our winter job was to sort the beans -- to put the white beans in one sack, the speckled in one sack, the brown in one sack. I never could figure out why they didn't thresh them separately so we didn't have to do all that work.

One day as we were sorting beans, Mother said to us, "If you girls get the beans sorted out, you may go to Grandma and Grandpa's place with me." Violet and Bertha were always faster than me, and I worked just as hard, but I just wasn't as fast as they were.

This was one time I was a little dishonest. I could see they were going to be finished before me, so I slipped the rest of my unsorted beans under the bed, which was at my side. All of us went to Grandma's place. I never remember what happened to the unsorted beans under the bed. I suppose they were just put back in the sack of mixed up beans.

Mother's Talents

Mother was a woman of many talents. She could wallpaper as well as a professional. She was an excellent seamstress and no one could quilt better than she. She enjoyed sharing her talents with neighbors, friends, and her sisters Alice, Ethel, and Jenny. She made Jenny's wedding dress. As I think back on her life, I am amazed how she made time to serve others when she had such a large family,

which she did not neglect.

Mother taught her girls household chores -- how to clean house, how to cook, and how to sew. I will be eternally grateful to her for keeping us clean and neat and tidy to go to school and to church.

We had an aunt who lived in Hyrum. Mother sewed for her children. They had clothes, but they wore the dresses made for school for everyday. Sometimes I thought they slept in them. We were taught differently. Mother also made our clothes as well as Aunties -- two dresses for school, one for Sunday. When we came home from school, we changed our clothes, hung them up, and put on everyday clothes. We got a new Sunday best dress for Christmas, a new best dress for the 4th of July, and two new dresses to start school.

No patterns for dresses were sold in the stores in Hyrum or Logan until I was in my teens. Because she had no patterns, Mother looked through Montgomery Ward Catalog or at dresses in the store. Then she cut her own patterns. When patterns were available, she was happy to purchase them. She said it made sewing much easier.

We had two cousins that lived in Ogden. They were my Dad's uncle's daughters. Their names were Beatrice and Myrtle. They were older than us. One taught school and the other was a stenographer. They dressed quite well. Every fall they sent us the dresses they had worn the previous winter and didn't want to wear this year. We usually got a big box of clothes from them. They did the same in the spring. Mother took these clothes and made them over for us. She made our coats and dresses. The thing that was fun about it was Edith got her first choice; I got the second choice, then Violet, then Bertha and then whoever else came along. The second time the box came I got my first choice; then Edith got her choice last, etc. The first store-purchased coat I had was the year I started college.

I appreciated my Mother dressing us respectably and teaching us how to keep the house clean and neat and how to keep ourselves clean and neat. Dad went along with this, too. He always told us if we polished our shoes well and combed our hair we were well dressed.

One day the Relief Society sisters were quilting in our home. I was in the kitchen, but I heard them talking about different girls who hadn't done what they were supposed to do and their parents felt badly and disappointed. One of the women said something about Pearl. I didn't hear what she said, but I heard my Mother say. "I don't worry about Pearl. I know Pearl won't do anything that isn't right." I knew my Mother had a lot of confidence and faith in me. I made it my policy to keep her confidence.

Another time when I was going on a date my Mother said, "Pearl, I had a dream last night about you, and I want you to be on guard tonight." Well, I was on guard during the time I was on the date, but nothing unusual happened. Maybe it was because she had had the dream and I was on guard.

I love my Mother. After I was married when I got lonesome and a bit discouraged, a visit with Mother put me on top of the world again. Just to go home and be around her and eat at her table buoyed me up and gave me strength to go on.

A Temple Blessing

One time when Dad was herding sheep, Mother was very, very sick. Her feet were swollen and ached. She hurt all over. Sunday morning some of us went to church. The Bishop asked how Mother was, and we told him how sick she was. He stopped in after church to see her for a few minutes. He asked if there was something he could do. She replied, "I just don't know, unless you give me a

blessing." And he said, "How about taking you to the temple tomorrow."

It was customary at that time to take the sick to the temple for a special blessing. Mother agreed. She would be ready. Bishop Clawson said, "Brother Joe Nelson and I will be here in the morning to take you."

Mother had had severe attacks of gall stones starting from her married life. Many times we were afraid she was going to die she was so sick. This was the cause of her sickness at this time.

The next morning Bishop Clawson and his counselor, Joseph F. Nelson, came to the house to get Mother to take her to the temple. Mother's feet were so swollen she couldn't put on her shoes, so she put on old pair of Dad's. She walked to the car with the help of the brethren.

Edith was assigned to take care of the children, and Violet and I were to herd the cow for the day. Now Grandma Johnson had deeded a pasture to Uncle Christian Thompsen (Dad's sister's husband). We put our cow in this pasture until the feed was eaten, then we herded the cow along the roadside.

This particular day we had to herd the cow. There was always good feed below the cemetery hills. There were a couple streams of water and not much traffic along that low road. Violet and I forgot about the cow. We got busy talking and playing house, just having a lot of fun. When it was time to go home we couldn't find the cow. We looked and looked, but couldn't find her. So we went home.

Mother was home from the temple, and she had her shoes on. The swelling had gone out of her feet and she seemed to feel well. We told her we couldn't find the cow. She wasn't angry with us, nor did she scold us. She told us where to look for the cow. She said, "You girls go this way and I'll go out to the red bridge and see if the cow is there." She walked at least a mile and a half to the red bridge and there found the cow standing under this old red bridge.

Mother told us later that while she was at the temple the brethren gave her a blessing. They told her if she continued to be as faithful as she had been in the past, watched her diet and ate properly, the Lord would bless her and she would never have another attack of gall stones.

Years later when Ernest and I visited Mother, she wasn't feeling very well. She didn't know what to do. Ernest said, "Why don't you go to a chiropractors. Go to Dr. Hale in Logan." Now my family had never gone to chiropractor before, but he persuaded her to go. She got the street car and went over to Dr. Hale for a treatment.

It is interesting to note that she crossed the old red bridge in the street car where she had found that old cow many years ago.

As Dr. Hale began working on her body, he said, "You have a nest of gall stones in your gall bladder, and I hardly dare to give you a treatment. How long have you had that nest of gall stones, or did you know you had one?"

She replied, "Yes, I knew. Years ago I had severe gall stone attacks. At one time I had gall stones very badly, but they haven't bother me for a number of years."

He said, "Well, I don't believe I had better give you a treatment because I might stir them up and you'll have problems again."

This experience verified she had gall stones. The Lord had caused a wall to be built around these gall stones and kept them in a spot where they didn't bother her. She had had seven children at the time she went to the temple and received a blessing. She had seven more children after that. She was never bothered with the gall stones again.

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Dad never had his patriarchal blessing because he felt he was never worthy of one. O. M. Wilson was a patriarch of the Hyrum Stake. Many times when he met Dad downtown he said, "Niels, the Lord has a special blessing for you. Come up to the house any time and I'll be glad to give it to you." Dad never went though he was invited many times.

Butter, Bread, and Gravy

When Mother was sick Dad liked to wait on her and take her meals to her. At certain times, like when the cow was dry, we didn't have sufficient butter for all. When the cow was fresh, we'd have plenty of butter. As the milk got less, we didn't have as much. Sometimes dinner consisted of bread and gravy, milk and fruit. When he took bread and gravy to her, he put a little butter on it. Even if we had only a little butter, he spread the one side of the bread with butter and put that buttered side on the plate and then put gravy on top.

When I got older and helped care for Mother, I said to her, "We'll have bread and gravy tonight for supper."

And she said, "That's fine, Pearl, but please don't put any butter on my bread like Dad does."

I said, "Why?" and she replied, "I just abhor that. I don't like that at all. I would rather have the bread without butter on it."

All these years Dad had paid her the courtesy of letting her have butter on her bread with gravy thinking he was giving her a treat. She had accepted his kindness to her with gratitude, not complaining.

As a Team

Dad knew how to make friends. We learned this from him. He rented the land, plowed it, and got it ready to plant beans. We helped plant the beans and cultivate the land. We hoed, watered, and picked beans.

We didn't have a factory in Hyrum when we first started picking beans, so we put the beans in large seamless canvas sacks. We filled these sacks full of beans. They had to be delivered before dark at a certain place in Hyrum. Dad came home from work a little early and put the sacks of beans in his rig. Then he'd take them to the lady's place where they were graded and weighed.

There were lots of people there some nights and Dad helped the worker lift the sacks. He talked with her as they worked. When all the others had gone, he opened his sacks and showed her what grade his beans were. Then they were weighed. He always got a good grade and made good money. This was our way of earning money for school and our way of helping to buy our clothes.

In our home we worked like a hive of bees. We all worked together for the whole group. When there was linoleum to buy, we all chipped in to buy it. When there was a new stove to buy, we did the same. We were all paid when we went to the bean field or the beet field. We picked berries and were paid. So we had our own money and learned how to save and what to buy. This was a good lesson that our Mother and Father taught us.

Birthdays

Our birthdays were very special days. Mother always cooked us a good meal. We didn't receive expensive presents, very few presents at all. Each child received a delicious treat of peanuts. This was a desired treat and always made the child feel very special. Dad always saw to it that on our birthday we had nuts, usually peanuts -- and it was a good size sack of peanuts.

One time when he was herding sheep he sent some money home and told Mom to buy me a birthday present. Mother went to town and bought me a cream picture and a sugar bowl. I wrote to Dad and thanked him for the birthday present. He wrote back: "What a present! She didn't even buy you any nuts at all."

Entertainment

We didn't have a radio or a television when I was growing up. The custom during the winter (besides sorting the beans during the daytime) was to sit around the kitchen table in the evening playing games, eating apples, or popping popcorn.

Grandpa had a phonograph with a cylindrical record which he played for us. When I was about fifteen, Edith bought a phonograph. We called them gramophones at that time. This gramophone had flat records, and we could play music.

An Experience

The lady told us she was going to travel all summer and wouldn't be home until fall, but as we approached her house, we could see she was home. We knocked at her door. I said, "Oh, you're home. What happened? I thought you were going away.?"

She replied in an ugly way, in an ugly voice, "Yes, I was, but because of him," pointing to her son who had just graduated from high school. "Instead of going off to work like he said he was going to, he decided to stay home. Now I have to stay home and take care of him."

My heart would have broken had my Mother talked that way about me. She never felt it was a chore or a drudgery to care for her children. She loved them and felt it was a lesson and a service to care for them.

Family Trips

We didn't take many trips together as a family, but we did go fishing and chokecherry hunting together a few times. The girls slept on the ground. Mother always slept in the wagon because she was afraid of rattlesnakes. She didn't do chores or any work at all when we were on these trips camping with Dad. He cooked the meals, served the meals, and clean up the mess.

After Violet got married, she and her husband, David Thompson, took us to the canyon where Dad herded sheep. I don't remember who went with us. Dave couldn't stay over, so he helped pitch the tent before he left. Dad knew we were coming so he came down and visited with us before going back to the sheep. He told us before he left he would send Reed down to stay with us for the night. We felt that we were big enough and old enough we wouldn't be worried or nervous. Soon Dave left to go

home. We had supper and then Dad went back to round up the sheep. When it started getting dark we got a bit nervous.

There were two men that came in a wagon. They drove around in the clearing where we were. When they saw it was a bunch of women, they turned around and left. David passed this wagon on the way going out of the canyon and recognized the fellows. He went on home.

It wasn't long before we heard scratching on the outside of the tent. We sat still with our ears perked up to hear the noise. Soon we heard more scratching. Then we heard a sort of a growl and funny noise and knew it was Reed. We called to him to quit scratching and scaring us and to come in.

Early the next morning a sister and I decided we would have breakfast with Dad. We headed for the mountainside. When we got a ways up the mountainside we heard the noise of the sheep and knew where Dad was. As we got closer to the herd of sheep he came over to us. He was as pale as a ghost.

He said, "What's the matter? What's wrong down there in the camp?"

We said, "Nothing. We're all okay."

"Are you sure? None of you got hurt or are sick? Nothing wrong?"

We assured him everything was fine and asked him why he was worried.

"Well," he said, "My chin has itched all night and all morning and I have been very nervous. Something is wrong somewhere with somebody in the family or something that belongs to our family."

As we stood on the mountain he said, "Now, can you two girls see that road that goes along the bottom of the mountain down there?"

We said, "Yes."

He said, "That's the road you go towards. When you get to that road you turn to the left and you'll find the clearing where you're camped. Go right in there and stay until I come down now. Now don't miss the road and don't get hurt going down."

It wasn't long before we got back to the camp that Dad came. He was mad then. Now I haven't seen my Dad angry very many times, but he was quite angry that morning. He said that all summer long he and Reed had cut down posts and cut down trees and trimmed them during the afternoons when the sheep were resting and they didn't have to be right with the sheep. He was going to have them hauled down to sale for fence posts. Somebody arrived during the time he had come to see us the day before and had stolen all the posts he and Reed had cut.

When Dave came up to get us we told him about Dad's experience. He said, "I know those two men who came up in that wagon." They were the ones, no doubt, who had stolen the posts. He said he noticed them by the highway as he went onto the main highway. Someone had been there and had fed their horses oats. They had been in a big hurry because they didn't let the horses eat all the oats. So when Dave went down he reported this to Ernie Peterson, the man Dad was herding sheep for. Ernie reported it to the sheriff.

The sheriff said, "Well, here are some papers. I know these two people, too, and they aren't too honest, and so you take these papers up to Niels. He should sign the complaint. Then I'll arrest them and put them in jail."

Ernie went back with the papers for Dad to sign. Dad said, "No, I won't put anyone in jail. You go back and have the sheriff talk to them. Tell them if they will haul all those posts over to my home that we'll call it square."

So Ernie went back and talked with the sheriff. The sheriff and Ernie went to the home of these two fellows. They had already sawed up all the posts and cleaned everything up. The wood was stacked in their basement.

They went back to Dad. The two fellows offered to go back to the canyon and replace the same amount of posts that Dad had trimmed and piled. If they would do that, would Mr. Johnson call it square. Dad agreed. They came up, but he never saw the men. They replaced the posts and trees. They sawed and trimmed the trees, but Dad said it wasn't even worth hauling home; it was just trash that they put down.

* * * * *

After I was married, Ernest and I decided to visit Dad, who was herding sheep in the Franklin Basin. At that time we had two boys -- Mark and and Lloyd -- and Ruth Ann about two years old. Dad knew we were planning the visit. I spent the day baking bread, cookies, cinnamon rolls, and making some goodies and food to take with us. Ernest put a mattress and blankets along with food and supplies we needed into the two-wheeled trailer we pulled behind the car. He tied a canvas over top, and we were on our way. We planned to return home the next day. Dad was happy to see us. So was Reed. Reed was Dad's campkeeper for the summer.

We arrived late in the afternoon. We ate supper with Dad and Reed. Dad wanted Mark and Lloyd to sleep with him in the sheep wagon. He said, "You two boys sleep over here with me."

Lloyd protested. Dad took the boys into the sheep wagon and showed them where he slept. It was a board that lowered from the wall with a couple of legs on it. There was a mattress. Mark was tickled that he was going to sleep with Grandpa, but not Lloyd. Lloyd protested, "I won't sleep with him; I won't sleep with Grandpa."

They talked and talked, but he wouldn't sleep with Grandpa. Finally Dad said to Lloyd, "Look, you don't need to sleep with me. You sleep over here with your brother Mark. You sleep against the wall over there, and Mark will sleep by you, and I'll sleep by Mark."

Lloyd agreed. He was willing to sleep with his brother Mark. Ernest and I slept in the little cart,

The next morning Dad was up early with the sheep. When he got them settled for the morning, he came back and cooked breakfast for us and visited until it was about time for us to go home. After dinner with them, Dad said, "Say, Pearl, Reed is kind of tired of this sour dough bread, and if you leave some of your cinnamon rolls and your bread and some of the food that you brought up here Reed would sure be happy." I said, "Sure we'll leave it with you, we brought it up for you." He said, "I know, but you have quite a bit there that you've made. I'll give you part of a lamb for the food that you brought up and that will be a fair exchange."

When I got home and prepared that meat it didn't taste half as good as it did up in the canyon with Dad.

Dad was always a good host. He made you welcome. He did everything to please. He waited on you and kept you happy while you visited with him.

Dad was the finest of shepherders. He never wanted for a herding job. Frequently one sheepman would pay more than another to get Dad to work for him. He herded sheep for Wally Petersen, Verlo Petersen, Gennie Petersen, and Ernie Petersen. They all respected his abilities to herd sheep.

One time he promised to herd sheep for T.|W.|Petersen. When Wally Petersen heard that Dad

was home and looking for a job he came up and said, "I will pay you more than what T.|W.|is paying you if you will work for me."

But Dad said, "No. I promised that I would work for him and so I must keep my promise."

Dad always brought in the fattest lambs, the best ewes, and lost fewer sheep. He did this even though given the poorest herds and the poorest grazing area. His sheep still brought the highest market price. Dad seemed to know how to handle sheep. He had that art. But it was a job he didn't care to do.