

LIFE STORY OF JESSE BEUTLER

I was born on December 26, 1918 in North Logan, Cache County, Utah. I was the only child born in the new home my parents had just completed. My mother was Margaritha Neiderhausern (Von Niederhausern in Switzerland) and my father was Felix Beutler. (They were both of Swiss descent and came to America for religious reasons.) I don't remember very much about my mother. To me it seemed like she was always sick. Ma had a bad goiter and in the early nineteen hundreds many people died after or during a goiter operation. This was the reason Mama was afraid to have this operation earlier in her life, but as time went on Ma agreed to have her goiter removed and the operation was successful. But the damage had been done as the poisons from the goiter had affected her heart and eventually she ended up having dropsy. Mama had great faith in having the Priesthood give her a blessing. But as time rolled by her condition worsened and she eventually gave in to the illness and died.



FELIX & MARGARITHA
Wedding Day, 8 January 1902

Quote by Irene: "On the evening of 15 June 1932, as was the usual case, we joined in cheerful conversation and encouragement to our dear mother.

Before the departure of family members she requested that father and other Priesthood holders give her a blessing. This they did and the goodnight love was showered on her before departing. It was my turn to sleep with mother that particular night. Mother became very restless and uneasy. It seemed impossible for her to settle down and get to sleep. Her uneasiness led to apologetically asking for some attention periodically. Each time I tried to attend to her desires. Lovingly and gratefully my dear mother rehearsed how thankful she was for her many blessings and specifically for the loving care that was being given to her. I could not settle down to relax enough to sleep either. I was deeply concerned and yet I still held to keeping the faith that Mother would be okay. After what seemed like hours slowly passing, I heard Mother speaking. I listened closely and became fully sure that she was carrying on a conversation in her native Swiss tongue, of which I could not readily understand. Then clearly with joyousness in her greeting, I heard her say, 'Mutti, Mutti' (a pet name for mother, or like we would say, Mommy, Mommy.) She continued her conversation in the Swiss language. I understood very little of what she said, (I must have been excited with a frightening thought of death that I would not believe.) In a matter of seconds or minutes, I sensed a change. Now she was released from the Heavenly vision. Almost instantly Mother became conscious that I was lying beside her. When I questioned if she were feeling well or if I could do something more for her, with no hesitation she immediately told me about seeing beyond the veil. She further related that never before had she witnessed such great beauty of flowers, the beauty in every thing, magnificent beauty everywhere. She emphasized about the beauty several times and told me it was far beyond one's imagination. Then the trend of thought changed and Mother counseled that I should take good care of father and the other members of the family that were yet to be cared for at home. She died later that night in her sleep."

I remember that night. Pa was sleeping upstairs with the boys. I was asleep and Irene came to the bottom of the stairs and called up to us that mother had passed away. The date was June 16, 1932. In as much as I was just a little boy (13) at the time, Pa said, "You go get on the horse and ride over to Lucille's and tell

her that Ma passed away." Irene, Olga and Lucille all prepared a meal, and the funeral. At the funeral the song was sung, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," and it touched me so much that I never forgot it and sometimes when I missed my mother I would sing that song. My ma's death was very difficult for me; I cried a lot during that time. After Ma died Alma and I helped around the house as much as we could, to cook and to clean. I remember that she was an awfully good cook. She learned to cook early in her life as she cooked for the men that were working on the railroad and it was there that she met my dad. Ma and Pa were married in the Logan L.D.S. Temple on January 8, 1902. I was the youngest of my family and we were very close as kids. There was Walter, Ernest, Edward, Lucille, Irene, Carl, Olga, Alma, and myself. As children we played the usual kinds of games that children play, Kick the Can, Hide and Seek, Tag, etc. My childhood was a happy time; Mama and Papa always took the time to make our lives happy. We had swings, wagons, bicycles and other toys. Ma often took us on picnics, and singing was always a special part of my growing up.

My dad ran one of the bigger farms in North Logan, but it was only 48 acres. He had cattle, sheep and horses. They also planted several different kinds of fruit trees. My dad was a little guy (*about 5'2"*), smaller than me. Pa was a singer, a very terrific singer, and I remember him singing in the (*church*) wards. Sometimes he was also asked to go to other places and sing. He sang the old Swiss songs from the old country, and pa would also "yodel." Momma was also a singer but I don't remember her going out singing much because she wasn't well. Sometimes they sang a little song; I can still remember them singing it, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

Let Me Call You Sweetheart 

Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you	Keep the love light glowing in your eyes, so blue,
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too,	Let me call you sweetheart; I'm in love with you.

They also sang:

With Someone Like You

With someone like you, a pal that's good and true, I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find, A place that's known to God alone, Just a spot to call our own, We'll find a perfect peace, Where joys will never cease, Out there beneath the kindly sky, We'll build a sweet little nest, Somewhere in the West,	And let the rest of the world go by. The West, a nest, and you, dear, Oh what a dream t'would be, A cozy little cottage beside the Western sea, And who knows, someday maybe our dreams would all come true, A cradle, and a baby, the west, a nest, and you.
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My whole family had music in them. I have special memories of my mother as she used to sing to me as she rocked me; Two of the songs that I can remember her singing went like this:

There came to my window one morning in spring A sweet little bird, and he came there to sing. And the song that he sang was more beauty by far, Than ever was played on flute or guitar.	And when he had finished his beautiful song A thought wishing man, with his gun came along. He shot and he carried my birdie away, And I never heard more, from the break of that day.
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Another little song she used to sing to me was a simple little song and it went like this:

I had a horse and his name was Napoleon, All because of his bony parts, He was owned by old man Dollian, He always stops before he starts He was so thin you could see right through him And his hair was soft as silk, I hitched him up to my milk wagon, To make him stop I hollered, "MILK."	Well, one day as I was a drivin', Along came a feller with a rig so neat. Said he, to me, come on my Reuben, We'll have a race right down the street. Away we went a helter-skelter, I had a smile all over my face, But as I'm a sinner, I'd a been a winner But he hollered, "MILK" and I lost the race.
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Jesse, son of Felix & Margaritha Beutler
Youngest of 9 children

This is a favorite song I learned in the first grade:

Snowman, snowman, on the great white walk,
How I wish that you could always talk,
But- I -know -that -you will melt away,
But -I -know -that- you will melt away.
And just this very morning
I missed his cheerful smile,
When I went out to look for him
I found a little snow pile,

And all around him where he had stood before
The ground was wet with snowman's tears—
How he did hate to go.
Snowman, snowman, on the great white walk,
How-I-wish-that-you could always talk,
But-I-know-that-you will melt away,
But I know that you will melt away.

I liked to sing and I always had a good singing voice. Music always was a special part of my life and that of my family. We all had good singing voices. At family reunions the old songs, including yodeling, came readily back to our memories and everyone sang them. When I was younger our home was the gathering place for many young people on Sunday afternoons. Mama always made up a nice cold lunch for supper and our friends were invited to eat with us. Then they would gather around the organ or piano and sing songs until time for church and we all went to Sacrament Meeting. (That was in the days when we had two meetings on Sundays; Sunday School in the morning and then Sacrament Meeting in the evening.)

I can still remember when I was a little kid, four or five years old. We would attend church on Sundays, and then after church the people seemed to hang around and visit. I remember the young people, Wiltner and Dave and the girls sometimes sang and I would sit on the rail fence and listen to them and sometimes sing along. In the evenings people often came to visit and we spent a lot of time with Pa playing the accordion and everybody yodeling and singing. I've sung a lot throughout my life and most of the songs I've sung have been religious in nature, but some were the fun songs. Another song that I remember my mother singing to me went something like this:

Don't be afraid of old man worry,
Wouldn't let him get his grip on you,

Now run along, and now hurry,
Don't let him get his grip on you.

As a child I had all the illnesses that were common to childhood. I remember having chicken pox before I went to school. In those days they put a sign on the door, "QUARANTINE" for chicken pox, measles, mumps, and I had everything. The only time I can remember getting hurt as a child was once when I was only three or four years old. We had a chicken-coop and the chickens would sometimes lay eggs up under the eaves inside the coop. One day I went out to gather the eggs. I stood on a crate and stretched my right arm way up in the eaves looking for eggs, but then I slipped and it left me hanging there. I cried and hollered and my Ma came a running out to the chicken-coop and lifted me up so I could get my arm out. My arm hurt a lot but it didn't break it.

We had neighborhood kids by the name of "Stouffer." They were always pulling tricks on people. They would hide in the weeds alongside the road and when people would come riding by they would jump out and scare them. One day we came a riding by on our horse. There was Walter, Alma and me. Those Stouffer boys were hiding in the tall weeds and as we came riding by they jumped out and spooked our horse and he started to run. I was on the back of the horse and I fell off and broke my right arm. The boys laughed and laughed and they went running down the road. That night pa went down to their house and had a talk to them. My folks took me to the hospital and I had to get a cast put on it.

When I was a child there were lots of things that we did to entertain ourselves and there is one memory that stands out clearly in my mind. Up by the house we had a little canal about six or eight feet wide. We had a little bridge, and if you went across that bridge and down toward the barn there was a kind of a hill. Alma and I had gotten a little shovel one spring. On this particular occasion we took our shovel and made little holes and little hills and furrows, and we would irrigate it and have such fun driving through it with

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our little trucks that pa had carved for us. It was our favorite past time. Pa had learned how to carve from wood in the old country. He would spend many cold winter days and evenings carving little wooden toy animals and things for us kids.

Christmas was always a special time at our house. Our Christmas's in those days were so unlike the holidays of today. My pa would spend hours and hours before Christmas in carving the gifts for Christmas. He would make household furniture for the girls, such as doll beds or cradles, table and chairs, a cupboard and other things. He made the boys carved animals and toys. One time he made a good sized rocking horse that he glued real horse hair onto for the tail and mane. One year I got a truck and Alma got a little tractor and we played with them for a long, long time. Ma also did her part in preparing for Christmas by sewing, crocheting, and knitting. Every year we each got a new outfit that Ma had made for us, and the girls always got a new dress that my Ma had sewed. We had our own sheep, and after we would cut off the wool Ma would take it and we would comb it, and comb it, and comb it! Then she would make each of us a new pair of socks that she had knitted. I especially loved the wool socks because when I was little we used to have to walk a mile to the school and my feet would get so cold. We would also get some pajamas that ma had made. We had Christmas candy all the time—home made candy that Ma had made. The making of the traditional Swiss goodies and other good food was a big part of getting ready for this special holiday season.

Our religion was always taught and lived in our home. In those days when we were growing up and became eight years old our folks taught us that we should be baptized and become members of the church. It was usually Mama Margaritha who took us to the temple. Papa hitched up the buggy and away we would go. I remember when I got baptized in the Logan Temple baptismal font. It was a special time for me; I was 8½ years old. Prayers were always said in our home. A Brother Tuescher from Salt Lake once came to our house and visited for a few weeks. He spoke in Swiss. When he left he thanked Pa and Ma for their hospitality and said: "I have never been in a home before where the family kneels in prayer morning and evening and all sing together. I have never felt more welcome and made to feel like one of the family."

I remember Pa giving me blessings but I don't remember what for. I remember that we always attended our church meetings every Sunday and I remember attending Primary and Priesthood meetings. Honesty was something that was always taught in our home and Pa and Ma always showed us by their example. Pa always used to say: "If you borrow from your neighbor return what you borrow in a bigger cup or bucket." And I have tried to live the law of honesty in my life. One day in the fall I was out in the barnyard working on a mower and a man drove into the yard, got out of his car and came over to where I was working. He introduced himself and asked, "Are you a Beutler boy?" "Yes, sir," I answered. He put out his hand and said, "I understand you are a brother to those two Beutler boys living in Dayton, Idaho. And I want you to know that they are the two most honest men I have ever met!"

We had cows and chickens, sheep and horses. I remember that my folks always raised a big garden, with never a weed. We grew and raised pretty much most of what we ate. Ma took pride in raising a large prize vegetable garden along with the canning of her home grown strawberries, raspberries, plums, pears, apples and vegetables. We always stored such food as potatoes, carrots, cabbage, beets, parsnips and onions for the winter that we had grown in our garden, so that when winter rolled around the shelves in our cellar were always filled to over-flowing with jams and jellies, fruits and vegetables of every kind, a barrel of sauerkraut, bins of potatoes and carrots, onions, bottles of pickles, boxes of apples from our own orchard, and buckets of honey from Ma and Pa's own beehive. Pa used to say, "How abundantly blessed we are. God has been good to us." We always had a coop full of laying hens and each spring Ma pampered the cluckers with a dozen or so eggs that she put under each to sit on and hatch into a new generation of laying hens and a goodly number of roosters to use as fryers.

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When I was growing up we all had chores to do around the place. When I was about seven years old I had the job of milking the cows and I got real fast!!! We also had some chickens we kids were responsible to take care of. Pa would wake us up at 6:00 A.M. He would come to the rail at the bottom of the stairs and call up, "Boba" (Swiss for boys)! And we would run down to the kitchen where Ma would have some eggs going. Then we would run out to do the chores and we would hurry so it didn't take long! I grew up in the "Depression Years." Other folks had a hard time during these years but it didn't seem to affect our home as much as others because my folks were more or less self-reliant. I don't remember birthdays being celebrated much in our home, Ma would bake a cake, but we didn't have time to celebrate because we worked a lot.

In July Pa drove to Idaho Falls with a friend who had a sister there who was a temple worker and had never married. They were introduced and after talking to her he asked her to marry him. She agreed and they were married the next day on July 12, 1934. Pa came home and introduced us to his new wife, Mary Stucki. She was 48 and he was 68. Carl and Alma and I were still at home and we were okay with it but the girls didn't like it at all. The girls wouldn't have anything to do with her and wouldn't even eat the food she prepared saying, "She would poison us and get all his money." They did eventually call her Aunt Mary. She was almost totally deaf and we had to speak very loudly to get her to hear us. I've always maintained that this was the reason I ended up with such a booming voice. One day Pa and Mary had been out. When they returned home Pa took me and Alma aside and talked to us, and said, "She's a very good woman, good to you children and clean as you won't find another. You don't have to call her Mother, but I would appreciate it if you would show her respect." And she was a good woman. She hadn't been married before and so she was sealed to Pa in the temple as a second wife.

When I was young my parents made sure that I was taken to Primary each Sunday and when I was older I went to Priesthood meetings, but when I was about 16 years old I began to hang around with a less active bunch. That's when I got into the wrong company. It wasn't until I was about 26 years old and was in the army that I really began seriously reading the scriptures and gained a strong testimony of the restored Gospel.

Probably my most favorite amusement when I was a youth was basketball. I was a little guy, but I was determined to get on the basketball team. I made up my mind that I was going to get onto the ball team. We had a big barn and we set up a basket in the barn and I practiced dribbling and shooting nights after milking. I practiced day after day after day. I was pretty good too, and I made it onto the basketball team. As a senior in High school I was one of the starting guards and that year we took the Utah State Championship. I can remember that I was the smallest boy on the ball team, but very fast.

Looking back on my youth, I would give some words of council to my grandchildren. My council would be this: go to your church meetings, go to your church activities, read your scriptures, go on a mission.

The first job I had that first summer after I had finished school was farming. One day, as I was out farming, Arthella happened to come by with her Uncle LaVon Owen who had come to our neighborhood to get a load of straw. That same afternoon I happened to be out riding on my horse and as I rode by Arthella came out and asked me for a ride. She was wearing her best dress and had nothing to change into so she put her uncle's coveralls on over her dress and went for a ride on my horse. Back in those days I was a very bashful boy, but I decided then that Arthella was the kind of girl that I wanted to marry. Our first date was after this. The most important thing that happened to me in those early years was meeting Arthella. I remember taking her to the hospital when she had to have her appendix removed. While she was there I gave her a little heart-shaped necklace. I had dated one or two girls before I met Arthella. We didn't date much before we got serious. One day we'd gone for a drive up Logan Canyon and were sitting there in the car. I had a bottle of wine sitting there between us. Arthella said, "Jess, I really respect you and I like you a lot, but I won't marry you because I don't want to marry an alcoholic, a drunkard. Now

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you can make up your mind right now! I was 21 at the time and Arthella was only 17. I sat there for about four or five minutes thinking and then I took that bottle and threw it out into the hay field as far as I could throw it and I've never touched one since. I decided right there and then that she was the most important thing to me and that I was going to marry her, and that I would pass the test; and that she would never again have to say that to me. And I never have. We quit hanging out with the wrong crowd and made new friends and we were the first ones to marry. Arthella and I were married in Snowville, Idaho, on June 18, 1941.

ARTHELLA ANNIE PIKE

I was born on October 7, 1922. My parents were Mary Ann Jensen and Oscar Dalling Pike. I was born in Unity, Idaho, in a little house that is still there. I was born at home, but I don't know anything about who helped mother or who was there; it was probably the neighbors, Sister Banner and Sister Crane. The house was a half mile south of the Church house. If that little house could talk it could tell a million stories because every new couple moved into it, including my folks. They were just renting it. I was the first child born to my parents out of three. There was me, Frank and Calvin Leroy. Because my mother died when I was young I only have a few vivid memories of my mother. I learned to work from being around Mother; she was a real hard worker and did a good job of anything that she did. The only holiday that I can remember is going to West Park on the 4th of July and how hot it was; it was just boiling hot.

I grew up in a religious home; my mother saw to it that we were taught the gospel. My mother was baptized when she was 15 in Provo, Utah, and my father was baptized when he was 24 and after they were married in Burley, Idaho. We all went to the Logan temple on April 17, 1933 and were sealed as a family. My mother died about 7 months later. My parents took us to church, read the scriptures and taught us how to pray. I got baptized on August 2, 1931 when I was almost 9 years old. I was baptized in the canal in Unity over by where Dennis Crane's parents lived. I got baptized by John Harris. Something else I remember about my mother is that when my mother dressed up she was a very stately looking woman. She held herself proud; she wasn't a stooped lady at all. I remember that as I was growing up my folks were always telling me to stand straight and not be hump-backed. My mother crocheted and did needle work; she had crocheted a little blue bonnet that she always wore for covering her hair when she did the washing on a wash board outside under the trees before she got a washer. The birds loved her hair so the little blue hat would keep them out of her hair. She wore the little bonnet quite a lot. One year for Christmas when I was quite young and my mother was still alive, my father made me a little box. He couldn't figure out how to put my name on it so he used thumb tacks to write "Arthella" on the top of the box. After I moved to Logan to live with my Aunt May it was hard to keep anything in it because Lavonda and Bonnie were always getting into it. I finally put a latch on the front of it but it got broken off after a time. I didn't have a hope chest or anything so I used that for my chest. I still have it today.

I think my mother's folks were pretty well to do; they always had sufficient for their needs and they always kept things up really nice. Once I went over to Grandpa Jensen's. He had a food storage area down underneath a machine shed and it was just as clean as a pin; after all those years, it was still immaculate. Another thing that I remember about them is that they loved flowers. They had beautiful flowers out in front of their house; I have seen a picture of them standing in front of their house with their beautiful flowers all around. Among their favorite flowers were the daisies. The old house is gone now, nothing is left, not even the flowers. My mother loved flowers, too, very much. I don't know what her favorite flower was, but I remember that she did have a "Bronze king Dahlia" that she really loved. My parents loved to dance and I remember them often taking us to dances. They would take the kids, lay them on a bench and they would go to sleep. Because I was the oldest I didn't sleep, but I was right there beside them, watching, and I loved the music. A couple of times I got out there and danced with them, but not very often. I preferred to just sit and watch and listen to the music.

I think my earliest memories are those of riding the horses. We had work horses and one old work horse that we especially liked to ride was named "Dais." Another one of our horses had a big front leg that caused him some trouble; he was kind of limp on it I guess, and whenever we would ride him he would kind of jerk you. I loved riding horses and I would just as soon be outside on a horse than doing anything else. My early memories are much clouded because there was so much that happened between the things I do remember. When mother died with people coming in to take care of us kids, etc., all these things were so painful to me that I just put everything out of my mind, and that is why a lot of my memories are so far away. A memory that I do have is of my early school years and had to do with taking a dog to school. We

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had four or five puppies and I wanted to take them to school, so I sneaked them onto the bus, gave them some of my lunch milk and put them by the heater to keep them warm.

My school was the Southwest Elementary school in Burley, Idaho. It consisted of several rooms, a class room for each class. My favorite subject in school was Chorus because I loved to sing. I remember once when I was at school sitting with some kids that were having problems because they did not know the proper way to use words and they were having a terrible problem with language. I remember thinking that I was so very grateful that my parents used good language so that I didn't have to learn something else after I got to school. I already knew what was right. My folks were very proper. Probably my most favorite thing about school was not the studies, but playing on the monkey bars. I loved to get on them and play "Around the World." We used to play the usual types of games that children still play today—Tug of War, Tag, Kick the Can, Red Rover. I had a friend in school named Virginia Hinderman. I attended Y.W.M.I.A. in the Unity Ward in Burley and I worked hard at achieving awards. We sang a song in mutual that I especially loved. It was called, "Song of Joy."

What does a bee do all day long?	Joys...in the task.....
Gather the Golden honey.....	Joys...in the task.....
Humming her little happy song,	May we never, never be done
All through the day time sunny....	With gathering golden honey.

I was only 11 years old when my mother died. After my mother died father married a lady named Daisy Shaffer. Pa had two boys and she had two boys and I was the only girl.

One of my memories has to do with the death of my brother Calvin. Calvin was only four years younger than I was. He died when he was only nine years old. I remember it well. We had all gone out to "Artesian," which was a warm springs just south of Twin Falls a little ways. Calvin had Scarlet Fever when he was younger and it had left him with a bad heart. On this particular day he was out swimming. Daisy saw he was not moving in the water, jumped in after him, and pulled him out, but he was gone. He had no water in his lungs so the Doctors said that his heart must have just stopped beating.

I had a difficult time getting along with Daisy. She had a set of dishes from her first marriage and she had a cupboard that she kept them in. She would have me clean and wash those dishes and invariably there was always one that would get broken. Daisy had a way of washing and doing dishes in a certain way; she was very specific and it just seemed like I was never able to do it just right to suit her desires. It always took me forever to do the dishes because I was so slow and I just dallied, which caused her to be quite upset with me. Dad had built two rooms on the side of the old house that we lived in and one of those rooms was my bedroom. Our home also had a dining room, a bedroom and kitchen. Daisy made the front room off limits to us kids. Whether it was due to my own attitude or not I am not really sure, but as a result I spent a lot of time at my Aunt Elgene and Uncle Carl Jensen's house in Burley during lunch hour trying to figure some way to get out of the situation. I wasn't supposed to leave the school grounds at noon hour and Aunt Elgene and Uncle Carl's house was about a mile away. I would run there at noon and then try to get back to school by the time lunch hour was over because I knew I would be in trouble if I was caught. It was those kinds of things that just wore on me till I could not take it any longer. I attended the seventh grade in Burley; then attended the eighth grade in Logan, Utah, while living with Aunt May and Uncle LaVon. I went back and forth for a time. I had a difficult time after my mother died and failed a grade in school. I never was good at math or subjects like that and it was a very difficult time in my life.

My Dad bought a horse and if it ever got loose it would go back to its old owner. I went with my dad to find it and he got tired going so slowly with the horse tied behind and had me drive. I was really scared because of the rough roads and rocks and ruts but the experience gave me confidence that I could do most anything I set my mind to.

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While I was at home in Burley I had a job working for a family by the name of Dick and Neeta Preston. I was about 15 at the time. I did house work and scrubbed floors, etc. When I arrived at high school age in 1937, I moved back to Logan and lived with my Uncle LaVon and Aunt May Owen and their family until I finished high school. I worked summers cleaning house for a Mrs. Odel; she was a very prim and proper old lady. She lived a couple of miles from our house and whenever I worked for her I would walk to her home and then walk home after I was finished. I guess you might have called me her maid. One summer her Army son came home for a visit. She wanted to put on a good show so she got this little bell and any time she wanted me she would ring the little bell and I was supposed to come running.

A special memory that I have has to do with when I first went to live in Logan. When I lived in Burley it was so dry, and there were only dirt and gravel roads. Logan was so beautiful with paved streets and it was so clean. The flowers were so beautiful and everything was so green. It was such a change that it was something I never forgot. Everyone made me feel so welcome. We lived down on the outskirts to the west of town. The house was just a two-roomed house when I first moved in with Uncle LaVon and Aunt May. It was a beautiful little house. There was a path outside that was brick-lined out in the grass all the way to the little shed. There was a flowing well with beautiful clear water and Uncle LaVon had a beautiful garden. Since there were only two rooms in the house, I slept in the kitchen. Later on they added onto the house and I was moved into one of the two bedrooms upstairs. I lived there with them for about five years and we had many fun times. One day Lavonda messed her pants. I was in charge and I did not want to change her. She was a big girl and I knew that she knew better so I took her out to that flowing well; it was cold! She never did that again when I was in charge.

When I started working in Logan I earned four or five dollars a week. It wasn't much and I seemed to never have enough money to buy the personal needs of a young girl and knee highs were one of those things. I walked a long way to school and my knee high socks would wear out quickly. Aunt May made most of my clothes for me. She was a very good seamstress. She also found me used second hand clothing and was really picky about what I wore. They always had to be well made, so the things she got for me were always lovely and just fit me. One time she got me a black dress; it was form fitting and I loved that dress. Aunt May also made my high school Graduation dress and the going away outfit for my marriage.

I remember Uncle LaVon giving us money to go to the show on Saturday night and we would also have enough money to buy a Milo-Mello chocolate bar which back in those days was a real big chocolate bar and only cost ten cents. My favorite food used to be ice cream. We would take a little bit of strawberry jam and put on it, which was a treat in those days.

The dress style in those days was just a simple A-line dress that the girls wore about knee high. I loved music and there are those occasions that I would turn on the radio and turn the music up as loud as I could and sing as loud as I could with it when Aunt May and Uncle LaVon would go somewhere. I enrolled in a singing group in junior high and high school called "Conodorus." It was a special chorus and I really loved it. I figure that singing with the radio, etc. is what helped me to develop my voice. There was a song that I sang in school that I really loved and I have loved it all my life because it tells a beautiful story. The title to the song is, "Trees" with the words written by Joyce Kilmer.

I think that I shall never see	A tree that may in the summer wear
A poem lovely as a tree,	A nest of Robins in her hair;
A tree who's hungry mouth is prest	Upon whose bosom show has lain;
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;	Who intimately lives with rain.
A tree that looks at God all day,	Poems are made by fools like me,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray.	But only God can make a tree.

Even after I was married the mutual leaders would have me sing with the young girls and on one occasion

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I got to go to Salt Lake and sing with them in the Tabernacle. I also loved poetry and my favorite poems were the Edgar A. Guest poems. I grew to love them all.

I walked to school all the time that I lived in Logan, back and forth two and three miles each day and I had to hurry so I would get there on time. I had people tell me that they could set their clock by the time that I went by their house on my way to school. I wore a snowsuit part of the time to Junior High because it was so cold. Aunt May and Uncle LaVon bought me the snow suit and boy was I glad for it because the winters were so harsh. I nearly froze walking to school before I got the snow suit. I was active in a lot of the church activities when I lived in Logan. And I was in quite a few pageants and other things. I once sang "Star of the East, oh Bethlehem Star, guiding us on to Heaven afar----"

The first time I had a date was when I was about 15 and I went to the August Prom with a boy named August Luthi. I met Jesse when I was 16 and dated him in high school. I liked him and thought he was special the first time I saw him but it was after I graduated from high school that I married him. I always enjoyed going on dates with Jesse but when he would come to pick me up he was always late! (It was because he had to work.) We often spent our dates going on drives up Logan Canyon. I really thought he was a good looking guy and I knew I was in love with him after the first date. (*Jesse*) I knew I loved her the first time I saw her. One day we went for a drive up the Logan canyon to a little eating place. On the way I told her I loved her, I kissed her, and I gave her a ring. And she took it! (*Arthella*) It was a beautiful ring with a big diamond in the center and two little diamonds to the side. I was real excited, and my family was glad for me.

Aunt May planned and put on a trousseau tea for me before I got married and I wore a white dress that Aunt May had made for me. The Trousseau Tea was just like a wedding shower and I was given quite a few household things. Aunt May was a great one to do things like that. I remember that I got 27 towels and never got one wash cloth! We were married in Snowville, Utah, on June 18, 1941. (*Jesse*) Oscar and Daisy gave us table cloths and a few household items as wedding gifts, and Pa and Mary deeded us 11 acres of ground. My brother Alma had also been deeded 5½ acres of land, but when he was killed in the war Pa gave us that land as well. The basement house had been built by my brother Ed. He had gone to California and he let us live there rent free if we would just take care of it.

(*Jesse*) We were engaged for six months and then I bought a 1931 Model A Ford and I took her out to show it to her. We just decided right there and then, "Today's the day!" We got married in Snowville by Bishop Nelson. His family was witnesses. After the ceremony we made a commitment that we would never allow divorce to come into our marriage and that we would welcome all of the children that Heavenly Father decided to send into our home. We kidded too, that we would have a dozen. (They're cheaper by the dozen.) We never dreamed it would really happen. We went on our honeymoon to Yellowstone Park in Wyoming. We didn't have much money. We borrowed my Brother Carl's car which was much nicer. In order to save money we would go up a hill and then coast down the other side to save gas. (That was mainly on the way home because we were afraid we would run out of gas before we made it home.) We stopped and visited with Arthella's folks on our way home. We had to hurry home to get the peas harvested. We lived with Mary and Pa for a couple of weeks and then moved into my Brother Ed's basement house. We lived there for a few months while we fixed up a little house to move into. The Hopkins place was over by the North Logan School and Clyde was born while we lived there. We only lived there for about four or five months. The house didn't have any insulation in the walls and I always said, "It was so cold that ice would freeze on the hot water in the bathtub." In the daylight you could see light through the cracks in the wall. When the wind blew the cold came right through the walls. We then bought the basement house from Ed and moved back in."

(*Arthella*) Life was always so busy, busy, busy. Sometimes it was so busy that we hardly had the time to sit down and enjoy it. It seemed like other people had the time to sit and enjoy life, but we were so busy

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that it seemed like we never got the time to do things like that. I was so young and naive at the time I was expecting our first baby. I was happy and excited and I didn't let it stop or slow me down. I had morning sickness with that pregnancy. I rode the horse at a gallop even though I was pregnant, so the Lord must have been watching out for us both. Aunt May was a wonderful blessing in helping me get ready for the baby. We bought a bunch of cloth and made up a stack of cloth diapers. We got baby supplies a little at a time. I started into labor about 7:00 in the evening. Jesse walked the halls of the Cache County General Hospital and waited. I had the baby at about 5:00 o'clock in the morning and we named him **Clyde**. When they first brought him in and showed him to us we thought he looked like a little mouse. He had such a thin little face and he was so small, 6½ pounds. I nursed my baby but it was a real challenge because for three weeks he would not latch on and take hold. Finally we took him into the doctor and he discovered that Clyde had a slightly latched tongue which he soon snipped with a pair of scissors. I took him home and he took hold and nursed like a million dollars.

All of my labors lasted about the same amount of time with the exception of Nathan's birth when I took an old herbal formula called Squaw Vine and with this birth I didn't have any pain. When the contractions seemed to be coming quite close I told the nurse and she came to check me and suddenly seemed real panicky and said, "Don't you push, you lay on this table and cross your legs and I'll get the doctor." I knew what was happening but I wasn't having any pain. I think the most special experience that I enjoyed about being a mother was nursing the babies. I really enjoyed nursing.

(Jesse) Before we got married my Pa signed a loan with us for \$1000.00, so after we got married I went to the bank and requested to have Pa's name taken off and Arthella's put on. The banker said, "Well Mr. Beutler, I've never had this kind of request." We came home in our old Model A Ford and from that day on I met the payments. The payment was \$100.00 a month. Often our wages, for every two weeks, only came to \$98.00. There were times when we thought we could not make the payment, but we did, and we paid that loan off. We also had to pay for our groceries, light bill, and gasoline. We didn't have a telephone, but used Pa's. He was very progressive and had the first car and telephone in North Logan. He never went in debt and taught his kids to do the same. We decided early that we'd have to live on love. We had a few little marital difficulties but we always resolved them quickly. We worked hard at any work we could find, including custodial work at the school. A special memory of our early marriage was centered on an old Bachelor guy named Jimmy Crawford. I bought a harness from him for \$5.00 and thought I'd gotten a good deal. I had a horse and shortly after I bought her she had a colt. I went out to the field one day and tried to put the harness on the horse and the harness was so rotten that it fell apart. We went into Sears and Roebuck and bought the black harness they had there. We paid \$100.00 for it and that was the first time we ever went into debt. I learned a valuable lesson about this time when I borrowed a set of doubletrees to which the harness tugs are fastened for pulling implements—the horse-drawn machinery. The doubletrees are made of hardwood. This borrowed set broke while I was using it. I ended up buying a new set to replace the borrowed ones. I always taught my children to return anything borrowed in better condition than it was when it was borrowed. I could have had my own set of doubletrees had I bought a new one in the first place instead of borrowing. At this time in our lives even buying a set of doubletrees was a major drain on our financial condition.

(Clyde) In December 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor; I was born in January and before long Dad was drafted into the army. During Basic Training he got into boxing and made quite a reputation for himself. At one time he fought a man named Red who was a bully Dad and beat him soundly. Dad was small and light on his feet and obviously the under-dog so everyone was cheering him on. He used to tell us stories about his army experiences and as those who knew him he was quite a storyteller. One story that I loved to hear was about his being forced to room with the Captain of his unit on the second floor of the barracks. The officer would come drunk after mid-night every night, wake up dad, and then get sick, throw up, and make dad clean it up and put him into bed. After several nights of this the man came in really plastered and dad said he took him by the arm, lead him back out to the head of the stairs and gave

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him a slight push. Dad stepped back into his room as he heard a crash and a bunch of yelling. He pretended he was asleep and the next day there was a new Captain assigned because the other one was in the hospital. Another time he told us of a man in his unit who always took "a lion's share" of the food off the serving plate before anyone else had a chance. After several days of this one of the men was ready and when it happened again he came down hard with his fork and it went right through the hand of the greedy one. The man screamed; everything went deathly silent and he learned a lesson never to be forgotten! By listening to Dad's stories we learned lessons ourselves which we never forgot either.

(Jesse) Almost four years after we were first married we got active in the church and went to the Logan Temple. On the 7th of March 1945 we were married for time and eternity and had our boys sealed to us. *(Arthella)* Aunt May had made me a long white dress to wear when I had graduated from high school and I wore that dress to get sealed in the Temple. She helped me to take out the short puffy sleeves and put in long sleeves so it was appropriate. It was beautiful and I felt so wonderful. We took Clyde and Calvin with us and they were sealed to us, making us an eternal family. When we went to the Temple we learned some things that we hadn't really realized before, and we decided to take those oaths and covenants and make them stick! *(Jesse)* I knew that it was important and for the first time in my life I realized that I had to do something more, that I had to live the principles that I had been taught all my life and that I had learned in the temple.

(Arthella) While Jess was in the army I didn't always get the army paycheck on time and I was often out of money. One night during the winter when I was particularly short of money I had a dream. In the dream there had been a snowstorm and I was walking in the wheel tracks of a car that had gone by after the storm. As I walked I saw several silver dollars lying in the tracks. When I got up the next morning I discovered that it had indeed snowed and I was curious to see if there really were silver dollars there in the road. I went out and sure enough a car had gone by since it had snowed. I followed the track as my dream had shown me and the dollars were there as had been shown to me in my dream. The dollars were lying there in the middle of the tire track as if someone had just dropped them there. There were no footprints and no indication as to how they had gotten there. It was a great blessing to me in a time of need. I had **Clyde and Calvin** and I was pregnant with **Elaine** at the time. Jesse had a two week furlough and because the baby had not been born he was given an extension to be there with me when I had the baby. *(Jesse)* I waited and waited and the baby didn't come. I called and asked for an extension of my furlough and received it. Finally I had to go back to Fort Lewis, Washington, even though the baby hadn't come. When I went to get on the train I discovered I didn't have my furlough extension papers on me. I had left them back home on the dresser. Because I didn't have my papers with me to prove that I wasn't AWOL (Away With Out Leave), the Provost Marshall put me in jail. I was put in a cell with the hardened criminals after they took away anything which might be used to take my life. Each morning we were taken to shower and shave with the guards watching us closely. They left me in there for ten days before I was finally able to get the Provost Marshall to listen to my story. I still didn't know how Arthella was doing, or whether she had had a girl or a boy. I kept telling them that I'd had a furlough extension because my wife had been in the hospital and that I didn't belong in jail! The Provost Marshall finally called to my sister Lucille's place in Logan and she confirmed what I had been telling him, so I was released from jail. They gave me a new uniform and sent me on the bus to my unit in Washington. When I got there one of the soldiers saw me and said, "Hey Beutler, they've been calling your name AWOL for days now." My unit was scheduled to go overseas the next morning at 4:00 A.M. The next morning they started loading us on trucks to take us to the shipyard. At the last minute my name was called and I was taken off the truck. Elaine had been born and soldiers with three children were exempt from overseas duty. Instead of sending me overseas they didn't know what to do with me so they had me stay in the vacated camp out there in the timber with only a few other soldiers. I was there for another couple of weeks awaiting my orders and they finally officially released me because the war was over.

I went back to farming and also worked for my brothers who were farming in Dayton, Idaho. I had the

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reputation as a hard worker and they worked me from daylight to dark. About that time we went further into debt and bought a new "David Bradley" mowing machine and side delivery rake. I then began doing custom work during the summers. I lived through the time of development of mechanized equipment and worked on one of the first hay balers in Utah. We had to tie the bales by hand as they came out of the baler. It was a dirty job, terribly dusty, and I marvel at the wonderful things that are now possible with modern machinery.

(Arthella) The thing that stands out most about the challenges I faced while Jesse was in the Service was the weather! It was TERRIBLE! I remember that it rained, and it rained, and it rained! The weeds in the garden came up and it was so wet that I couldn't get out to pull the weeds, or to do anything! Finally Jesse came home and when Calvin saw him coming he said, "Daddy - come - home!" (He was so excited to see his daddy!) And that was a good day! After Jesse got out of the army he began farming and we also got a job as custodians of the school at nights. During this time we lived in the basement house. We spent most of our time in working and bringing in a sufficient income to provide for our family. We supplemented our income any way we could. In the winter during the years in Logan we took our team and bobsled and for \$5.00 a night we would harness up the horses and take the college kids for a ride around town. About this time I had an experience that nearly cost me my life. I needed some things in Logan and took the Model A Ford to town. There used to be a train called the Bamberger Express that went from up near the Idaho border to Salt Lake and as I neared the tracks I saw the train coming. The car didn't have hydraulic brakes as cars do now and I could see I would never be able to stop in time! I pushed the brake pedal as hard as I could but the car barely slowed down! There were deep ditches on both sides of the road and nowhere to go, so at the last second I opened the door, jumped out and let the car go! When I came to a stop I looked up and realized that I had rolled onto the tracks and the train was almost to me! I don't remember anything after that, but the engineer on the train said the last thing he saw was me lying with my legs across the tracks! When he got the train stopped he came back fully expecting to find me with my legs cut off! When it was all over I found that I had several large grease spots on my coat and the next day and for days after I was sore all over! The car had barely cleared the train and had coasted to a stop down the road! A miracle had happened! I don't know how I got off the tracks or missed losing my life! I can't explain it except that the Lord had different plans for my life. Just think, all these children wouldn't have come to our home and everything about our lives would have been different."

(Jesse) We had a bobsled and a team of horses that were shod. They were trotters, and we could scare those kids to death when we went around those corners. We had a lot of fun! *(Arthella)* One night Jesse had a class at the college leaving me to take out the bobsled and team. I took the horses and the sleigh myself and took those college kids for a ride. I was scared to death, but I did it!

(Jesse) Winters in Logan were long and cold. The winter of 1947-1948 was a particularly severe one. The snow was so deep at one point that even a horse could not go through it and school was canceled for several days. When the snow was finally plowed out of the road the snow was so high that a person standing on the top of the snow bank could nearly touch the telephone lines. We kept our cows in the barn where they were fed, watered, and milked. It was a pleasure to go out to the barn and find it so warm because of the heat from the cow's bodies. The barn had a loft overhead so the hay could be thrown down to the cows. In another section of the barn we had pigs and sheep. One early spring day after the lambs had been born I went to the barn and found that some of the lambs were missing. I discovered the remains of the lambs in the pig pen. Evidently, when a lamb got too close to the pig pen the pig reached through, dragged it in, and ate it alive. This made a deep impression upon Clyde and he would not go anywhere near the pig pen. We had a bull on the place, for breeding of the cows and he was mean and hard to handle. About that time I got an Australian Shepherd pup and she was very timid, but after working with her she became a very loyal helper. Her name was "Rags" and she was almost human in her understanding. I could say, "Rags, go get the bull," and she would immediately go to the pasture, find the bull, cut him out of the herd and bring him back to the barn, nipping at his heels as he tried to turn back.

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In late summer 1948 we decided to move our family to Meridian, Idaho, where we would have more land and opportunity. Things didn't end up as we had planned and we again moved in late 1951 to Burley, Idaho. Elmo was the only one of our children born while we were in Meridian and he was born in Boise. Many stories could be told of our struggles during those few years, but Burley became our home and most of our children's memories were of life in Burley.

(Clyde) Dad had a team of wonderful horses and took them to pulling contests. At the Ada County Fair in Boise he was driving them toward the pulling contest area and realized Rags had followed. Dad said, "I didn't know what to do because there were people all around, but I decided to try anyway. I said to Rags, "Go get on the truck." She looked at me a moment, then turned, threaded herself through the people, and as I watched she finally jumped onto the bed of the truck which was at least a block away. Later when we had sheep in Meridian, she would, upon command, go out in the field, run ahead of the sheep we were driving, and stand in an open gate preventing the sheep from entering. As I said, she was almost human. She loved to ride on the back of the truck and it was her undoing. One night, while Dad was driving, the truck hit a particularly bad hole in the road and she lost her footing, fell under the rear wheels and was run over! We wept for days, along with the family. If ever there was a dog that qualified for Celestial glory it was Rags. Dad was very particular about proper treatment of animals. At one time Calvin was caught dunking kittens in the watering trough and he was told to stop. He continued as soon as Dad's back was turned. He was so intent on what he was doing he didn't even see Dad but he was grabbed by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants and was held under the water until he experienced the same thing the kitten had. Being around animals and nature has given us wonderful opportunities to teach correct principles.

(Arthella) We had a wonderful horse named "Honey" that the kids rode all the time. They learned many lessons from the horse in a natural way. When she was abused or treated roughly she would correct them by nipping them or bucking them off, so lessons were learned in a natural way. Life on a farm is a wonderful way to teach children. I remember Clyde bringing a little coin purse home from our neighbors, the Albrecht's. I made him return it by himself and admit that he had stolen it. We stressed obedience to parents. A story to illustrate this, which happened several years later in Burley, was when Calvin wanted to go riding a motor scooter with his friend, Andy Brown. Jesse felt impressed that Calvin shouldn't go; Calvin protested, but finally gave in and stayed home. A few minutes later, and only a half a mile away, Andy turned on his motorcycle in front of a truck and was killed. Had Calvin gone he too would have been killed. This experience left a lasting impression upon the children and was talked about often in the following days.

Jesse had the gift of revelation and often knew of events before they were brought to our attention. One morning at breakfast he felt impressed that Uncle Edmund Wilhelm had died. He had had a dream and a couple of hours later the call came that Uncle Edmund had died. Another time, before he was drafted into the Army, he had a dream in which he saw his brother Alma and his father, Felix. His father was showing Alma a large field of green grass. He woke up crying uncontrollably and did not know why. Later he learned that Alma had died at that hour in the Pacific off Okinawa. He was gunner in the Navy and a Japanese suicide pilot flew his plane into Alma's gun port.

One night Jesse had a dream about Elaine when she was at a vulnerable point in her young life. In the dream the family was hiking in the mountains and Elaine didn't want to follow and be with the family, but be off by herself. She jumped down over a ledge and Jesse tried to reach her and get her to come back up with the family, but she just laughed at him and jumped further down, continuing until he could hear her no more. The dream was so vivid that he immediately went to the home where Elaine had stayed overnight with the Andersons and told her that he was there to take her home. He found her sitting at the kitchen table with Mrs. Anderson and she was about to have a cup of coffee. She didn't want to go home with him, but he insisted and she was not allowed to return because of the bad influence she was under.

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Elaine had been going there to help with housekeeping to earn extra money. She was also working about that time as a grocery checker. It was necessary, with such strong personalities in our family, that he be forceful to the point that he was criticized by some people.

As they grew, the older boys all went to work for surrounding farmers, hauling hay and other work. A good reputation brought lots of chances for work for them. And they're darned good workers, every one of them! The most difficult part of being a parent in those days was that Jesse had to work all the time to provide for the family. Because of this he was not able to spend the time with his family as much as he would have liked. Nor was he able to attend the kid's outings and their activities as the other fathers were able to.

The Gospel was always a top priority in our home. We always had our children kneel with us in family prayer every morning and night, and we taught our children to have their own individual prayers. We took our children to church every week and it was there and in our home that they were taught the principles of the Gospel. Because of this our children were often able to get up with very short notice and give talks with confidence. (*Arthella*) Jesse was always a good storyteller and he could talk to the kids in the language that they could understand. He would teach them at the breakfast table what he wanted them to know, instead of in Family Home Evening. He often told a story to the kids at the beginning of each day that helped them meet the challenges they would often face for the day. The subject could be about anything.

(*Jesse*) I have not had a lot of callings in the church, but I really enjoyed the callings that I have had. I taught the adult Sunday School class for 8 years, I taught the Webelos and I have also held a variety of positions including the Elders Quorum Presidency.

(*Arthella*) I was a Visiting Teacher and had other callings too, but because of the responsibility I had at home taking care of Roy I was limited as to what I was able to do in the church.

In 1948 we sold the place in North Logan and moved to Meridian, Idaho, and bought a farm. We sold it two years later. From there we moved to Burley, Idaho, and bought the present farm and have been here ever since. When we moved into our home in Burley in 1951 we thought it was wonderful even though we were crowded in it. By 1960 when Clyde went to college and then on a mission there were 12 of us living in that little house. There were only two bedrooms, but we turned the front porch into a bedroom and even the back porch was used for a time as a bedroom. We used slag coal in a Stokermatic stove and the coal was carried in by bucket daily, to fill the hopper. There were times when we didn't have money for coal and we were forced to hang blankets in the doorways to the kitchen and heat that one room using the oven, which was electric. The whole family stayed in that one room on many occasions until we had coal again and could heat the whole house. The front porch was kept closed during the day and the door only opened at night to preserve the heat and make it bearable. The walls of the porch were very thin and the windows were single pane. The back porch was mostly used as a laundry room. We first had a Maytag wringer washer while we were still hanging clothes on the line to dry, and later in about 1956 we got a new Kenmore automatic washer and dryer from Sears. We bought a service contract from Sears for about the first year until Arthella had watched and quizzed the service man and knew how to fix it herself, and Clyde became a service man of sorts, too. With so many in the family it was overworked, but it served us well. It was such a relief not to have to carry the water to fill the washer, nor to have to hang all those clothes on the line to dry.

(*Arthella*) I got my Patriarchal blessing when I was 15 years old and it has been a true blessing to me in my life. I didn't read in it what was there when I was younger. I read it after I was on our mission and I suddenly realized that it said that I would go on a mission; I hadn't been able to see it at all before.

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(Jesse) I got my Patriarchal blessing when I was 26 years old. I read it over several times and I knew that the earth would yield bounteously to my hands.

That promise has been literally fulfilled, for during my twelve years as an artificial inseminator I helped bring thousands of calves into the world. Sometimes you don't see these things when you are younger, but you see them when you get older. Another promise in my blessing that has influenced my life is that I would be blessed with the gift of Charity in my heart. And it has been a guideline for my whole life, a kind of a blessing to me! I think all of us on this earth are here for a purpose, and some of the things that we do and say can be a very big detriment if we can't learn to let people know that we love them. Before my mission I didn't notice as much as I should have that we were blessed with that gift. I didn't realize until our mission that we had already been blessed with some of those blessings. We loved our missions and we would go again and again if we were healthy and strong enough to do so.

(Arthella) We didn't have money to do anything fancy or take long trips, but we often took the family on Saturday night to town for a movie. As we traveled to town we sang the songs of our youth and our children learned to sing along. We did take several trips each year to visit relatives in Logan and Dayton, Idaho. About 1953 we bought a 1947 Hudson automobile and this made it possible for our whole family to travel in comfort and the car served us well until I tried to teach Nell how to drive. My father, Grandpa Pike, married Nell on July 22nd 1952. She had never learned to drive, was very nervous, but did well until we started down the hill into our driveway. She got scared, froze at the wheel, and the car went dead center into a tree next to the house! After that, the Hudson was not good for much! We traded the car off for a 1949 Chrysler. It had an automatic transmission and was a wonderful car, and it served us well for many years in comfort. It was the first time that any of us had ridden at 100 miles per hour! (We took it out on the Oakley Highway to see how fast it would go.) Jesse loved to cut shiners on the slick roads when winter came and we all remember those times because it was such a scary experience for us. One time he lost control and the car turned completely around, 360 degrees, and was still headed in the same direction; so life wasn't always serious. Often, in the wintertime, we went sledding behind the car at very good speeds with Jesse weaving from side to side, causing a wild ride on the sled. I always protested, but the children had such fun that I never got my way. In 1957 we bought our first Volkswagen, a 1955 model, and a couple of years later we bought our second one; so, because of our family size we always took two cars on trips or wherever it was we went. This caused competition and we often raced to see which car would go the fastest, and if Clyde was in the slower car he would tinker with it at the next stop to see if he couldn't get just a little more speed out of it. We had fun making faces at each other or driving side by side when possible, even on two-lane roads, with the two cars. Trips were always fun and the cars were so full of people that we often felt and acted just like clowns in a parade.

Summers were spent in the canal. We swam with our children and many happy hours were spent splashing and playing in the water. When the weather got colder we would quite often drive to American Falls and Indian Hot Springs and it became a favorite outing. All of the children learned to swim because we were close to the canal; so even though it was considered a danger by most people it never was considered so to us, except for the younger children and we watched them closely. Roy and his seizures were a concern to us, but after hanging him by the heels and ducking him a few times he gained a healthy respect for the water. The canal kept the kids out of trouble and we used our vehicles to pull our homemade surf boards on the water. We experienced many close calls as the kids used their imaginations to do all kinds of things. We often enjoyed wiener roasts. They were all fun, but there is one particular one that stands out in memory. Our fire was in the ditch at the edge of the highway in front of the house. The kids stayed around the fire after the roast was over, playing with burning sticks. Pretty soon a car came by and Calvin threw his burning stick at the car. It went in the rear window which was open, landed on the seat, and continued to burn. The driver slammed on his brakes and the kids ran like the dickens for the house and got in bed. The driver came back, knocked on the door and we found out who had done the trick and once again Calvin got a licking. The kids were always doing something unexpected, like jerking

a string tied to an inner tube in front of a coming car, or throwing clods at passing cars while hiding in the ditch. Life was never dull for the kids (or us) when their imaginations were operating and because we had so many children we had many different experiences. I'm sure each of them has a different perspective and could add many stories of untold escapades. The kids came by their imaginations rightly because Jesse had the same imagination and even as an adult he could be almost a ringleader. He would sometimes give the kids all kinds of ideas when he would tell those stories about his youth. As an adult he was even tempted, while passing by the church during a meeting on Juvenile Delinquency, to stop and let the air out of one tire on each car. When he told the kids this their imaginations were encouraged even more. He always told the kids, "You can have your fun, but never destroy property and always do it alone, telling no one, or you will surely be caught." When Jesse was young he had done such things as putting a lighted cigar in the air intake at the school, spreading cigar smoke throughout the school. The principal then ran wildly through the school trying to find who was smoking the cigar. Many other such stories were told to the children as they were growing up and it caused much wonder and amazement that their father could be so mischievous. Sometimes for entertainment we would take the car and the family to town and park on the street next to the pool halls or bars and watch the drunks come out. We would comment on how foolish they looked and why we didn't want to do those things that would make us look that way. These were times of powerful lessons to the children as they were growing up.

Each of our children has done special things or something has happened that stands out in our minds. One time we got all the kids ready for church, made the mad rush into the church and sat down when we discovered that Elaine didn't have any under pants on. We had to go back home and get her some. **Elaine** always had such curly, curly hair and it was so white that Jesse always called her his "little white nigger." Her hair was just as blonde as could be and curly curly. When **Elmo** was born Elaine had been staying at Aunt Lucille's and when I returned home from the hospital she wouldn't have a thing to do with me for quite some time. The thing that stands out about **Alma** is that he was always a sober, serious little boy. You just could hardly do anything to make him smile. He was a singer and performed in several High School musical productions. He had a close call when he rolled our John Deere tractor over on its side and ended up with his head under the rear tire. Our neighbor found him and was so frightened when he discovered what had happened that he got an adrenalin rush and was able to lift the tractor and pull Alma out by himself. Alma was skinned up pretty badly and had a broken wrist but the cast was off in about a week because he couldn't resist swimming in the canal. He probably shouldn't have been driving the tractor as he was only 12 years old. Alma and Elmo were close in age and boys, so they did a lot together. The kids spent a lot of time in the trees. They had favorite perches and places to go in the trees when they wanted to be alone, and they spent many happy hours on rope swings and playing in the tree houses which they created. Elmo and Alma attached a pulley high in a Poplar tree and used the car, on a rope made from bailing twine, to hoist each other into the tree. Alma backed the car up too far, Elmo went up higher than the limits of the rope, and down he came breaking his arm! It's a miracle he didn't die because he fell nearly 30 feet!

Miriam was born in Rupert, Idaho on January 1st 1952 and was the first baby born that day so we were sure she would qualify for all the New Year's baby gifts, but they said we didn't live in Minidoka County and were disqualified. For some reason which I can't remember we began calling her "Sammie" and then her cousins started calling her "Mizzy." When Nathan and Bob started talking, they called her "MiMi" so names were an interesting part of her young life. We had a horse named "Golden Boy" and Miriam got him into the holding corral and was the first of the kids to ride him and from then on she claimed him as her horse and spent many hours on him after that. Our January kids were and are kind of loners and have done things by themselves that the others didn't have the courage to do.

Roy Neil was born on November 6, 1953 and began having grand mal epileptic seizures when he was about 4 years old. Every effort was made to control them but nothing was ever a success. He still lives against all the odds the doctors have indicated.

Robin Tim came next on August 1st 1955 and was like a shadow to Roy. Tim is steady as the day is long and is generous and kind. He is truly a man without guile and is loved by anyone who will take the time to get to know him or has had anything to do with him. He is especially considerate of the aged and the widows he knows and goes out of his way to visit and help them.

Bonnie is another January baby born on the 7th in 1957. She was a high energy little girl and as mentioned earlier she was a terrible tease and tormented her dad mercilessly. They were both strong willed and didn't always get along, especially when she wanted her own way. Bonnie and then Rosalie selflessly gave of their time for several months when Clyde needed help with his children during a difficult time of divorce and they showed their true charity in service. Our children all showed independence at an early age and I've often wondered if it wasn't because of their fiery and freedom loving father.

Rosalie's birth is what stands out most when I think of her. I had complications with her pregnancy, I lost my water at about five months along and I had to spend the rest of my pregnancy in bed. I was so sick that you couldn't even touch me on my body without it hurting. Every time I'd get up to go to the bathroom I'd start hemorrhaging. Calvin did the washing for me. He would wash the clothes in the washer and then throw the clothes over the line to dry without rinsing them. But we got along. Finally I went over to Louise Walker's and stayed with them for a week or two. The baby came two months early and she was such a tiny little thing that her little head would fit easily in the palm of my hand. When she was blessed they could hold her in two hands and her legs hung over the side of their hands, she was so tiny. We named her Rosalie. She was in the hospital for two months and I would go in and nurse her. She had the blondest of hair and loved to eat every other mouth full while at the table sitting on her father's lap.

Nine years after Miriam, in 1961, we had another New Years baby, this time in the Burley hospital, and we named him **Nathan Jon**. Again we lost the prize because a woman from Minidoka County had her baby before ours and Cassia County gave her the New Year's baby recognition and prizes. Nathan was a quiet little boy and kept to himself a lot. He saved up his own money and when he made the decision to go on a mission he paid for it himself. He became the traveler of the family and went to Japan to work building houses over there. He also traveled in the far-east by himself. He inherited, to some degree, his father's lack of self confidence but as the years have passed he has overcome this tendency.

Bob always had such a terrific memory. I remember him as a little boy; you could read him a story book and he could quote the story back to you as if he was reading it. **Elmo** was such a sweet, smart little boy. One time when he was two years old he came and took me by the hand and told me he had to go potty. Right then he decided that was what you were supposed to do and he never had to use diapers again, he potty trained himself. He was always a good boy, still is. **Miriam** was the first one born on New Year's Day. She nursed for 14 months and was such a wonderful nurser. She never ever bit me once the entire time I nursed her. **Calvin** was a real cute chubby little butter ball when he was small, and he was always smiling and happy. **Bonnie** was a constant tease as a little girl; she could just tease you almost right to death. They were all good kids. As parents we worried that maybe we hadn't taught each of the children correct principles. Because we had so many children we worried that maybe over the years we had missed out in teaching the younger children the principles that we had taught the older ones.

(Jesse) Patriotism has always been an important part of the teachings of our family. We believe that this nation was set up by men who were foreordained and inspired of God. One day we went to the hills and found a tree, straight and tall, cut it and tied it beneath the car to each bumper and brought it home for a flagpole. And on every national holiday we proudly flew the flag of our country. I became a member of the "John Birch Society" in 1965, and I have always had great concerns about the course our great country is taking towards Socialism. Even in this day I am recognized as one outspoken concerning the

course our country is taking. In 1968 I took Clyde to Salt Lake and we had an interview with Ezra Taft Benson, who was at that time a member of the Quorum of Twelve. He had just returned from being the Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinet of President Eisenhower. We talked for over an hour and were inspired to continue as patriots. Robert Welch had written a book, The Politician, which claimed that Eisenhower was sympathetic to communism. We asked Elder Benson if he had read the book and if it was true and he reluctantly said that it was, but he did not want to be quoted. He said many other things and ended our visit by giving us a copy of the book, Prophets, Principles, and National Survival, in which he was extensively quoted. He autographed the book and encouraged us to continue the fight for freedom. Often after that I drove my horse and buggy in various parades attaching banners with the principles of freedom written on them. The banners always said, "Doing the Right Thing Because It's Right." I also became a candidate for Senator in the State of Idaho but was not successful in that effort. I did, however, become known Statewide because of my stand on freedom issues. I was active in local politics fighting against land use planning and destruction of property rights. When we built our cabin I was ordered by the building inspector to purchase a building permit. I refused. I ordered him off my property and told him it was against the Constitution of the State of Idaho to be required to buy a permit. I told him that if he returned he would be trespassing and could take the consequences. He never returned. I was widely recognized for my fearless defense of our freedoms.

In 1984 we began the building of our present home, our "Cabin of Dreams." When we left on our Mission it was only closed in from the weather but we moved our things into it and rented out the old house to a family in need of a place to stay and it became a great blessing to them while we were gone. During our mission several of our children finished the inside of our cabin. Later the old house was torn down. It had served us well and had been the scene of many wonderful memories.

We have gone on two L.D.S. missions to New Guinea, the first time we went was in 1984. The Bishop of our ward came to us and asked us to go on a "couple mission." He said, "Jesse, the Lord wants you and your wife to go on a mission. We've discussed it with fasting and prayer and every time we fasted you and your wife's name came to us." We had just gotten out of debt and the valley here was just starting to boom, so we sold the upper part of the farm, on contract, for \$1,000.00 per acre and used that money to put us on our mission. At this time seven of our children had already gone on missions. They were Clyde, Calvin, Alma Elmo, Miriam, Rosalie, Tim, and Nathan. (*Jesse*) It was at this time that I had a very special experience. "In vision my Pa came to me one night and told me to prepare myself to go on a mission." Mom and I discussed it and I called the Bishop up three days later and told him we were ready to go. Our son, Bob, was just getting his papers ready to be sent in for his mission and we told the Bishop that we wanted to go out at the same time as Bob.

(*Jesse*) There have been many trying times in our lives. Having a large family and then the challenge of Roy was a test. But, of what use would our lives be if we had none of these experiences to put character into our souls? All of these experiences have become blessings which have pulled this family together. During one period of financial stress and heavy workload I went to the temple being weighed down with questions as to what I was to do to feed the family. I was seated next to the aisle waiting for the session to start and as I was thinking about all my problems, with my head in my hands, I realized someone was standing waiting for me to look up. I saw a woman's legs and they were just like my mother's, as she had a condition called elephantiasis, as I remember. I was thirteen years old when she died. I looked up and it was her standing looking down at me with a loving smile on her face. She said to me, "Jesse, take no thought of the things of this world for they mean nothing." She was there one minute and gone the next. I've thought on this experience many times and have related this story to several of my children when we had hard times.

(*Arthella*) A difficult time in our married lives came at the time when we had our third herd of sheep and I was pregnant. Jesse was attending school in Moscow, Idaho, to become an artificial inseminator, a

Jesse & Arthella Annie Pike BEUTLER
Jesse, son of Felix & Margaritha Beutler
Youngest of 9 children

breeder of cattle. I was expecting another baby and was very big and the sheep needed to be taken care of plus everything else. To add to my responsibility there was irrigating to be done, chores, feeding the animals and kids. I had to try to coordinate everything so I could get it all done each day. And during that time of great responsibility there was the fire. We had an old potato cellar and I was pregnant with Roy. The electrical wiring for the lights in the cellar shorted out causing a fire! The galvanized wire in the cellar put off fumes and I went repeatedly into the cellar, holding my breath, trying to put out the fire! I feel that because of this, damage was done to Roy during the developmental stage of my pregnancy, causing his later problems with seizures. This was a time of great challenge for me. Another challenge, perhaps, was that my opportunities for making friends and having friendships was limited because of the demands and needs of a large family, so we could not do things with people who went places and did lots of things. But I did have a dear friend named Alene Judd and I really grew to love her.

(Jesse) Every day, life has been a great challenge. I have gone through many challenges and trials in my life but the greatest trying time of my life is the trial that I am going through right now. I have made the decision to love and to not criticize, and that I would not find fault with anybody, especially my own children. Probably the greatest blessing and accomplishment of our lives is in the twelve beautiful children that we have been blessed to raise and have in our home! These are their names and birthdays:

1.	Clyde Jesse Beutler	31 January	1942
2.	Calvin Jay Beutler	23 July	1943
3.	Francis Elaine Beutler (Leavitt)	16 September	1945
4.	Alma Max Beutler	15 February	1948
5.	Elmo Glen Beutler	28 September	1949
6.	Miriam Beutler (Lowry)	1 January	1952
7.	Roy Neil Beutler	6 November	1953
8.	Robin Tim Beutler	1 August	1955
9.	Bonnie Beutler (Flandro)	7 January	1957
10.	Rosalie Beutler (Wagstaff)	25 August	1958
11.	Nathan Jon Beutler	1 January	1961
12.	Robert LeGrand Beutler	25 May	1965

We love our children and we would have had more, thirteen, or even fourteen if the Lord had given us more. I believe that those who choose to limit their family size because of personal convenience will regret it at a future time. God intended that we struggle and not have an easy life, but grow because of the trials we get through with the right attitude. He said, "There is space there and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell. And we will prove them herewith to see if they will do all things the Lord their God shall command them." We will prove to ourselves and to our Father in Heaven the true intent of our hearts.

(Arthella) I think the greatest talent that I have developed over the years is patience, because I had to learn patience with the challenges that come with such a large family. There were always many best times in our lives, but I think the highlights are when you see all of your children in the Temple with you; and when you see your kids all choose to go on Missions. This is the most rewarding time for us as parents. If we could give an overall guide or formula for success to our children it would be this; learn to love your fellowmen and develop charity for everyone. Be honest; above all, love your neighbor as yourself (and we really believe that!) Work together as a family, overlook the little faults that your sweetheart has (just look for the good in each other instead.) If we could give some council for our grandchildren it would be this; take a stand, in Family Home Evening you try to tell them that "this is the way," and sometimes you have to tell them pretty strictly. And you have to love them a lot, afterwards show an added amount of love with what you're trying to tell them. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Work together. People tell me all the time, "I always appreciate how I always see you two out working

Jesse & Arthella Annie Pike BEUTLER
Jesse, son of Felix & Margaritha Beutler
Youngest of 9 children

together." This is wise council to pass on to you, our grandchildren. A marriage relationship is 50/50, have real intent when you say anything and never find fault because you can't walk in their footsteps. We would like to leave our testimony for our family.

(Arthella) I know that this is the true Church, and I know that our Father in Heaven hears and answers our prayers. And he can do things that nobody else can. I know that he has answered many of our prayers. I know that this is the way, it is the only way we should go; in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

(Jesse) I believe that Jesus is the Christ and he is the one who makes things happen. If we'll do what he says and obey the commandments then we won't have to do any more repenting. I believe that he makes things happen to change our lives. And I'm telling you the truth and I want you to believe me. And if you won't believe me today then maybe you'll get another chance. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is true; we have the priesthood, and we must have faith to use it. I believe that there is no greater power on this earth and one day the world will come to know it and accept it; in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A family for eternity is the greatest joy and hope that can come to parents! We love you all!

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