

The Autobiography of
Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp

1889 – 1969

I, Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp, was born March 20, 1889 at Swan Lake, Idaho. I was born at my Grandfather Hendrick's home. My parents are Alma Helaman Hale Jr. and Elizabeth Precinda Hendricks. My oldest sister, Elizabeth Precinda 'Finnie', was excited to have a little sister and we formed a close bond that remained with us. Through the years, brothers and sisters followed, they are:

Joseph Alma
Alta
Theola

LeGrande Sheldon
Lella
Harold Hendricks



My father blessed me when I was eight days old. When I was two weeks old, he left for a mission to the British Isles. For the two years he was away we lived with my grandparents. After he returned we moved to Oxford, Idaho, and later we moved to Preston, Idaho.

I can remember our home, the store and Tithing Office where my father worked, as well as the Oneida Academy in Preston. My mother's health was poor and I remember once when I was alone with her and she became very ill. I didn't know what to do and I prayed for help. A lady knocked at our door and found me frightened and mother sick. She told me to go quickly to the school and get Finnie while she waited with mother. She stayed with us until mother was feeling better, which was a great favor to us, and an answer to prayer.

Our folks used to travel to the Logan Temple quite often. They would leave us in the care of a neighbor lady. It was an exciting trip for them, but I always worried so until they returned. I remember the faces of several childhood friends and the games we used to play. Once we went to a celebration to see the fireworks and once we went to a masked ball. Though my early memories are few, I had a happy childhood and enjoyed my family and friends very

much.

When I was about six years old we moved to Marysville, a small community east of Ashton, Idaho. We traveled to Market Lake on a train and met my Uncle Joe Hendricks, who was there to take us to his home. His wife had died and he with his six children lived with Grandpa and Grandma Hendricks. It had been a long trip and as I sat in a large rocking chair with our baby Alta in my arms; weariness and shyness soon closed my eyes and I slept. Other definite memories of the trip and our move have slipped away.

I started school in the fall of 1896. Our school was not organized by grade or regular monthly terms as schools are now. We did not have books for each student. We studied words and sentences, much the same as the beginner books now, but from large charts. I had learned the alphabet, numbers and part of the timetables at home. I found learning was a wonderful adventure and enjoyed my teachers and tried to be a good student.

Our first home in Marysville was near Grandpa and Grandma Hendricks home. They had moved several years before us. No one had wells, and so part of each day's work was to bring several barrels of water from the river. I always liked to ride with the men or the older boys to haul the water. I also liked to walk through the fields of grain and hay when it was high over my head. I could spend many hours in the fields letting my imagination run away with me.

On my eighth birthday, March 20, 1897, my cousin, Charlie Hendricks, and I were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Days Saints, in Fall River. We went in a sleigh and the mush ice running in the river was a startling site. Grandpa drove the team out into the river. My father baptized Charlie first and then me. It was cold! When we came out of the water we were wrapped in quilts and quickly went home to dress by the warm fire. Grandpa confirmed me the next Sunday in our church meeting.

Father was a good carpenter and when he could, he would leave the work on the farm and do carpenter work, which added to the income. Often he would be away several days at a time, but on Sunday's we were always in Sunday School. We studied the Book of Mormon and my mother was our teacher. We had little cards with pretty Book of Mormon pictures on one side and questions on the other. I liked them and treasured them for many years.

My father was the ward clerk in the Marysville Ward and my Grandfather was a

member of the Bishopric. When father became the ward clerk he found that the records had been sadly neglected. He spent many of his evenings going from house to house to update and complete the records. Night after night he copied the information that he had gathered from the families. I used to watch him as he meticulously wrote and recorded this important information. I suppose he never guessed how I wished I could help.

We always had plenty of fish, wild berries and dried elk meat. Our playground was the hillsides among the trees and flowers, and the warm spring on the river flat. Sometimes the horses would get out of the pasture. Joseph and I would have a long, long walk over the countryside to find them and bring them home.

There was something that filled us children with terror. On occasion forest fires would start and as we watched them in awful fascination, sweep through the underbrush, leaping from tree to tree, hissing and crackling like some monstrous beast in the night - we would become so frightened. Usually, they were across the river from our home, but one day a fire came on our side. Father was away so Joseph and I went to Uncle Joe for help. Every family in the section was prepared to leave, and then a rain came and our homes were spared.

During these years, money was scarce and father was working extra hard to help with donations being made to Ricks Academy. This church sponsored school, received donations from all that wanted to help support it. It was a real sacrifice at the time, but resulted in wonderful blessings for us down through the years as we pursued our education.

Joseph and I used to drive through Marysville, Warm River and Green Timber to gather the cans of cream from the farmers and bring them to the railroad station so they could be shipped. We enjoyed being outside and driving the team of horses so these trips were fun. Summer brought happy vacation trips to Big Springs, the Big and Lower Falls on the Snake River and the "24th Grove" on Warm River. It was here that the annual celebration of the 24th of July took place. Most of the ward members would be there to swim, fish, and participate in the campfire programs, as well as other camp activities. Through the summer months, Saturday afternoons were set aside as community holidays. Games and other activities made the afternoons something we looked forward to all through the week.

The winters were severe and the snow was deep. Blizzards often lasted for days making

school a real problem. It would take three or four hours to get through the drifted snow to town. But, when the days were fair, we could walk on the crusted snow and travel was easier.

Christmas was a happy time for me. Our family would gather at Grandpa's the day before. My mother, grandmother and the older girls would stay busy cooking. We middle aged children would look after the little ones and tell them Christmas stories. Later that evening, we would listen to pioneer stories, which never grew old for me. Nighttime produced beds all over the floor, a dozen stockings hanging in a row, and a large pan piled high with donuts. Finally, we would quiet down and slip off to sleep. In the early morning hours we found stockings, candy, nuts, a donut, a doll, or dishes, a mouth organ, or a little bank. I remember one year I received a little kettle. It was red and so pretty. Another year I got a breast-pin, another shoes. Sometimes, the older boys would have their shoes or stockings carried away as punishment for their doubt of Santa. Some might think we didn't get much for Christmas, but I remember peace, contentment, comfort and happiness. There was little money to buy things, but many of our gifts were priceless.

I liked to hear our Ward Teachers discuss the teachings of the Gospel. I especially liked to hear my father and other Elders of the church tell of their missionary experiences. They were interesting to me.

One time, word came that President Joseph F. Smith would be at our ward and speak in our meeting. This we could not miss, yet I was without any shoes fit to wear, and there was no way to get any until someone went to St. Anthony. I decided I would go in stocking feet and ask father to carry me into the building. For us children it was our first time to see and hear a Prophet and the President of the Church.

In 1905, we moved into a nice new home and were so proud of it. We were active in the ward organizations. I worked in the Sunday School, and taught the intermediate classes. One day, something occurred that I have never forgotten. I was in the yard with my father and he was talking with a cousin of mine who had been called on a mission. He was not willing to accept the call. My father said to him, "Utellus, just as sure as you refuse this missionary call, just so sure will you go down and down until you will become a disgrace to yourself and everyone connected with you." He did refuse the call and those words were literally fulfilled. I

felt like a great lesson was to be learned from this sad experience.

I enjoyed socializing with friends and looked forward to the times we could get together. During my teen years there were dances held, usually in Ashton, and I loved to go and hear the music and dance with friends. In April of 1906, I went to a school-sponsored program in Chester. There with a group of friends we studied dance and vocal singing. We had such a great time. Another time I went to a dance and was asked by a friend to be his partner in a competition. They would have contests throughout the night to hold everyone's attention. We danced the 'Priso Waltz' and won.

I had many great teachers and some that required my patience. As I grew older the schools became graded and we even had a music teacher who taught in each separate room. I had a special teacher, Miss Wood, who I believe taught me more than any other. We learned of the classics. We learned of our government, its offices and officers. We studied the countries of the world, their leaders and their standards. History came alive, and we learned of the suffering, the sacrifices, the living and dying, the achievements and triumphs of people. It was not just words in a book. With Miss. Wood as my teacher, I graduated from the eighth grade in 1906. I wrote the address the valedictorian gave at the graduating exercises. Our class was the first to have a commencement program and receive diplomas. We went to the courthouse in St. Anthony to take our examinations along with all the other eighth graders in the county.

The following fall, in September of 1907, Finnie went to school at Ricks Academy. Finnie was finishing high school and graduated with the first four-year class. I have always been so proud of her. That night, I think I was as thrilled as she was. The next year I received a call from the ward to take the Sunday School Normal Course at Ricks. I entered Ricks that fall as a First Year Normal Student. My studies included The Old Testament, and the other standard works, as well as story telling, literature and Sunday School pedagogy.

On December 18, 1907, Finnie was married. She was teaching school in Marysville and so I taught her school for two weeks. This experience taught me that teaching was not for me. I preferred working at the store and in the Post Office with father. Conditions at home did not allow me to continue school, which was a big disappointment for me. I worked in the store and helped at home. I also enjoyed working in the ward.

About this time, I was invited to attend a Sunday School Convention at Rexburg,

representing our ward. Other teachers from around the area were there. Our Sunday School Superintendent asked me to go to a particular class, which was not the class I had wanted to attend. I did as he asked and my reward for obedience was the answer to a prayer I had long desired; to witness the Gift of Tongues. There had been testimonies born, and a very humble girl about my age said she could not say for sure she knew the Gospel was true. Someone told her she had no right to teach until she knew it was true. She had studied hard and wanted to learn. Everyone seemed impressed by her sweet humble spirit. Then a little gray haired lady came to the front of the room and spoke, or rather it seemed to me she was singing, though I could not understand any words. The music of her voice was beautiful beyond anything I had ever heard. When she went back to her place everyone sat in silent wonder. In a few minutes, the department head said, "You have heard this sister speak in tongues; can anyone interpret what she said?" There was no response. We were then asked to kneel in prayer. We prayed that we might have the interpretation. After the prayer a lady arose and said, "The Lord is with us, He loves us. He loves us, Amen." It was a thrilling experience I shall never forget.

I always enjoyed the beauties of nature and tried to take advantage of what opportunities I had to do so. I learned of an event to take place that I became determined to see. On May 12, 1910, at 3 a.m., I witnessed Haley's Comet rise and light up the skies.

While in school at the Academy, I had gone to a dance in Hibbard with friends and had met Justin (Jesse) Willis Knapp. He was taking missionary courses at the Academy and in June he left for the Central States Mission. I wrote to him while he was serving his mission and a wonderful friendship developed. One year for Christmas, he sent me a gold ring with a ruby and pearls set around it. It was a beautiful gift and sent all the way from Kansas.

Jesse came home from his mission June 8, 1910. He came to see me and I returned with him to his home in Hibbard. We went with his mother to Rigby for a Homer Reunion. On Sunday, he reported on his mission at his ward meeting. Over the next few weeks we agreed that we would be married. We announced our engagement on the 31st of June and an exciting time began for me.

On Monday August 15, 1910, he met me at Marysville where my folks and some of my friends were at the depot to bid us farewell. We left on the train for Salt Lake City. At Rexburg,

Jesse's family met us at the train to wish us well. We arrived in Salt Lake City Tuesday morning. We visited some friends and some places of interest, including the city and county buildings. In the evening we went to Salt Air and stayed at Hotel Albert.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday morning we went to the Salt Lake Temple. It was beautiful and sacred there. In my heart I thanked my Heavenly Father for a home where I had been taught the Gospel and the blessings of Temple Marriage. I knew Jesse loved our religion like I did and that he would always be fine and true. I received my own endowments, which was a wonderful event. We were married about 5:15 p.m., Wednesday, August 17 by Elder Anthony H. Lund. That evening we visited some parks and stayed at the Wandemere Resort. The next day we left for Rexburg and from there, left for a week's vacation to Island Park, West Yellowstone and Geyser Basin.

When we returned Jesse went to work in Sugar City. His mother was ill with typhoid fever and Brother Knapp asked me to stay with them and help take care of her. I stayed with them until November. Since Jesse's work kept him away from home during the week, I stayed with my folks after that. When he could, Jesse worked on a home for us on the farm in Hibbard. Just in time for the holidays we moved into our own little home, which I had been longing for. Even though I was glad to be of some assistance during Sister Knapp's illness, I still looked forward to the day we could have our own home and be together.

We both accepted callings in the ward and were happy to serve in them. I was set apart as a teacher in the M.I.A. and Jesse in the Sunday School. Spring was late and cold that year and the fields were still gray when our first child, Claudia, was born May 11, 1911. What a difference ten day's can make. The world was green and beautiful when I was able to go out into the yard again. She was a very happy baby and I was filled with joy.

That summer and the next year we lived at Hamer on a dry farm. It was lonely and far away from our home and family. Each Sunday we would drive our team of horses about 20 miles to Sunday School in Hibbard. The second summer, I was sick and we decided it was not worth it to stay any longer. We sold the place and moved home to Hibbard.

December 20, 1912, another little babe was born, but much too soon. She lived only 45 minutes. We named her Justie and buried her in a quiet, beautiful spot on the farm in Hibbard.

The next year brought another member to our family. Warren was born, November 23, 1913. He was healthy and grew fast and strong.

At this time, I was working in the Mutual and Relief Society, and Jesse was in Sunday School and the Seventies Quorum. It was a busy time for us, but we were happy.

In the summer after Warren was a year old, we had a terrible experience. We lost sight of him for a few minutes and when I found him, he was in the canal floating under water. My heart sank. We worked with him and prayed very hard to save him. Our prayers were answered and his life was spared. I was so thankful for the priesthood and our little boy.

In the morning of December 17, 1915, Marie Elizabeth was born and oh what a dear little babe. Her eyes were so bright and I wondered sometimes, if she could speak, what would she say. Perhaps she would have told me her mission here was short and that soon she must return to our Father in Heaven. Our children caught whooping cough. It was hard for the older ones but little 'Marie Beth' could not survive that dreadful disease. After suffering so much for about two weeks, she died in the afternoon of February 3, and was buried February 7, 1916, in the Rexburg Cemetery. That was a cold stormy day.

Our loss left me so lonely, and I found it helpful to go with Jesse in the fields when I could. My folks and grandparents had moved to Utah to help care for Grandma Hendricks, who was ill. I missed them, which added to my sadness. My sister, Alta, came to stay with me and was a great comfort to me.

In the evening of February 14, 1917, Marjorie was born in Hibbard. It was Valentine's Day and we had another little sweetheart in our home. The other children had brown eyes, but her eyes were blue. My spirits were lifted and my days were filled with so many chores.

In the fall of 1918, Brother Knapp had a stroke. He rallied for a few days, but became worse and died November 21, 1918. His funeral was a graveside service since the flu was

sweeping the country and public meetings indoors were forbidden. For a long time no school or church meetings were held. This was a time when we realized what our church gatherings meant to us day by day.

Sister Knapp stayed with her daughters for awhile and then came back to Hibbard. She became sick with the flu and before she was well the rest of us became sick. Jesse was down quite awhile and Marjorie was very sick. Everyone helped his neighbor then, so someone came to do our chores. After we were well, Jesse went with Bishop Rigby, or someone he appointed, night after night, to sit with the sick. Death came to many families that long, long winter.

Another daughter joined us on March 12, 1919. Thelma's eyes were light. She was small and not so strong, but she had a tooth when she was born, which set her apart from the others.

In June of 1919, I went to my Grandma Hendrick's funeral in Utah. This was quite an adventure for me. It was good to see so many family members and I enjoyed visiting with them. When the time came, it was hard to leave my folks, but I longed for my family and was anxious to return to them.

During our years on the farm, Jesse's hay fever got worse each summer. We had dairy stock, and with so much hay to handle and all the irrigating to do there was no relief for him. We started wondering what we could do to help with his condition. Finances were a worry too.

It became impossible for Jesse to work in the fields because of his hay fever. We decided that he would look for work in the timber, which was the only place he could find relief. He went to work for a company hauling timber and making railroad ties. This forced a separation that brought loneliness to us, but we felt there was no choice. Jesse would leave in the spring when the mill opened and then he would come home for the weekends. Late in the fall, he would move home for the winter months. This we did for several years.

March 21, 1921, Anna came to us and I was so relieved that she seemed well and fine. Soon after, we were faced with whooping cough. Marjorie and Thelma contracted it. Anna was just a month old when it struck her. We had another awful eight weeks of sickness and worry. Three times we thought she was leaving us. Dreary weeks dragged by and we were so grateful

when all were well again.

April 12, 1923, Justin Alma was born. He developed some kind of thyroid trouble when he was about four days old. Dr. Rigby told us he could not live because there was no one in the west able to help him. He proposed we send our babe to Salt Lake City and try a treatment, which he said would give him only one chance in a thousand. We called Bishop Rigby, who came with Cecil Clements, and gave the baby a name and a special blessing, and decided we would not send him away. The next day when the doctor and the nurse came expecting to take him, they were astonished at the change in his condition. With special care and continued prayers of hope and thanks to our Father in Heaven, he steadily improved until he was a fine, healthy little boy. Finnie came to help me during this time and I appreciated her help and encouragement. I had 'milk leg' and was not able to take care of all the needs of my family. It was several weeks before I could take care of the house and the children again.

I have had many prayers answered during my life. I recall when Warren was little I was impressed not to let him go with Jesse in a high double bed wagon to Sugar City. He kept coaxing, and because I could see no reason or sense why he shouldn't, I yielded. When they were gone, I felt awful. I could not work. I could not stay in the house. I had never felt such turmoil before. I went in the house to pray and then I would go out and walk the yard. Then I would go back in and pray for peace. I don't know how many times I repeated this process, but after a period of time, the terror I felt left and peace did come to me. My work seemed light and soon I was finished with my chores. When Jesse came home he told me something had frightened the team and they bolted. Warren had been thrown from the high wagon seat. As Jesse was trying to manage the horses, he reached out and grabbed for Warren, catching him by the leg. He pulled him back inside the wagon as he fell. That was an answer to my prayer and our little boy was spared harm and injury.

I recall another day we missed Anna and Thelma. With the river and the canal and so many sloughs on the place, we were really worried for their safety. We searched and searched. What a relief when we found them at their Grandma's house. Prayer has become a powerful blessing in my life.

In October of 1923, we decided to leave our farm with a friend and left for Alexander, Utah. A large power plant was being built there and we felt we could find work and leave Jesse's hay fever behind. When we reached Lava it was cold and stormy and we decided to stay overnight. The roads were bad and we were advised not to go on loaded as we were. We changed our plans and went to Smithfield, Utah. Jesse applied for a job at the sugar factory and was put right to work. While we lived there we had many opportunities to go to the Logan Temple. This we believed was an added bonus to our change in plans. Later, we did go on to Alexander and worked for a time. After that we went back to Smithfield and Jesse worked at the pea canning plant, which was the largest in the country at that time. It wasn't long before Jesse's hay fever was back. We felt our only solution was to go back into the timber.

We moved back to Ashton, where the children and I settled in. We registered the children in school and Jesse and Warren left for Island Park. They started working at a sawmill there. My weeks were busy and I looked forward to the weekends when Jesse and Warren would travel home to visit. A school had been established at the tie camp, or saw mill, and so Jesse began working on a house for us. In January, we packed our belongings, bundled up and moved. It was about forty degrees and we could only travel in a sheep camp pulled by a team of horses. We had a stove, which we kept going to melt water for the animals. It also kept us from freezing. The snow was very deep and our progress was slow, but steady. We were grateful when we finally reach the camp. It was a little after dark. Our new neighbors had our home warm, and supper was hot and waiting. They helped us unload our things and took care of our horses. Everyone welcomed us and was so kind.

We hauled water from the creek for drinking and melted ice, icicles and snow for other uses. For two months snow fell every day. Few people went out or came in, as the roads were closed with the deep snow. The mail sleigh was about the only contact we had with the outside world. Our camp community gathered together often and we provided our own entertainment with games, dancing and story telling.

At one time we had two places to stay. Jesse and the boys slept in a cabin near the mill where they could watch for fires and such. The girls and I stayed in another cabin, which had a

living room and a sleeping area. One night, I had forgotten to set the yeast to make bread the next day. After dark, I set out to the upper camp, which was a few blocks away. It was so dark, and all the way I could hear a tramp, tramp at the side of me just off in the timber. This was very frightening as I could hear each step and it was very near to me. By the time I reached the cabin, I was quite upset. The boys wanted me to stay, but I had left Anna at the other place all alone, and of course, needed to get back to her. I took a handful of matches for light and started back over the trail. I quickly found that matches are not good for lighting your way. I was so relieved when I reached the cabin and Anna.

A few days later I went to visit a neighbor. It was after dark when I started home. Again I could hear the rhythm of that tramping. I hurried home and got the lamp. I stepped outside to see if the light from the lamp would reach into the woods and reveal what was haunting me. It did not. I returned to the cabin and got a flashlight. I pointed it's light out to the road, which ran close to our cabin and there stood a moose. It walked right up to the cabin. We stood there for some time looking at each other. The next morning I related my story to others in the camp and they thought I was joking. I took them outside and they were quickly convinced as the tracks were everywhere. This experience stayed with me and made walks in the dark less desirable after that.

In the spring, Stake Sunday Officers came and organized a Sunday School for our small ward. This was a blessing to us and soon almost everyone in camp was attending. Jesse was set apart as an officer and became involved in the music. Each Sunday evening we had singing and discussions. It was a wonderful experience we enjoyed.

It was quite an event when the rotary and snowplows came in to open the railroad. The snow was thrown for perhaps a block, just like a blizzard. It was an amazing snow shower and a wonder to the children as we watched the snow blow.

Jesse drove our team of horses into the timber and brought logs back to the mill. One summer, Warren drove a second team and sometimes we would go with them to get the loads. One place they liked to go required that we make a steep climb the last part of the way. It seemed to take my breath away as we reached the top. The beautiful view, however, was well worth the effort.

In August of our second summer at the camp, we went to a place on Moose Creek and worked for Montana-Idaho Tie Company until October. It was another season filled with wonder and beauty. When the time came for school we were concerned about what would be best for the children. We decided we should move and settled on the small township of Goshen. We settled the children into their respective schools and Jesse went to work for a neighbor doing farm work. The people were kind and friendly. Soon we felt at home among them and formed many lasting friendships.

Over the next few years, our family experienced many changes. Graduations and marriages took place, and a new generation of children joined our family. It was both unsettling and exciting to see our children leave our home and begin their own. We were grateful they were close and we could see them often.

One summer, when Jesse was working for Wilford Christensen, he took Alma with him in the field. He left him on the pony while he went to change some water. After a time he heard Alma call. He ran to him and found that the horse had fallen in a ditch, pinning Alma under her. Neither of them could move. Alma succeeded in lifting his head a little, to keep his face out of the water. He was almost exhausted when Jesse arrived. The only way he could free Alma was to unsnap his overalls and pull him from under the horse. It was a terrible ordeal for our little boy and his back was injured. After a few days of recuperation he was able to run and play. His back has troubled him some since, but we were so grateful he was with us.

On November 14, 1929, we were blessed with another son. Bernard Elden was born in Goshen. We were both sick for a time, but he did not get well for a year. In spite of the concern, we were blessed and so happy as he became a healthy, happy little boy.

While in Goshen we were involved in the ward and served in different callings. We went to the dedication of the Firth Ward Chapel, and there we saw President Heber J. Grant. I received three certificates for genealogical work and MIA Activity Awards from the Goshen Ward. Our time in this community was filled with many wonderful friends and experiences. As Marjorie graduated and desired to attend Ricks Academy we decided to move to Rexburg where she would have a place to live. It was difficult for us to leave our Goshen Family.

The next summer we lived at the saw mill where Jesse resumed his work in the timber. It was good to be back in the country that we had learned to love. As we rode through the

timber I was thrilled with the beauty and fragrance of pine and wild flowers about us. We stopped to gather blossoms when we were reminded that the earth is made up of opposites; for as if Pandora had just raised the lid of her forbidden box, there came swarms of mosquitoes with such zest and greediness we could but think they had forever been starved. What a welcome that was.

That first week back in the woods there was no work. Jesse and the boys had a real vacation, fishing and hiking. One day, I went with them to the head of the Buffalo River. We saw old camps, bear traps, a prospector's cabin and his mining claim. We saw many tracks of wild animals. It was an adventure I shall always remember.

My father and mother came to visit and stayed with us that summer. Jesse and Alma caught fish for them, which they really enjoyed. We took them for a trip back in the timber where we saw two deer, ate our lunch and had a pleasant outing. I enjoyed sharing with them the country I had come to love.

Jesse rose early on October 13, 1937, and saw that the mill was burning. He woke the other men on the crew, but there is little you can do to stop a fire when timber and sawdust surround it. It burned so rapidly all they could do was try to keep it from spreading. It was a discouraging sight and a heavy loss. The South's decided they would rebuild, which they did with Jesse's help, and were able to operate again within weeks and finish the season.

As fall moved in that year, we decided to buy two building lots on Cleveland Street in Idaho Falls. When the saw mill closed for the winter we planned to move to Idaho Falls, and with the boys help, build a home.

By December 30, all but one load of our belongings had been taken out to Ponds. There a truck replaced the sleigh and we would continue our move to Idaho Falls. As I reflected on another season gone past I was filled with emotion. Those who had battled the snow and winds to get the last of the lumber, wood and household goods moved out before the roads became blocked had laid their tired bodies down to rest. But to me sleep did not come at once so I wrapped my coat about me and stepped out into the night. There my soul was once more filled with the beauty of the world about us. I stood in awe of the majestic splendor and in worshipful silence. I wondered, how near or how far was God. And I knew "The Heavens

declare the Glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.”

December 31, morning dawned and for the last time the camp showed the hurry and hustle of life as the men readied their teams and sleighs and trailer wagons for the trip ahead. As the last of the numerous odds and ends were packed and all were making ready to start, Bernie and I walk on ahead. We hurried on about two miles when the team overtook us. We climbed aboard and rode the rest of the way. Jesse, Anna and Alma were riding skis behind the sleigh. Soon we arrived at Ponds Lodge. We finished loading the truck and with the good wishes of our neighbors, we started for Idaho Falls. We rented a place to live on Ada Street and were ready to retire when the bells and the whistles proclaimed the New Year.

We got our children started in school, and as soon as possible, we began working on our home. It was exciting to watch it come together. On Valentine’s Day, it was finished. We moved into it on February 15, 1938. It was an exciting new beginning.

My father was not doing well and so on April 7th I went to Logan to see the folks. Daddy was in bed the night I arrived, but the next day he was up and seemed much better. After lunch he told us of so many experiences in his life. The only remembrance he had of his mother was when his father lifted him to see her in the casket. He told us about his mission, about the temple and the temple work that he had done, about his childhood and so many things that had happened to him in his life. I enjoyed our visit with him so much. Little did I know it would be our last. We kept asking if he was tired and should he go to bed, but he just shook his head and said, “No, I am having such a good visit.” Suddenly we noticed there seemed to be something wrong. We hurried to his side and tried to help him to bed. He couldn’t lie down and was having difficulty breathing. There seemed to be nothing we could do to aid him. Within minutes, our father had gone to join his loved ones on the other side. It was April 9, 1938. On the 13th, his funeral was held in the 4th Ward in Logan. He was laid to rest in the Smithfield Cemetery at the head of his father’s grave. Oh how I would miss him.

Our family continued to expand as our younger children married and more grandchildren joined us. I was able to be with the girls, as they needed help during these times. It was always a relief and such a wonderful blessing to have these little babes arrive healthy and safe.

We had a garden and a raspberry patch that kept us busy during the summer time. My big straw hat kept me shaded from the heat as I picked bucket after bucket of ripe berries. We planted lilacs and bleeding hearts, which had always been my favorites. When the occasion would arise, I enjoyed riding to the mountains. The smells and sights were delightful and I always found it necessary to pick a bouquet of wild flowers. My appreciation for nature was renewed.

The next few years were busy as we involved ourselves in the ward. I accepted assignments to teach and serve in the Relief Society and we sang in the ward choir. I spent many hours in search of our family records and found important information that linked many generations together. This was a satisfying effort for me. I also had a number of opportunities to help others organize their records and search for their family members. What a blessing it was to take many of these names to the temple and do work for them. I remember one year, on June 14th, we went to Logan. Alma and Bernie were baptized for 33 people in the Logan Temple. It was the first time the boys had participated in baptisms and they were names we had prepared. It was wonderful. Afterwards, we had lunch and went through the Logan Canyon. It was a fine ride up the mountainside. Truly the mountaintop proclaims the majesty of the creator and tells man; "There is a God, bow down and worship at His feet." Long after we arrived home and our bags were unpacked the beauties and excitement of this trip filled my soul.

July 29, 1940, Jesse started work as the Temple Work Director. Ground was broken and the entire valley concentrated efforts to build the Idaho Falls Temple. It was a special blessing and privilege to have Jesse so closely involved in this project. We were blessed to make many acquaintances with church leaders such as LeGrande Richards, George Albert Smith, John Fetzer, as well as stake presidents all over the temple region. Some of those wonderful men would come over to our home and their visits were a great thing to us. It was so grand to witness the progress of the Temple and finally the dedication on September 23, 1945. After the temple was dedicated, Jesse became the first custodian and continued as such through President David Smith and President Killpack's administrations. I was able to witness the first baptism performed in the newly dedicated temple. I was so appreciative of this privilege.

After the temple opened, they were looking for people to help with the laundry. I wanted to be in the records department because I loved keeping records so much. I was not fully qualified in typing and bookkeeping and so I was not able to help with this work, but I did go to work in the laundry. After a time I was given a different position. I was asked to work in the linen room. There I was able to meet the people who would come and go, as well as the temple officiators. For our work there we shall always be grateful and will never forget some of the lovely people we met. When my health would not allow us to work any longer it was a sad parting to leave the lovely work of the Temple and our friends. We were able to attend quite often after that and did a lot of ordinance work

I continued to research and teach others about Genealogy. Through the years that followed, Jesse and I became associated with A. A. Knapp, who spent considerable money gathering Knapp names and compiling them in a book. He supplied us with the book and I did many hours of satisfying work preparing names for processing and ordinance work. On September 9, 1945, I was set apart as the historian for the Genealogy Society. This work was so dear to my heart and I felt such a responsibility for the records of, not only my own family, but also those of many others. Through much correspondence, we were able to find records that led us to many ancestors we could identify and record. It was so rewarding.

In my spare time I made temple clothes for a number of friends who seemed pleased with my efforts. I also supplied many items of temple clothes to members of our family. This gave me great pleasure.

During 1943, Al went into the Air Force. World War II was at its' peak at this time. This was a sobering time. My thoughts and prayers were filled with concerns for him and his safety. I knew the temptations of the world were before him as well as threatening circumstances to his physical welfare. I was so relieved to have him return home in 1945, healthy, happy and honorable.

After my father died, mother spent time visiting with her children. Her health not good and eventually she required more consistent help and moved in with Finne and later Lella. It was difficult to see her face these problems. On November 27, 1946, mother passed away. We

buried her next to father in Smithfield, Utah. I am so grateful for my parents. Their example and teachings have been strength to me and I love them dearly.

I worked for years in the Relief Society as a teacher and secretary. I enjoyed this work very much. Close friendships and opportunities to serve others made this work very rewarding.

Jesse and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary with a party held in March 1960. Many friends we had made through the years surprised us as they came by to visit. Jesse and his sisters sang songs and we remembered so many good times. Our children and their families were with us too. It was a wonderful day.

I started to experience some difficulty with my health in the mid 60's. In October 1968, I had an operation in Pocatello where one of my kidneys was removed. The doctors told us that it had a cancerous tumor and that it had likely spread to other areas. I did not bounce back from the surgery very well. I returned home and Jesse and I managed for several months. I continued to loose strength and returned to the hospital in April 1969. This was a difficult time for Jesse. He came to see me as often as he could, but was saddened from worry and loneliness. It is times like these that make you reflect with gladness and gratitude on the wonderful years spent together, filled with so many moments of joy and happiness.

To all of you, through the years, I tell you that I know the gospel is true. I hope that you will all learn that it is, and be faithful and true to the teachings of the gospel that you may be counted among the treasured ones of our Father in Heaven, and do the things that are pleasing in His sight all of your days. Teach your children that we may be an eternal family in the Kingdom of our Father in Heaven.

For now I say, Goodbye. *(March 17, 1969)*

Note: On June 15, 1969, Jesse passed away. It was Father's Day. Funeral arrangements were made for Thursday, June 19th.

Al and Marj told their mother of his passing, which was quite a shock to her. After 59 years together, the thought of being without him was more than she could comprehend. Wednesday evening was the viewing for Jesse. One of his missionary companions and life long friends, along with his wife, sat with Mabel at the hospital. In her usual quiet, unassuming manner, she passed away. It was June 18, 1969.

Efforts were doubled and the next day services were held for both Justin Willis Knapp and Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp. They were laid side by side in the Rexburg Cemetery. A head stone marks the place with a deer and a rose. Nearby is the gravesite of their little Marie and recently a marker has been placed to remember her and her sister Justie.

Their passing was typical of many instances in their lives. As they would prepare to go different places, Jesse, often urged Mabel to hurry and come on after he had gotten ready. It may be assumed that in Mabel's final hours, Jesse once more urged her to hurry and join him.

Mabel was a kind and compassionate woman. Her soft, tender mannerism was a life long characteristic that often placed her in the background, where she preferred to be.

Mabel had a thirst for knowledge that provided her with wisdom few realized she possessed. Her appreciation for God's creations was evident in her written words and in her simple reverence for the beauty around her.

Her devotion to her family, here as well as beyond the veil, was evident in her hours of selfless service. Her passing had a tremendous impact on those she left behind, as well as those who welcomed her beyond.

Mabel humbly earned the title of 'Elect Lady'.

This Autobiography of Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp is published as she wrote it and as it has been preserved through family members. The concluding remarks were added, however the author is unknown.

Names, places, and dates have been verified with family genealogy information and records in possession of K. Oswald, and family history records in possession of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.