

MABEL FIDELIA HALE KNAPP

I, Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp was born March 20, 1889 at Swan Lake, Idaho in Grandfather Hendrick's home.

My father, Alma Helaman Hale was born June 11, 1857 at Grantsville, Tooele, Utah; died April 9, 1938; married in the Logan Temple on October 1, 1884 to Elizabeth Precinda Hendrick's who was born December 16, 1867 at Richmond, Cache, Utah; she died November 27, 1946.

His father, Alma Helamen Hale was born April 24, 1836 at Bradford, Essex, Massachusetts; died March 30, 1908; married April 14, 1856 to Sarah Elizabeth Walker who was born January 14, 1837 at Tishomingo, Mississippi; she died May 21, 1861.

Mother's father, Joseph Smith Hendricks was born March 23, 1838 at Far West, Caldwell, Missouri; died January 18, 1922; married at Salt Lake, Utah, January 4, 1857 to Sariah Fidelia Pew who was born August 11, 1833 at Jackson County, Missouri; she died June 16, 1919.

I was blessed by my father 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. Soon after his return we moved to Oxford, Idaho, later to Preston, Idaho. Here my brother Joseph and sister Alta were born. I can remember our home in Preston, the store and Tithing Office where my father worked, the Oneida Academy where my sister, Finnie went to school and her teacher, Elese Benson, a few other places and some children with whom we played. My mother's health was not good, once I was alone with her when she took sick, I didn't know what to do. I prayed for help and a lady called to see her, she told me to go quickly to school to get Finnie and she would stay with us for awhile. The folks often went to the Logan Temple, leaving us in the care of a lady whose name I cannot remember. Once we went to a celebration to see the fireworks and once to a masked ball.

We moved to Marysville when I was about six years old, we came to Market Lake on a train. Uncle Joe Hendricks was there to take us to his home, his wife had died and he with his six children lived with Grandpa and Grandma, it had been a long trip. I sat in a large rocking chair with our baby Alta in my arms, my Grandma seemed so kind, cousin Harriet came and sat beside me but weariness and shyness soon closed by eyes and I slept. Other definite memories have slipped away.

I started school in the fall after my seventh birthday. Our schools were not graded and regular month terms then as they are now. We did not have books at first, we studied words and sentences much the same as the beginner books now, but from pages of large charts. At home I had already learned the alphabet, the numbers and part of the time tables so school was an interesting adventure. My teacher was Libbie Bainbridge, her father, James, taught the older pupils, they were relatives of my mother and many of the children were cousins.

We lived at first in Uncle Joe's house near Grandpa. No one had wells, 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 always liked to walk through the fields of grain and hay when it was high over my head.

On my eighth birthday my cousin, Charlie Hendricks, and I were baptized in Fall River. It was March but we went in a sleigh and the mush ice was running like a river full of hail. Grandpa drove the team out into the river, my father baptized Charlie first, then me. His father and my mother wrapped us in quilts and we went quickly home to dress by warm fires. Grandpa confirmed me the next Sunday in meeting. My father was ward clerk in the Marysville Ward, Grandfather, a member of the Bishopric. Once we studied the Book of Mormon in Sunday School. 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.

The ward records had been sadly neglected and father went from house to house to get them completed. Night after night he copied the information he had gathered from the families. I suppose he never guessed how I wanted to help write them but I was a little girl and he was a beautiful scribe.

Our next home was north and east of the center of the community on a farm on top of the hill above the Snake River.

The winter of 1899 we lived in a part of Uncle Will and Aunt Deal Whittle's place. Theola was born there in January, a little blue eyed fairy sister. The snow was very deep, we had to move to town. We always had plenty of fish, wild berries and dried elk meat. Our play ground was the hillside 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 back again. Because father was a good carpenter, when he could he would leave the work on the farm and do carpenter work to add to the income. Often he would have to be away several days at a time but Sunday's we were always in Sunday School and meeting. There was something that filled us with terror, that was the forest fires, as we watched them in awful fascination, sweep through the underbrush, leap from tree to tree, hissing and crackling like some monstrous beast in a night-mare. Usually it was across the river from our home but one day it came on our side. Father was away so Joseph and I went to Uncle Joe for help. Every family in the section were prepared to leave, then a rain came and our homes were spared.

It was in this home that LeGrande was born. Father made a real sacrifice to help on the payments of Ricks Academy during there hard years on the farm. But it has been a wonderful blessing to us down through the years.

Joseph and I used to drive up through Marysville, Warm River and Green Timber to gather the cans of cream from the farmers and bring to the railroad station to be shipped away. We enjoyed being outside and driving so these trips were fun. Summer brought happy vacation trips to Big Springs, the Big and Lower Falls on the Sanke River, the "24th Grove" on Warm River, it was an annual event--and most of the members would be there to celebrate the 24th of July, with swimming, fishing, campfire programs and such other camp activities. Also through the summer months, Saturday afternoons were set aside as community holidays.

But the winters were severe and the snow was deep, blizzards held for three days making school a real problem as it would take three or four hours to get through to town. But if the days were fair we would walk on the crusted snow. Sometimes we had two teachers in one room. Some of the teachers were Uncle Milton Hammond, William Gee, Lella Marler. Then my father superintended the building of a new two story, four room school house. Frances H. Roskelly was one teacher, she seemed to be unhappy. Grace M. Taylor, we wondered if she knew about everything. Then came Harriet C. Wood, at this time our schools were graded and we even had a music teacher who taught in each seperate room. He was Prof. France, Miss Wood gave me the most complete two years of school I think I have ever had, except possibly the Sunday School Normel at Ricks. 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 was real, the suffering, the sacrifices, the living and dying, the achievements and triumphs of people, not just words in a book. It was in her school that I graduated from the eighth grade. I wrote the address the valedictorian gave at the graduating exercises. Our class was the first to have a commencement program and receive deplomas, we went to the Court House in St. Anthony to take our examinations along with all the other eighth grade groups in the county, Judge Donaldson was the speaker.

Christmas was a happy time for us, we would go to Grandpa's the day before. Mother and Grandmother and the older girls would be busy cooking. We middle ones would look after the little children and tell them Christmas stories. Then that evening, we would listen to pioneer stories which never grew old. Night time; beds all over the floor, a dozen stockings hanging in a row, a large pan piled high with do-nuts, finally we would quiet down and slip off to sleep. Morning breaks; there is not much in those stockings, candy, nuts, a do-nut, a doll or dishes, a mouth organ, a little bank--mine was a little kettle, red and so pretty, Joseph's a barrel--a fascinator--which today would be a scarf, mittens, a

breast-pin, or maybe shoes for one. Sometimes the older boys would have their shoes or stockings carried away as punishment for their doubt of Santa. Not much for Christmas? Oh yes, there was peace, contentment, comfort and happiness, there was no money to buy other things, but these had no price tag.

I liked to hear the Ward Teachers discuss the teachings of the Gospel and especially to hear my father and other Elders tell of missionary experiences.

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

We moved into town and Lella came to us. We were active in the ward organizations. I worked in the Sunday School, longest in the intermediate classes. We moved into our nice new home and were proud of it. 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 called on a mission, seemed he was not willing to accept the call, as nearly as I can remember 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 have been literally fulfilled.

In September 1906 Finnie and I went to school at Ricks Academy, she was finishing high school. She graduated with the first four year class. I have always been so proud of her, I shall not forget that night, I think I was as thrilled as she. The next year I received a call from the ward to take the Sunday School Normal Course at Ricks. My teachers were Ezra Dalby, Charles Engar, Harold Goff, Howard Hale, Lella Marler Hogan and George H. Lowe. Our studies were The Old Testament, and the other standard works. Story telling, literature and Sunday School pedagogy.

December 18, 1907 sister Finnie was married to Jessie Hammond, she was teaching school in Marysville. I taught her school for two weeks. I learned teaching was not for me. I liked work at the store. Conditions at home did not allow me to continue school, I was very disappointed, but enjoyed working in the ward.

While in school I went to a dance in Hibbard with Violet McKenna, there I met Justin W. Knapp whom I later married. He was taking missionary courses and in June he left for the Central States Mission.

I went to Rexburg to a Sunday School Convention to represent the 1st Inter. Dept., the other two teachers were also there but none for the 2nd Inter. Dept., so our superintendent asked me to go to that class. I didn't want to miss mine but I did as he asked and my reward for obedience was the answer to a prayer long desired-witnessing the Gift-of-Tongues. It was an unusual session, there had been testimonies born, a girl about my age, very humble, said she could not say for sure she knew the Gospel was true and someone had told her she had no right to teach until she could, she 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, then she asked us to kneel in prayer. She prayed that we might have the interpretation. After this a lady arose and said, "The Lord is with us, He loves us, He loves us, Amen."

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over a continent or sea;
If the petaled white notes of a violin
Are blown across the mountains or the city's din;
If songs like crimson roses, are culled from thin blue air-
Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayers?

-Ethel R. Fuller

I saw Hailey's Comet rise May 12, 1910 at 3a.m.

Jesse came home from his mission June 8, 1910. He came to see us and I went with him to Hibbard, then with his mother we went to Rigby to a Homer Reunion. On Sunday he reported his mission at meeting. Again on Monday August 15, 1910 we were at Marysville, my folks and some of my friends were at the depot as we left on the train for Salt Lake City. At Rexburg, Jesse's people met us at the train to wish us well. We arrived in the city Tuesday morning, we visited some friends, some places of interest and to the city and county building. In the evening we went to the Salt Air. At 8 o'clock Wednesday morning we went to the 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, but Jesse having had his two years earlier did the work for Mr. Locke. We were married about 5:15 Wednesday August 17 by Elder Anthony H. Lund. That evening we visited some other parks and resorts, and returned to Hotel Albert, from there we left early for Rexburg. We arrived during the night and stayed at Jennie's house, later went out to Hibbard. With Jennie, Frank and their children, we went 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. Brother Knapp asked me to stay with them and help take care of her. Elsie went to Logan Institute to be married so I stayed on until her return about Thanksgiving time. Since Jesse's work kept him away from home during the week, I visited with my folks until the first of December when 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.

We both worked in the ward, the spring was late and cold, the fields were still gray when Claudia was born May 11, 1911. What a difference ten days can make in the spring. The world was green and beautiful when next I could go out into the yard. She was blessed June 18. She was a very happy baby. That summer and the next we lived at Hamer on a dry farm, it was lonely and far away, Charlie and Elsie and Mr. Barzee were there. We would drive in about 20 miles to Sunday School. The second summer I was sick and we came home and sold the place.

December 20, our little babe was born, much too soon. She lived only 45 minutes, we call her Justie.

Sunday morning about Sunday School time Warren was born November 23, 1913. He was well and grew fast and strong. He was blessed January 4, 1914 by his Grandfather Knapp, who left soon for a mission in California.

I was working in the Mutual and Relief Society, Jesse in Sunday School and the Seventies Quorum.

In the summer after Warren was a year old, we had a terrible experience. We lost sight of him for a few minutes and I found him in the canal floating under water, we worked and prayed very hard to save him.

In the morning of December 17, 1915 Marie Elizabeth was born, a dear little babe. Her eyes were so bright I wondered sometimes, could she 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 and after suffering so much for about two weeks, she died in the afternoon of February 3 and was buried February 7, 1916. That was a cold stormy day. Brother and Sister Nephi Smith stayed with Claudia and Warren while we went to the funeral and cemetery.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshold
To a bigger, brighter room?
Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
When I know my babe is happy,
Waiting in the other room?

Because it was lonely we went with Jesse in the fields when we could. Alta was with us, my folks moved to Utah, my grandparents also, Grandma was ill and Mother was taking care of her, so they could not come up, but in the early summer we went to visit with them

In the evening of February 14, 1917 Marjorie was born in Hibbard, the other children had brown eyes, her's were blue.

In the fall of 1918, Brother Knapp had a stroke, he rallied for a few days then was taken worse and died November 21, 1918. His funeral was held at the graveside since the flu was sweeping the country, public meetings indoors were forbidden. For a long time no school or church meetings were held, that was a time when we really appreciated what our church gatherings could mean to us day by day.

Sister Knapp stayed with the girls for awhile and then came down to our home, she took the flu and before she was well the rest of us began to be sick. Jesse was down quite awhile and Marjorie was pretty sick. Everyone helped his neighbor, so someone came to do our chores. After we were well Jesse went night after night with Bishop Rigby or someone he appointed, to sit with the sick. Death came to many families that winter.

In the spring Alta and Nathan came to see us they were moving to California. Thelma was born March 12, 1919, her eyes were light, she was small and not so strong, she also had a tooth when she was born. The next June I went to my Grandma's funeral in Utah. Jesse's hay fever condition was getting worse each summer, we had dairy stock, with so much hay to handle and irrigating to do.

March 21, 1921 Anna came to us, she seemed well and fine. Then here again we ran into whooping cough. Marjorie and Thelma had it. Anna was just a month old when it struck her. We had another awful 8 weeks. Three times we thought she was going, also the other two were bad, but the dreary weeks dragged by and we were all well again.

Bunker Cox was living with us helping on the farm and going to school. Jesse had to leave off more and more of the summer work in the fields, so another two years went by and April 12, 1923 Alma was born. He had some kind of thyroid trouble when he was about 4 days old. Doctor Rigby told us he could not live because there was no one in the west who could help him, but he proposed to take our babe to Salt Lake City and try this treatment, which he said would give him only one chance in a thousand, even with a specialist. We decided he should not take him. We called our Bishop Rigby who came with Cecil Clements, and gave the baby a name and a special blessing. Next day when the doctor and his wife, and the nurses 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. Finnie was with us part of the time, I had "milk-leg" and it was several weeks before I could take care of the house and the children. One day we missed Anna and Thelma. With the River and the canal and so many slews on the place, we were really worried until we found them at their Grandma's house.

In October 1923 we left the place with Bunker Cox and started for Alexander, where a power plant was being built, hoping Jesse could get work where he could get away from hay fever. When we reached Lava it was cold and stormy. We stayed overnight. The roads were bad and we were advised not to try to go on loaded as we were, so we turned back and went to Smithfield. There Jesse worked in the sugar factory. Living there we had a chance to go to the temple. Later we went to Alexander to work. After that we went to the pea canning plant in Smithfield, the largest in the country at that time. There, Jesse was as bad as ever with hay fever. To get into the timber seemed the thing to do so he and Warren started for Island Park a few weeks there and he was well again. We moved to Ashton which was the nearest school to his work. A school was established in the tie camp, so he built a house for us and in January we moved in. It was cold, about 40 degrees, the snow was very deep, we had one covered camp with a stove in and one open sleigh and one balky team. They would have to take our team back and double up the hills. We stayed overnight on the road. Next day we reached the Railroad Ranch about noon. Mrs. Bower gave us a lunch. We left the open sleigh till the next day. We arrived in Island

Park camp a little after dark. The people had our homes warm, helped unload and take care of the horses. Ruby Smith had supper ready for us, everyone was very kind. We hauled water from the creek for drinking and melted ice-cicles and snow for other uses. For two months snow fell every day. Few people went out or came in, the mail sleigh was about the only contact we had with the out-side, but there were many social gatherings in camp.

In the spring Bishop Hess and Eli Harris with the Stake Sunday School officers came up and organized a Sunday School. This was a blessing to us and soon most everyone in camp were attending the Sunday School. Brother Muir and Jesse were presiding, Brother South had charge of the music and each Sunday evening we had singing. The ward and stake officers often came to visit.

It was quite an event in March when the rotary and snow plows came in to open the railroad. The snow would be thrown for perhaps a block, just like a blizzard. One summer, Warren drove a team along with Jesse. Sometimes we would go with them to get the loads. One place we would have to climb the last part of the way but the beautiful view was well worth the effort. On the top of one mountain, from one point over the cliff, was an almost perpendicular drop so far and straight we could see what lay at the bottom. Looking eastward we could see a vast forest of pine trees but between them and us was a deep ravine where a tiny stream threaded it's way silently among the tall ferns, the wild flowers and huckleberry bushes; like a silver ribbon being drawn by fairy hands. Turning around there lay before us a panorama of trees and rivers, lakes and meadows, ranch buildings and stacks of hay. Another beautiful place was out from Guild. I often wondered why people could not build towns and cities in such wonderful places. I would dream what it could be like with beautiful homes, not quite, but almost hidden here and there among the trees. Years later I saw that picture much as I had fancied it, as I rode over the Columbia Highway going to Portland, Oregon.

Stop — In August, the second summer we went to a place on Moose Creek called Guild and worked for Montana-Idaho Tie Company until October when we went to Goshen for school. The people were kind and friendly. Soon we felt much at home among them and formed many lasting friendships. Claudia finished school in Firth and was married in Logan on May 29, 1929 to Arch Hess. Warren went a while in Firth and later married Carol Unsworth on October 21, 1931 at Logan. Marjorie finished high school in Goshen and Firth, then transferred to Rexburg. One summer when Jesse was working for Wilford Christensen, he took Alma with him in the field and left him on the pony while he went to change some water. He heard Alma call, and running to him he found the horse had fallen in a ditch, pinning Alma under her. Neither of them could move. Alma succeeded in lifting his head a little, thus far to keep his face out of the water. He was almost exhausted when his father arrived, even then it was sometime before he could release him. It was a terrible ordeal for him, his back having been somewhat injured. He went through the grade school in Goshen excepting the last four months. These were in the school in Rexburg. He attended Idaho Falls High School, ISU in Pocatello and Ricks. Bernard was born in Goshen about nine o'clock November 14, 1929. We were both pretty sick, he did not get well for a year, but we have all enjoyed him. He started school in Rexburg. He graduated from Idaho Falls High School, Ricks and attended A.C. at Logan.

In Goshen we had Mother and Daddy with us on their Golden Wedding Day. We were also at the party held for Bishop Peter Monson and his wife on their Golden Wedding Day. We went to the dedication of the Firth Ward Chapel, and there we saw President Grant. From the Goshen Ward I received three certificates for genealogical work and M.I.A. activities awards.

In 1935 we went to Montana to visit with Warren and his family and bring Thelma home from her visit with them. While we lived in Goshen, Jesse's mother died in Rexburg. She had not been well for many weeks, having had a stroke.

For various reasons we left Goshen and moved to Rexburg, leaving a hose of friends, but making a few more. I had the priviledge of assisting Sister Oswald Christensen just a little, in a time of sorrow and grief in the

sickness and death of their two sons.

In December 1936, Marjorie went with Souths to visit in Randolph. There she and Barney were married on December 31, 1936.

The next summer we lived again at the mill. As we rode through the timber, thrilled with the beauty and fragrance of pine and wild flowers about us, until we stopped to gather blossoms and then, oh then we were reminded that the earth things are made up of opposites. For as if Pandora had just raised the lid of the forbidden box, there came swarms of mosquitoes with such zest and greediness we could but think they had forever been starved. That week there was no work. Jesse and the boys had a real vacation, fishing and hiking. One day, I went with them up 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 and we felt that from every hiding place they were peering out at us with eyes filled with anger or fear that we would dare invade their domain of wild beauty and solitude. One half expected to be met suddenly by a challenge from the Monarch of the forest as to what right we had there, or a haughty demand from the King of Fairyland to leave at once.

Some friends of the girls came to stay with us awhile. I want to remember their names; Afton Shail, Margaret Taylor, Jane Nelson, Ruth Powell and Irma Elsworth, Margaret and Stella Jensen and Marjorie Nelson.

One day a bear came into camp around where the children were playing. Ruth South took the children into the house and called the men at the mill. By the time they could get a gun, he was out of sight.

Father and Mother came up and stayed awhile with us. Jesse and Alma caught fish for them and took us and Claudia and children for a trip back in the timber. We saw two deer, ate lunch in the hills and had a pleasant outing.

September 6, Thelma married Elmer Snowball in Idaho Falls, she lived at the mill the rest of the year.

We bought two lots on Cleveland Street in Idaho Falls.

October 13, 1937, the mill burned down. Jesse saw it early in the morning and aroused the others. It had burned so badly there was little they could do except keep it from spreading. It was a discouraging sight and a heavy loss. However, much of the lumber had been hauled to the yard in town.

December 30 all but one load had been taken out to Ponds, where the trucks would replace the sleighs and we would move to the valley. The work of another day was done and those who had battled the snow and winds to get the last of the lumber, wood and household goods moved out before the roads were 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, that my soul might be filled once more with the beauty of the world about us. I stand in awe of the majestic splendor and in worshipful silence, I wonder, how near or how far is God, surely; "The Heavens declare the Glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

Snow had fallen during the day, but in the evening the clouds had gone in hiding and the stars were shining. The curtain of darkness had rolled down and night, in her glory, reigned. There in the midst of the stately pines, byside of the snow hushed mill, lay the little camp. A tiny bit of the work of man, amid the handiwork of God. To the north and east were mountains; walls of this land of snow, to the south and west, a blanket of white stretches out to the timber line and there where the road and the railroad meet, three pines stand straight and tall, like sentinels on guard. As I turn back into the house it seemed that bells should ring the passing of another year.

December 31, morning dawns and for the last time the camp shows the hurry and hustle of life as the men get the teams and sleighs and trailor wagons ready and the last of the things ready. As they tie the numerous odds and ends and make everything ready to start, Bernie and I walk on ahead. We try to catch the sunlight as the shadows dart quickly before us in our pathway. Soon we come to the edge of the timber and we turn for one last, long look at the place which has been our home for the past six months. Silence stretches in benediction over the abandoned camp. Drab homes hunch weary shoulders against the winter blasts and squat low over ancient dreams. The little chick-a-dee flits from tree to tree flinging to the breeze his cheery notes of joy, or moves with toneless toes across deserted doorways

to leave miniature foot marks in the snow. I was recalled from my reverie by Bernie tugging at my hand saying, "Mama look. They are coming with the horses, lets hurry before they catch us." Turning quickly we ran hand in hand around the curve into the forest. Twice we saw where moose had crossed the road. We hurried on about two miles when we were overtaken by the team. We rode the rest of the way. Jesse, Anna and Alma were riding skiis behind the sleigh. Soon we came to Ponds. They loaded the truck and with the good wishes of our neighbors, we started for Idaho Falls. We rented a place and were ready to retire when the bells and the whistles proclaimed the New Year.

They began working on our house. Bernie was baptized February 5, 1938. We moved into the house February 15 and the three children started school again.

April 7 I went to Logan to see the folks. Daddy was not well. Finnie and Lella were there. Daddy was in bed but the next day he was up and seemed better. After lunch he told us of so many experiences of his life. About 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 he had done, about his childhood and so many things in his life, we enjoyed, I think, to the fullest our visit with him that day, little thinking it would be our last. LeGrande and family came over after work to see us. We kept asking Daddy if he was tired and should he go to bed. He said, "No, I am having such a good visit." He wanted the folks to stay longer. After awhile he had a glass of milk. When Finnie 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. We called his brother and nephew, who were doctors, LaGrande and the bishop. Before any of them could come, our father had gone to join his loved ones on the other side. This was a hard blow to mother. It seemed impossible that we should never visit with him again or receive his letters. We tried to help mother as much as we could. Relatives and friends were very kind. On the 13th, his funeral was held in the 4th Ward in Logan. His body rests in the Smithfield at the head of his father's grave.

May 25, 1938 Claudia came to our house about 9 o'clock and little Cherie was born at 11:40am. She had long black hair, blue eyes and weighed 9 pounds.

In August, Anna and I went to stay a few weeks with mother in Logan.

David was born February 20, 1939. I helped Marjorie some when she went home.

Shirley was born April 22 and Thelma asked if I could come. Bernie and I left in the evening, stayed with Zara Tonks overnight at Pocatello, went by train to Montpelier, then took a funny little train to Paris, then on the mail truck the rest of the way. It rained most all day. Bear Lake was beautiful, a color from a light green at the shore gradually darkening to a deep velvet farther out. The surface was broken lightly by tiny waves. It brought memory pictures of the Master who walked the shores of that other lake and blessed by His presence the Blue Galilee. The canyon brings thoughts of "The Harvester" or "The Sheppard of the Hills" on and on we went over the long red road till we came to our journey's end, Randolph a little place in the hills, so old and so hidden. We were taken to Thelma and little Shirley Ann, 5½ pounds. We stayed a month with them and returned by way of Cokeville, Wyoming.

On October 21, Anna and Paul Walker were married. You too Anna? Where have we failed you our little girls?

May 14 1940 Alma graduated from Idaho Falls High, tho he had been sick for a week or more. Danny was born June 5, I could not go to them, I was sick and my face was all swollen.

July 29, Jesse started work as the Temple Work Director.

August 16, 1941 Sandra was born. On October 26 I went to Randolph with Paul and Anna. May 5 we had word that Alma was very sick at school in Pocatello and for us to come at once to bring him home or the doctor would operate in the morning. We brought him home and to the hospital here. It was a serious operation but he came through alright. Barry was born the 14th.

June 14 we went to Logan. Alma and Bernie were baptized for 33 people. It was the boys first time in the temple and the first baptisms we had witnessed and they were names we had prepared. Then we had lunch and went through the Logan Canyon. It was a fine ride up the mountain side. Then from the summit going down on the east side, it was thrilling all the way, the sky and the mountains so still and beautiful, seemed so far away from noise and hurry and the problems of life. Truly the mountain top proclaims the majesty of the creator and tells man, "There is a God, bow down and worship at His feet."

Going on Bear Lake became the center of interest, the blue-green wonder of color, looking twice in the mirrored reflection to find where sky and water met. The sky draped in her clouds, the lake guarded by everlasting hills. We came abruptly from the canyon into Garden City. The stillness of the lake towns was unusual. No sound of trains rushing over the countryside, no hum of airplanes and the moving of cars only occasionally. One could but wonder at the absence of playing children, or workmen in the fields or places of business. The silence broke only by the protest of a dog whose sleep we disturbed in our passing or the scream of the seagulls as they dipped into the lap of the lake. The towns, a chain of sylvan spots hiding closely together overlooking the mirrored water, the homes were mostly shaded and well kept. Leaving the lake, the meadows and the farms behind we were deep at the bottom of the Bear Lake Canyon. Sheer cliffs rising many feet above on one side and rugged steep hills on the other. After winding through to an opening we had another glimpse of the lake, but oh so different, robbed of the shaded picturesque beauty we had just passed, it's black shores forbidding and desolate afforded no invitation to weary travelers.

The red surface road beckons and we pass sheep and cattle ranches with numerous stacks of hay, the herds resting or feeding in the meadows. At last we top a rise and before us lies our destination, Randolph, the home of our daughter Thelma. A little town like a nest hidden away, so isolated it might be an island. The paved road stretching on through seems the only indication that greater activity lies beyond. We found Thelma and the babies well and were so glad to have a nice visit with them. We miss them so much.

As Jesse commenced his work at the temple we were blessed with making many acquaintances such as LeGrand Richards, George Albert Smith, John Fetzer and also stake presidents all over the temple region as well as many who worked on the project.

I continued to research and teach others to learn about Geneology.

During 1943 Al went into the service.

We were in the 5th and 9th wards from then on, but always at the same address.

In 1945 Al got out of the service, built a house across the street. The temple was dedicated and Jesse became the first custodian and continued as such until President David Smith's and President Killpack's administrations were mostly over. In February 1946 Lois joined our family as she and Al moved in their new house.

Through the years that followed, Jesse and I became associated with A.A. Knapp who spent considerable money in gathering Knapp names and putting them in a book and supplied us with the same. I did many hours of satisfying work preparing names for processing and ordinance work.

As the next years passed, I started working in the linen and lunch departments at the temple. I was pleased to make many fast friends in that assignment. In my spare time I began making temple clothes for a number of friends who seemed pleased at my efforts. I also supplied many items of temple clothes to members of our family. Jesse and I were able to do quite a bit of endowment work also.

In 1953 Bernie spent some time in Germany in the service. After the service he went to Taiwan on a mission. In 1965 in the month of June he married Louise Andrus and made his home in Provo, Utah where he taught in the Provo Technical School.

When I finished working at the temple, Jesse and I did quite a number of endowments. Through the years Jesse helped build the 5th ward church, the 9th ward church and the stake house on First Street. Many folks came to our house for help in preparing sheets to be cleared for temple ordinances.

In August 1962 Thelma married Ken Johnson.

In October 1968 I had an operation in Pocatello. It seemed to be needed, but I didn't bounce back to well. I came home and Jesse and I managed for several months. I returned to the hospital in April 1969. I lost strength then until June. Jesse came to see me as often as he could but was saddened from worry and loneliness. Doctor Bingham was kind and watched after both of us as well as he could.

Jesse passed away June 15, on Father's Day Sunday. When Al and Marj told me it was quit a blow after 59 years together.

It was out of the question that I could go to the service. As I visited with some life-long friends, Howard Price and wife, during Jesse's viewing, I slipped away to be at his side. The next day I was at his side and after our service we were laid side by side in the Rexburg Cemetery. A head stone marks the place with a deer and a rose, two of our favorite things. Beside us is our little Marie. Not far away are the graves of Jesse's folks and many of our farmer friends in that area.

Our passing was typical of many instances in our lives as we prepared to go different places. Jesse many, many times urged me to hurry and come on after he had gotten ready. I guess he may have been urging me through through those three days of my widowhood.

* * *

I have prepared this as I remember with some omissions I am sure, but I am very proud to say all of the family friends expressed encouragement and faith that such a passing was a blessing and also typical of the way they had lived.

A loving son- Al