

## MY DEAR SISTER ADA

This is one time that I would like to have been ten years older than I am because then I would be able to write some interesting things about my dear sister Ada. The way it is I didn't come into the family until Ada was nearly ten years old, but we did have such a good relationship after I got here that I feel like I'm the winner. Ada went through all the "first things" for me--like getting her hair cut when it was the fashion, but not in Dad's and Will's eyes. She "broke the ice" for makeup--short skirts--etc.

Ada was born March 9, 1906. Mom said she had a miscarriage before Ada and so this was Mom's second pregnancy. Mom and Dad were married in 1904. Mom said that she worked at the Purity Biscuit Company and that Dad, being a carpenter, had a job close by, in fact next door, so they started "winking at each other" and Mom fed Dad cookies and that is how they got acquainted. This happened in about 1899 because in 1900 Dad left for his Mission in New Zealand, which in those days took four years to complete. So when he returned in 1904 they got married and Ada was born in 1906. I

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I have always been told that she had long black hair, well, long for a baby. The proud parents dressed her in laced trimmed long dresses (they were twice the length of the baby). They were probably all home-made too, because Mom and Grandma Evans were good seamstresses.

I have heard and Ada confirmed it at one time that she didn't care to play with dolls. She didn't like the stoak look on their faces. No matter what you did they would still look at you the same way. Maybe, too, the reason was that she had a cute little brother to mother when Will came into the family in 1908 and Ada was just two years old. She dearly loved babies. They wiggled and cried and laughed and were real. Mom never told me too much about Ada's growing up years that I remember. She was always very neat. She never shirked housework. She always pitched right in and cleaned and cooked as needs be. She always had a pleasant personality. Evidently she was fairly healthy. There is one thing I guess it was a habbit, but she would take to blinking her eyes and couldn't control it. She had quite a few nose bleeds also. Her brother, Will, licked out a salmon can that had been setting in the yard in the sun for

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a couple of days and got poisoned from it. This was when Will was just 18 months or 2 years old and Ada was four, so the spotlight fell on Will, and Grandma Evans took some of the money that she had from selling her home and bought some property in Emigration Canyon so that Will could have fresh canyon air and plenty of it. I guess Ada went up the canyon with Mom and Grandma Evans with Will. Poor Will--Mom said he had to live on the white of eggs and castor oil for a time. Many of you grandchildren do not know what castor oil is. It is a thick oil that won't go down your throat no matter how hard you try to swallow and you had to take at least a tablespoon of it. It was a laxative, they said. Kids learned to spit it out so people would hold your nose so you had to swallow. I imagine that Ada was thrilled to help take care of her baby brother and evidently with all three of those good nurses he got better. He was so sick and weak that they had to carry him up there on pillows but he sure was able to walk out unattended. I guess that it was just after this episode that another baby was born to Mom and Dad. They named her Lucille. She was a beautiful baby and

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had black hair like Ada. I can imagine Ada being ready to be the perfect "Mom's little helper" again. This was shortlived however because Lucille was a "blue baby" (the valves of her heart didn't close just right) so therefore she died at the age of seven months. This brings us up to 1911 and Ada would be five years old old enough to realize that she couldn't play with or help take care of her sister any more. It was hard for her to accept.--Then in 1913 there was little Thelma that came into the family. Ada was thrilled again. This baby was very healthy and a beautiful child, but it wasn't for her to be with the Asper family on earth for long and she caught the measles and it went into pneumonia and she died at 11 months or 13 months I forget which. Anyway, Mom says she was just trying to say 'Ada'. Mom says that there was one of their neighbors who used to come in to see them and she would look at Thelma and play with her, but she always said to Mom, "You'll never raise this baby. She is too beautiful and sweet to be of this world." Mom got so she wouldn't let this neighbor see Thelma. Ada was seven at this time--a very impressionable age. She has always had a

hard time accepting death. Then I, Dorothy, came along in 1915 and Ada had a hard time letting me out of her sight for fear of something happening to me, so I got spoiled rotten. Then in 1917 Grandma Evans died with cancer of the liver. She says she was hit in the back with a baseball a couple of year before and it caused a growth to grow there. Ada had a hard time going into the bedrooms alone after that for a while. She was such a compassionate person.

When Ada was about 14 or 15 years old Mom had to go into the hospital for surgery. I think that Mom was in there for a week or ten days. That left a house to take over and Will and me, too. Ada jumped right into the role of Mom, etc. and did a wonderful job. Then when Mom came home and had to have 'bed care' Ada did that too. I am sorry to this day for what I once said to her. I was skating in the kitchen, I think and Ada asked me to quit and I said, "You're not my boss." I have regretted those words ever since. I often wonder if Ada ever remembered that incident. Now this was the age when we didn't have wash and wear clothes. We did send our laundry to the laundry, but there was always a lot

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of ironing. I never knew Ada to complain. This was also the age when you didn't buy T V dinners and frozen foods or bread. There was bread to buy, but Dad would take a flib if it was set on our table. So you see it was no small job to care for a home. But Ada did it and really good too. She had to take time from school in order to take care of Mom and this she did. I guess she took a month off which didn't help her grades any, but she passed anyway by keeping up with home work. This happened in May, so I guess Ada just quit school at the end of April and stayed home the rest of the school year. I guess she kept up on what she could do on the home-work at home because she went on to the next grade in the fall.

The reason I remember it was in May she stayed home is because Mom's birthday was May 5 and we had decided to have a family surprize party when Dad got home from work that night for Mom. Mom had been home just a couple of days from the hospital and she had always told us kids that she didn't care about her birthday, in fact she wished people would forget about her's entirely.

Well, we thought this was a good time to put this in

practice. So we all decided not to mention a thing about her birthday to her. Will and I went around being very careful not to mention her birthday while Ada was in the kitchen working very hard to make a beautiful birthday cake for Mom. Our birthday cake we always had was a 'poor man's cake'--no eggs or milk. Anyway the cake came out beautifully and Ada iced it and wrote Happy Birthday on it with little rose-like decorations around the edge and took it carefully to put it on the porch to cool and set (no refrigerator) and guess what--dropped it--icing side down---on the porch floor--

I never even heard her swear then and she sure had a good right to. In the meantime while all this was going on Mom called Will to her side and told him it was her birthday and that no one had even mentioned it and would he please go to town and buy her a rosebud. Of course, Will did this willingly. That night when Dad came home all of us marched in with Ada carrying her lovely redone cake alight with candles and all singing "Happy Birthday" and bearing birthday gifts.--Yes, Mom was surprized. Simetimes I think she was too surprized. But she never said, "Don't mention my birthday again". . .

This happened in about 1921 after we had returned from California. In November of 1919 Mom took all us kids to California. She had heard that maybe a change of climate would help me to not have the croup as often or so bad. In those days you didn't get a vacation with pay from work. If you didn't work--you didn't get any pay. Maybe they would let you off a week, but you didn't get any pay for it. Mom figured on being ~~gone~~ gone more than a couple of weeks so Dad stayed home and earned money so we could go. We went on the train. At that time it took lots longer to get to Los Angeles than it does now, so we got a "birth" so we could sleep. Well, sleep we didn't--as Will was train sick the whole time. There were 'porters' on the train to help people and this one porter followed Will around all night with a mop ready to 'wipe up'. We didn't know anyone in Los Angeles at that time. I don't know how come we knew the "Lamps" but I guess we did and they met us at the train station and took us to the Rosalyn Hotel where we stayed for a few days as I had an attack of the 'croup'. Because I had the 'croup' we got acquainted with a Dr. Jones, the House Doctor for the Rosalyn



Hotel and after my 'croup' he took me to several rooms in the Hotel and I read pieces and poems for the people. I remember one older couple got out their purses and wanted to pay me for reading. The Lamps were helpful in finding us an apartment. The Lamp family consisted of Dan, the Dad--Alice, the Mom--and Jeanie, their teenage daughter. Dan, the Dad must have been in the knife business because after we were a bit settled he gave Mom and great big butcher knife, all steel, he had made it and told Mom to use it for protection. We called it 'Big Dan'. The first apartment we found we couldn't even boil water for a cup of postum. It was just one room and no kitchenette or anything like it, so we didn't stay there very long. After looking a while we got an apartment that we could keep house in which made us very happy. Ada and Will entered the "Santoos" Jr. High School I think it was. They didn't have room in the right grades, so they moved Will back a half a grade and moved Ada ahead a half a grade. Ada was a very beautiful girl with almost black long hair and very blue eyes. She was a little on the heavy side when she was in her teen years and it worried her.

So there was what was called "Court Flight" we took to get to our apartment on this cable car or you could walk up 200 stairs. Ada would generally take to the stairs nearly every time. One time in California Will and Ada went to the store to get something and Ada was wearing a charming pink dress. After they had purchased whatever they wanted, they were on their way home and it happened to have been raining and some of the streets were wet and muddy and Ada fell on the street car tracks. She wasn't hurt but was terribly embarrassed because skinny Will was trying to lift her up. She had planned to weigh herself on the scales while coming home (they didn't even have bathroom scales in those days, you weighed wherever there was a scale in front of a store, etc.) and she was so embarrassed that she jumped on the scales when they got to them and the needle went up to 200 pounds. She had been deliberately running up and down those stairs to loose weight and the scales said 200--she was devastated and came to the apartment and laid down on the bed and cried and cried until we explained that if you jump on the scales they will make you weigh more. What a day! We made so ~~very~~ nice

friends while living in that apartment. I remember there were about three or four fellows that used to drpp in quite frequently to say Hello to Mom or Ada of course I don't know which, but anyway they brought Ada four of those cupid dolls. The ones that were dressed up so smart with lots of hair and they must have won them at a resort because that's where I had seen them. There were three pretty ones and then there was one that looked like she had gravy spilt on her head. It was really a curl on her forehead, and one down the back of her head, just one, and then just one on each side of her head, but they were all cute. I remember one of the guys name was Bernard. We came back home the last of February. Dad had done quite a bit of work for Mr. Sorensen, a jeweler and when we got home there was a clock in every room going tick, tock, just like the train wheels sounded. We had a little party before going to California and Uncle Jake I think blew up a baloon and drew a face on it and we put it on top of a vase on top of the piano. Well, when we got home it was still there fully blown up and Mom said "Oh look at this! and as she touched it it withered away.

Ada learned to play the piano and organ very well. She was organist in the 17th Ward before we moved to 'I' Street and she accompanied a lot of people for solos etc. She also played solos on the piano. She and Will played duets on the piano once in a while although Will didn't like the piano like Ada did. She also had a pretty soprano voice and she also danced. She and Will performed in the Salt Lake Theater when it was here. In one of the plays I think Will was a policeman. And at another time Ada danced. I know she danced 'cause I played with her costumes. One was for a rain dance. It was light blue--very thin material and had kind of a shredded skirt with buttons sewn on the bottom of some of the shreds. The firefly dress was red and yellow. I was Ada's bed partner until Grandma Asper came to live in our upstairs apartment. Then Ada had to go up to sleep with Grandma because Grandma they said had nightmares and had to be waken out of them or she would die, so Ada slept upstairs with Grandma for three or four years. Ada was a good seamstress too. She made herself a brown crepe dress and then hand sewed amber

colored beads around the bottom of the skirt and around the bottom of the sleeves. While she was not sewing on it one day I was very busy cleaning up the front room and I noticed it was out of place, so I 'shoved' it into the little table drawer! I guess you don't know what crepe goods does when you 'shove' it into a very small drawer. You're right. It wrinkles terribly and doesn't iron out too well either. I guess I wasn't old enough to realize what it would do. Ada was very disappointed, but I guess it turned out OK because we made up very quickly. We couldn't be mad for too long ever. Dad bought a Studebaker car in 1915. One day Dad took us for a ride and Will sat on one side of Mom and Ada on the other. It started to rain quite hard. Mom had a fairly long blue artificiaa feather or plume on her hat to trim it and it was blue. As they rade along Mom would look first at Will and then at Ada. "You're getting blue, she would say. "Are you sure you're warm enough?" Then swishing her head the other way she would ask the same question. She kept swishing her head until she told Dad to stop the car, the kids were getting blue. He stopped the car and looked back and they all

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had a good laugh because the plume in her hat was swishing the kids in the face and leaving some of the blue dye from the plume.

We all loved to go to the canyon cabin in Emigration The Pincrest Hotel next door to us always held L.D.S. Sunday School on their big porch---I guess it was Sacrament Meeting though because they passed the Sacrament and had a speaker. Ada spent a lot of her vacation hours up there. Grandma Asper liked to stay up there too. Will went up too. Mom and I would go up sometimes and then ride back down with Dad early in the morning because he had to be to work. Ada would sometimes invite her girl friends up there to stay for a few days and they had some good times together. One time they staged a 'mock wedding' and had one of the girls dressed as the groom and one a bride, old curtains were just fine for this, All went well until the bride received her bouquet and it was all 'stink' weeds. They were very pretty flowers, but none of the kids knew they would let off an odor much like that of a skunk when in a building. Short wedding, huh? Another time we were all in the screened in porch preparing to leave

early in the morning. Will had set a trap for some animal that had been bothering us and that morning it had caught a 'skink'. Well, that skunk let fly his tail and we all received the benefit. I guess Will set him free, I don't know, all I know is that we never wanted eggs for breakfast anymore.

Ada had lovely long black hair. She could nearly sit on it it was so long. She generally wore it in a bob at the back of her neck. I guess she was 18 years old when she decided to have it cut. Dad and Will were very much against "bobbed hair". Ada had it cut and curled, or marcelled as they called it then and she looked great, but she wore a hat for a time before she told Dad and Will. But it really did look nice, so they accepted it. Now, Mom had a great deal of headaches and Ada and I decided that it was her long hair that maybe was making them worse, so we got together and decided to cut Mom's hair. Mom really wanted it cut but she also was afraid it wouldn't please Dad and Will. Well, one day Ada got the scissors and I sat on Mom's lap and off went Mom's hair. It wasn't her fault--it was ours. Anyway Mom looked very nice with marcelled hair. What's more she liked it.

As I have said, we always had homemade bread. Ada & Will both could mix it. We would put the required ingredients in a special pan (looked like a five gal. round pan) and put in the S shaped mixer and fit the lid on and mix--like an ice cream mixer only the mixer operated from the top and not from a side. We would keep stirring it until the mixture was thoroughly mixed and then add enough flour to make a dough you could mould and then cover it and let it rise until morning then put it into loaves and bake it. The stirring was not done by any mechanical means -- it was just pure muscle movement (yours). Well, anyway the parts of the bread mixer were very much like the way the conductor ran the streetcars and so Will and I would get the mixer out and play streetcars every so often.

Dad used to take us all out ice-skating on the surplus ponds out by the Duck Club. I was too young to ice-skate and Grandma Asper was too old so we rode the sleds, but Will and Ada and Dad--I don't remember Mom on skates -. The ice-skates were very much different than they are now. They had to be clamped to your boot



or shoe. One time Dad was pulling Grandma on the sled and really going fast and everyone was laughing because Grandma had slid off the sled and was just sitting on the ice and the empty sled was racing around with Dad.

Ada had real school spirit I guess. She went to every basketball game the L D S played. I never heard much about baseball or football though. There were many times when she would come home with her hat smashed flat from cheering for her home team and smashing her hat in her excitement. The colors of the L D S were blue and gold. They were very pretty together. I remember one time she said they had helium balloons (blue and gold) and at the start or finish of a pep rally they let them all go up at the same time. It was a beautiful sight. I lived for the day that I could participate. That day never came for me. Ada was fearful of water. She loved baths in a bathtub, but when it came to swimming--no, no. Swimming was one of the requirements of the L D S. Ada had a "pushy" teacher and that made her dislike swimming all the more. We used to go out to Saltair and she would float but that was all! She never learned to swim.

Ada had a lot of good friends. Some I remember, were Carol Kirkham, daughter of the Scoutmaster, Oscar Kirkham, Julina Smith, and of course her best friend Jennie Dalmar. Jennie lost her mother at an early age and was left with quite a demanding father and an invalid sister Laura. She had another sister too, Hannah. The invalid sister couldn't talk or walk, but she was very strong with her hands and arms. I went to visit them with Ada and Mom one evening and Laura got hold of me to give me a hug and it took two people to get her to let go of me. She wasn't mean - just a little too loving. I don't think she was aware of her own strength. They said if a tooth bothered her too much she would pull it out herself. Jennie had a hard time at home with all this, but after while her father died and I guess they put Laura in a home because she married Dewey Olsen not too long after Ada married. Hannah had married before this. That is Jennie's daughter in Ray's and my wedding picture. She was about 5 years old at that time and her name is Marilyn.

Dad used to take us on camping trips over the holidays. We had a tent and Dad loved to fish. Emigration had some fish in but not like the Strawberry Reservoir.

I don't know really how much Ada enjoyed these trips. I never knew her to complain though. She didn't care to fish too much because it bothered her to put the worm on the hook and take the fish off. I guess we felt that Dad was enjoying himself and it was different than home. Ada didn't mind camping out too much as long as she could be sure of a bath as soon as we got home (she always wanted to take the bathtub along with us, but she knew it wouldn't fill with water so what was the use). We slept on soldier cots we got from the army surplus, the kind the soldiers used in World War I. They were pretty comfortable but they sure let the breeze up through the bottom of them and if the ground was dry it was much more comfortable on it. They didn't have sleeping bags then either. Just blankets or quilts. The kind of mattresses we had up in the cabin were homemade from pillow ticking material filled with straw. You've all heard this story I'm sure but I'll tell it again. We were up Emigration Canyon and had a couple of second cousins (Noall) boys visiting us. The drinking water we always got from a spring about <sup>a mile &</sup> ~~about~~ half ~~a mile~~ or more down the canyon. We had a sink set up

just outside the kitchen with a drain attached where we would pour the waste water instead of wetting the earth around the cabin. Mom asked Wendell I think it was to go get two buckets of spring water from the spring. He walked down and got the two buckets full of spring water and when he returned with the cool clear water he asked Mom where to put it. "Oh, thank you, she said, Just put them in the sink." "OK", was the reply whereas he dumped all the water down the sink drain! Guess who had to make another trip to the spring! Not Mom!

When she was about eighteen or maybe a little older she went to work in the office of the Salt Lake Knitting Works. A J.R. Smith was her boss. She seemed to enjoy that job and having money to spend like she wanted was another advantage. Ada made herself some bras out of flour sacks, etc. at first but with a job she could spend money for clothes and she did. However, she paid Mom board and room at ten dollars a month, I think it was, That was a very good idea and lended her an independence and self-esteem. She was never proud, but she liked good clothes and liked to dress very nice. and with

style. I remember her first boy-friend, I guess it was her first, Steriling Johnsen from Lovell, Wyoming. I don't know how she met him, but I think she liked him some. He kept beehives. That didn't work out though. There was a fellow in the Seventeenth Ward that really liked her and he was musical and they had a lot in interests in common, but he was shorter then she and she didn't like that. His name was Reggie. Then there was one by the name of Simon that came along. Ada went with him quite a bit, but I didn't like him--big deal!

The Salt Lake Knitting works was just about two or three blocks from our home on North Temple. Then we decided to move up to 'I' Street and so it was much farther. Ada still worked there for a little while but in the meantime took a private class in shorthand to upgrade her working level. She quit the Salt Lake Knitting Works and got herself a job at the Franklin Motors on South Temple between Seventh and Eighth East, so she was just about one or maybe one and a half blocks from home. That was pretty neat. Her boss here was C.W. Newton. He was a real nice man and he lived out in Beuntiful with his family. He was afraid of mice like Woods Cross

Ada was. She was very afraid of mice. She said that many times she stood on a chair and C.W. stood on another one and they called for the mechanic to come and get the little mouse. The James Ice Cream people made icecream in the back of the Franklin Motor building and when they would spoil a batch or it didn't turn out exactly like it should they would take it into the Franklin people and let them eat it. Ada called us over a few times when this happened. Boy, was it good!

I remember the night that Will brought Wilford home to see if he could board with us. Ada was busy having a lesson in shorthand, (Pittman Shorthand by the way) and Will introduced Wilford to Ada and she barely nodded her head and didn't look up even and went right on with the lesson .

I got to be Ada's sleeping partner when we moved to 21 'I' Street. I liked that a lot. I don't know whether Ada did or not because I was forever asking for a bedtime story. She would be very tired after a day's work and even when she had a date I would be awake when she got home and ask for a story. She would generally

tell me the first line or paragraph of the story and then fall asleep. If I nudged her to wake up (which I only did on rare occasions) she would always say "and they woke up in the bathtub" and we would both bust out laughing. Mom said that when Ada was much younger she made up a beautiful story for school, I guess it was for school, and she didn't know quite how to finish it or got tired of writing it and this is the finish she put on it "and they all woke up and had green peas for breakfast". What an ending!

The only thing I remember arguing with Ada about was how to make the (our) bed. I wanted to be in a hurry or lazy I guess and throw the spread up over the pillows without tucking it under the pillows to make them show off. She wanted to do it the right way.

Of course it looked a lot better and so she would win.

We used to get together with the Bulmers who lived next door north and play 'Rook' and listen to a

radio mystery show called "The City of the Dead". It

was scary and Bulmers' had a son called Joe and I were not supposed to listen to it because we would have nightmares afterwards, but we listened anyway.

Joe and I played downstairs while they (Wilford, Ada Mom and Brother and Sister Bulmer) played the game called 'Rook'. Dad always had to go to bed early to get his rest. Joe and I would get tired of playing just about the time for the mystery to come on (11:00) and we used to fake tiredness and go upstairs to listen with the rest of them. As a family we always spent more time in the kitchen than in the front rooms. The kitchen was where the radio was and that is where we played 'Rook'. The breeze coming in the kitchen windows was nice in the summer and the warm radiator that was under the table would sure heat you up in the winter. One night Ada and Wilford were sitting at the table in the kitchen, it was late in the evening and I think the rest of us had gone to bed--they saw two shining eyes in the driveway outside the window. Wilford wanted to see what it was. He was used to catching animals in New Mexico so he decided to turn the back lights on and go see. Ada wasn't so sure she wanted him to. Wilford went out and caught it--it was a porcupine. He knew how to hold onto them without getting splashed with quills. ~~After~~



After showing it to Ada--he let it go. When I awoke in the morning I was very surprized to see about an inch deep layer of quills outside the kitchen windows in the driveway.

Ada was a very good sister to me-- I guess Wilford has already told you she was an excellent wife and as you boys know she proved to be a very good mother. Wilford and Ada were married June 6, 1928 in the Salt Lake Temple Mom and Dad held their wedding reception at our home, 21 \*I\* St. They had a lot of wedding guests. We took the beds out of the bedrooms and put up card tables and the guests were served in the bedrooms. We had little pieces about 1 inch square of wedding cake that the guests took home. They were served ice cream etc. and then they took this little piece of wedding cake home with them to put under their pillow and dream nice dreams. Of course for a young girl or boy your dreams would probably be of your future husband or wife--at least you would dream of a "dream date". Wilford and Ada had a lot of friends and at that time it was the custom to separate the bride and groom and kidnap the bride. There had been some weird experiences of these happenings and so none of us wanted to see Ada kidnapped so they had borrowed a pair of handcuffs from one of our friends--a policeman and when


the wedding line was over (about 10 o'clock) they disappeared completely. Some of the guests were looking all over for them, but no one found them. What had happened was that they had turned into the bathroom instead of one of the serving rooms and locked the door and unscrewed the light bulbs so no one could even think of looking in there and they didn't come out until most of the guests had given up the search and gone home."

Wilford's parents didn't come up for the wedding. Like Wilford's Mom said, "I would rather save my ticket for coming up until they have a "little one" and she did.

They first moved in our old home on North Temple after they were married, but they were only there a couple of weeks. I really think that that place had bad memories for Ada. She sure didn't feel good--so we suggested they live in our basement for a while until she felt better. Her health went from bad to worse--she lost fifty pounds because she could eat nothing. Nothing stayed down. She had a hard time to get out of bed. We didn't talk about these things to a young child like me (twelve years) so after a while I found out she was going to have a baby. I

was going to be an Aunt. Things don't look quite so bad if you know they are for a good purpose.

Ada was married June 6 and Will left for his mission to the Northwest on June 20. This really made Mom feel terrible--losing two thirds of her family at once. So I really think Mom didn't mind Ada and Wilford coming back to live in the basement. That was really a rough winter as I remember. It snowed the first of November and that snow stayed on the ground until March. Of course there was more snow in between too. Mom had asthma very bad and Ada was sick the whole time but on February 8 she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. They named him William Samuel after her brother mostly but of course it included Grandpas on both sides besides great grandpas. They called him Bill though. Bill had ~~exema~~<sup>eczema</sup> bad. On his little face (cheeks). Of course it irritated him and he scratched it which drew blood and scared his face. There were not very many things you could do for it in those days and of course a lot of baby's clothing was made of wool which is very irritating to a sensitive skin. We put mitts on Bill, but that didn't help--we tried tying his little hands down but that made him irritated--then someone said try aluminum cups on his hands, but that just

knocked him in the head and woke him up or hurt him. Then the formula was not like the "breeze" it is today. After a good many tries of different kinds we hit on Dextro Maltose. He was a ry cute and beautiful baby, but all this fussing around made him nervous and he didn't sleep too well. You could get him to sleep and try to step softly and lay him down and he would wake and cry--and all babies need sleep whether they know it or not. So that summer when I was home from school I sat on the couch (by the way we didn't rock him--we bounced him to sleep on the couch) and so I bounced him to sleep and then very gently slid his head onto a prearranged pillow and sat and held him and darned socks. I guess I darned over 100 pairs that summer. I guess it was the fall of 1929 that Ada and Wilford rented a little house on the south side of South Temple between 7 and 8 east. They had coal stoves for heat. The one in the front room was like a barrell. Bill was just able to toddle around because this was in January or February and Ada went out the front door to get the mail and a strong gust of wind shut the front door--locking it. What was she to do. She looked in the window and tried to get Bill's attention so he wouldn't go near the stove, but that <sup>didn't</sup> last forever. She looked for a window to get into,

but they were all locked good. She would have to leave to get to a telephone. She knew the back door was locked also and she could see Billy edging closer to the stove. Ada turned to look for help in the street and who should be walking by but a good friend from the 17th Ward, Alvin Olsen. He was around selling lingerie. She yelled to him and he was able to climb in a small window in the back of the house and open the front door for Ada. Its a good thing Alvin was a very small man. We are all very grateful for Alvin Olsen. I think it was the next year that the little home next door to us 29 'I' was for sale and Wilford and Ada bought it. It was a very small house but the yard was very large. It was heated by a gas flood furnace and gas fireplace in the front room. It had a very, very large kitchen which they used as a dining room and kitchen. The front room was small and so was the bedroom. There was a small room just off the kitchen that Wilford used to fix radios, etc.

Ada always had a firm testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. shad explicite faith in the Elders administration to the sick. Administration was used in their home a lot.