



LET'S TALK ABOUT MY BROTHER, BILL

as remembered by

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Let's start off by mentioning how my parents met. Mom was working at the Purity Biscuit Company and Dad was doing some carpentry work at a building close by. Mom gave Dad a cookie whenever the opportunity presented itself and, I guess they made googly eyes at each other. This was in about 1899, because in 1900 Dad was called on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to New Zealand. He was gone for four years, during which time I have heard that Uncle Matthew (Dad's brother) was supposed to "look after" Mom. So it was in 1904 on December 7 that they were married in the Manti Temple.

In 1906 a little black haired girl was born to them, my sister, Ada Jane. She was a beautiful little baby and, of course, was loved very much. On September 24, 1908 the stork visited them again, this time with an adorable baby boy. So they named him William Samuel after both of his grandfathers (Mom's dad was Liniam Samuel Evans, and Dad's father was William Samuel Asper).

About 1910 or 1911, another little girl came to join the Asper family. Ethel Lucille, named after one of Dad's sisters. It must have been 1910, because I think it was at this time that Will was out playing in the yard and licked a salmon can that had been lying out in the yard in the sun. Mother didn't know what had made Will so sick until a neighbor told her that she had seen Will licking out the salmon can. Will was poisoned, but good. The doctor told her to feed Will castor oil and egg whites. I never learned what else he said, but this stuck with me because I hated both of these things.

Grandma Evans, Mom's mother, was living with Mom and Dad at this time. She had sold her home to the Martin Coal Company, so she had no home of her own. Someone had said that fresh canyon air would help Will get better and stronger, so Grandma Evans bought a little lot up in Emigration Canyon, which was right next to the Pinecrest Hotel (or Inn). It was a beautiful little spot and they took Will up there on pillows. He was so thin and lacked even the energy to raise himself up. I suppose they had a train running up the canyon at that time; I never learned about that part. I don't know how long it took to make him feel better, but he did gradually get better. He was able to walk out of the canyon instead of being carried out on pillows.

I don't know which came first, Will's poisoning or the death of little Lucille. She was a "blue baby" and the valves of her heart didn't close properly. So she died at the age of seven months.

Then in 1913 came another little girl to brighten the Asper home. They said that she was so good, even tempered, and beautiful. Mom had a neighbor who often came to visit and every time she saw Thelma she would say, "This baby is too beautiful and sweet for this world." Mom got so she would hide Thelma and not let the lady see her. At about 11 months old, Thelma caught the measles and it turned into pneumonia. Mom was taking good care of her and the doctor came in one day and said, "You have this baby too warm," and he unbuttoned her little sweater and opened the bedroom window. Mom felt it right then that it was bad for Thelma and she passed away within a week.

Now, about this time, Grandma Evan's health was going down hill. Grandma Evans said that a couple of years ago she was walking across the street. Some boys were playing baseball and threw the ball, hitting Grandma Evans between the shoulders. Ever since then, she felt a lump in that spot. She eventually died of liver cancer.

Just before Grandma got real sick, I took my turn to look in on the Asper family. I guess I liked what I saw, so came down to live with them on December 15, 1915. Of course, Mom had all her babies at home, so when Will and Ada came home from school for lunch, they saw Dr. Opensha's car parked in front of our house and ran through the back door to see what was going on. The doctor looked at Will and said, "Well, son, I have just brought you another little sister. Do you want me to take her back?" Will thought for a good, long while and then said, "I guess you hadn't better take her back, 'cause next time you might bring us a nigger." So that's how I got to stay in the Asper family.

Grandma Evans died when I was about a year and a half old. However, before she died, Mom wanted to provide entertainment for her and wanted to keep her as happy as she could. So she went down to the Daynes Music Company to find out about the player pianos that were so popular at that time. She ordered one brought to our house for the period of about three months. The music was enjoyed by all of us. When it came time to return the piano, she called to have the music company pick it up. "Take it back", said the man, "No, you signed a promissory note that said you bought the piano (\$700)." "Oh, no, I didn't sign anything like that," said Mom, "All I intended to do was rent it for three months." Dad went to the store with her and, sure enough, she had signed a promissory note for buying the piano instead of renting it. Mom said, "We can't afford to pay for it. I'll set it out on the porch and you can come and pick it up." "Set it out wherever you like," replied Mr. Daynes, "it's yours and you have to pay." So out of Dad's \$10 a week pay check, they had to pay off the \$700 debt.

Well, Will was a good brother to me and Ada. He rode his bicycle a lot and used to take me with him sometimes. I guess he was about ten years old and I was about three when he and I went on his bicycle to go hunting. He had a sling shot or "flipper" and we bagged a sparrow. We went home victorious and Mom dressed and cooked the sparrow. We had an unforgettable "play" dinner with real food.

In 1915 we got our first car, a 1915 Studebaker. We all enjoyed trips to Emigration Canyon. I guess this is when Dad built our cabin up there. Our cabin was on a hillside and the bridge went over the creek just below it. We would get watermelons and cool them in the creek or keep soda pop cool in the creek. It was lovely. Will and I spent a lot of fun time catching bugs, mostly grasshoppers, and making a little cage for them in the side of the hill and maybe putting some screen over the hole like a door. We dug a lot of little caves for the bugs to go into. Will mostly liked to play in the "quarry", a place where there were many big rocks. I guess folks had gotten a lot of big pieces of rock out of this quarry for sometime. Then, too, it was a good place to find mice, gophers, squirrels, chipmunks, etc.

Down on the level part of land below our cabin, someone had put up a pulley with a crossbar pipe that you could sit on or hang onto and slide down to the tree to which the pulley was attached. The cable was strong enough that heavy persons could slide on it too. We had a lot of fun on this pulley thing.

Sunday School was held up in Emigration Canyon where our cabin was. They held it at the Pinecrest Inn every Sunday, so we didn't miss church when we went up to the cabin. They passed the Sacrament, but they didn't have little cups like they do now. They just passed one big cup around, like in the old days.

As I remember, Will was a quiet lad. Once, when he was chopping wood down the basement (we had to have wood to start the furnace fire) he cut his finger with the axe. I don't know what prompted Mom to go down, but she did and there was Will watching the blood drip from his finger and going whiter in his face by the minute. Mom, of course, wrapped it up and all was well.

The only time I remember him getting peeved was when I was left in his care one evening. He was leaning on the kitchen table reading the newspaper and I thought his hair was getting in his eyes. So, I took the scissors and snipped off a little bit of hair so he could read better. But he didn't like that a bit. I guess he was old fashioned enough to like his hair longer, so he could comb it back in a pompadour.

My sister, Ada, had long black hair. It was so long, she could nearly sit on it. One day, about 1922 or 1923, she decided to go to the beauty parlor and have it cut short and marcelled (curled). She looked real neat to Mom and me, but she had to break the news very carefully to Will and Dad. They were so against women with short hair. Anyway, they finally

accepted it. Because Ada looked so nice, she and I thought Mom ought to have hers cut, too. She had such violent headaches that we thought maybe the weight of her hair caused them a little bit. Anyway, Mom couldn't make up her mind to cut it, so I sat on her lap. Ada took the shears and off it came. We had quite a bit of explaining to do when Dad and Will came home.

Will had a couple of boy friends that lived next door to us. Ralph Tingey was the one that lived next door and Jack Bridwell was his cousin that came to visit quite often. Then there was Fred Leaver, who used to call for Will to go to school. He was always eating a big piece of cheese. I guess that was his breakfast. He used to feed some of it to our pigeons.

I guess, as kids, we were too busy to accumulate too many friends. We kept chickens, pigeons, rabbits, and a dog. Then there was the canyon to go to in the summer. There was plenty to do. Dad used to take us ice skating in the winter. I remember one time we were all ready to get into the car. Will had forgotten to give the chickens some warm water. He quickly got out of the car. I don't know how he got the water so hot so quickly, but in getting it to the chickens, he spilled it all over his legs and they were cooked. We didn't enjoy any skating that day. Why he had the water so hot, I'll never know. And I was never told.

I remember one time we got to go skating with Dad's mother. We got out to the "strip", some place by the Jordan River, and everyone put on skates, except for me and Grandma. I was about three, I guess. Dad had brought a sled and pulled me around the pond while he skated. Then we gave Grandma a turn. So she got on the sled and Dad took up the rope and skated off beautifully. But Grandma was still sitting on the ice with no sled under her. It was a funny sight.

Dad used to take Will hunting and fishing when Will was a teenager. But Will never seemed to enjoy it as much as Dad had hoped he would. I never could understand how Dad could enjoy hunting and fishing so much when he never had a vacation to enjoy doing them. The hunting was enjoyed at 4:30 in the morning and he was back to work at the lumber mill by 7:30 am. The fishing was done mostly down at Spring Runs (I guess that's about where 45th South is now, where all the people live). He did go on the Provo River on some Saturdays. One time we went up to Strawberry Reservoir and camped out in a tent. We were with a Mr. Mills. He told us that if you put the fresh fish in peppermint leaves, they would keep a lot longer and be delicious. We did it, but no one liked the minty fish. I advise you never do it. Willows are the thing for that purpose.

I guess that Grandma Evans' money that she got for her property helped us build some apartments in the back of our yard at 249 West North Temple, because that's what we did. There were four apartments. Each one had a living room, a dining and sleeping room (because it had a fold-a-way bed in it), a kitchen with a cook stove in it, and a bathroom. We rented the downstairs for \$15.00 and the upstairs for \$10.00. Dad was very careful

that none of his associates smoked in the house. He would even ask our renters to keep their smoke outside while they came in to pay their rent. This was a good influence for Will.

I remember one day when Mom took Will on the street car for a secret mission. When they came home, we all knew what the secret mission was. Will had a puppy dog. He was an Airedale variety and a good dog. When he grew big enough, he learned how to open our back door by twisting the knob and then he'd come into the kitchen, walk around the big table twice and go back and shut the door and then lie down someplace on the floor.

Will and Ada went to the Lafayette School on North Temple and State Streets during their years of grade school. Then in the winter of about 1918, the Lafayette School caught fire and burned to the ground. I heard that the firemen just couldn't get the water to the fire as it was such a cold winter that year. This was in December or January and Dad had a broken arm because of an accident at work. That didn't stop him from going to work and getting out the bills, though. No vacation, but he happened to be at home or came home at the right time and I sat on our sled and he pulled me up to see the fire. It was big!

Now, maybe this incident isn't applicable to Will, himself, but right now, I would like to tell you of an experience of our dad's while working at the Noall Brothers Wood Mill. Dad did everything there. His in-laws and cousins took care of the office in front. The mill where Dad worked was a big, two story building full of saws and joiners and the like of carpenter's machinery. I will say just necessities, because there wasn't any really up-to-date machinery, really. Dad had to beg for the machines he had there. He had one helper, named Otto. He was called a "yard man". The lumber was stored in other buildings, but the building Dad worked in was two stories and large and very airy. Dad had a 6' by 6' office on the second floor. They had one very small stove to heat the whole building. You could see daylight through every board that made the walls. It was so cold for Dad in the winter, that I often wondered how he survived. One day, while Dad was doing some work on one of the machines, the knife in it slipped somehow and caught Dad in the stomach close to the groin. I guess they took him to the hospital or to a doctor's office before they brought him home. The knife had just come within one sixteenth of an inch to perforating his intestine, which would have been fatal in those days. Our family has always been good Latter Day Saints and were taught to have faith in our Heavenly Father and that He would protect us if we did right. Of course, Dad was wearing his garments that L.D.S. people always wear and Mom had put a small patch in the very same place that Dad got wounded. If it hadn't been for that little extra thickness, Mom would have been widowed. That always proved to be a Testimony to us kids all the rest of our lives.

Mom had a lot of headaches and didn't feel good a lot of times. There was this one time she had to go to the hospital for an operation. I guess Will was about 13 and Ada about 15 or 16 at this time. It seemed like the only time we went to a restaurant to eat was on the day before Mom went to

the hospital. We had two occasions that she went to the hospital. This time it was the last week in April that she went, so she came home on about May 3, about two days before her birthday, May 5. Ada told all of us that we shouldn't mention anything to Mom about her coming birthday and to just act like we had forgotten all about it. Mom had often said, "I just wish that everyone would forget about my birthday." So we did. On May 5, Ada had made a lovely birthday cake (we always had a "poor man's" cake for birthdays. It is a recipe without eggs or milk, but sure tastes good). Ada had decorated it that morning besides taking care of Mom and breakfast, etc. Ada was a worker, all right. I guess we really hadn't paid much attention to Mom that morning and she was beginning to feel forgotten. She called Will to her side and said, "Will, today is my birthday, and I guess no one knows it or cares. Would you take this fifty cents and buy me a rosebud?" Will never said anything, but just did as he was bidden. He came back, put the rose in a little vase, said, "Happy birthday, Mom," and kissed her. That pleased her. Well, that evening, will all of us marching in headed by the big, beautiful cake and presents, Mom was sure surprised and told us she really didn't mind if we mentioned her birthday.

When Will and Ada were growing up, there was a theatre in town called the Salt Lake Theatre. I think it was on First South and State Street. Will was in a play there. I think he took the part of a policeman. Ada danced in this theatre, too.

Will's dog, Mickey, was funny. Dad would not let him come into the front room. He had to stay in the kitchen. So, he would get right in the doorway to the front room and put his paws in. Then, inch by inch, he would eventually put himself into the living room. Then Dad's voice would sound disapproval and Mickey would "git".

Our basement was all dirt with a dirt shelf all around. I used to see all kinds of goblins and the like peering out of the dirt shelf at me when I opened the door to go down. We would put Mickey in the basement to sleep at night. This one night, Will put him down the basement and when we woke up in the morning we went to the stairs to call him. He generally came up with one call and on a run. But this one morning he didn't come. We called again, but no Mickey. Then we heard a slight whimpering and went down to see what was the matter. There was Mickey with a great big gash in his groin. He had evidently jumped over a board that had a nail in it and got caught. Of course, we got acquainted with a veterinarian at this time and Mickey was stitched up and taken home. But Mickey didn't appreciate the bandage that was put on him. I guess with our love, he tolerated it.

Will liked to ride his bike a lot. So, one day it needed something fixed. Bill Main lived across the railroad tracks from us and he did all of our bike fixin's and was a real good friend. So this afternoon, Will was supposed to take his bike over to Billy Main and get it fixed. Mom and I went someplace with Dad in the car, so Will took his bike over by

himself. When we got home, Will had to made a appearance, so Mom started to worry. It was getting dark as evening was coming on. Mom had Dad get the car out of the garage and we went over to Billy Mains' to see if Will was there. We got over there and Dad got out to talk to Billy. Mom was okay until she heard Bill say, "Yeah, he was here, but left an hour ago."

That did it for Mom. She imagined everything bad had happened to her son. Had he been kidnapped? Had he been run over by the train? There were so many things that could happen to a boy of 12 years. Well, we got Mom home and got her feet in hot water and rubbed her hands, etc. She was in a state of shock. I guess inspiration told her to get her feet out of the water and go out in the lane an holler "Will, Will!" So she did and here came Will from the neighbor's hedge and said, "Yes, Mom, what do you want?" This was a lesson to us to look at home first, before getting all excited. Will had come home and put his bike away and gone over to play with Ralph and Jack.

Now, this reminds me of a little episode with Ralph. I guess Will and Ralph were near the same age and they were playing together one day when one of the neighbors, I think it was, came over and asked if Mom knew Will was chasing Ralph with a pocket knife. Mom was aghast! She called Will into the house and was really ready to punish him, when another neighbor came and said, "Don't you touch that boy." Ralph had had a paring knife and was running after Will. Will turned on him and ran after him with his pocket knife. The neighbor said, "Look at his pocket knife before you speak." The pocket knife had no blade in it at all. Of course, the paring knife was much more dangerous. Good old neighbors. I guess they see more than we think they do. Another lesson to us. Hear both sides of the story before punishment.

In the fall, October 1919, Mom thought it might be a good idea if we went to California for a visit. She had heard that the climate was good for people with bronchitis, which I had every three or four weeks. So she got the train tickets for the three of us kids and herself, as Dad couldn't (or wouldn't) get off work. In those days, though, you didn't get a paid vacation. You took time off at the forfeit of your job, sometimes. So Dad stayed home to earn the money so we could go. The train took much longer in those days and we had to ride all night and a couple of days. We got a "birth" that is a place to sleep overnight. Ada took the top and Mom, Will and I took the lower one. There was a porter who was generally a black man, who would take care of the "births", making them up and generally helping people through the night. I guess we got on the train towards evening and the porter came and made up our beds at about nine o'clock. Mom could see Will getting paler and paler. He was seasick (or train sick I guess you'd call it). He was really sick that night. The porter came after Will wherever he went with a rag mop in his hand. We got to California and Will and Ada registered in the Santoos School so they wouldn't miss out on their education. Only they put Ada ahead a half grade and Will behind a half grade because of limited class sizes. We stayed in California until February. I don't think it helped my

bronchitis very much, though, as I was sick down there, too. I don't remember Will being sick on the ride back home, however.

Will had a rupture (hernia) and he always had to wear a kind of a belt with two pressure points to it to hold the rupture in. So he wasn't able to lift much. I guess Mom was always afraid of him playing too hard or rough.

In those days, one always prepared for winter. I remember Dad always getting enough flour (about 500 lbs. white and whole wheat) and we would store it in our shed or summer kitchen on a table. We also would have to get in enough coal to last the winter, I guess five to ten tons. Then, of course, Mom put up all the fruit we had from our trees, plus some maybe we would buy. And mince meat, too, if we had the ingredients. She has even used deer meat for that. There were no freezers or even electric refrigerators then. We did have an ice box later on. Our screened in back porch used to be our ice box for a long while. The ice box you would put a block of ice in the top and it would cool the cupboard below off. There was an ice wagon that would come around maybe once or twice a week and you could have your ice delivered. But that was expensive, so we used to go over to the ice house, a few blocks from our house, with a little wagon. I guess it was Will's, and get our chunk of ice and wheel it home. We got our fruit and groceries this way too. Sometimes we would go in the car out on Second West and there were vegetable stands and fruit stands there a certain part of the year that farmers had produce to sell and we would bring home a watermelon or corn on the cob, etc.

Will and Ada used to take turns making the bread. We mostly had part whole wheat and part white. We had a bucket-like kettle with a spiral type rod in it and you could just turn that around and your bread would get mixed, so Mom would put all the ingredients in it and Will or Ada would turn it around until the dough was formed. Then Mom moulded it into loaves (generally six) and bake it. Once in awhile, she would forget to put any salt in it, but we had to eat it anyway. Dad would eat approximately one loaf a day. We ate bread with everything, even with ice cream. We would rather have it than sweet cake. We never had any crusts left. We always ate them first. Mom said it would make your teeth curly. We didn't need the ice in the winter time. Just put the food out on the back porch. It was screened in.

Will got interested in radio when he was about 12, I guess. He made a little crystal set and we had to use headphones to hear it. It had a crystal on it you had to tune with a wire called a "cat's whisker". Will made one on a piece of ply wood. We used it for a long time. We only had one set of headphones, but after awhile, we got another set so most of us could hear. It was about this time that I was asked to do a couple of readings on KSL radio station. The station was on top of the Deseret News building, I think. Just a tiny (maybe about 12 by 14 feet away) atop the building. The microphone was to very moveable. It was about four or five feet high and stayed in one place. The men could move it, but I couldn't. They had to have me stand on a chair to talk into it. I forget

the poems I read, but Will stayed home to listen to me on his radio. The rest of the family went with me. We asked him now I sounded on it when we got home and he said I sounded so much older than I was. I was about five years old at the time.

After Will and Ada finished grade school at the Lafayette, they went to West Junior High, just about 2-3 blocks from where we lived on North Temple. After they completed that, they both went to L.D.S. High School.

Will and Ada made friends quite readily and that is why some of the boys found their way to our house wanting to board. Dad's mom had lived upstairs in our house for a long time. Now she had gone to the Summerhay's Apartments and later to the Kensington Apartments on Main Street to live in the apartment just below her son Frank S. Asper. The Summerhays Apartments were just across the street from us on North Temple and I don't know how long she lived there, but she did for a time, until she moved to the Kensington.

Now, because of her moving, we had a place for the boys to stay. They would come downstairs for most of their meals, I think, but wanted to be on their own as much as possible. Willard and Rulon Brown were from the town of Scipio, Laren Hershey, I forget where he was from, and Joe Elder was from Delta. We have a picture of Laren Hershey trying to wash their clothes in a tub with a scrub board on the roof of DeCaro's house, the people that lived next door to us on the west. I think we all enjoyed having them around. They were all from the country and trying hard to get an education; even high school. None of these were Will's, what you would call "buddies", though.

I took elocution lessons from a Mrs. Husbands at the Templeton Building (torn down now). Mom thought Will ought to take lessons, too. But he was too bashful, I guess, to make them count. Will and Ada took piano lessons from Mr. William Clive and Will did better with piano lessons and was Mom proud of her boy playing the piano (that had cost her so much money to start with). Ada did exceptionally well with the piano, too (it was well worth the struggle). We have a picture of Will when he was a bout 6 or 8 years old with a little violin, but, no, he never had any lessons on violin.

Dad really tried to help Will be interested in carpentry, hunting, and fishing. But it seemed Will didn't enjoy these things.

Mickey, Will's dog, still had the habit of opening the back door and traipsing all around the kitchen table twice before lying down. One day, Mom had just finished scrubbing the whole kitchen, bathroom, and pantry, etc. and was very tired as Mickey came in out of the rain and marched around the table, leaving healthy dog foot prints all around and Mom said in a calm voice, "Mickey, I sure don't wish you any harm, but I wish you'd go away and never come back." And that is the last we saw of Mickey. Dad used to come around the corner of the house all dressed in his hunting gear and slap his knees with his hands and make incredible noises, so we thought that had something to do with Mickey's disappearance. But he

hadn't done that lately, so we give the credit to Mom. This was not too long before we moved to "I" Street.

When Will's voice changed, somewhere between 12 and 14 years old I guess, Ada would play and Will would sing and he sang "Bells of the Sea" and it tickled Mom more than anything to think her little boy could sing those deep bass pitches. "Ding, dong, ding, dong" and one very low "ding, dong".

Mom had been thinking of moving for quite a long while. Dad hadn't. He was content on North Temple. It was close to his work. He had all the things he needed, but Mom longed for a house that was lighter. We had a north front and a porch that kept any light from getting through if there was any. She was very tired of the place. So we went looking. LeGrand Richards was a Realtor and he took us (not Dad) to see a couple of lots that were for sale. Mom fell in love with the one on 21 "I" Street. It was a nice big yard and a lot of yellow roses climbing around and the place next door was a veritable flower garden. An old couple lived there in a little grey adobe house which later became Ada's home. Their name was Atkinsens. Mr. Fife, the clothing man, lived in the big house on the corner. He was a clothing man and had his store down town on Main Street. He and his wife were the only people living in that big house. Of course, they had a cook or maid living there, too, and a yard man. I don't think he lived there, though. Well, needless to say, we bought the property at 21 "I" Street. Dad said he would never move. I guess Will was neutral. Of course, it was exciting for me and Ada. We finally got Dad convinced that we should move so he got plans made for the house that he was going to build. He really went ahead with them, too. He hired a Mr. Hyler to dig the basement and put the forms for the cement walls in. I forget who he got to lay the bricks, but all the woodwork part he did. Will was talked into doing all the painting and it all had to have three coats. We didn't sell 249 West North Temple right away. We started to build about May and had our Thanksgiving dinner on planks held up by wooden saw horses. After the house was all finished and we put the lawn in, Mom bought about 2 rose bushes (she loved roses) and after about ten years of living there, we had about twenty rosebushes. Mom started them all from starts and put fruit bottles over them and we called them our bottle baby roses.

Bishop Harold G. Reynolds was bishop when we moved into the house on "I" Street and it was in the Twenty-First Ward. We got acquainted pretty well when we moved to "I" Street. Will went with a boy called Wilkin Fox and a boy whose last name was Gould. The Gould boy was quite short and Wilkin and Will were tall. It was quite a threesome. Wilkin's folks had a cabin up Mountain Canyon, I think it was. He lived in a house on "L" Street. Gould lived on Seventh Avenue and I chummed with his sister, Hannah. I know now the boy's name was Victor, Victor Gould. There were a few girls that they went in a group with, too. One night, one of the girls had a taffy pull at her home and one of the girls was near sighted (very). When she got through pulling her taffy it was very grey. "Oh," she said, "I guess I forgot to wash my hands."

I think I had better insert a little incident right here before I forget it. It happened while we were in California. Ada had always been overweight, not too very much, but she always thought so. We had an apartment in California that you had to take what they call "court flight" to get back up to your apartment. You had a choice though. There was a flight of 200 steps that you could walk up if you didn't have the fare for "court flight". Ada, in trying to lose weight, would take the stairs a goodly portion of the time. There were other places on the level you didn't always have to use the "court flight". One day, Ada and Will went on an errand to the store for Mom. We didn't have scales at home to weight on like we do now, so Ada would take advantage of going to the store to weight herself. On the way to the store they had to cross street car tracks. It had been raining and was muddy in the streets. Ada slipped and fell on the street car tracks and Will, being a gentleman, tried to help or pull her up. She was so angry to have him pulling her because he was very frail (guess it was from being poisoned and the rupture). Anyway, she got up and ran to the grocery store, plopped on the scales -- 200 pounds! She was devastated! They came home and Ada cried and cried. We tried to tell her that plopping on the scales makes it go a lot over what is the real weight, which is true, but her feelings were sure hurt at that time. "Like a fly trying to pull an elephant off the tracks," she would cry. I never heard Will say anything.

One thing I would like to squeeze in here about California. There were some people down there that were very good to us. They wondered that my mom would travel alone with just us kids and so this person who made cutlery for a living made Mom a big, I mean big, steel knife (handle was steel, too). It was about three and a half inches wide and fourteen or fifteen inches long. He made it so she would have something to protect us with. We named the knife "Dan Lamp" after the man that made it. And we still have it in our cupboard. It is somewhat smaller now, because of the use we made of it from cutting food, not using it as a weapon. We had had a party just before we left for California and someone had blown up a balloon and Mom stuck it on a vase on top of the piano. It had a face drawn on it by one of the guests. Now we left in November and didn't come back until February and that balloon was still there, big and round as anything. Mom put her hand on it and said, "Look at this," and the balloon wilted right then. Dad had done some carpentry work for a jeweler, Alfred Sorensen, and had been paid in clocks. We had a clock in every room when we arrived home, and the tick tock of them reminded us of the rhythm of the train.

When we moved up to "I" Street, Ada was working at the Utah Woolen Mills and Will was still going to L.D.S. High School. I guess Will was about 16, Ada 18, and I was 9 when we moved. When we got moved into our new home, Alan Pressler, our newsboy on North Temple, found Mickey sitting on our door step at North Temple. So he brought him home to us. Mickey stayed for about two weeks and then left again. He looked well taken care of, so we were well pleased.

When we moved up to "I" Street, Mom said, "No more borders. We will just enjoy this house by ourselves." Our borders had found other places by this time. We had been in the home for about a year or two when Will met a young man from Bluewater, New Mexico. They ate lunch together. Will had a lunch that Mom always put up for him and the other fellow didn't like what was put up for him, maybe he put it up himself, I don't know. anyway, Will would give him part of his lunch and this way they got acquainted. The fellow didn't like the place he was staying at, either. I think it was his aunt's. Anyway, Will came home one night and asked if we could take in this poor starving man. So Mom and Dad said, "Okay, just for awhile." The next night Will brought Wilford T. Young to our home. We had a room in the basement which was supposed to be a den, but no one was using it. So Wilford got to stay in that room and eat with us. He proved to be an asset and Will had always wanted a brother. After a couple of years, Wilford married Ada.

I think the association of Wilford with Will was very good. Wilford fitted into the ward very well and really made a brother for Will. He had been on a mission to the Central States and was finishing high school when he and Will met at the L.D.S. High School.

Did I tell you that Will got all the painting done on the house? Yes, then he even had a friend, Alan Crocket, and together they painted another house or so. Yeah, that was the late Judge Alan Crocket.

We had only been moved about three years when Will was called on a mission to the Northwest States and Ada and Wilford got married. Oh, I forget, I think it was after we moved that Will went into the hospital for an operation on his hernia. He was in the Holy Cross Hospital and we would go see him and then look at his window while driving away to see if he had his knees up. He was supposed to lie straight. He evidently got along fine and it did seem to make a great deal of difference in his health. I guess he was about 16 or 17 years old.

The year 1928 was one to be remembered by all. Will left for his mission June 22. Ada and Wilford got married June 6. Mom was destitute. Her family was gone. She took it quite hard. Will was best man at Ada's wedding, of course. They had the mission home down town at that time. Will didn't have to learn a language, so I think he was only in the mission home for about two weeks and then left for the Northwest. We held Ada's reception at 21 "I" Street. It was a lovely home for doing this. We took the beds out of the bedrooms (2 of the, anyway) and served on card tables in these rooms and the other was for the presents (three bedrooms). It was at the time that you wrapped fruit cake in very small pieces and sealed them with a sticker with the new couple's initials on it. You were supposed to take one home with you and sleep on it and dream of your future.

Going on a mission in those days was not like now. You went without purse or script. That means that you had to depend on Saints or some people to feed you and give you sleeping space. Will wrote that he spent plenty of nights in a haystack. There is one tale that he wrote about.

Missionaries get new companions every so often. Will got a new one at this time and they were going without purse or script, but they were very hungry and somehow they had 10 cents between them. Will sent his companion to the store to get some food and what should the companion come back with but a head of lettuce. Will was used to bread which stays with you longer and satisfies your hunger longer. He never sent him to the store e again. On missions, you depend upon the Lord to lead you to the right houses and places, but sometimes the Lord wants his children to grow up and learn the hard way. Of course, they always had the mission home to turn to. President Sloan was his mission president. I think the first name was William. Mom and I would go to all the missionary reunions held here at conference time to learn more about Will and how he was doing. We always received a good report. There was on time the Elders got together and wanted to go to the Cardston Temple in Canada. They were given permission. President Sloan might even have gone with the, I don't know, but anyway Will and a couple of Elders got together and bought an old flivver (I guess it was a Ford touring car) and did the repairs on it and made ready to go to the Cardston Temple. Will relates that on the session they were on. (At that time, in the temple there was a place we sang a hymn we don't anymore.) Anyway, while the missionaries were going through, when they got to the place where they sang the hymn, they were all singing very nicely and the leader said or motioned for them to stop singing and the singing continued. Will said you could feel that angels were present and singing. It was a caravan that they went to through Cardston Temple with and President Sloan did head it.

Mom shouldn't have worried about losing her family, because Ada and Wilford went to live in the house on North Temple. But they were there for just two weeks and Ada got sick and they came back to live with us. They lived in the room that Wilford lived in in the basement. Ada was so sick she couldn't keep any food down, so she lost 50 pounds. Mom was very sick, too. She thought she had asthma, I really don't know. But the nerves in her throat would swell up and shut off her breath. Ada was pregnant, that is why she was so nauseated, but for the whole nine months! Yes. Wilford had his high school diploma by this time and was trying to find work. He played some in dance bands and he sold magazines, etc. He wasn't ever lazy, but it was turning into depression time.

Mom had always made up her mind that she and I would go meet Will and come home with him from his mission. She knew it was a bad idea to go visit while on his mission. So she waited. Wilford and Ada had baby boy just eight months after they were married (premature) who she named William Samuel after her brother. Wilford's father was against Wilford marrying Ada, a city gal, but his or Wilford's mom came up after the baby was born to see it. She like it up here real well and I guess she had somewhat of an influence on Sam Young, her husband.

Will surprised us by coming home without telling us. He had been gone two years, all right, but Mom was so in hopes of going up there to call for him. Of course, she was delighted to see him anyway. By this time, Ada and Wilford had bought

the little adobe house next door, north of us as Atkinsens had passed on and Dad bought it. So they were living there now. I had been over to Ada's for something and was coming home when Will came by. He didn't know me, I had changed quite a bit, I guess. This was in 1930.

Wilford and Will went out selling magazines and whatever they could. We had a couple of radios by then and loved to listen to Amos and Andy and the like. Sometimes they would break. Wilford really liked fixing them and experimenting with aials and the like. He got so he fixed the neighbor's too and built up a little business. Will got a job at the Paris Company selling radios, etc. for Mr. Dryfus. I don't know where Will got the idea, maybe it was from Dad, that he should have \$1,000 saved up before he got married, which is a peach of an idea.

Will went with quite a few girls before he got married. The first was Clara Elder, a sister to the Joe Elder that boarded with us on North Temple. She was a pretty blonde and kept house for the Richards of the Granite Furniture Company. Will was always a good kid and obeyed his parents and they counted on his obedience. Us kids had a curfew of midnight for dates. Mom always said nothing good comes from staying out after midnight. That is when the devil gets his work in. Now, I wasn't up this particular night, but I guess I was awake because Will had a date with a girl and stayed out until three o'clock a.m. Mom was in a state of shock, when Will walked in and Dad socked Will for coming in so late and making Mom sick. Will never did that again. Later on, it turned out that the girl had been the one to coax Will to stay out so late. He never went with her again. I guess he went with a few girls that I never knew about, I don't know, but I know that he went with a girl named Reba Hooper, and she had a sister named Lois. We all liked the two girls very much. The whole family was very nice. Reba was very attentive. This was before he went on his mission. Just before he left for his mission he took Reba and Mom and I for a ride up City Creek Canyon. Reba and Will went off for a walk, Mom sat in the car, so I went walking, too. I just happened to go by one of those bridges made of stone that they have over the creek and saw Will and Reba kissing and hugging. I don't think I even told Mom. That was their business and not mine. Reba went down to the train with us to see Will off on his mission. Reba would come to see us often while Will was on his mission. I guess she made one mistake. She went to see Will while he was on his mission and that ended their friendship, seems like. She was only up there with friends and went over to the mission home and had lunch with Will, but that was the end of their romance. Will sent us a picture home of himself and he had wavy hair. This tickled Mom more than ever. She knew she had a handsome son, but with wavy hair, too! Wow!

When Will was about two years old, Mom and Dad went to visit Nora Richards who had just had a little girl baby, named Afton. Nora's dad was my father's, mother's brother. My parents had a little ring to give to the new baby and Will gave it to Afton. It was the custom in those days to give a tiny ring to new babies, why, I'll never know, because babies

swallow little things like that. I think it was dangerous. But the mother would usually tie it on the finger with a blue or pink ribbon. Anyway, Nora and her family lived in the Twenty-First Ward, too. When Will gave the baby a ring, we were not in the ward, we were living on North Temple. Nora and Heber Richards and their family lived in the 21st Ward when we moved into it. Will never went with Afton until after his mission. After Reba went to see him on his mission, when he had told her not to, he never went with her again. He started to go with Afton Richards. Will had a hard time to save up his \$1,000 because jobs were not plentiful at that time. He worked at The Paris selling radios, etc. and then he got interested in the grocery business and helped a man who had a grocery store on Almond Street. It was very rough because at that time there were lots of "county orders" people couldn't pay, but needed groceries and the county gave them a certain amount of food stamps gratis, but the profit was nil. He worked himself up from delivery boy to managing the store and eventually bought it from the owner. He and Afton got married in the Salt Lake Temple May 16, 1932. They first lived at 249 West North Temple because we hadn't sold it yet. Dad had been thinking of selling it, so when he did, they moved to the Jewel Apartments on Fifth East and I think between 1st and 2nd South.

I remember going up to help him in the store once in awhile, but I did everything wrong. Afton helped him in the store, too. I think the tension of the depression, his marriage, wanting to succeed too soon, made him very tense and nervous. He wanted so much to have everything nice for his wife and coming family, but 95 per cent of his trade was on welfare and that didn't make him the money he envisioned. You had to be sure your prices were "rock bottom" and that made a huge amount of book work, too. Afton also had heart trouble, so Will wouldn't, or tried not to, burden her with problems and work. He would come home late at night and because Afton hadn't been feeling well there were dishes and a floor to mop, etc.

Anyway, on July 28, 1936 they were blest with a little brown-eyed baby boy. They had him blessed with the name of Richard. Will finally sold the little store on Almond Street and bought a larger on one North Main Street. Business was better, but store work is so tiring and trying, too. He used to go at five o'clock in the morning to the market to pick up produce for the day's business. The open at 7:00 a.m. and be there all day and close at 7:00 p.m. and keep his books up to date after that. When a husband has to spend all the time with his business, it doesn't leave much time for home and family and I think this affects the whole family. Richard was the cutest little button and smart, too, but his health wasn't too good. He had allergies and asthma. At this time, they moved from the Jewel Apartments to 729 Third Avenue. It was a duplex and belonged to Afton's cousin, I think. Afton's Aunt Ethel had a beauty shop on one side of it and Will and Afton lived in the other half. About this time, another little boy was born to them. This time they named him Alfred Norman, on March 13, 1939. The duplex was getting kind of small for the growing family, so they looked around for a house to buy and there happened to be one at 621 Fourth Avenue, which they bought. Dad helped

Will put on a very large back porch and the home seemed very comfortable. Now in 1943 on July 7 a little, little baby daughter came to grace their home. She was born premature and weight in at only three pounds. Her name is Louise.

We all called him Will until we moved up to 21 "I" Street. From then on it was Bill. The family still calls him Will, though.