The Life Story of Hyrum Alexander and Drucilla Pearl Judd Kidd
An Autobiography

My Memories
When twilight shadows find me all alone
I drift away in dreams of long ago.
My thoughts go back again to home, sweet home
And I brush away the tears that gently flow.

With softened heart I happily recall
Our childhood home near hills and brooklet streams
A mother dear, a father I adored,
A husband fine, who helped fulfill my dreams.

Though sunset years have crept within my soul
And raven locks are gray, for all to see,
The fondest and most cherished time of all
Are the days I spend with by-gone memories.

I, Drucilla Pearl Judd Kidd, was born November 17, 1889 in Upton, Utah. This little town, then called "The Settlement", was situated a few miles southeast of the larger settlement of Coalville, Utah, an early day coal-mining area.

My mother, Mary Jane Harrop, was the daughter of James Harrop and Rachel Kilner. She was born April 2, 1849 at Eccles, Lancaster, England. My father, James Judd, second son of Thomas Judd and Ann Redding, was born August 10, 1945 in South Stoneham, Hampshire, England.

I was the youngest of nine children born to my parents. Other members of our family were Selena Ann, born April 3, 1868, Mary Hannah, born January 16, 1871; both were born in Hoytsville, Utah; Martha, born October 8, 1873; James Henry, born February 4, 1876; George Phillips, born May 10, 1878; William Albert, born August 21, 1880; Catherine Eliza, born October 25, 1883; and Rachel Harrop, born March 21, 1888. All were born in Upton, Utah.

Our home was what they called a "dugout", which was simply a large excavation in the hillside. Father built inside of it a room, about 20 by 20 feet square. It was made of round logs, and it had a roof of wooden slabs, laid back-side up, which served as dining room, pantry, bathroom, and as the family increased, another bedroom. All of our furniture was homemade. The chairs, tables and benches were built from rough-sawed lumber, and the cupboards were simply wooden shelves nailed across one corner of the room. Our bedsteads were crudely made and topped with straw-filled ticks for mattresses. Father built a fireplace over which mother prepared the food for her growing family. The hearth wa a huge flat rock. Mother was a good

cook and housekeeper. Her home was always kept in good order and the hearth was "clean enough to eat from."

I loved my father dearly. I was at his side every minute of my waking hours, and I learned to work and do many things just by watching and helping him around the ranch. He kept two bands (herds) of sheep, and many horses and cattle on his land. Father and I spent most of our time outdoors with the animals so that I learned to love all living things and to roam the beautiful hills which surrounded our home.

Father was a hard worker, and taught all us children to be the same. He used to get up very early and work until late at night. It seemed he was always tired and often fell asleep as he worked. I generally rode along with him and awakened him many times. In the spring of 1901, when the shearing was all done, he took a hayrack loaded with wool to Echo for loading on the railroad cars. On the way, he fell asleep and tumbled to the ground. He was taken to Henefer and placed on our Aunt Richins' bed. The doctor said his neck was broken. He lived only a few hours. He died a young man, only 56 years old. He told them before he died that if I had been along, the accident would not have happened because I would have woke him up. I sure did miss him for a long, long time because I was only eleven years old and had been his constant companion. Mother never did get over his death, because she had not been alone since their marriage, and just a few months before, he had made a nice house and had built some new furniture for us.

The house was a mansion compared to the old dugout. It had two big front rooms, a large kitchen and three bedrooms. Father sure was proud of it, and so were the rest of us. But Mother could not be content in it with Father gone, so she bought a smaller home. Yet she would not live in that one, either, so she and I moved from place to place until the spring of 1908. We were living at Selena's place when she became very sick; she died on April 2, 1908. Some said she had a stroke, but I believe she died of a broken heart.

Mother and I were always very close. She saw to it that I went to school in Upton. The schoolhouse was a one-room building and one teacher taught all the children who went. I finished all eight grades, wrote on a slate, and did the sums on the blackboard, the same as the other children. There was not much paper to write on, and there were very few books, so they had to be passed around. About the last year that I went to school, the books were more plentiful. Two more teachers came and they even built another room onto the schoolhouse. The building was heated by a pot-bellied stove filled with coal, which was dug out of a hill nearby. I walked to school most of the time, even when the snow lay on the ground three or more feet deep.

The churchhouse stood near the schoolhouse. It was one large room also, with slabs on it for a roof. I went to church in a wagon or a buckboard with had no springs. In the winter we used heated rocks or bricks to keep our feet warm as we rode along in a cutter. Our cutter was a topless, box-like carriage which was fastened onto two iron runners and was pulled by a horse. It was thrilling as we skimmed over the ground, the sleigh bells jingling as the horse trotted over the glistening snow.

The little churchhouse was the place where all entertainments were held. The baptisms were performed in a little stream which ran by the meetinghouse, and sometimes the water was very cold. Some of the activities were the Rose Ball, home dramatic plays (which they called, Vaudeville), masquerades, box socials, and dances. They celebrated every holiday or special occasion with a dance and a supper. Most everything was free, with each family bringing along some kind of food. The building was lighted with coal oil lamps ro candles. For music I played the pump organ and Will Robinson played the fiddle. We held church outings under a “bowery”, which they built by setting four posts in the ground, putting small tree trunks across them then covering them with leafy bows, thus making a shady place to meet.

I spent most of my time in Upton until I was eighteen years old. In those happy days I was a pretty girl, healthy and dark-complexioned. I had long black hair that hung in two thick braids down to my waist. I tied them with a wide ribbon, and I wore my hair long until 1926, when I had it cut short.

After my father was killed, Mother bought a place four miles from the dugout, and ran a store and a dance hall, which was owned by Bishop John Clark. At this time we had gas lights in the hall. The walls were painted with beautiful scenery by Frank Clark, a brother of Bishop Clark. One of these scenes, on the right going in, was a large ship called the “Battleship Maine”. On the left was a Indian girl and a village. On the wall at the end of the hall, facing the door, was a scene with deer, elk and an Indian in a canoe. Over the door and on each side were beautiful pines and several more deer and elk. A border about a foot high was painted around the entire room. It was a scene of flowers, ferns, grapes and leaves of various colors. This was painted by Frank's nephew, Will Clark. The floor was the very best varnished maple.

The menfolk wore black cords and black sateen shirts, and for Sunday best, an extra pair of pants made of broadcloth. To complete their outfits, they wore white vests, and a stiff celluloid collar, which had to be done up every time they wore them. They had cuffs on their shirts and wore fancy cufflinks. Each man had a collar button and a

tie, high-buttoned shoes, and a "duffy" hat with a tall crown.

We girls wore calico or silk dresses if they could be afforded. Our dresses were long and dragged on the ground. A lot of them had trains, some had basks (very tight waists), and a leg-o-mutton sleeve (a long sleeve, puffed at the shoulder), a very full skirt with a hoop. Our petticoats were full and stiffly starched, and our pantaloons were full and trimmed with lace ruffles. The dresses had about 30 years of material in them and had lots and lots of ruffles, beads, and lace.

We wore our hair in braids or bobs, and sometimes we used switches or "rats" to pile it up high on our head. The hats were Merry Widows with brims about two inches in width, or Sky Scrapers, which were piled real high with plumes like ostrich feathers.

I knew Hyrum Alexander Kidd about all my life. He lived only five miles east of our dugout, but went to a different school and church than I did. This was called the "Sage Bench", and later "Pine View". Alex was the fifth child of John Bickmore and Annah Staley Kidd. He was born October 4, 1889 at Upton, Utah. There were twelve other children in the Kidd family, which must have made the two log rooms in which they lived a bit crowded. Alex's folks were early pioneers who helped to settle the Upton area. They acquired considerable land in Pine View and operated a large cattle and sheep ranch there. On the 25th of February, 1899, the Pine View Ward was organized, and John Kidd, Alex's father, was sustained superintendent of the first Sunday School organization. He selected as his counselors, Samuel Banner and Herbert Clark, with Albert Powell as secretary. Alex spent most of his life with the sheep, herding them on a place they called, "The Reserve", about 15 miles from the cabin. He also kept his father's sheep for many years, even after we were married.

We were sweethearts all our lives. We went to the dances together and all the other activities. He was well-liked by everyone and could do most anything, even play the fiddle. He rode and broke many horses for Ed Reed of Coalville. Ed once showed him a horse and said if he could break it he could have it. It was a beautiful black animal and was the best one Ed had from his large herd. Alex rode and broke it; therefore, he received it for his own.

We both were baptized in the same stream, but at different months. Then 1907, while I was living with my sister, Martha, Alex proposed to me. It happened as we were riding in a buggy he had earned by breaking horses. It was in this buggy that we went to all of the socials. Just the two of us went to Salt Lake, and we were married on the 7th of October, 1909, in the Latter-day Saint temple. Charles Stallings and Hazel Bailey were married the same day, and we all stayed at a hotel in Salt Lake overnight. Then we went back and

lived with his folks for two months. It was from here that Alex's brother, John, left for a mission to Holland, and Alex did everything he could to help keep his brother there. When John returned he was put in as bishop of the Upton Ward, and Alex helped him in the bishopric all the time. Alex was put in as president of the deacon's quorum for two years.

After Mother's death, our things were divided, and I was given eight head of sheep and as my husband took care of his father's sheep, I put mine with his. Alex left me with his folks that fall. In the spring when he came back, we took the sheep and what other things that my people gave me, and went to a place called Hawkins Basin in Idaho. It was there that I spent the only honeymoon I ever had. We lived in a sheep tent which I helped pay for, remaining there for two years. Then we moved to Bruneau, Idaho, on the 16th of February, 1912. We brought with us Alex's dad's sheep, and bought eighty acres of farmland. Three-fourths of this was sage brush with no ditches nor trees, until I planted some. I had to carry the water from a ditch across the road to water the trees. There was a nice four-room house there which wasn't modern. I went back to Upton and packed the rest of our things and went on the train to Mountain Home, Idaho, forty miles from Bruneau. We crossed the Snake River on a ferry boat with a hay rack and a new buggy which we brought with us. Also twelve chickens, four cows, and two horses. Alex's brother, John, his wife and child, Alex's sister, Margaret with her husband and child came along also, and lived with us most of the time.

When we arrived at the place Alex had bought, the sheep were on the other side of the ranch and the feed was good. We had left a foot of snow in Upton and came to green grass two inches high. It rained every day for two weeks. Alex was first with the sheep and then back to the farm, so we hired a Basque fellow (dark-complexioned) to help care for the sheep. They were easy to herd because there was plenty of grass for them to eat. Alex and I worked day after day, side by side. I was small in stature, but very strong and I sure did love to work, and we soon had our corps started and ditches made. We leveled the land with our four extra-good horses. We built a willow barn thirty feet square, a chicken coop, a granary, and a cistern. The water in that area was so far below the surface that it was impossible to dig wells, so we dug a deep round hoe. Alex and John made it waterproof with cement. Then we hauled water in large wood barrels or tanks, enough to last several days, and stored it in the cistern for household use.

On the 5th of June, 1912, our first baby boy was born to us. We called him Melvin and we were very proud of him. He was born at home as there was no hospital or doctor's office. Melvin was a fat, healthy baby and never caused us any trouble. We had been married three years and he sure was a welcome addition in our home. The

crops were good and we began to prosper a little. Folks on the other places were raising a lot of alfalfa seed, so we tried it and we sure did well. We bought more cows and another band of sheep. (There are two thousand sheep in a band.) I had a large garden and made butter to sell. We also bought a flock of chickens. Melvin was seven months old and that fall, after the crops were up, Alex let me go with him to stay with the sheep. John said he would stay on the farm, so I took the baby and we went and lived that winter in the sheep camp. Next spring John stayed on the place and I stayed again in the camp. When Melvin was a year and a half old I came back to the house.

We harvested our first crop of hay and Alex had put it in long, high stacks. We sold quite a lot of our hay to other sheep men because it was so good and was needed. The second crop was two inches high when the rabbits came by the thousands. The hills were alive with them. No matter what we did, they still came. We all built wire fences and made pens. Then a lot of us would get together and drive the rabbits into the pens and kill them with big sticks. But they still kept coming until they ate all the crops, the stacked hay, the grass hillsides, and my vegetable garden. We had to go and buy hay from other places to feed the sheep. It was forty dollars a ton if we could get it, and when the rabbits got a whiff of it, they came and ate that also. It became so serious that we had to bring the sheep down to the farm sixty miles away and buy hay. After we brought them down the inspector came out to look them over and said we had the Scab (big sores from which the wool fell off in chunks). He forced us to dip them in a solution of hot water and tobacco. It was November and lots of our sheep froze to death in spite of the fact that we built sheds and lambing pens to keep them warm.

Soon the rabbits started to die and they piled up in great bunches. The water wasn't fit to drink so we had to boil all of it. The rabbits would fall into the ditches and rivers so thick that the odor was unbearable.

On the last of September, 1914, our next baby was born. We called our little girl La Rue. She was a lot like her brother, dark and healthy and she was very good. It took us three years to get started again and once more our crops looked pretty and green. Then the grasshoppers came. They weren't as bad as the rabbits, but they ate a lot of our hay and we had to buy more for the sheep because the feed on the hills never did get high and wavy again.

On the 16ht of August, 1917, Alex Junior, our third child was born. He was a boy with black hair, but we only kept him 24 hours. The next morning he was dead on my arm. I had worked so hard trying to help on the ranch that he never had a chance, and too, I didn't have a good doctor. We buried him the same day.

La Rue was just three years old when she got pneumonia. She had been sick for eight weeks and still couldn't walk.

Then Alex came in and told me the sheep were dying and he didn't know what to do. We lost half of them and mortgaged the rest.

In just eleven months more, our fourth child, Harland, was born, the 30th of July 1918.

Alex's sister and family bought themselves a place joining ours and moved. We ha lost so much, but Alex could still borrow money from the bank in Bruneau. This he did, and we built us a new barn, a granary, a chicken coop and a nice big cool cellar. The "cave" was twenty feet deep and round like a jug. It was made of cement and brick, and was nice and cool, so we spent as much time in it as we could. Since we didn't have any shade, I planted more trees. We bought one-hundred dollars worth of fruit trees and planted another lawn. I bought me some pretty rose bushes and since the sheep didn't get enough feed, we had to buy a lot more hay and feed them on the place.

On the 25th of January, 1921, another son was born to us and we called him Carson. He was small but healthy. By the time he was two years old we had to leave the place in Bruneau. We had tried so hard to have it for our own, but most of the sheep had died and the mortgage took the rest of the money we had, so with our four children, we put what we had left in a small Chevrolet truck and started for Rupert, Idaho, where Alex's father and mother were living. I had saved seventy-five dollars from selling garden produce and other things, so I spent some of it for gas and lunches to go on. The rest I kept until we got to Hazelton, Idaho, where I put it in the bank. When the banker found out that my name was Kidd, he asked me where we were going and I told him, to Rupert, to the home of John Kidd, my husband's father. That night when we got there the sheriff from Rupert came and had us arrested and took us to the courthouse. They thought we were Bertha and Willie Kidd from Burley, Idaho, who had robbed the bank in Hazelton a few days before. (They were no relation to us.) We phoned the banker in Bruneau before they would believe we were not the same people, but as soon as they were convinced they took us back to Alex's father's place where we stayed for a while.

We worked in the potatoes until we earned money enough to start us again on another place. We borrowed some money from Alex's Uncle Merritt, who lived close by, and rented a place in Eden, Idaho. Alex planted the crops there but he rented a house in Twin Falls for us so the children could go to school. He went back and forth to work.

On the 27th of March 1924, our fifth child was born. This pretty little girl we called Viola. I didn't have very many clothes for her, but we managed. What she lacked in clothes was made up to her in love. Melvin, her brother, said that she was his and mine. As soon as I was able to travel, Alex moved us all to the place he had rented in Eden, Idaho. We stayed there and worked very hard. After all of our crops were up and looking good, we were told we couldn't have any more water. The ditches were going dry, so our crops burned up. We still owed Merritt Staley for the money he had so gladly given us. When Alex told him we couldn't pay he said he ha d a sawmill at Jarbridge, Nevada, and asked him if he would like to go work for him there. That sure did please us, as we had been born and raised in the mountains. So Uncle Merritt gave us enough to go on and Alex bought four horses, harnesses, a wagon and bought enough food to last a while. Our little girl was only one month old, but she was healthy and I wanted to go with Alex. So we got there that night and slept in our tent, which was 12 by 14 feet in size. The next day Alex went to work with the four horses and got five dollars a day. Uncle Merritt fed him and the horses, and we felt we were rich. That fall we moved closer to a school and lived in a house that consisted of one big room. It was very cold there at night. Sometimes it got down to 40 degrees below zero, and we kept a fire going day and night.

That winter Alex left Uncle Merritt and went to work in the gold mines. He had never been in a mine except for a coal mine. He had only been there a week when the mine caved in and he was seriously hurt. He couldn't work for a long time. So I tried to find work and all I could get was washing. I took in washing and worked at it all the time we lived there. At first I washed on the board, but it wasn't very long before I had more than I could do, so I bought an electric washer and iron from back East. Then I could wash and iron every day. I made good money and there were many people who came to me that I had to turn down. I saved what money I could. Then one day a man from Salt Lake City came up and talked me into putting the money in a bank there. What he said sounded so good that I put five hundred dollars in. Alex did the same, but I forget how much he put in. We were trying to save enough to buy another home.

By now Melvin was getting to be a big boy and was a very good worker. He also put in the bank what money he could get. We kept on until we decided to leave. We wanted to be where the children could go to church. And too, the environment at Jarbridge wasn't the best for children. All kinds of people lived and worked in the mine. When Alex went to draw out his wages from the mines he found out the company was broke and that he only got half of what he had worked for so long. (He never did get the rest.) When he came home that night I had to tell him that I had just found out that there never was a bank in Salt Lake City like the man had said. Now all our savings were

gone. So I sure felt bad when he told me about his luck.

The next morning we started for Rupert. It was in 1926 that we rented a place down by the Snake River, eleven miles east of Rupert and six miles north of Declo. The children went to school at Declo on the school bus. There were many water channels diverting from the Snake River on which the children and Alex went ice skating. It was also called the "Swamps".

One day our little boy, Carson, came home dreadfully sick with diphtheria. He suffered terribly for a few days. Then on the 27th of November, 1928, he passed away. We were heartbroken at his passing, but we had to dress and bury him the same day that he died. About one month later, the 20th of December, 1928, I gave birth to twin sons, James and John. Doctor Dean came out to deliver them. We had to mortgage a cow to get enough money, because we couldn't get a doctor unless we had cash on the barrel head. Alex paid him forty dollars as he came in the front door and when I had twins he said if he had known before, he would have charged us more. This made eight children for us. The twins were very tiny - they only weighted three and four pounds. We had a very hard time keeping them alive. I had to warm them with hot water bottles as they lay in the rocking chair. At night I had them wrapped in a woolen blanket with hot water bottles around them and they slept between Alex and me. There was neither electricity nor hospitals close by. The little boys grew fast and by the time they were a year old they were as big as any child their age, if not bigger. I dressed them nicely and they talked to each other in their own language. They had lots of fun together. How they loved to get into cardboard boxes and cupboards and such! John had dark red hair and the other, James, was fat and blond. As they grew up there was only about a half-pound difference in their weights. They were different, yet very close to each other.

I tried to raise turkeys here because other folks were doing so and having good luck, but I had to give it up because they got a disease and died. We didn't do as good on this place as we should have, so Alex rented a place in Jackson, Idaho. When the twins were five months old we moved again. The children were going to the Jackson School and the church was across the road from the school. The twins caught the whooping cough here, and we almost lost John. He was very sick for a long time. Then they started to do better, and soon were nice big babies. They were blessed in Jackson.

We bought a plow to work with, but only used it a week when someone came over and stole it before we even had it paid for. The place we lived on was the "Jackson" place, and it was very sandy and unlevel. Alex worked very hard to get some crops in and as soon as they were growing where we could make something, Mr. Jenson, who owned it, said he didn't need Alex any longer, so we moved again. This time we

tried to buy a larger place closer to the Downard Bridge. We stayed here until we had to move again. A man by the name of Charles Hawker and his family came and said the place belonged to him and they lived in with us until we were very glad to leave.

Alex's mother had a home in Declo not far from this place, and she said we could come and live with her until we found another one. So we moved once more to Declo and soon found a place. It had eighty acres with a two-room log cabin on it, much like the one I was born in. We tried to buy it, but for the time being we had to rent it. We tried to raise anything that would grow that year to make ends meet. We both worked very hard and so did our three eldest children. They were very good to help and they also worked out at other places to help us, as well as our own, and Alex and I worked at picking potatoes. Alex then fixed up the house and built a new barn and a derrick.

La Rue met a fellow from Utah who was working up here in Declo, and on the 5th of August, 1933, she and Leland Francis Dana were married by Bishop Lawrence Ritchie in Ogden, Utah. (Later they were sealed to each other with their six children in the Salt Lake Temple, on the 6th of January, 1958. Alex and I went along with them.)

When James was twelve years old (1940) he was kicked in the head by a horse and killed. It was on a Sunday morning, and Elmer Saxton, Alex's brother-in-law, came over to have James get his horse out of a pasture nearby. James had a horse of his own and could ride real well. He brought the horses to our front gate when one of them turned and kicked. As he did, James fell from his horse. He was critically injured and never regained consciousness before he died a few hours afterward. We buried him at Declo, Idaho.

In 1942, Melvin met and married Edna Lee on the 19th of June 1942. She wa a girl from Heyburn, Idaho. She had three little girls. A short time later Melvin was called into the service. He came home on furlough to see us and his new little son. We never saw him again for he was killed in action in Italy, on the 8th of July, 1944.

The 21st of February, 1942, our second girl, Viola, was married to William Glenn Saxton of Burley, Idaho. They have two children, Linda Kay and William Glenn, Jr. On the 28th of October 1941, Harland married Dorothy Ann Fletcher of Burley, Idaho.

In 1941, or 1942, Alex and I left the farm for John and Harland to manage, and we went to Tooele, Utah, to work at a government plant. While we were there, Harland and his wife and their new son, Larry, came down to visit us. Harland was called into the service that fall. He came home on furlough to see his wife and new son, Jerry. But [a while after he returned to his post] his wife died giving

birth to the second baby. [Therefore] I raised the two boys for 16 years. Harland was wounded in Germany and was given an honorable discharge.

We were getting old and tired now. We had been in the cabin for eighteen years. So during the middle of 1948, we built us a large house just a little way from the cabin. It had a full basement, four large rooms upstairs, a bathroom, clothes closets, and all was furnished. Then we plowed up more ground, bought more livestock, pigs and sheep. We hadn't been in our new home long when the army called our twin John into the service. He was married to Jeanne Marie Romero and had one child. I didn't think they would take hom, as he lived with us and helped n the farm, but they did, and he left us and joined the Air Corps. When he returned he lived most of his time in Declo.

In the fall of 1952, we left the farm for Harland to run, and went up to Helena, Montana, where La Rue lived, and Alex worked on the [Canyon Ferry] Dam. That winter Alex, the boys and I went up and worked in the timber. It was very cold there. One morning they brought me the news that Alex had been hurt. A tree that they were cutting down had fallen on him and crushed the side of his head. He suffered badly for some time. We went back to the farm, but because os Alex's accident and from working so hard, he had a stroke, and never was well again. I worked at everything I could to help out, but I was getting tired also. Alex kept getting worse and nothing seemed to help his condition. In April of 1962, he had another stroke, went into a coma, and never recovered of it. He died on the 18th of April, 1962 at the Burley Hospital. He was then buried in Declo with my other loved ones.

The rest of my family members were gone, so I sold what I could and packed up the few things I had, and moved this time to Twin Falls, near my daughter, Viola. I bought a small, but very comfortable house in Twin Falls, Idaho. It has three small rooms and a bathroom; also a half-basement. The place was very run-down and unlevel, but now we have it fixed up real nice.

The fall of 1962, La Rue came and had me go back with her and spend the winter. I sure did enjoy myself and they were very good to me.

Pearl Kidd
written in July 1962

POSTSCRIPT
Drucilla Pearl Kidd is the daughter and granddaughter of Mormon pioneers, so b y reason of a noble birth, she becomes heir to a grand and noble heritage. The life story presented on the foregoing pages is a poignant narration of her early life, her marriage to the man of

her choice and their lives as they endeavored to make a home for their family. It depicts the early teachings of beloved parents and heartbreak of a little girl at the tragic death of an adored father. The married like of Pearl and Alex Kidd was one replete with trials and tribulations. This couple were in very deed, pioneers, only one generation removed from the original ones. The lands they tilled and loved, and then lost, and the hardships they were forced to endure were just as heart-breaking and disappointing as were those of their ancestors before them. During their married life sorrow, unexpected misfortune and grief seemed to be a constant companion to them, yet throughout the story, one does not get any impression of complaint, resentment or regret. More evident is the fact that Pearl dearly loved her husband and desired only to be at his side, waking or sleeping, wherever he went. Her story might be compared to Ruth's of Old Testament fame, as she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor refrain from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people will be my people and thy God my God."

Sometimes rewards in this life are slow to come, but there is a promise of a great salvation and a brighter day awaiting those who keep faith and stay steadfast and true, in spite of troubles and sorrows.

Pearl, in her 77th year, has kept the faith, has reared her famly and now in the twilight of life, lives only for the care, love and devotion of her children and grandchildren. Surely she has justly earned the right to be called "blessed" through her long useful sojourn upon this earth. May the Lord bless and keep her.

Maxine Wright
written in 1966 [Pearl age 77]

MEMORIES

Memory is like a mirror
Like a magic-looking glass
Bringing back reflections as
Our recollections pass,
O'er the surface of our thoughts
Like shadows on a stream;
images intangible,
The outline of a dream.

Some things fade from out our lives
And leave no trace behind,
No vivid picture photographed
Upon the heart and mind,
But love illumines and makes bright

The faces that we see,
Smiling down upon us all
From the mirror of memory.

Patience Strong

WHAT I CAN REMEMBER OF MY DAD
by La Rue Kidd

My younger years with my parents hold many precious memories. To me, my dad was someone special. He was an extra hard worker and an early riser. He never needed an alarm clock to get up by, or a watch to tell when it was dinner time. He could tell within ten of fifteen minutes of 12 o'clock.

As little ones think that the things their parents do are just right, so holds the same for me. Once when I was about five years old, my brother and I were picking up some potatoes that Dad had plowed out for our winter use. I had one pair of overalls and my suspender buckle broke, letting my pants about fall down and with no pin with me, I though I was done for. I didn't want to go home because I was afraid I wouldn't get to come back. But when I went crying to Dad, he fixed it up in no time with a nail until I got home.

I was also about that age when I just about received my first lickin'. Dad had just received around a thousand dollars in greenbacks for some alfalfa seed he sold, and was showing Mother and talking about putting it in the bank in a day or two. Thinking about it later on, and seeing where he had put it, I decided it would be fun to play with, which I did. And after a while I got tired of playing with it, so I put it in a can with a lid on it and took it with me when I went to the outhouse. On the inside a hen laid some eggs in one corner. I put the can of money on the nest for a few minutes. Then, forgetting it, I went on into the house. Soon dad had missed it and asked Mother about it. I said I knew where it was and after taking my dad several places, such as the barn, chicken coop, lambing shed, pig pen, and probably other places, and forgetting where I did put it, I told him it was in the sky. At this point Dad had about all he could take with me, so scolding me, he sent me to bed. In the morning I went with mother out to the outhouse, and to my surprise, the first thing I saw was the red can I had put the money in. I was so excited I could hardly tell Mother what I had found, until I took the lid off and showed her. We brought it to Dad who was doing chores. That taught me an early lesson, that money wasn't to be played with.

I was six years old and starting school when my brother, Melvin, who was in the second grade, took us both to a new school with a horse and buggy. We had about seven miles to go to school and about half-

way, there was an empty farm house and buildings. Seeing this, we thought we would stop for a while. We got so engrossed in looking around that we forgot about school until it was too late to go. So we stayed all day and went home when we saw some neighbor kids going home. The next day was the same. We got too scared to go out all after that, and about two weeks later a neighbor told Dad what we were doing. Daddy asked us how we liked school and we didn't say much, so Dad went to school with us the next day. When we got nearly there, and feeling very bad, for we didn't even know which room we were to go in, we told Daddy what we had done. He took us to see our teachers. That was the last of playing hookey, whenever there was a school to attend.

When Dad was small, school opportunities were scarce, and Dad's schooling was limited, but he could hardly be beaten in arithmetic. He helped me many times in my schoolwork. When I was old enough to help get my younger brothers and sisters ready for school or help with the breakfast, Dad would wake me up by tapping on my door until I answered him. Then he would leave to do the chores. If by chance I slipped back to sleep, I could hear him open the kitchen door, and by the time it took him to put down the milk pail, I was up and had my dress on. If I didn't wake up, he would rub his big fat hand over my nose, and about one time [of this] was enough.

Another thing that impressed me about my dad was when I asked him for money he would always ask how much. Then putting his hand in his pocket he would bring out a whole handful , which consisted of about fifty cents to a dollar in small change. It would be mixed with straw chaff, hay leaves, and other odds and ends. We would usually settle for ten of fifteen cents. It didn't take much to satisfy kids my age in those times. I remember Dad would give me and my older brother fifty cents each for the 24th of July. This was a special celebration for the Mormons, and besides this, we would run in the foot races. Even Daddy would win first or second prize. We could go on all the rides for five or ten cents. The popcorn, soda pop, and hot dogs were a nickel. On this occasion Dad would always buy our first watermelon of the season, which we thought was great.

Dad didn't care much for the movies, but when I was about fourteen there was a Tarzan serial showing along with the main show. Each weekend one of the Tarzan shows would play. We would really work that day getting the chores done and the evening meal over with, so we could start asking Dad to take us. Usually he would, but when the show was about half over with, he would be asleep. We let him sleep, thinking we should have stayed home, but we did the same thing the next week. We all had a happy time together and had much love in our home. There never was a cross word or bad language used on the place.

One time while we were at Jarbridge I was helping my mother wash clothes and I got my arm caught in the wringer. The wringer ran up to my shoulder before my dad could break the wringer to free me. The machine was operated by a gas motor, and before mother could turn the wringer backwards, the motor stopped. It was out of gas - and no gas was handy. There wasn't a doctor for miles, so Dad and Mother had to do the best they could with my arm. I had a mighty sore arm for a long time.

I remember when we had the smallpox, and Dad, who was then about 39, took them also. It was in the springtime, and Mother and Melvin had to do the spring farming. He was laid up for about three weeks. He was real sick with them, and there wasn't a place where you could put a pin-point for pox. He would get me and my sis to wash and pick the sores on his feet. They itched him something awful.

La Rue Kidd (Dana)
written about August 1962, or in 1966

WHAT I can REMEMBER OF MY DAD
by Harland Kidd

About all I can remember of my dad is hard work and no money for trips. If we did go anywhere, Dad had to leave early to be back in time to milk or irrigate.

Dad took us fishing a few times when we were in Jarbridge, a place we moved to after we left Bruneau, Idaho. Dad farmed there, but [he] didn't farm in Jarbridge. He worked in the timber and also the gold mines. On Sunday mother would pack a lunch and we would all get in a panel-type car [that] we had, and go fishing and have a picnic. The fishing was real good, and we would all catch some. There also were lots of deer to look at and a cold swimming hole. Jarbridge was high up in the mountains and we had snow on the mountaintops the year around. The water never got warm, but we would always try it and get cramps in our legs. We spent most of the time on a raft. One day when Dad was working in the goldmine, it caved in on them, and they had to dig the men out. My dad's head was crushed real bad, and he couldn't work the rest of the winter.

Another time at Jarbridge a porcupine came into the house at night so Dad grabbed the mop and filled it with quills. Dad was always full of fun and ready to go a few rounds with the gloves. One time when he was working in the mines and only came home on the weekends, he brought us candy and fruit. This one time he brought a sack home with a wild house cat in it. He turned the cat loose and it went crazy, running around until it found a hole in the floor. The cat stayed there for a long time, just coming out to eat. Finally it became tame and friendly.

Dad was very religious. Though we didn't get to go to church much, he still made u s toe the mark. There wasn't any bad language used in the house or on the place. There was much sadness in the house when Carson died with diphtheria.

On our way out of Jarbridge, Nevada, to Rupert, Idaho, an axle broke on the car, and we had to stay a week in a cabin at Hot Hole, Idaho, just over the Nevada line. Dad had to order the axle by stage, which came through only once a week, and it was at this place that we kids were tired of riding and were glad to stop and play. Not realizing the worry our folks were having in trying to get the car together again and get on to our new destination, we kids started to wrestle and kick up dust right where Dad was cleaning some parts to put back into the car. To our surprise he came out from under the car, and seizing us be the shoulders, shook us good, and used the expression: "I could throw you through this garage", which was impossible. That only got us laughing and caused a bigger commotion, which ended in Dad laughing along with us. He was one not to hold a grudge or be angry very long. He was easy-going, but didn't take much from anyone. When he did get mad, he was mad. Also what he said, went. As he grew older he became more tender-hearted. He was very strong and quick.

Dad worked very hard all his life and after he recovered from the head injury in the gold mine, he went out again to make a living. His first thoughts were the safety of his family. He also was a great one for going off by himself to rest or think, like up to the top of the field.

I remember one time when Dad did leave the farm for a while, and the two of us went up Sawtooth Mountain hunting elk. We never saw an elk, but sure had a good time.

Another time, we went back to Jarbridge fishing for four or five days and really enjoyed ourselves.

Harland Kidd
written about August 1962, or in 1966

SOME MEMORIES OF MY BROTHER, HYRUM ALEXANDER KIDD
by Margaret Kidd Deming

My brother was just a good honest, hard-working boy. He helped with the sheep quite a lot when he was very young and wasn't home very much. I am two years older than he, but can't tell too much about him, for I wasn't home very much, either. I lived with an aunt for a good many years.

Alex was married very young and about two or three years after he was married, he came to Idaho, along with John, myself, and my husband. They had some sheep of their own. Our dad thought we could do better in Idaho than in Utah. They had a good place and Alex stayed on the place and John ran the sheep. I guess they were getting along real good. They were raising a lot of hay and had good luck with the sheep. Then they decided they wanted a better grade of sheep, so they bought a lot more for quite a high price – twenty dollars a head – and had to borrow money to buy them with. Then the price went way down and the sheep got sick, and that was what broke them. They would have come out all right if the bank would have given them a little more time. But they had to have their money now, so the bank took all the sheep and everything else they had. Alex was pretty discouraged and left Bruneau.

We stayed here in Bruneau. We had a pretty hard time for a while, but got rid of the place we had, and rented for a while, and have done pretty good ever since.

Margaret Deming
written about August 1962, or in 1966

REMARKS ON OUR GRANDPARENTS

I have enjoyed gathering up this information about my grandparents. I feel though, it is just a small way of showing my appreciation for them. We all have our trails and tribulations, and we feel our grandparents had their share.

My sister, Freda, and I, have always enjoyed going up to the farm in Declo, Idaho, to see them – Grandma was the best cook and even had the best gardens to raid. Grandpa did everything for us kids. He had about every kind of livestock on his farm. He always kept a workhorse around for us to ride. About the last ten years they had pigs, cows, sheep, chickens and a few geese. We would usually come up in the spring to see them, and there was always weeds or Canadian thistles to pull up, and in the fall there was hay to stack. We always enjoyed ourselves if it was work or play. They had a canal that went by the place, and we always went swimming during the summer.

I remember when my dad (La Rue's husband) and Grandpa would come back from the mountains with firewood for the winter. Also, the good cedar bonfires from any extra wood that was left over. We also burned a lot of sage brush. The winters were always cold and windy, but there was always warmth and food inside.

If there have been any mistakes made in these records, it's because of my typing and not the story.

Sincerely,
Lou Dean Dana (and Freda Dana)
written about November 1962

(Transcribed in 2011 by Ron Young, from a printed copy)