AAW Biography 2020 Feb 14

At #27 Quince St. it was Monday when Becky gave birth to a baby boy. Father William was proud; it was their first baby. It was the 15th day of November. The year was 1880.

Father William was called to do finishing work in the Manti Temple in 1884. This was in part to attempt to hide from the U.S. marshals, who were after "polygs" -- his father had three wives. Mother Rebecca and Alfred and year-old Matthew moved there to be with him. The people they stayed with had a change of plans, so in 1886 Mother and he moved to Gunnison. In 1888 they returned to Salt Lake City. The marshals soon began to lay in wait for Father William there, so they moved to Logan, where Father William assisted in the construction of the temple, and built several homes for people. At first they located in the 4th Ward. Alfred was ordained a deacon there, and in 1895, a teacher. (During this time, he successfully battled typhoid fever. He went to Woodruff Elementary School; Mr. Maughan was a teacher there. Then Alfred had a bout with rheumatism. The next year, they moved; that put them in the 6th Ward. Their stay there was short; the family returned to Salt Lake City about that time. Then Alfred went to the Washington School, where Miss Clark and Mr. & Mrs. Cassidy were teachers. He skipped a grade, and graduated at age 16, in 1897.

Being 16, he began driving a team for the Asper-Noall Lumber Company, the family business. There was also work available making a section of railroad for the Union Pacific Railroad; Alfred hired on for that.

At age 17, Alfred began learning the carpentry trade, since that was his father's vocation. He took some college courses with that in mind. A New York firm offered a six-month course in lumber. A Salt Lake trade school offered courses in auto mechanics; he went there to night school for two years. He also (later) took a course in sheet metal working, and in mill-working. Alfred was bashful. He didn't seem to enjoy mixed company, and saw only three movies before age 21.

But in the summer of 1900, Alfred met a nice girl whose name was Mayme. He found himself helping in a remodeling project. The building was next to a cracker factory. Mayme worked there. She was slightly impressed with the young carpenter in the next building. The wall was only a foot from a factory window. When convenient, she slipped him a cracker; this happened several times. In that way, Alfred lost his fear of girls. When he got a mission call in mid January (1901), the two made a pact that marriage would be in order when he returned.

The call was to New Zealand. His father wanted him to have temple experience before he left, so he arranged a couple of family times at

the temple to do work for ancestors the he had searched out. Also, Alfred had to be ordained an elder; that was done in a stake meeting on Sunday, January 20th. Still, you had to be a Seventy to be a missionary, so a couple of weeks later, on Tuesday, February 5th, he became a Seventy. The next day he was on a train. His boat left February 9th. He wrote often to his family and to Mayme.

Alfred had accumulated about $200. The fare to his mission was $126. There were six other missionaries on the train to San Francisco. They took in the sights; the boat sailed the evening of February 11th, Thursday. Elder Asper did not get very seasick. Arriving in Honolulu on the 17th, they took in some island tours. The boat got to Auckland on March 5th.

There were 48 elders in the mission; John E. Magleby was the president. Elder Asper was assigned to the Hauraki District, a semi-civilized area 100 miles southeast of Auckland. Elder Asper equipped himself: a saddle, a bridle ($31), a booksack and a rubber raincoat ($10). Friday, March 8th, he got on the morning train for Te Aroha. It seemed small, almost like a toy train. And it traveled slowly. It was about dark when it pulled into Te Aroha. Elder Bates met the train; they went to the home of Rewi Mokena. (That's Morgan, in English. Elder Asper's name became Elder Arapata.) Sister Mokena marveled at him -- such a short name, yet so tall.

Sunday came, and they went to the meetinghouse seven miles away in Kiri Kiri. Elder Asper's older brother, Bert, had built it a few years before (1898). Elder Asper gave prayers to help out -- in English. The area is rainy, so Elder Asper bought oilcloth and made covers for his books. It was March 27th before he got any letters from home.

The Maori language was difficult. It took months to be able to talk and be understood. He gave a talk in Maori as part of a missionary conference. Everyone laughed. His companion related to him that he had said, "The best way to strengthen your testimony is to beat your dog!"

The mission conference was held in Auckland. The elders took the night boat. Once there, the conference-goers got on another boat, which took them around the island to Gisbourne. Near that city was a lovely picnic ground next to the ocean; they went swimming between conference sessions. Transfers were announced. Elder Asper would go to Whangarei, north of Auckland. As the conference ended, the rains began. The Episcopalian missionaries liked that picnic spot, but it always rained for them.

In Gisbourne, Elder Asper got a lunch for three-pence, and a room for the night was a shilling. That night, President Magleby held a magic

lantern show. That was a device with a flame, a lens, and a set of slides about Utah. The images "projected" on a wall were quite dim, but detectable.

The elders stayed in a small house at Kamo, a suburb of Whangarei. It was named, Hotel de Stirabout, which describes the principal food -- any vegetables on hand, stirred about. The elders in Kamo spent a week visiting members in villages, and holding Sunday meetings. (There were no members nor Sunday meetings in Kamo.) Elder Asper got to baptize two boys who were just above age eight. He had a ride in a sailboat. One member had cleared a field to farm, and wanted to know its size. That was easy for Elder Asper; he measured and figured. It was 8.16 acres. Elder Asper helped the village fishers draw in their net. There was a bushel of fish. New Zealand is a land of water; crossing a bay at high tide, Elder Asper said that even on horseback, our feet got wet. When the elders got back to Kamo it was turning dark. There were letters from home, but having no oil for lamps, they had to wait until morning to be read.

A nice European family, the Goings, lived five miles from Kamo. Elder Asper visited them often. One day he had to go to Mokau, across a bay. The tide wouldn't go out, so the elder and his horse crossed anyway. But the horse stepped into a hole, and they went down. Everything got wet. At Mokau, Elder Asper, not yet speaking Maori, was able to settle a family quarrel. The next day, his companions arrived at the village. Elder Asper found that the dog belonging to a family could catch a potato in its mouth and swallow it whole.

A Maori custom seemed to be for the rubber-tree workers (men) to work in the fields, and live on next to nothing for a week. Then when payday came, they would go to town and get drunk and gamble. In areas near the rubber fields, not many came to the elders' meetings.

A nice way to cross a river and get to a village was to make a smoky fire, or yell, to get the villagers' attention. Then they would get a boat and come and row you across. Travel to do the Lord's work was sometimes postponed or delayed because of rain. The mud was very slippery, even on well-used roads. Sometimes the rain would raise the water in the well, so you didn't need a rope to get water. Another travel delay was finding and catching your horse. Dinner was what you caught. On one visit in a village that had members, Elder Asper helped a boy catch oysters for supper. While eating, Elder Asper found two pearls.

When President Magleby came through Kamo on a tour, he told the elders they should arise at six a.m. The next day, Elder Asper got up a five and had breakfast ready at six. When he met a European on the trail, Elder Asper talked religion to him. The fellow had him

eat dinner so he would have to stop talking religion. Also on that trip, Elder Asper blessed two babies. He gave his first (successful) discourse in Maori; he had been in New Zealand three and a half months. When he was ready to continue his trip, he found his beloved horse had died. He had to walk, carrying his saddle in a sack.

Back at Kamo, his mother had sent a care package: shoulder braces, ties and a mouth organ. Mothers are really special. (The next package two months later contained garments and shirts.)

One "Christian" group in the area preached that the Second Coming would happen on June 18th (1901). It didn't happen. Another problem was the spiritualists. The mission dedicated a fast day to having the Lord decrease their influence. European people didn't want the gospel Elder Asper preached, but they were friendly. One served him an egg, the first egg he had in New Zealand after almost four months. The next week, he was served his first chicken dinner.

Eating with Maoris was more usual. One time something strange stung his tongue; it was a cigarette stump. But not always did a village feed a missionary. In such unfortunate times, Elder Asper felt ill; but good meals revived him. By September (six month-mark) he was speaking Maori well. He began boring not just Europeans, but Maoris with gospel talk.

Elder Asper noticed pains in his legs. He found 16 boils on his left leg and 8 on the right. All he could do was hobble around the house. After a week or two, he got used to the pain. (It flared up again two months later, as if it had cycles; current knowledge says the boils are caused by a virus.) But that month he was invited to baptize two boys. Also, a friendly member man got drunk.

In Te Kahiwai a member wanted a house built. That was Elder Asper's specialty. He laid out the house and helped the member get four walls up. He had to return to Kamo after that, so he told the member how to continue. On his way home, a lady on the trail asked for him to go get her some medicine; he did that, even though it meant a 40-mile round trip by horse. And his left leg still bothered him. He got a salve to put on his sores. He did many small carpentry jobs for the Goings family.

President Magleby came through often on tours to give magic lantern shows. In February there was a mission conference, this time at Auckland. Elder Asper was a good cook. Another conference came in April. President Magleby told the elders to avoid staying (days) with one family too long, and to raise their hands when they prayed in public. Transfers came. Now Elder Asper would be back in the Hauraki District.

In September of 1902 President Magleby left for home, and the new president was Charles B. Bartlett. The following Febraury (1903) Elder Asper was made president of the Hauraki District. One time, traveling with members to a conference, their intended "steam" boat failed to come; another came in its place. They learned that the first boat had developed a leak; if it had arrived and the members crowded onto it, it would have needed full steam, and may have exploded. Elder Asper was thankful for providence saving them in that situation.

In July of 1903 at Gisbourne, it snowed six inches. All the people were out "throwing snow". In September he was invited to say a few words at the end of an Adventist meeting. Privately he observed that the Adventist meeting was lip-service, and he explained the gospel to them.

Elder Bodily became his companion, who had a tooth extracted the next week. The two of them were quite busy visiting members, arranging and holding meetings, helping people as they worked, tracting and traveling. Every month or so there was a baptism. But rain slowed things down. One time trees got loose, and floated down the river. While English has names like Cabbage Bay, Maoris named a village, Matawatahurakeke. One European man had a phonograph in his home; that was a treat to listen to.

For a branch conference in October, the elders spoke first briefly in English for the Europeans, and then held the regular Maori meeting. They also settled a dispute between two members. In their travels, they crossed a waterhole; the bridge had broken. Elder Bodily's horse went over well; Elder Asper's did not. He climbed off his horse, then tried to help the horse out of the hole. No; it was stuck. So the elders prayed for help. After that, the horse got out on the first try.

There were lady missionaries, Sisters Wright and Adams, in Kiri Kiri. They were the missionary wives of missionary husbands; however, the custom was not to serve as a couple. Sister Wright dressed Elder Asper's leg on his birthday. She wanted him to receive such treatments twice a day. He was glad to be so favored. (She also mended garments for him.) Elder Asper made a small project of helping members keep bees. When President Bartlett came through on tour, he helped with that; the president knew bees well. In mid-December there was a branch conference. Elder Asper noted that priesthood meeting was where men might discuss their complaints under the direction of the leadership and resolve their differences.

For Christmas (1903) the elders figured they could give the Maoris a good time by entertaining them, and then involving them in games. The Maoris didn't fully respond, and the elders grew very tired. On

December 31st, Elder Asper wrote about the year in his journal: Constantly on the go, except for the six weeks that Elder Bodily was ill; we found many friends, traveled a good deal, baptized a few and did some tracting. He spent $114 that year; traveled 4294 miles; had 11 baptisms.

For New Years Day, 1904, the elders borrowed (and carted) a member's pump organ to Kiri Kiri so they could have entertainment. Later that month, Elder Asper was served strawberries and green peas, the first in a long time. They also tracted, using a new tract, "A Friendly Discussion". There were a number of times when Elder Asper took horses to meet mission visitors, and more arrived than were expected; in which case Elder Asper got to walk back (10 miles) while the visitors rode. He also conducted all the meetings that were held.

Note that when you officially visited a village, a "haka" dance greeted the visitors. Also, if there was a funeral in progress, the elders (visitors) were supposed to take part in it. Villages virtually shut down for a day or more for funerals.

Sunday January 24th, the two elders went to a Church of England meeting. The minister was surprised and became nervous, ending his meeting quickly. The elders then visited people and held "beneficial discussions" in the evening.

Then there was a mission conference in the north. Elder Asper got a new companion, Maui Tepeu. President Bartlett came through Kiri Kiri on tour again. He and Elder Asper did many things together for a few days. Beekeeping was an ongoing project. As Elder Asper's three-year anniversary in the mission passed, he got a letter from home saying that his little brother, Matthew, had a mission call to Germany.

In late March, Elder Asper escorted a group of members and elders down the middle of New Zealand's North Island to a conference in Gisbourne. (Kiri Kiri is on the east.) There are hot springs at many places in New Zealand. The spring in Taupo (mid-trip) was very enjoyable. But there were desert places to cross also. It was a tiring trip. At the conference, the idea of having a school for Maori boys was put up. Elder Asper was put in charge of two combined districts; his new companion was Elder Lee.

On April 24th, President Bartlett cabled Elder Asper to come south and help with carpentry work. He traversed the same country he had when en-route to the conference with the members. But being by himself this time, he felt very lonely. Once at Maowhanga, the construction site, things began slowly. The roads were in bad shape; the project here would have to wait.

Elder Asper was sent to Korongata, to help build a meetinghouse. And there also, rains and logistics held things back. The meetinghouse was begun on June 1st. Cinder blocks went up first, then the wood. Elder Asper also built a small house there for one of the members, Rawiri. He took two days off to see a fellow elder off to Zion. A faithful member, Nekua, had rheumatism so bad he couldn't walk. But he had faith, and after a blessing, he walked to church. Elder Asper was very much in admiration of that man's faith. The work on the meetinghouse was impeded by the shortness of daylight; it was winter.

At this critical time, President Bartlett got a cable: Elder Asper was "released" because his little brother's departure on his mission to Germany was imminent, and the family could not support two missionaries.

Yet the meetinghouse took shape. Elder Asper learned of the cablegram and his departure date three weeks later, in mid-July. July 23rd New Zealand experienced a strong earthquake. The meetinghouse was not damaged, and it was dedicated August 15th.

On September 2nd, Elders Alfred W. Asper, Karl Q. Cannon, and Sister Emma E. Wright and her husband, Elder Alex W. Wright left on the SS Sonoma. New Zealand members David and Emma Ruffelt and family of Auckland, who were emigrating to Zion, were also in the party. The Ruffelts had been like mother and father to the elders for many years.

Upon his return in September of 1904, Mayme was still waiting for him, and they married in December. They found a place to rent near 4th South and 3rd West. That was in the Salt Lake 6th Ward, near Mayme's family home. They were able to accumulate savings, and after four years, bought a house at 249 West North Temple, which was only a block west of the family lumber business. (That was in the 17th Ward.) [Alfred liked to be called either “Alf” or “Fred”; Alf is used here.] Alf soon added on to their two rooms; and Mayme's mother, Adah Evans, was able to live with them. In this move, Mother Adah sold her house in the 6th Ward for $3500. Alf and Mayme used that money to build a four-apartment house on the North Temple property. That was done in 1911, and it boosted the family income. It was useful also as a residence for Alf's mother, Rebecca. Father William had died in 1910, and it was then better for her to stay close to her oldest son.

But children had come along: Ada came in March of 1906; and in September of 1908 there was Will. That was the year that Alf was named foreman, or superintendent, at the Lumber Company. July of 1911 brought Ethel. She caught a cold late that autumn; it worsened into pneumonia. On one of his house calls, the doctor said to let the sick baby get fresh air; he opened the bedroom window and removed

her quilt. That cold exposure weakened Ethel, and she died in February. But the sorrowing couple continued on. In fifteen more months, they welcomed another girl, whom they named Thelma. Thelma did well until late autumn, when she caught diphtheria. There was no help, no cure. Thelma died in March of 1914. In spite of this sorrow, in another 21 months, another girl arrived. She got the name Dorothy. The family was extra cautious for this girl. No drafts, no taking her outside for almost six months, until summer approached.

Alf continued his work at the family lumber yard. Life was good. But Mayme decided the house was dark. It would be great to have a place with more of a yard. She found a lot about a mile east. It was a half-block north of South Temple, on "I" St., in the Avenues. With a little convincing, Alf agreed to build a house for them on that lot. He did it in his spare time, after work and on Saturdays. He completed it in about two years. The family held Thanksgiving dinner there in 1925, some of it being with guests in their front yard.

Mayme was used to taking in boarders at the old place; she continued that in the new house. The young man they boarded in 1926 fell in love with the oldest daughter, Ada. They were married in 1928. They rented a place on 7th East, just south of South Temple.

Alf had built a small house on the north part of his lot, to use for rentals. In 1929, the renters left. Ada and her husband, Wilford, decided to rent it. That was nice.

Alf was faithful at the lumber yard. Son Will married in his turn in 1932. Baby daughter Dorothy married in 1939. Alf still liked to hunt ducks and pheasant. He was getting too old for deer hunting. In 1945, he reached age 65, and retired. He had assembled a nice shop in his basement, and had all tools needed to do carpentry jobs, when he wanted. He did repairs on the houses his children lived in.

Mayme had not been feeling well in 1947. Doctor Stobbe did not know what was wrong. By early 1948, he determined that she had advanced breast cancer. Mayme died on the 19th of June that year. Within eight months, Alf married Mayme's half-sister, Alice Evans.

His duck hunting often resulted in duck dinners in the homes of his married children.

The Sunday School had made a time-capsule-type box in 1899. In 1949 that box had been opened; its contents were valued. So the 1949 box was commissioned, and Alf was commissioned to build the new box. It would be opened in 1999. (Its contents were of value, also.) Alf also served in a church calling by working in a shop at the corner of 2nd Ave. and "L" St. doing carpentry. And when the 21st Ward made plans for a "Junior Sunday School" chapel in the back end of their

second-floor amusement hall, the construction of a pulpit, woodwork, and small-sized benches were given to Alf (and his helpers) to do. He used his talent well, and the benches near the front are small, and every few rows the bench size increases. The back row had a nearly-adult-size bench. The color he chose for the work finishing was a woody-green.

Alf was ill for some weeks in early 1952. In 1953 he traveled by train to Detroit and picked up a brand-new Buick (green) car and drove it cross-country to home. That year he also collected four other high priests in his car and took them to stake priesthood meeting. In September of 1954 he was invited to become an assistant to the high priests group leader in the 21st Ward. During his retirement years Alf customarily walked the two blocks to priesthood meeting Sunday mormings, staying for Sunday School. Then he stopped on the way home (and Alice was generally with him) at daughter Dorothy's home, which was the half-way mark. Often there was a Sunday dinner. Then he and Alice went home, and did not return to church in the afternoon. Also during these years, he spent much time cataloging temple work done for relatives. It was done by hand in large books with lines on the pages. Beginning in the spring of 1964, Alf had a series of strokes. By May, he needed constant bedside care. A strong stroke took him on June 12th.

This ends the sketch of Alfred William Asper's life.

Below is a copy of a newspaper article about his retirement.

Salt Lake City, Utah—Friday, [illegible]

FIFTY YEARS AT WORK WITH LUMBER [illegible] for Alf W. Asper, shown here with a compass he made from walnut brought across the plains by the pioneers and given him by Edwin Cox, master mechanic for Brigham Young.

Temple Stairs Builder Retires

Alf W. Asper Recalls Old Times In S. L.

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The material below is Dorothy's memories of her father, Alfred.

Dorothy E. Asper Young's biography of her father, Alfred W. Asper:

My father, Alfred William Asper, was born in Logan, Utah, on November 15, 1880. His parents were William (Samuel) Asper and Rebecca Jane Noall Asper. He had two brothers: Matthew Noall and Frank William Asper, and two sisters, Leone and Ethel. Ethel died in her teen years.

Leone married Parley James, and had three children, but died with the fourth child in birth. Grandma Asper took care of the three -- Parley, James, and Ethel -- until Uncle Parley married again to a Naomi Young Spence. Matthew married Bertha Emerson, and they had no children. However, in about 1920, they adopted a little baby boy and named him James Emerson. Matthew also went on a mission to Germany before he was married.

Frank always loved music and had some lessons on piano and other instruments. He was the leader of a parade or band on the streets of Salt Lake at one time. In about 1918, he was called to go on a mission to Germany, where, after his mission, he had a great opportunity to learn lots more of music. I guess it was about 1921 he studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music in Boston, and Grandma Asper (his mother) went there to keep house for him.

My Dad, Alfred, was the oldest boy. He went on a mission to New Zealand in 1901. He was gone for four years. He had met Mayme Evans before he left for his mission and [had] marriage plans in mind, so he asked her to wait for him until he completed his mission. I understand that Matthew was secretly involved to keep track of Mom while Dad was away.

Dad was and always will be, a very good carpenter. He loved to work with wood, and knew every kind. He was working on a building near the Purity Biscuit Company when he met Mom. She offered him a cookie out of a window in the Cookie Building where she worked, and that is how they met.

They got married December 7, 1904, in the Salt Lake Temple. Dad was very happy to have been with the Maori people. He admired them a lot. He had brought home a war blankey and a tommy-hawk (war club) and must have danced and repeated the war dance for many people, but he didn't do it anymore, but once in a while, if we begged, he would say "Cowmuti, cowmuti, coom ara ra," and swing the club a little. [It seems, judging from my Maori dictionary, that these sounds have a meaning of: "Don't you dare! We'll end it and drag you. There!"]

While on his mission, he happened onto a little hut where a family dwelt. The little boy of two or three years had been crying with an earache for two days and two nights. Dad said he asked if they had an onion. They got one from someplace, and Dad said "Put the little 'heart' of the onion in his ear," and they did. Dad then administered to the lad, and the boy slept through the night -- the first sleep he had had in two days and two nights.

Dad has always been very economical. On a mission in those days, you were not supposed to have any money to buy lodging or food. You were supposed to have faith that God would lead you to someone who would feed you or give you lodging, even in a haystack. There are not too many haystacks left now, so the Church had to change their policies a little, so that our missionaries will have food and lodging for themselves and not be left out on the city streets. It has become too dangerous for people to take in people like they used to. Ada was crossing one of the plains in New Zealand where lived very few people, if any. He happened onto a leaky little shack. He was sick at this time, and very glad to see some kind of a dwelling with a roof on it. He had two hundred boils on his body with forty being on one leg. He was very thankful for this shelter. So he stayed there for about a month or more. He happened to have twenty-five cents' worth of oatmeal with him, and that, with the rain water that came, was what he existed on. Finally after what seemed a long time, some elders found him and helped him to get on a horse they had, and get to a city. He was so undernourished and plagued with so many boils on his left leg, that he was very sick. Riding on the horse to get to a city for help jolted the boils down on his leg, to his ankle. Ever after that on his left ankle was a sore that would not heal. It looked just like the rot in an apple, and was as big as a fifty-cent piece. He always had to bind that leg with an elastic bandage. They didn't have elastic bandages at first, so he bandaged it with just a big roll of material, but was thankful with elastic bandages, when they came in use. He tried a lot of things for a cure, but nothing ever healed that sore. One of the things he like for it was named Resonal [not in today's books], and he used that, mostly.

However, he really did work very hard all his life. He worked for the Noall Brothers Lumber Mill (owned by his uncle) just a block east of our home on North Temple. They had a two-story lumber mill there, with twenty-four steps to go up or down, carrying the lumber. There were no elevators or lifts, even. There was a slide on one side of the steps that you could slide some boards down, but you always had to carry them up. The mill had been built for a long time, evidently, because you could see light between some of the boards of the walls. (It was not insulated, at all!) He had a little office on the second floor about 7 feet by 5 feet, where he would write out all the bills for the jobs done, and keep track of his time. Oh! He had one helper, and older man named "Otto". On a very cold winter

day, if his nose dripped, you could see icicles coming from it. Dad was always clean-shaven and neat. He always worked hard, but he did love sports. Not golf, nor the ball sports, but nature. He loved to go hunting deer, ducks, and to go fishing. He was a real good fly-fisher. Oh, yes. He caught them from the shore, too, with worms we had dug from the garden or caught on the lawn. He loved these things, especially when he had the family along, which was quite often.

I really don't know how Dad did it. He never had a vacation in the forty years he worked for Noall Brothers. His hunting and fishing were done on weekends and holidays. He would get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and get to the duck swamp or hunting grounds as the sun got up, shoot the limit (25 ducks) and then get to work by 7:30 a.m. In 1915, we got our first car -- a 1915 Studebaker. Before that, he used a foot-power, or bicycle. He belonged to the "Rudy Gun Club". He had a real nice big gun case to keep his guns in, and it was always locked. He wanted all of us to know how to shoot a gun and use it, and Mama knew how, but he said, "Ignorance is the big cause of accidents." Also, "Never point a gun or anything like it, at anyone or anything you don't want to kill." It was hard playing with kids sometimes, because they always pointed their sticks and play guns at you and that was a definite "No-No" at our house. Dad was a sharp-shooter, and a square shooter.

Dad really did love the out-of-doors. He took us camping over holidays and weekends. We had a big canvas tent to put up. It was a heavy thing. You had to drive wooden posts into the ground and then stretch the tent over them and put up a couple of sticks in the middle and entrances. When my brother, Will, licked out a salmon can that had been out in the yard for some time, and got poisoned, Grandma Evans took some of her money she got for selling her home to the Martin Coal Company, and bought a lot in Emigration Canyon, as she had heard that fresh canyon air would help Will recover. Dad built a cabin on the property so we could enjoy it without putting up a tent. He also built the addition on our house at 249 West North Temple Street, and made an apartment on the second floor, which we used later for his Mother, Rebecca Jane, to live in as she lost her husband in about 1910.

Dad had a lot of good friends, and liked to talk on the phone to them. He didn't talk, like every [single] day, to them, but about once a week, or month, he would stand on one leg and talk and talk. We didn't have phones to sit down to, then.

Dad had a big, big voice, and I think we kids were more scared of the voice than the man. One word from Dad, and we did it! I never got any spankings from Dad -- not ever. The only time I remember any violence at all is when my brother, Will, stayed out until three

a.m., and it worried Mom something terrible, and Dad did punch Will (one punch) for making Mother worry. Then Mom felt worse, cause it hurt Will. Mom said that Dad couldn't joke very well, or take a joke. She was not so serious.) And when she set two little dolls on the table in front of his and her plates while he was asking the blessing, he walked out on her. And one more time, when she was pregnant -- with Lucille, I think it was -- she was over talking to our neighbor, and Dad came home from work and needed his supper. And [he] went over and got her and brought her back through a little opening in the fence that she was rather too large to get through. He said she should have been home, instead of gabbing with the neighbors. Of course, this is all hearsay. I wasn't there.

Dad had a very nice bass voice and used it in the Ward choir. He was very sincere about his religion. When he used the weekends for camping, he thought it was all God's country, and you could worship in the wilds better than in a church-house. In fact, our cabin in Emigration Canyon was right next door to the Pinecrest Inn, and they held church [there] every Sunday morning. Dad came from an educated family. I don't mean college and the like, but at least they got through the sixth or eighth grades, while many did not get that far [in those days]. Many of Dad's friends enjoyed going hunting or fishing with him. In fact, our Dr. Woodruff wanted to go, but especially wanted his boys to go with him. They were a very careless family and kids that age (8 to 12 years old) are careless anyway. But these were exceptional. Dad would go to pick them up, and they would run out without a jacket, or no shoes, no socks, no hat, no gloves--none of the necessities, and of course, Dad was a responsible person, and wanted them to be shielded from the weather, so often times he would give his coat, gloves, (not shoes, ever -- Dad had big feet) to them.

Dad was not a playful man. He took things seriously. He was very serious about his religion. For instance, he belonged to a "prayer circle" that they used to have in the temple every Wednesday night or evening, I might say. I don't know whether this calling came from the bishop, or not. I only know we had bread and milk and fruit every Wednesday night, because Dad had to get to "prayer circle."

I don't even know how many years it was that he served thusly. He had a great power in administrating. My sister, Ada, always said, "If Dad administers to me, everything will be OK. He didn't attend Sunday School much, but Priesthood and Sacrament meeting, he did. He wasn't a man to bear his testimony often. In fact, I don't believe I ever heard him, but he had a strong testimony. You could feel it.