

LIFE of DOROTHY EVANS ASPER
Written by Dorothy in 1984, titled "I Remember".
First transcribed into 'Word" in July of 2001.

I REMEMBER

I don't recall this, but I am told that this is how it happened, & why I am here today. On December 15th [a Wednesday] around noon, my brother, Will, arrived home from school (Lafayette) for lunch. As he ran into the house, he heard a noise like the cry of a baby. "What's that?" he asked. Grandma [Adah Jane Powell] Evans replied, "Oh, you have a new little sister!" Just then, Dr. Woodruff came out of the west bedroom, & said, "Will, I know how you were counting on me to bring you a baby brother, but I just brought you a little sister. Do you think we ought to try to exchange her?" [There was a long] silence. Then Will said disappointedly, "I guess not. The next time, you might bring a little 'nigger'." So I got to stay.

My Grandma Adah Evans was living with us at this time. I don't remember her, as she died in 1917, when I was but two years old.

My sister, Ada, was very worried about me, as Mom had lost two baby girls in a row, between my brother Will & my birth. [So the family waited until the next June to have her father bless her in church.] [There was] Ada, [who] was ten years my senior [& then] Will, by brother, was seven years my senior. Lucille, five years my senior, [had] died when she was about seven months old. She was, as they said then, a 'blue baby', meaning that the valves of her heart malfunctioned. Thelma, about two-&-a-half years my senior, died at about ten months of age. She was a beautiful baby, I was told, & very healthy. She got the measles. Mom was taking care of her just fine. Then a doctor (I don't know his name) came to check on Thelma. He opened one of the small windows that was in the bedroom, & unbuttoned the little sweater that Mom had put on Thelma to keep her warm. He said she was too warm, but Mom felt that Thelma took a turn for the worse right then. Thelma took a turn for the worse all right, & got pneumonia, & died within a few days. Therefore, this made Ada very suspicious that something would happen to me, too. Just after I was born, Grandma Evans was very sick, & died with cancer just before my second birthday. While Grandma Evans was sick, there was a lot of extra duties for the family to do, so when Mom would show signs of

fatigue, Dad would hire a maid for a short time to help out.

One time the maid was polishing the furniture, & also the stairs that led to the upstairs, & Mom said, "Let's see what you are using; whatever it is, it sure makes the steps look beautiful." The maid handed the bottle of the liquid she was using [to Mom], & it proved to be a bottle of Grandma's cough syrup! Costly polish! Another time, Mom asked her (I guess it was the same maid) to put a pork roast in the oven for dinner. When Mom went to check on the roast for dinner, the maid had put in a slab of bacon! (We used bacon by the piece, & this was called a 'slab', which is mostly fat, like bacon is, &, of course, a roast is lean. The bacon just rendered itself to nothing in the oven.)

Mom & Dad wanted Grandma Evans to be happy, & as comfortable as she could be while she was ill, so one day, Mom went uptown to Daynes Music Store & rented a 'player' piano, so that anyone of us could play music for Grandma, & keep her spirits up. On this piano, you could put a 'roll' in the place provided for it, & play it by pumping with your feet. It really sounded good. It was a very lovely piano, but at the end of the rental period (I guess it was three months) Mom called Daynes Music Store & told them that we had enjoyed & appreciated the loan of the piano very much, but that they could come & pick it up now, as we couldn't afford it anymore. "We can't come & pick it up," was the reply. "It is yours; you bought it."

"Oh, no!" said Mom, "That can't be. I only rented it for a time."

"Well, you will have to get the money somehow, & pay for the piano," Mr. Daynes said, "as you signed a note promising to pay \$700.00 for the piano. We can hold you to this promissory note that you signed." Come to find out, Mom had signed a promissory note. She feels that she was 'tricked' into this deal. It has always been a good lesson to us kids to be sure of what we were signing, & even read the fine print. She told this story to us kids many times. Even though I was real young, it impressed me very much. When I think back on this story, I often wonder how Mom & Dad paid that debt off, with Grandma Evans being sick & all, & Dad only getting about \$15.00 a week. Seems impossible, but they did it. Dad shunned debt like a plague. His policy was to save up, & then pay cash for things that we needed.

Grandma Evans died with cancer when I was nearly two. She was loved by everyone, but I don't remember her. She lost her husband in death about 20 years before her death. Therefore I never had the privilege of knowing my Grandpas, as Grandpa Asper [also had] died when my brother Will was two years old.

Grandma Asper lived with her son, [her] youngest son, Frank. They must have lived in Grandma Asper's home on [#27] Quince Street, where Dad lived until he married Mom. Frank had always shown a great interest in music, & at the age of eight, he was organist in his ward (either the 15th or the 19th Ward), so when he was old enough, he went to Boston to study music. Grandma Asper went with him & kept house for him. I'm not sure whether they sold or rented the house on Quince Street while they were gone. Anyway, they came back after a couple of years, & Uncle Frank went on a mission to Germany, & while he was over there, he stayed after his mission & studied music. Grandma rented an apartment in the Summerhays Apartments just across the street from us. Dad & Uncle Matthew, Dad's older brother, helped keep Grandma the rest of her life. Uncle Frank helped too, when he got out of school, etc.

My parents & brother & sister were very good to me. I was absolutely 'spoiled rotten'. When I was about two years old, I started reciting. (Reading, some people call it.) At that time, I seemed to have a remarkable memory, & evidently spoke with good diction, because I was on a good many programs of different kinds. I memorized long poems (one was 13 verses) & stories, & told them to an audience, & I guess it was cute. Well, at age three, I was going pretty strong reciting because I was reading for a great many occasions like missionary farewells (They weren't confined to sacrament meeting those days), etc. I guess Mom thought that she ought to do something with my talent, so she took me to a teacher, Esther Husbands, who gave me lessons in 'elocution'. Esther Husbands had a studio on the third or fourth floor of the old Zion's Bank Building on the south-east corner of Main Street & South Temple. All of our doctors were on the second or third floors of the same building. Dr. Woodruff, family physician; Dr. Harding, dentist; Dr. Hansen, Eye-ear-nose etc.; & a Dr. Stevens, physician, I think. I mention these doctors because I had always been bothered with the 'croup'. Many a night, Mom especially, & Dad, sometimes, have spent the night sitting by me to be sure I could take the next breath.

With the 'croup', there is a phlegm that seals over your throat where you get air, & then you wheeze to try to get air, & when you cough to relieve it, you sound just like a barking dog. There was one morning when I was a little older, that I coughed, & our dog thought it was another dog, & started answering me by barking. Boy; I would cough just once, & there would come: castor oil for me to take -- ugh --; mustard plasters for my chest; a tub of mustard water, hot, to soak my feet in; menthol crystals steaming in hot water for me to inhale -- the works! Coats were well buttoned up in my neck, & [there were] scarfs, & always a hat. I had what you called a 'tamashanter' (a beret). It must have worked because I am here to tell about it, but I'll but the prayers of my family worked more! I had quite an imagination when I was young. I really loved my play doggie, 'Bird'. He was white, with black ears, & was stuffed with straw & shaving, I guess, but he sat up tall. Why I called him 'Bird', I don't know. I loved dolls, too. Ada, my sister, wasn't as crazy about dolls as I was though. At one time, I put all the dolls we could find in the house, in an old baby buggy, & I think they numbered 15. We used to have (I guess it belonged to Will) a wooden wagon, & I used to fill it with empty milk bottles & take them to the corner store (I wasn't allowed to cross any street) & Mr. Leary, the grocery man, would give me a 'broom sucker'. It was in the shape of a broom on a stick, & tasted like hard marshmallow. I returned home very happy, & feeling important.

Our neighbors on the west of us at 249 West North Temple were Italian. De Caro was their name. They had three children: Francis was about three or four years older than I, & Mary, about two or three years older than I, & then there was Gabriel, about one or two years old at this time. I would visit them quite often. Sometimes, Mom would have to go to town or a meeting, & would leave me over there. Mrs. De Caro didn't speak English very much, but she seemed to be a happy person & was always very nice to me. I remember once, they had french bread, & that holey cheese, & they gave me some. Oh, how good it tasted. One time, when we were playing together (I don't remember where my folks were, & I'm not sure where Mrs. De Caro was, either.

Anyway, a big storm came up & it lightning'd & thundered, & really did it, & it got so close, that the lightning hit a transformer that was hitched to our house & broke it. Then, of course, the lights were out. It was still daytime, but seemed very dark.

About this time in De Caro's bedroom, you could see three little girls on their knees praying real hard that the storm would go away. It seems at a time like this, we all knew that there is a God up in heaven someplace, & if we ask Him to protect us, He will do it. I meant to mention that they were Catholics, & I was L.D.S. At a time like this, it didn't matter one bit. The storm blew over, & we went out to play again.

[The neighbors across the street were the Billy Winegar family. He owned the Utah Electric Company. There were ten (mischievous) children. The most swearing he would ever do was to say, "Oh, joy!"]

Our neighbor on the east of us was a Mr. & Mrs. Taylor. I don't know why I always called Mrs. Taylor, 'Mrs. Taylor', & the lady in the next house east of her, 'Grandma' Pratt. She really wasn't as close to us as Mrs. Taylor. Maybe it was at her request. Grandma Pratt always seemed to be dressed up & used powder & perfume a lot, & had silk dresses, & seemed most of the time, to have a box of chocolates on hand to offer us. She sat on her front porch a lot of the time. Mrs. Taylor was a very hard-working woman. She was the first, &, I guess, the last person that I ever saw making her own soap. She would save all her grease from meat, etc., in a large boiler, & then, when she got enough, she would put the boiler on a fire, most of the time outside, & melt it, & then add lye & whatever else; then pour it into bar molds & let it get hard, & that was her washing soap. She did a lot of washing on the washboard in a washtub. (Washers were operated by hand in those days, & were expensive, besides.) She had about three or four children, all married at this time. Her daughter, Lanessa Bridwell, & her husband, Harry, & their son, Jack, would come & visit often. Her son, Lee, lost his wife somehow, & so he & his two children, Gertrude & Ralph, came to live with her. I guess that is why she did more washing than Grandma Pratt, [who] she only had one daughter, & she was married. My Mom generally sent our clothes to the laundry. We would tell the laundry man: "Wet wash -- flat pieces mangled", or "Rough dry -- flat pieces mangled." That meant you wanted to dry the clothes yourself, but sheets, pillow cases, [&] handkerchiefs were all ironed, & the 'rough dry' we had in the wintertime, because that was when 'they' dried the clothes, & you could iron them, but the flat pieces would still be mangled.

It must have been the winter of 1918 on a very cold day, that the Lafayette School burned down. I understand they couldn't get the water to it very well because it froze in the hose. The Lafayette was on North Temple & State Streets. It was rebuilt & still stands in this year, 1984. It is no longer used as a school, & hasn't been, for years. The L.D.S. Church purchased it & used it for a mission home for the outgoing missionaries, [but] now I'm not quite sure of what it is used for.

Our home was only about three blocks from the Lafayette (west of it), & Will & Ada went to school there, & so it happened that Dad was home from work, which was very unusual, because he would never, or could never, take a vacation in all of the forty years he worked there, but at this time, he had a broken arm -- a board got loose from one of the machines at the lumber mill where he worked, & hit his arm & broke it -- this was the Noall Brothers Lumber Mill, just a block from our home (east of us). Anyway, Dad put me on our little sled & pulled me up to see part of the fire of the Lafayette School. It was very cold & I don't remember where the kids had to go to school until the school was rebuilt. Will & Ada were too old to be going to the Lafayette at that time. So it happened that Dad & I got to see the fire, which was very exciting.

As a family, we used to take frequent trips to the Surplus Canal, west of us, & to some ponds in the same direction. I had a little sled [&] Dad pulled me on the ice, which was great fun, but the rest of the family went ice skating. Dad did [skate] while he was pulling me. I'm not sure of ever seeing Mom on ice skates, but she very well could have been. This one day we went out & took Grandma Rebecca Asper with us. Grandma had a large raccoon fur coat she bought while she was back east with Frank, & she wore it quite frequently in the cold weather. She also had a 'muff' to keep her hands warm. On this particular day, Dad wanted to show everyone a good time, so he offered to pull Grandma on the sled, as she didn't ice skate. She accepted, & sat very sedately on the little sled --. Away went Dad on his skates, pulling the sled with a rope, but there was no Grandma on the sled -- she had slipped off the sled & was sitting very sedately & nonchalantly on the ice. It was a funny picture.

We would also go out west to hunt rabbits. A place they used to call 'Skull Valley'. This would be in the warmer weather like

summer or fall. Mom made delicious rabbit pie -- everyone thought it was chicken pie. For those of us that didn't hunt rabbits, there wasn't much to do, so one time, Mom bought a portable phonograph so that those who didn't hunt could either listen to records, or dance. Mom could shoot a pistol as good as the rest of them, but didn't like to. Ada would hold both ears shut while they shot. Will tried to go along with them, but I really don't think he enjoyed it a lot.

This was all happening when I was one to four years old. In November of 1919, I think it was, Mom got the idea that if we took a trip to California, it might help me get over the 'croup', which we were bugged with. Whether this was true, or whether she just wanted to travel & see California, I don't know. Anyway, we went. We left Dad home, as I have said, because he couldn't take a vacation -- especially a long one. In those days, you didn't get paid if you didn't work; you weren't entitled to any days off at all, & still get paid for them: Even when he broke his arm, etc., he had to go to work & do anything he could, like make out bills -- left-handed, even. I remember the night Dad came home with his broken arm. I guess I had never seen anything in splints before. Another time, the doctor brought him home & he had a big cut in his lower stomach. The doctor said if the machine, or knife, or whatever he was using, had gone just one-sixteenth of an inch deeper, he would have died. Come to find out, Mom had put a patch on his garments in the same place, & the thickness of the garments & patch saved his life. This was really a testimony to me that our garments are a protection, if we wear them right.

We really didn't know anyone in California at that time, but one family by the name of Lamp. We went on the train; it took two days & a night to get there. We went to Los Angeles. We had to have sleeping quarters on the train, & they were called, berths. Needless to say, we didn't use the beds much, as Will was 'train-sick' & threw up all over, & not just one time, either. The 'porter' on the train followed us all around with a mop all night.

When we arrived in California, we went to the Rosalyn Hotel. (There is a picture of this hotel in the original.) Of course, I had a spell of the 'croup'. That is how we got acquainted with the Hotel Doctor, Dr. Jones, I think it was. Sometimes the 'croup' doesn't last too long, & this time it didn't, so when I had my voice back & felt better, he took me all over the hotel

reciting poems to the people. It seemed like then the people, especially the elderly people, lived in hotels, because I remember an old couple I recited to, & how thrilled they were & even brought their pennies to give me, but, of course, I didn't take them.

We soon found an apartment, but it wasn't satisfactory at all, as the landlady wouldn't let us have some hot water for tea or Postum. I guess the Lamps must have helped us get the next apartment, because it was much nicer, & we were independent, & could cook our own meals. Will & Ada registered in at the "Santos" School. They were short on room, so they put Ada ahead one-half a grade, & Will behind one-half a grade. They stayed that way even when we returned to Utah. They had a "Court Flight" there, which was a little trolley car that took you up the hill or down the hill. They also had the alternative of walking up & down the 200-some-odd steps. Ada was a little heavy at this time, so she most always took the steps. Will was very slender. I spoke of the Lamps -- there was Dan Lamp & Alice Lamp & their teen-age daughter, Jean. They were very nice to us. Dan must have made knives & utensils like that in his profession, because he made Mom a big butcher knife. This is one that I have kept since Mom passed away, & we always called it 'Dan Lamp'. It is very reduced in size now, however, because of constant use. Dan Lamp figured that Mom should have something to protect herself & her family with, as there were robberies & kidnappings going on, even then. There has been, all through history.

I don't know how people found out I could read (recite), but I did quite a bit of it. I also don't know how the Charles Ray Studios got wind of it & sent a letter to Mom asking her permission to get me into the movies, but they wrote Mom a letter asking just that. Well, she wrote home to Dad to see what he thought, & the answer came back very quickly, "No; no daughter of mine is going to be in the movies!" One day, while we were there, Mom sent Ada & Will to the store for something, & it was, or had been raining, & mud was on the streets. Ada & Will were crossing the street-car tracks, & Ada fell. Her lovely pink dress was all mud, & little old skinny Will was trying to pull her up without any success, which made Ada all the unhappier. She got to her feet & ran to the grocery store & jumped on the scales, & the pointer went up to 200 pounds! I don't think she waited a minute to calm down & let the pointer calm down, too, & besides, she couldn't see too well through her

tears. Anyway, when she got home, she lay on her bed & cried & cried because she was so fat. She was very self-conscious, & very beautiful.

In the pictures I am aiming to put in with this history, I am putting in a picture of a little boy, taken with me, at one of the California beaches. It shows how Mom always dressed me up with sweater, coat, tamershanter (hat) & scarf, etc. The little boy beside me is building a boat, & is clothed in only a bathing suit.

While we were looking for apartments in California, we stayed at one place which had maybe six or eight apartments in, & there was one kindly, little old lady living in one of the apartments, that used to come around every night to each apartment, knock on the door, & say, "Goodnight", or, "This is Mrs. Green saying Goodnight." This has become a by-word in our family. You probably have heard it.

We came back from California in February. We had left a balloon blown up, & Uncle Dave Pratt had marked a face on it, & it was sitting on a vase on our piano. And when we got home, it was still there, looking as good as ever. Mom put forth her hand to show us, &, in doing so, touched it, & it shrunk into nothingness.

I had had a birthday while we were in California, so when we returned home in February, I was five. I could have gone to Kindergarten the next fall, but Mom didn't let me go until the next year, when I was six. So I started in the first grade. In those days, Kindergarten wasn't very important. It is much different now. I think my first teacher was a Miss Dalby. I liked school real well. There was a little negro girl in my class; I think her name was Naomi, & no one would associate with her, but I couldn't see any difference, & thought she was real nice. We lived just a block away from President Joseph F. Smith's home, & also the Church Historian, Andrew Jenson. I went to school with Amelia Smith (I think she was President Smith's granddaughter, & she later married Bruce W. McKonkie) & Helen Carter, who was her cousin. Helen Carter is the little girl that got kidnapped from her back porch while sleeping there. Her mother heard a commotion, & ran to the back porch just in time to see Helen in a man's arms. He dropped her in the garden & ran away. Helen was safe, but that was scary for the rest of us. There was a Ruth Morris, & others always went to Religion Class

that was held every Monday after school. Of course, there were many others, but I remember them wanting to do the invocation or benediction, & they could, too. Sometimes I would walk home from school with a good friend, Naomi Christensen. My folks & hers were good friends, too. One day we were walking home together, & she wanted to take a short-cut through an alley to her home, which I didn't like -- it would leave me walking alone an extra block. So when we got to the alley, I picked her up & carried her. She didn't like that too much & said, "If you don't put me down, I'll scratch you." I paid her no heed, & I'll be darned, if she didn't scratch me, just above the wrist. I let her down then, & ran home to Mom because the wound was bleeding quite badly, & instead of telling Mom the truth, I lied! (Mom had cautioned me about carrying people, & things that were too heavy. I was strong, & I guess I liked to 'show off'.) Anyway, I told Mom I got scratched while playing 'cross tag'. Mom seemed to swallow my story & bound up my wound. I spent a very nervous evening, & when Dad came home, he had to know why the bandage, of course, so I told him the same story. I went to bed that night, but sleep was far from me. My conscience hurt much more than my arm did, & [it] was making a pincushion out of me. I knew I had done wrong. It is much harder to admit you have lied, than [to] take the punishment for doing wrong, in the first place.

Your conscience punishes you far more than your parents would, & then, when you admit you have lied, your parents punish you [for that] too, so you have two punishments, whereas, if you had told the truth in the first place, you would only have your parents' punishment, & at least you would have their respect for telling the truth. I finally got up out of my bed & went into Mom's bedroom, & woke her up, & told her the truth. After that, I sure felt better, & went right to sleep. Sure doesn't pay to lie. That has always been a good lesson to me.

It seemed like Mom was quite sickly. She tried not to be, but once, on a Sunday, I think it was, Dad took us all out to eat at a restaurant. This was not a common thing for us to do. Very rarely did we eat out. Mom was a good cook. Well, the reason, we found out, was that Mom was going into the hospital for an operation on Monday. She went in OK & came home in about a week or ten days later. Ada & Will took care of the house & were very good to me, Although I was lonesome for Mom. After she got home (It must have been around May 1st, because her birthday was on the

5th of May), we kids decided to surprise her, even though she was in bed. Mom had often said, "I don't want to be remembered on my birthday. I really don't care about it." So we all decided to keep 'mum' & surprise her at night when Dad came home. Well, during the day, I guess sometime in the forenoon I think, she called Will in to her & gave him 50 cents & asked him to go get her a rosebud for her birthday, because "No one had even mentioned my birthday to me today." She was feeling a little bit down. Will, of course, obeyed, & brought back the rosebud, & put it in a vase & wished Mom 'Happy Birthday'. Now, while this was going on, Ada had been working her head off to make a cake for Mom's birthday. (She was only 14 or 15 years old.) I must insert here, that we always had a 'poor-man's cake' for our birthday cake. It is a boiled cake with raisins, & maybe nuts, but no eggs or milk in it. But it is sure good, & it came to be a tradition. Ada did such a good job on it, & frosted it, & wrote 'Happy Birthday, Mom' on it, & then went to put it on the back porch to cool & set. And it slipped off the plate & fell upside-down on the porch floor. Poor Ada felt so bad. Anyway, we scraped the icing off & put more on, & it looked pretty good. Well, that night when Dad got home from work, we all marched in Mom's room with the lighted candles on the pretty cake, singing "Happy Birthday, Dear Mommy!" I'll tell you, Mom was surprised.

There was another time that Mom went to the hospital, to get her teeth removed. She was only in for one day this time, & they took me to see her in her room, & I noticed a little black button-looking thing laying on her arm. I was scared, anyway, & I thought this little black thing was hurting my Mom, & I got very sick & started to vomit. What I should have done was to ask someone about that little black button & they would have told me that it was to call the nurse if Mom needed attention. I certainly would have felt better had I known. Lesson [here]: Just don't draw your own conclusions. Find out the truth before you judge.

One big thing that held Mom's health back was her headaches. She used to have very severe ones. She had tried a lot of things to try to overcome them. That is one reason she had her teeth removed. Like, one doctor told her to rub her knuckles on a silver knife. Another lady came over & pulled her hair, thinking to strengthen her scalp & thus overcome the headaches. There were more remedies, but I don't remember them. Anyway, nothing seemed

to help. Now Ada wanted to be modern & in style, & this was the time women were cutting their hair for the first time. Ada had very long, beautiful black hair. She could almost sit on it, it was so long, but she wanted to have short hair. Dad & Will were dead set against it. Ada 'bided her time. Then one day, she up & cut it & curled [it]. She looked very cute to me, but I think she wore her hat for two whole days, so Dad & Will wouldn't find out -- all at once, anyway. They really couldn't do anything but frown & accept it though, when they did find out. Ada kept the hair that was cut off for a long time. (It was called a switch. You could sell them any time.) I guess she could have wound that around her head so Will & Dad wouldn't find out she had cut her hair, but she felt so good with her short hair, that she tried to talk Mom into cutting her hair. "On, My, No! What would your father say?" said Mom. I was on the short hair side, so we told her that it might help her headaches to go away. "Oh, but Dad wouldn't like it!"

"He doesn't like for you to have the headaches, either, we quipped. He doesn't like to see you suffer." Mom was still firm, but Ada & I devised a plan. I would sit on Mom's lap, while Ada took the shears & snipped off Mom's hair. Now she could tell Dad she said, "No." but that we had overpowered her. Mom had pretty light brown hair, but not as long as Ada's. She didn't fight us very much; in fact, I think she was pleased, & we got it cut. Anyway, they both got their hair 'marcelled' (curled, to you) -- that is a wave that was in style at that time, & they both loved the convenience of the short hair & the free feeling it gave them. Dad & Will learned to love it too, because Mom & Ada never let their hair grow long again.

Guess I'll go back a few years & tell you an experience of Will's. This was before I was born, but I remember Mom telling it to me very often. When my brother, Will, was about 18 months or two years old, he became very ill from being poisoned by licking on an empty salmon can that had been sitting out in the sun. Mom didn't really know what had made him so sick, until a neighbor told her that she had seen Will licking out this salmon can. He got so ill that he couldn't eat at all. Mom said the doctor told her to feed him white of eggs & castor oil (yuck, yuck). I don't know how much or for how long. Anyway, he got so weak, he could hardly lift his little arm. Grandma Evans decided that good mountain air might help, so with her savings, we purchased a lot in Emigration

Canyon. It was located right next door to the Pine Crest Inn. I'm not sure whether the Inn was built at this time, or whether it was built after we built our cabins. And I don't know where the folks stayed at first, while the cabins were being built by Dad. In a tent, I guess. Anyway, they had to carry Will up there on pillows, because he was so shin & weak & worn out. They used to have a train go up Emigration Canyon, & that is how they got up there, but after a few years, it didn't go up there anymore. The fresh canyon air did seem to help Will. He kept getting a little stronger each day. I don't know how long they stayed up there, but they came home in the fall, because the snow would be too deep.

The fresh canyon air & Mom's good cookin' really done a lot for Will. We really enjoyed going up there in the summer after that. I don't know when Dad built the cabins. There was the one we stayed in that was up on kind of a hill. It had a kitchen, a bedroom, & a big screened-in porch that went clear across the length of the cabin. We had a big long table out there, & a bench on both sides of it, & in the bedroom there were three beds. One of the beds was under the other one, kind of like a bunk bed, but when we pushed it halfway out on the porch, it made a nice couch on the porch. The beds were all double size. They had mattresses made, or filled with, straw. Now, the other cabin Dad built on our property was just one room. It just had screen around the top like windows, but they had windows of a sort that could go over the screens. It was located down closer to the creek. The sound of the creek would lull me to sleep at night. By the time I went up the canyon, the cabins were built & the hotel or inn was built. The creek was very handy for cooling watermelons, cooling butter, & keeping milk sweet & cool. We had no refrigerators. Didn't need any. Ada, Will, & Grandma Asper enjoyed many summers up there with their friends. Grandma Evans didn't live long enough to enjoy it. I was too little to stay up there like Ada & Will, & had to come down to the city with Mom & Dad very early in the morning so Dad could go to work. That is why, when Will got married, my parents gave him the canyon homes, as they figured the canyon saved his life. We hardly ever went up there after we moved from North Temple. By staying up the canyon in the summer time didn't mean that we would miss out on Church, because we didn't. The hotel, or inn, that was next door to us would hold L.D.S. Church services every Sunday morning. We had the Sacrament. We didn't have the little individual cups, but, as I

remember, we had a cup for each row. All drank from the same cup. I read at many of their functions there. They held dances, etc. Will & I had fun catching grasshoppers & digging them a hole in the side of the dirt hill, & putting a little wire over the entrance so they couldn't escape for a little while until we let them. We didn't hurt them, & they could hop off in a few minutes. There was also a rock quarry that we loved to go to, not far from our cabins. We liked to go over there & find different rocks & see lots of little squirrels & chipmunks running around. Will sold the cabins up there after he was married. Neither of us could keep them up, & we didn't go up there that much.

One day we all went for a ride in our 1915 Studebaker. By the time we had finished our ride, big clouds had formed, & it started to rain. By the time we got to our garage, it was pouring buckets of water down on us. It was so bad, in fact, that we had to stay in the garage, because we would get soaked if we ran to the house, which was only a few yards from the garage. So we stayed in the car for 20 minutes, or a half hour, I guess, until the rain had let up a bit. After a while, we heard that they had had a big flood in Farmington, & that two lives were lost in it. Big, huge boulders traveled down the mountainside, spurred on by the rushing stream of water & pelting rain. Lagoon (a resort in Farmington) had two or three feet of water all over the resort. Some friends of ours happened to be at Lagoon at this time, & one of the ladies lost her wrist watch in all this water, but a friend of hers, I guess, he had taken off his shoes to wade in the water, & had picked up her watch on his toes. They found each other later, & were very happy & relieved.

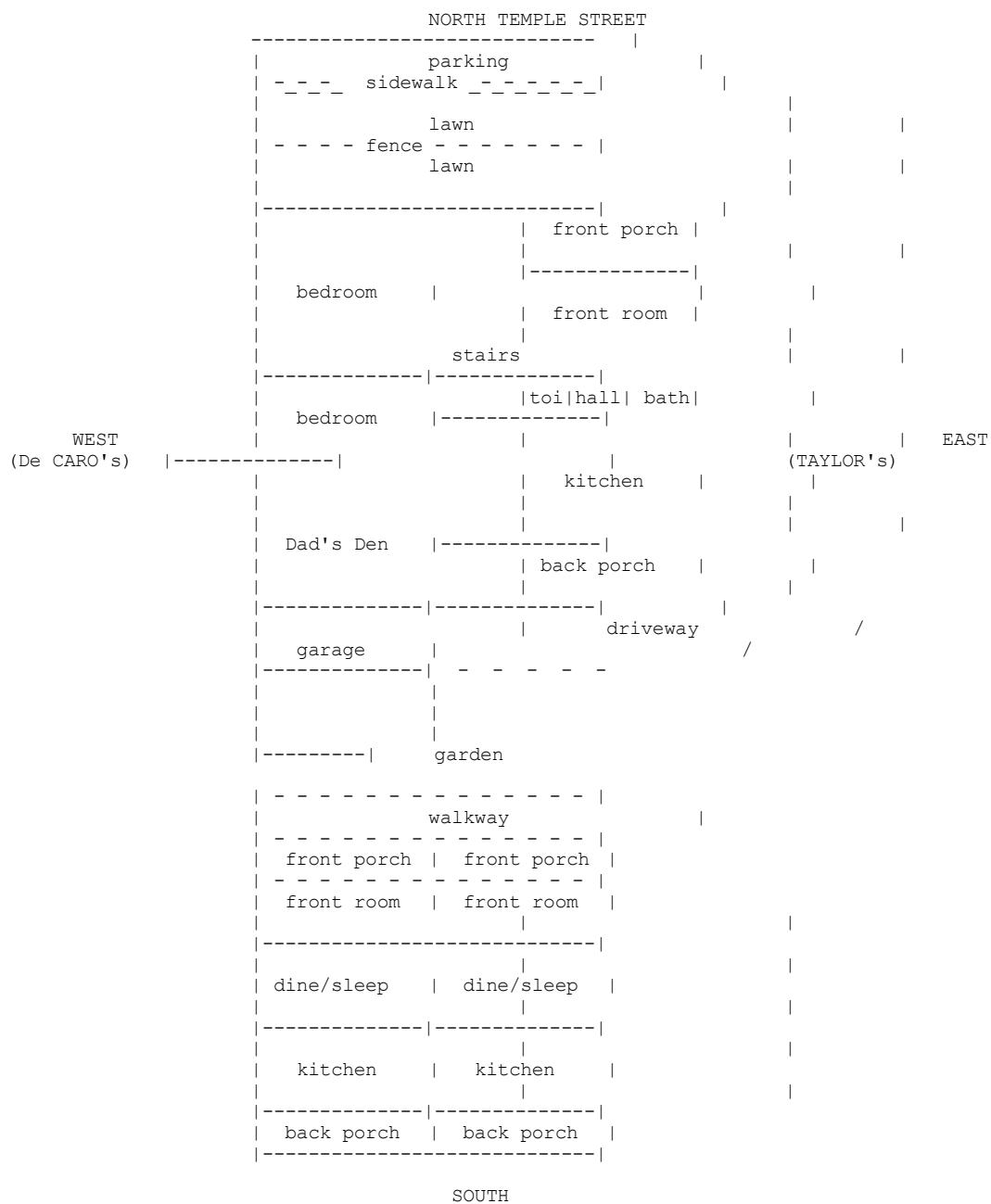
I guess the house at 249 West North Temple seemed very dark & gloomy to Mom. I will tell you a little about it. When Dad & Mom bought it, it had just a one-level little house on it. But Dad made one half of it -- the west half -- a two story (or level) by building on[to] it. After a while, he built a four-plex apartment house at the very back of our yard. This supplemented my parents' income, as they charged \$15.00 a month rent for the downstairs, & \$10.00 a month rent for the upstairs apartments. They were very nice, compact apartments, too. Of course, all of them had a coal cooking stove & a heater stove in the front room. (The cooking stove was in the kitchen.) The renters stored their own coal & wood on the back porch of their apartments. Once, when we were returning from a lovely ride, (Dad used to take the family for a

ride, generally on a Sunday, because we were all home then, & we'd go to church & then go for a ride.) Well, Anyway, we heard the fire engine sirens & wondered where the fire was. We came up Second West, I think it was, & there they all were on North Temple, in front of our house! Wow! What a shock! The back porches of our apartments in the back had caught on fire because someone had put HOT ASHES in a cardboard box & set them on the porch, which of course, had a wooden floor. That sure is a surprise when you look to see where the fire is, & here it is, on your own property.

As for the diagram of our property, on the next page, Dad would sure laugh at it. Any it gives you sort of an idea of how we were situated. Our neighbors on the west were so close that we could shake hands out our bedroom windows. On the east, though, we had the driveway, or alley, between us. I understand that these apartments were built with some of the money that Grandma Evans received from the sale of her home to the Martin Coal Company. I think that was down on Fifth West, where my Mom was raised. Grandpa Evans was much the senior of Grandma Evans (about 25 years), & he died from inhaling too much stone dust, I guess you'd call it. He made things from stone, & he laid cement sidewalks. His name, Evans, used to be on some of the sidewalks downtown. Anyway, he died & left the property he had, to Grandma Evans (just her share, though, as she was his third wife). It is from this help that Mom & Dad got the property in Emigration Canyon.

The next page is a diagram of the house at 249 West North Temple.

This is sort of a diagram of the property at 249 West North Temple.



Mom used to leave me with Dad once in a while, while she & Ada went out. They belonged to the Ward Choir, & once in a while, they would go to the Wilkes Theater, which is now the Promised Valley Playhouse. Ada used to play the organ & piano a lot, too. She was very good at it, & everyone wanted her to accompany them if they sang. So Dad would like to play "going camping" most of all with me. We used to sit on the floor with our backs to the radiator, & we would drive up to some imaginary spot in a canyon, & before we got very far, Dad would go to sleep & start snoring, & I would get scared. He would start with a Z-Z-Z-Z & then go to a Zuck--Zuck very loudly. Now I knew that Dad was real tired, so generally I wouldn't disturb him until I couldn't stand it, or couldn't take my mind off if it. Then I would wake him & he'd say, "Oh, did I drop off? Sorry!" Then, we'd go up the same imaginary hill & he'd drop off again. Sometimes I would try to make an orchestra out of his snoring, but there were too many strong Zuck--Zuck's to really do it.

I forgot to tell you more about our family doctor, Dr. Woodruff. He had a family of seven children, I think it was. They always were ready to go hunting or fishing with Dad, but the children would always come unprepared, like having only one sock or one glove, no coat nor sweater, no breakfast (& be hungry), no shirt sometimes, & someone else would have to share clothing & food to keep them comfortable. Well, Dr. Woodruff is the one that we would call at 2 or 3 AM to come & help me get over a spell of the 'croup'. (Yes, doctors really made house calls at 3 AM those days.) It was after we had returned from California about a year or two, that Dr. Woodruff said that with our permission, he would try a new serum on me, so I wouldn't have the 'croup' so much. I think it was a cold serum that he injected into me, but I really don't know. All I know is, that I got to take home the little brown bottle when he had finished the shots that were in it. They were so cute & little. I don't know how many shots I had, but I never have had the 'croup' since.

I was about even & a half years old when this incident happened: As I have said, I performed quite a lot -- maybe three times (at least) a week; but anyway, this one night I was performing at a recital & I read the piece, "When Jimmy Goes to Bed". When I finished, I was supposed to run off the stage, because "Jimmy's" mother was being very irritated by "Jimmy" (that was me) & was going to spank him. So I said the piece well, & ran to my

teacher, Mrs. Husbands, who was seated in the audience. I stayed there for a while, & then asked if I could go to Mom & Dad on the other side of the room. She said, "Yes, go quietly," which I did. Dad took me on his lap, & that is all I can remember. I guess I must have fainted, because the first thing I remember is Dr. Woodruff bending over me, & I was on a table in a hall in the building. I don't remember being sick after that, but they said I had a "nervous breakdown" & had to quit reciting so much. And I did. I was nearly eight years old at this time, & haven't recited much since. I have recited in the "Firemen's Hall" that is located in Memory Grove. On the stage of the Pantages Theater (I think it is the Capitol, or the Utah, now). When I recited on the Pantages Theater, Babe Ruth was there, & I recited "The White Sox" for him, & he gave me an autographed baseball. (Bob has it now.) I recited over KSL Radio Station when they first started. I remember they had to put me on a chair in order to reach the microphone. The station was on top of the Beneficial Life Building (not the new one) in a little house right on top of the roof. My brother, Will, had put together a crystal set with earphones, & he listened at home to me, & said I sounded like an adult. I also recited in many chapels, etc. My brother, Will, & sister, Ada, was once on the Salt Lake Theater Stage. Ada was in a dance, & Will was a policeman in a play, I think.

My Dad went on his mission in 1900. He had been courting Mom, & when he was called to a mission, he asked his brother, Matthew, to keep an eye on her until he came home. (In those days a foreign mission was four years.) His mission was in New Zealand. Also in those days, the missionary had to go without any money. They would be given the money people donated at their farewell. (You always donated something at the door of a missionary farewell; they were held on week nights a lot of the time, because then, they could have a dance & refreshments afterwards.) Anyway, the missionary had to depend on the Lord's taking care of him while he was over there. In these days you have to give the missionary living expenses, because of the wickedness of the people, I guess, & the good people being afraid to take in anyone they don't know; so the Church decided it would be better for the missionary to be able to pay his way to give a place to live. Anyway, missionaries always were supposed to go two-by-two. Dad didn't say what happened to his companion at this time, but he was very sick, & he was in this little hut, way out from civilization. All he had to eat was a 25 cent sack of oatmeal. He would catch the rain water

to drink, & cook the oatmeal in, so therefore, he got very rundown, & his sickness developed into boils. He had 200 boils on his body, with 40 of them being on one leg. I guess he lived this way for a month or two. They didn't have the communication those days like they have now. I guess someone finally located him & brought him a horse, or he rode with them on a horse, & they got to civilization, where Dad could get a little help with his boils, but the riding caused the boils on his leg to jolt poison down to his ankle, & for the rest of his life, he had a soft place in his ankle with skin covering it that looked & felt like the rotten part of an apple. He had a roll bandage he wrapped his leg in every day. When the elastic bandages came out, they helped him, too, & when the elastic stockings came out, that was a lot quicker to put on, & just as effective. But none of these were invented until he was about 55 or so. None of this ever deterred him from work, however. He worked at the Noall Brother Lumber Mill. He did all the woodwork himself. The mill was just one block east of where we lived on North Temple. There was a flight of outside stairs, about 22 big ones that Dad carried lumber up & down, summer & winter. The mill was two stories high. They had a small heating stove that was supposed to heat the 200 by 300 feet of space; ha, ha! Dad's office was a small 5 by 5 foot room in a far corner of the mill, so the heat was far from adequate. Dad's fingers would get so cold from writing out the bills, etc., [that] they would turn blue. The place had plenty of cracks between the boards that were supposed to be the walls. The front office was quite a ways from the mill, & was brick, & nice & warm. Here is where his uncles kept the books & took orders. Dad did a lot of work for the Crescent Ice Cream Company, & sometimes they would bring him some ice cream novelties in the shape of watermelon slices (which was strawberry ice cream, with chocolate pieces in [it] for seeds) or eskimo pies (which was a bar of vanilla ice cream, covered with chocolate). We sure liked them to bring them home to us, because there was no way we could keep them from melting, so we had to eat the whole lot. OH, BOY! Poor Dad; he didn't like chocolate! They also made fruit pieces out of ice cream for special orders. They really looked like the real fruit, too. Peaches, pears, [&] grapes, & all were delicious. Mom had them for one of her special dinners one time. They cost a whole 25 cents apiece, though. The eskimo bars were 5 cents.

Sometimes Mom would forget her key to get into our house, & Dad would be working at the mill overtime & the gates to the mill

would be locked, or Mom would want to get a message to Dad, & I was the only one small enough to crawl under the big gate at the mill & take the message to him. The hole was big enough, because when it rained, the truck had made a rut just big enough for me to crawl under the gate. It seems I have to learn my lessons the hard way. I was only about two years old [& with Mom, [when she] went to visit Dad, or I mean, just to take a message to him, & [she] told me to wait at the bottom of the stairs that led up to the mill (about 22 big ones there were). "Oh, yes," I said, "I would wait." But standing there waiting put the adventure spirit into me & I found myself climbing, climbing up the stairs. They were pretty big, but I could make it. Wouldn't Mom & Dad be surprised! I was about three-fourths of the way up, & out of the big doors came Mom! I didn't surprise her -- she surprised me! "Stand very still, Dorothy," said Mom in a calm voice. "I'll come & get you Just stand still." "Yes, Mom." & I could feel myself going over the edge of the step. KERPLUNK! Right over the edge of the steps I went. (They had a railing on the inside, but not on the outside, because Dad could slide boards down [that way].) I landed upside-down in a pile of sticks of lumber scraps that Dad had been throwing down for garbage. I guess I made my Mom's heart tick faster than it should many times in my life. I was OK, though. Mom had wrapped me up very well in my usual heavy clothing, so I was very well protected. Will I never learn to mind my seniors!

Another thing I remember is good old Saltair. In 1920, the salt water was right deep. We had no shore. The bathhouses were all built on stilts, & the train that went to Saltair went over a wooden trestle to the resort. Black Rock was nearly covered. The dining pavilion & dance pavilion were built right out on the water on cement pilings. Even the giant roller-coaster was built with most of it in the water. This was in 1920. Aunt Ethel Price used to work at a candy & cigar counter at Saltair. It was famous for having a two-story construction -- having the dance floor on top, & the dining, or lunch, pavilion below it. It had electric lights outlining the whole building, & being two-story construction, you could see it for miles & miles away. Some of the lights reflected in the water. It was a beautiful sight. They had popular bands come & play for the dances, too. I don't remember them having a lot of concessions to ride on, but they had a merry-go-round & a lot of 'chance' stands, like breaking the balloon for a prize, etc., & of course, the big, giant racer, or roller-coaster. I

never did go on that. The bathing was superb. Dad used to go out once in a while, when he got a chance, because he thought the salt water was good for his sore leg. A sore would sure smart for a few minutes, when you went into the water, but it took infection out of it. When you happened to get a mouthful, or nose-full, of water, you KNEW it. You'd almost choke to death; it was so strong. But you could sure float pretty.

We went out to Saltair lots more than we did Lagoon. Lagoon was relatively a new resort, I guess. They had a trolley car that took you out to Saltair from the city. It generally had one closed car, & two or 3 or four open-air cars. The ride in itself was exhilarating. When I was little, I enjoyed myself at the resort, & then I was sure someone would carry me home if I went to sleep on the train. We didn't live too far from the Saltair depot, so we would walk there, & then take the train. We were very surprised to see Saltair getting dryer & dryer, & wondered what was going to happen. By 1940, the lake had receded until Saltair didn't know what to do to get the people to go into the water, because it was so far from the resort, so they had a little train you sat on in your bathing suit, & it would take you out to the water. This was the downfall of Saltair, though. People wanted the water back -- to feel the spray of the salt waves & smell the fresh salt air. Now, in 1982 - 3 - 4, it is coming back to its original depth, & people are shocked. Don't they know it takes a little longer (by about 50 years) for the tide to come back in?

In 1916 or 17, I guess it was, Dad bought a 1915 Studebaker touring car, so we used to go for rides sometimes, & we'd go along Second West (which is now Third West), & there would be a lot of produce stands (farmers selling at the roadside what they had grown). Some of these stands would keep watermelons in a tub of cold water, & boy, did they taste good. Just split them open right there & eat. Mmmmm. Sometimes we'd all get in the car & go out west a few miles in the sagebrush & hunt rabbits. So Mom went & purchased a portable phonograph for \$50.00, so that we could take it with us & enjoy some music, or dance to the music, or put on some talking comic records, while the men enjoyed the rabbit hunt. Kristine has that phonograph now (today) & it is still in working condition.

We had an apricot tree, a peach tree, a pear tree, & [a] plum tree

in our yard. We didn't raise any berries. Strawberries were a very good fruit, in Dad's opinion, & so were melons, which we didn't raise. We often had bread, milk, & fruit for dinner, especially when it was in the growing season. Lots of times in the winter we would have the same, but with the canned fruit. Oh yes, we had an apple tree, too. Dad was partial to the peaches. He never ate apricots, & never ate cooked apples. We also raised chickens sometimes. We were never too successful with vegetables. One day when my brother, Will, was about 13 years old, Mom, Dad, & I went someplace in the car. I don't know where. But Will was supposed to take his bicycle over to a friend of ours, Billy Main, who fixed bicycles, because Will needed something done to it. In order to get to Billy Main's, one had to cross a number of railroad tracks. Mom & Dad & I got back home in due time, & Will was supposed to have been back quite a while before us; but when we arrived home, there was no Will, that we could see. Mom immediately suspected the worst -- like Will run over by a train & his bicycle demolished. So Dad said, "OK, we'll get in the car & go to Billy Main's, & see if he knows where Will is, or [if he] has seen him. So we rode over there. At this time, it was getting dusk, & it would soon be dark. Dad got out of the car to talk to Billy. They talked together for a little while, & then, as they walked toward our car, Mom heard Billy say, "Well, Fred (my Dad), Will has been gone from here for over an your." Doom swept over Mom! Her tongue went like a piece of wood in her mouth, she explained afterwards. Dad drove us home & we got Mom's feet in hot water. (That has always been our method of relaxing one.) And we got her a warm drink. Then, all of a sudden, she got to her feet & went out in the alleyway & shouted, "Will!", just as loud as she could. "What do you want, Mom?" came the answer from over the fence in the next yard. "I didn't know you were home yet," said Will, "I got home early & put my bike away & came over here to play with Ralph & Jack until you got home." Why, oh why, hadn't we looked in the shed where Will always kept his bike? When we did look, there was his bike, neatly put away as it should be. Investigating the problem would have saved so much anxiety! Mom was a wonderful person, but she was a nervous person, too. Not visibly, though. I think this brought on a lot of her sickness, but I sure can't blame her one bit, because she had quite a bit of tragedy in her life. Her mother was widowed at an early age, partly because Grandpa Evans was quite a bit older than Grandma [Evans], & who also had her mother to care for, besides her family of Mom & two brothers. Mom's brother, Heber,

died in his teen years from a ruptured appendix. They couldn't do anything in those days for this, & he suffered great pain. As Mom explains it, "He was climbing the wall with pain." until he died. Her other brother, Sam, was kicked in the head by a small horse, when he was only about 13 or 14 years old, & it split his nose open, & [maybe] his forehead. The doctors tried to patch him up, but he had a great deal of trouble. At last they tried a new machine on him to make things better, & help him breathe better, & the machine broke off in his head or nose, & a wire was left protruding out of his nose. They had to watch him all the time, especially at night, when he would maybe drop off to sleep, because he would wake up suddenly to get a breath, & naturally, throw his hands up, & if he hit the wire, it would split his nose clear open again, so the tied his hands down to prevent that. So that is the way he died, when he couldn't get a breath any longer.

Then Mom had a miscarriage with her first child, so really, Ada was the second pregnancy; Will, the third, & so on. Then Mom lost Lucille, who was a "blue baby", & Thelma, who was a beautiful baby & took the measles at about eight months & died of complications. And just about two years after I was born, her mother died, after suffering much pain with cancer. So you see, I think she had good reasons for being nervous, but it sure doesn't help one's health.

One day Dad took Mom & Ada & Will for a ride in our Studebaker touring car. There were no windows in cars at that time, but it did have a top on it. We always took a 'lap robe', or blanket, in the car to save our knees from freezing. This day, Mom had on a beautiful hat with beautiful blue plumes protruding from each side of the hat. It started to rain, & Mom looked first at Will, who was seated on her left side in the back seat, & then at Ada, who was seated on her right side. The rain got heavier as they went along, & Mom kept swishing back & forth, looking first at Will, & then at Ada. "You're cold, aren't you?" she would say to Will, & then say the same thing turning to Ada, trying to pull the 'lap robe' up around them a little further. "You are so cold you are blue!" she kept saying, "You're turning blue!" I guess she told Dad to stop the car, & he turned around, & the kids were really blue, but not from cold -- just from the plumes of Mom's hat. Even Mom got a kick our of that.

I guess the house at 249 West North Temple seemed very dark & gloomy to Mom. She wanted a change, but Dad said 'wild horses'

couldn't get him to move. Well, I guess good women like Mom can do more than 'wild horses'. So she went around 'just looking'. LeGrand Richards happened to be in the real estate business at that time, & he said he would like to show Mom a very lovely little plot of land where we could build. I remember when we went up to see it. It was on 'I' Street, just above South Temple, which was a quiet street at that time. There it was, a lovely piece of property, flanked on both sides by climbing roses (Mom's favorite flower) & the house north of the property was owned by a little old couple by the name of Atkinson, & they had all the flowers in the wide world on their property. It seemed to us to be paradise. Mom was sold, of course. Now to sell Dad on the proposition. I really don't know how she did it, but after a few discussions, he said, "OK" & he took to building our home on the 21 'I' Street property. The people on the north named Atkinson were a little old couple in their seventies (late seventies, I guess). The people on the south were named Fife; they were a young couple, & he owned a clothing (Men's) store downtown. The couple lived there alone. I guess the house has at least 20 rooms in it. They employed a maid & a gardener. North of Atkinson's was a house & a store owned by people named Mudge. Mr. & Mrs. Mudge & their son, Jeff, lived there & operated the store.

Across the street & on the northeast corner of South Temple was Senator King's home. It was quite large, & had kind of a tower like a castle in one corner of it. Senator King didn't live there; it was his daughter & her husband & their four children [who] lived there. Their name was Milner. Stanley was a little older than I & then King, his brother, was younger, & then there was Ramola, & a littler sister. Going east on South Temple was the home of Llewellyn Thomas, an attorney. (The house is still standing, but [now] used for commercial purposes.) Next east was Governor Dern's home. He & his family lived there for a while, & then they moved. It was a large, impressive lumber building. The carriage house is preserved, & is on exhibition at Lagoon. I'm glad they did that. Now, back to 'I' Street. Next north of King's place was Marvel Hodson (I forgot her maiden name, because) [but] her mother really owned the home. Next door north was the Brown's, then the Blacks, & then Kings again. This was a different family than on the south corner, & no relative, even. The Kings had two daughters: Dana & Ruth. I thought that was weird: Kings on each corner, & colors in the middle of the block. The Kings are who we bought quite a bit of furniture from when

they moved. The Morris chair that is upholstered in red velvet, the regency chairs -- one with arms & one without -- the wrought-iron stand lamp, etc. Sure was good stuff.

Now that I have introduced you to our home on 21 'I' Street, I want to go back to when we lived on North Temple for a space: During the summer & fall, we used to get our little wooden wagon & go with Mom to 'Fisher's Market' to get fruit or vegetables to eat & preserve. There was no refrigeration at this time, & the corner markets couldn't keep produce fresh very long. For this reason, we were content with canned, or I mean bottled, fruit & vegetables all winter, but when springtime came, the fresh ones sure tasted good. We used to put in about 400 to 500 pounds of flour in for the winter, besides a couple of hundred pounds of potatoes, besides all the fruit Mom canned. She didn't can vegetables -- only tomatoes -- because we didn't have a safe way of canning them. 'Fisher's Market' is the old Gardow House. They are trying to restore it now. It is a beautiful house, but when we went there after fruit, it seemed very run-down, which it was. It has been there for many years. The farmers used to come from all around the valley with their produce, & either sell it to us themselves, or sell it to Fisher & let him sell it to us.

Well, I guess, at this point you would like to know how I got to be here. My great Grandma Powell lived in England. She married Joseph Powell & had three children. I forget their names, but anyway, one was named John. They were in poor circumstances. I'm not sure whether she was widowed at this time, or what, but anyway, her husband didn't come to Zion with her. She & the kids had saved up what they could to come to America, & they had to go without many things to do this. I have never heard of how she was converted to the Church, either. Well, John's shoes were worn out. They couldn't start off on a 2000 mile trip to America without shoes for John. So, heaving a sigh, Grandma Powell took John to the shoe store. She bought the shoes for John, & while walking home with the new shoes on, he complained that they hurt him. "Oh, my goodness," exclaimed his Mom (Grandma Powell), "I can't take them back, because you have worn them on the street. What am I going to do? We'll never get to America at this rate. Well, come here; we'll take them off & see what hurts." Grandma examined the shoes carefully, & inside the shoe lining was something hard & round. She carefully worked it out of the lining & could see it was a five-dollar gold piece. Now, that was quite

a lot of money in those days. As I remember, she took the shoe back to the store, & the store man (who must have been very honest) said it must have been dropped in the lining by the one who made it. So Grandma felt better about keeping it, & it aided them to come to America. Which they did.

I remember hearing a story repeated about one of my great aunts when she was crossing the plains by covered wagon. I don't remember her name, nor the year it happened, but the company was having trouble with a scourge of lice, or a disease that their hair & got into their heads, & they were very sick with this. There was no place for them to ride, so they had to walk. My aunt was one of the very sick ones, & felt that it was impossible for her to travel any longer. She felt that she couldn't keep up with the pioneer wagon company. So when they came to a small stream of water, my aunt decided she had had enough & she didn't care what became of her, so she lay down by the stream, & no one could convince her that she could go on.

She felt that anything would be better than trying to go on when she was so sick. Finally the company went on. They had been gone for quite a little time, when a man came up to her. She was a little fearful when she saw him coming, but as he approached, he said, "Sister, what are you doing here?" She said firmly, "Sir, I have lain down here to die. I am too sick to go on with the company I was with." The man gave her a drink of the cool spring water, & had her wash her hands & face in the little stream & then gently said, "Put your hand on my arm, & we well catch up to your company." How they got there, she doesn't remember, but they did catch up to her company, & she was able to come to Salt Lake & raise a fine family. I do wish I could remember her name; I think it was Emily. She always claimed that it must have been one of the Three Nephites that helped her.

I didn't tell you that when we were living at 249 West North Temple, that we took in some boarders. There was Joe Elder from Delta; Rulon & Willard Brown from Scipio, Utah, & Loren Hershey from out of state, I forget where. This was about in 1922 or 1923. They were trying to go to L.D.S. High School where Will & Ada were going. They boarded with us for a while, & then they rented the upstairs rooms in our house & tried keeping house for themselves. They figured it would be cheaper. Joe Elder had some funny ideas about food, though. He had tuberculosis, but not bad.

He lived to raise a family. We really had two apartments up there. One was just one room & the kitchen (stove, sink, etc.) was in a cupboard that was waist high. You just reached into the cupboard, & there was your kitchen. The doors of the cupboard folded back in a way that they were not in anyone's way. In the other end of the hallway, there was a dining room, a kitchen, a bedroom, & a sleeping porch. Grandma Asper lived in the two apartments for some years. The boys lived up there & did their own washing & cooking. We have a picture of Loren Hershey doing the washing on the roof of De Caro's house. For one reason, the kitchen wasn't very big, & Loren knew he could get De Caro's roof wet & it would be so bad as to flood the kitchen. I guess they put up a clothesline on the roof, too. I don't know. That is how close our houses were together. The boys tried to conserve in every way they could, because none of them had much money.

As I have mentioned, Grandma Asper lived in the upstairs apartment for quite a while. We had a good many Christmas dinners up there. It was up to Grandma Asper's three sons to keep her, because Grandpa Asper died when Will, by brother was about two years old. About 1910, I'd say. Grandma Evans lived downstairs with us, of course, because Grandpa Evans died in about 1881, leaving Grandma Evans a widow for quite a while. Grandma Evans died from cancer of the liver, I guess is was. She said a year or so before she died, she got hit hard with a baseball in her back causing a lump to grow, & she was never well after that. Grandma Evans lived with us long before the upstairs was built on.

One day after we had returned from California, Mom & will took the bus out to some address on Browning Avenue, & they came home with a cute little puppy dog. I had always been afraid of dogs, but I learned to like "Mickey" a lot. He was not allowed to go into the front room (only sometimes) & he used to lay with his nose on the threshold waiting for someone to say, "OK, come on in," but that was not very often, because Dad didn't like him in the front room. I decided that when I had a dog, he could go anywhere he wanted to. He would never touch anything to eat unless it was put in HIS dish. He soon grew tall enough (did I tell you he was an airedale so that he learned to open the back door & let himself in the house. He would stand on his hind feet & twist the knob with his forefeet until it clicked & opened. Then he would turn around & take his paws & shut the door. Mickey was a good dog, & we all loved him. Grandma Asper would say, "Nice doggie, but stay away."

He would let himself in our big kitchen though, & he had to walk around the kitchen table twice before lying down. He couldn't get the hang of wiping his feet before coming in, though. It took Mom a long time & great effort to clean that big kitchen floor. There was no wax or anything to put on it to keep it clean, either. Mickey couldn't seem to stay on the newspapers that Mom put down for us kids to walk on.

We had had Mickey for quite some time, but one day Mom said, "Mickey, I don't wish you any harm, but I wish you'd go away & never come back." Not too long after Mom saying this to Mickey, Dad came around the corner of the house early one morning in his hunting outfit, & it scared Mickey. I don't know which incident scared Mickey, but he went away & didn't come back. After we had moved up on 'I' Street, our newsboy, Allen Presler, (by the way, all us girls sure liked Allen in a big way) found Mickey sitting on our front porch, so he brought him up to 'I' Street, but Mickey never stayed but a couple of days, & trotted off again. He looked very healthy & well-fed, so we thought he had found a new home that was good for him.

My Dad was a lover of sports. Not the ball kind, but the hunting kind. He loved hunting & fishing. He never took a vacation from work to do these things; however, he would get up at 4:00 AM & drive out to the Rudy Gun Club, of which he was a member, go to his 'blind' & get the limit of ducks (at that time, I think it was 25) & get back to work by 7:30 AM. He did this once or twice a week during the duck season, which was from October 15 to December 15. We had all the duck meat we could eat. Mom really knew how to cook them, too. She stuffed them with a sage dressing & baked them just right. Even people saying they didn't like duck would eat them & say how good they were. We once had a dinner for twenty or twenty-four people, & she had stuffed a whole teal (small duck) for each one. Mom was sure expert in this line. Roasting ducks & making bread. She had to be real good at making bread, as Dad would eat ten slices a day, at least. He didn't care about butter -- just the bread. Dad also liked to go deer hunting. He might have taken one day off for deer hunting, but most often, he didn't. He would go [on] weekends. Sometimes he would go up Parley['s] Canyon (in those days it was OK to hunt there) & 'bag' his deer & get home with it & go to work. I don't ever remember us salting the deer down to deep it. We didn't have freezers; Mom didn't can it, either. I don't know how they kept

it for a while [so much time]. Later on, we were so glad when we could rent a freezer & fill it with venison. Dad would also spear carp at the Gun Club. Ada sure liked carp; I can't say I did.

Dad made many boats for the Club members. And [for] some that didn't [belong]. He also made blinds (very large boxes, waterproofed) sunk into the swamps, where the rushes were, so the ducks couldn't see you). You would get into this blind & sit on a stool, or just [on] the bottom of the blind, with gun in hand, & wait for a flock of ducks to come over & get close enough so you could shoot them. Dad also made the decoys. Some were cut out of metal & put on metal or wire stakes, which they would stick in the mud or ground, & that would leave the silhouette; but Dad made such good wooden ones & painted them just like the real ducks. They had a weight on the bottom so they would swim upright, & a rope on them so you could pull them in, when you were through. He was a person who always kept his word. When he was a boy, his family lived on Quince Street & he would walk out to Beck's Hot Springs to shoot ducks, & be home by 8:00 AM (I'm not sure that is the correct time he had to be home by -- it might have been earlier), but anyway, it was about seven miles out & seven miles back, & he said he had to hurry so much to be back on time, that he hurt his knees in doing so.

Now, back to 21 'I' Street. We moved up there around Thanksgiving, & had our Thanksgiving dinner on planks put on saw horses. [Research (Nov 2013) says Thanksgiving 1924 was Nov. 27th, and in Provo (the closest city quickly found), the high was 45 and the low was 17 - clear skies. A cold front had come by Nov. 22, and the wet snow had since gone. That year's Thanksgiving was the date of the first Macy's Thanksgiving Parade, and it featured Santa Claus.]

The first time I met our neighbor, Mrs. King, I was sleigh riding. (Belly-gutting, it was called -- when you run & slam your sled down & jump on it at the same time.) Well, I slammed down my sled by our driveway & slammed my face past my sled, because my face hit the ice, & it skinned my face up. I came up with a bloody nose, etc., & said "Hello," weakly, as she passed by. She said, "Oh, too bad!" & went on her way. She was the one that said (after I had been playing with her girls for some time), "Well, you are quite a nice little girl for coming from the west side."

The Atkinson's didn't live next door for too long. I guess one died, & the other went to live with their children, so they sold the house to a family by the name of Bulmer. They had a son, Joe. He was about a year younger than I was. Mr. & Mrs. Bulmer like to play "Rook". My Mom did too, & I think at this time, Wilford was boarding with us, &, of course, he & Ada liked to play, too. I never knew Will to play cards very much, though.

Dad didn't play, though. He went to bed at 9:00 PM every night. Joe & I liked them to get together, because then, we would get together & have fun. We'd get to play until 11 o'clock or midnight. What we liked to do best was to go down in our basement & turn on the light in the basement kitchen & let it shine into the amusement room that ran clear across the front of the house, like our front room did. It looked just like a moving picture screen, & we used to act out movies & dance shows, etc., on that screen. We got our school lessons first, though. Anyway, this didn't happen on too many school nights. It was mostly on Friday or Saturday nights, because there was a scary story on the radio called, "City of the Dead". Joe's Mom didn't care for Joe to listen to it too much, but we did anyway. Bulmers were very nice people -- very English -- from England. Joe's mother was quite heavy, & she tried a lot of diets, but she didn't lose weight. She starved herself one time, & got right down in bed because she was so weak, but found it didn't do any good. Joe's Dad was a very small man & worked for J. G. McDonald Candy Co. I'm not sure they bought the house. They might have just been renting it. I had my first formal date with Joe when we were about 10 or 11 years old. We went to the Wilkes Theater to see "The Bird of Paradise" on the stage. He used to be self-conscious of us liking each other. He didn't want the other boys to see us walking together, so he would walk on the other side of the street sometimes. The Bulmer family moved over on Second Avenue & 'H' Street, on the southwest corner when they moved from next door to us. It was not too long after this that tragedy struck. Mr. Bulmer, Arnold, turned up missing one day, & after a couple of days, they found his body in the Jordan River. We all suspected 'foul' play, but I guess no one ever proved it. He was such a good guy. Quite a little while later, like two or three years, Mrs. Bulmer married again, this time to a Mr. Fulmer. They had moved from 'H' Street to a little white house between Fifth & Sixth Avenue on 'J' Street. I think Mr. Fulmer must have owned it. Anyway, they moved from there just in time to rent it to us

for our honeymoon cottage, when Ray & I got married. Of course, Joe had grown up by this time, too. He was trying his hand at a restaurant on Third South between West Temple & Main Street. I don't know where they went from there.

Ada got married to Wilford June 6, 1928, & Will got his mission call & left for the Northwest Mission June 18, 1928. With two vacancies in the family all at once, Mom was distraught. I was 12 when Ada got married. We still owned 249 West North Temple, & so Dad said Ada & Wilford could stay there in one of the apartments. Dad had been renting it to a Mr. Hyler, I think it was, & he died & his wife moved out. Well, Ada & Wilford lived down there for about three weeks & Ada took sick, & so they came back to live with us. I really think Mom was glad to have this happen. Ada wasn't well enough to keep house anyway. She had to quit her job & just stay in bed. She couldn't eat, & she lost 50 pounds in eight months. Come to find out, she was pregnant. Mom had been having a lot of trouble breathing. The nerves of her throat would swell up, making it terribly uncomfortable. I would wake up in the night & find her gasping for breath. It was scary. Finally the doctor gave her some drops that seemed to relax her larynx so she could breathe better. They worked most of the time, but sometimes they wouldn't work on her. The Christmas of 1928 is one I'll always remember. Mom would get these breathing attacks quite often, & on Christmas Eve & Day -- I guess, really for a week -- Ada was so sick, & Mom kept having these bad breathing attacks. I remember Ada couldn't get out of the house, so she & Wilford bought some things for us from the mail-order catalogue. I think mine was a blue dress. I loved it. And Mom's was a black dress with a little white collar. It snowed that year in November early, & that snow stayed on the ground until the next March, with other snow coming on top of it, of course. What a winter! Seems we were trying to make a poor man's cake or carrot pudding for Christmas, & Ada was sitting at the kitchen table (I guess she felt a little better that day), cracking nuts for the cake, when her eyes rolled back, & she went very stiff. We got her laid on the floor & called the doctor, & Mom told me to get her feet in hot water. Well, I got 2 saucepans & got hot water in them, but as far as getting her feet in them, that was a different story. For one thing, the saucepans were too little for her feet to go into, & another thing, her feet would not go into saucepans that were vertical, while she was horizontal. The water spilled -- what a mess -- anyway, she came to a little, & we got her to the

couch by the time the doctor came. At this time, the doctor was a Dr. Curtis in the ward, [&] he came to check on her. She got over it OK. After the baby came, Bill, or William Samuel Young, Ada & Wilford decided to move to an apartment on South Temple, just east of Seventh East. Of course, it was heated by a heater stove. One day Billy was just learning to walk, & Ada came out the front door to get the mail, I guess, & the door blew shut, & it was locked. The back door was locked too, so she couldn't get back into the house. The best she could do was to stand at the front window & entice Billy to stay away from the hot stove. I don't know how long this went on, but finally one of our friends from the 17th Ward (Alvin Losen -- he was Andrew Jenson's son-in-law) came by. He was a salesman & was going from house to house selling things. He saw frantic Ada & cold Ada (because it was November, I guess, & she explained the trouble, & he climbed in a bedroom or bathroom window & opened the front door for her so she could get in to Billy. What a terrifying experience that was for her. She must have been praying hard for someone to come along, because Alvin mostly didn't come on the east side of town.

About this time, Mom bought this darling little puppy dog for me. She was a little 'black & tan', & as a pup, could fit in a teacup. When she was full-grown, she wasn't over eight inches long & about four inches tall. She was a darling puppy, & I loved her. Dad didn't like her, though, & we didn't have a fence around our yard, so I couldn't let her out alone. I really think Dad was afraid of stepping on her. I kept her down the basement [near] in the kitchen, mostly. Dad didn't ever like dogs in the front room, but when he wasn't home, Mom & I played with her in there. We had her for three years, & then one day the U of U had a parade on South Temple, & Mom went across the street to watch it. I came out of the house to watch it & 'Trixie' went to go across South Temple to Mom, & a car hit her in the head, & she was dead.

Mom loved dogs & all animals. I had three ducks, too, & I used to try to dig a pond for them to swim in, but for some reason the water would always sink into the dirt after a while. I needed a liner -- plastic wasn't invented at that time. Mom got the ducks for Easter one time. One of them died when he was very small, but the other two used to follow me around. They would follow me to the corner store & come home with me again. All the neighbors knew they were there. I had six chickens at the same time, but one died. Among the five chickens was a little rooster with a

very few feathers on his skinny little neck, & he used to crow & stretch his neck out to the fullest. We brought a small collapsible coop from 249 [which] we used to house them in. I worried about the coming winter, because I knew I couldn't take them into the house. I guess I never thought of where the chickens went. I guess we had them for dinner occasionally, but those two pet ducks stayed on, & it was getting colder, & on to Thanksgiving & Christmas. I still worried about them being cold. I would feel their little feet, & they were cold. And they had to have water to swim in. (I finally put a washtub in the dirt for a pool.) So Dad said, "Well, if they lay an egg by November, we won't kill them". So, the last of October there was an egg (a big one) & every week there was one, but around December, I guess it got too cold, & I think Dad put them out of their misery. Come to find out, Dad had been buying the biggest chicken eggs he could find so the ducks could live longer. I was 15 by this time, & I really didn't want any more pets. They really take a lot a time to take care of properly, & I guess I wanted my attention to turn to other things. But Mom did [want pets] I guess, so she got another little dog just a little bit bigger than Trixie. We named this one 'Lucky'. She wasn't the little dog like Trixie was & I guess I had too many outside interests, so after a year we gave her to the milkman. (Yes, we took milk at that time.)

Note:

In her early years, Dorothy had a nightmare. She saw a big bunch - as in a windstorm - of feathers coming at her. It scared her and she awoke. From that night on, she had an aversion to (she said, fear of) feathers. She didn't mind down or feathers inside a pillow, but free-feathers upset her, all her life, because of that nightmare.

I really think I liked more boys up to the fourth grade at Lafayette than I did in the fourth to seventh [grades] at Longfellow. There was Raymond (not your Dad): He was sure good-looking. We were in the first grade. And Charles, & Percival. In the fourth grade at Longfellow, there was Willard Christopherson. He was the son of a doctor, & he used to forget his eraser, so he would put his paper on the floor & rub his rubber heel on it, to erase. I lived so close to school that I never walked to school with anyone. The Church was right next door to the school. I went around with Hannah (Irene) Gould, Agnes Barnett, & Marjorie Wallace (a little bit -- she was younger

than I was). I didn't go to Primary in the 17th Ward; I went to Religion Class. Religion Class was held on Monday after school, & Primary was held on Tuesday after school. I went to Primary in the 21st Ward. I guess at that time, Religion Class was being discontinued. I don't know what happened to it. I surely remember Sister Wallace as Music Leader in the 21st Ward Primary. I can see her now, walking up & down the rows of seats, encouraging everyone to sing. She noticed I had a fairly strong voice, & so [she] coaxed me to sing alto. She was a very good alto singer. The only experience that I had had with music, was one time they wanted me to sing a song in the 17th Ward for Mother's Day, or some special day like that. They wanted the organ accompanying me. So I did. After the meeting, one of the ladies we knew went to Mom & said, "Keep your Dorothy reading, will you." So that was the extent of my singing career. Sister Wallace got different groups of singers up, & I was in a few of them. When I was 14 years old, Mom was singing in the Tabernacle Choir. She had been singing in it for a couple of years before I was 14. Anthony Lund was the director of the choir at this time. Mom had sung for the "Passion Play", etc., so when I was about 14 & a half, she asked if I could join, & it seemed to be all right with everyone, so I joined the Tabernacle Choir. We had a good time. We would go out to Saltair for an outing, & once we went to the 'Jensen Mansion' out on Highland Drive for a dance & entertainment. This was tight at the time they were starting the Sunday Morning Broadcast, & Brother Richard L. Evans was the spokesman. This was a choice experience for me. I really enjoyed singing the anthems. I think singing those words taught me a lot about the gospel I wouldn't otherwise have known. Well, time went on.

It was at this time that my Mom was gradually going blind with cataracts on her eyes. SO when I was sixteen, the choir was planning a trip to Chicago. This was just a new innovation to spread the gospel through the choir singing in different parts of the world. Well, it came to the tryouts to see who were going to Chicago, &, of course, although Mom had been a member for well over four years, the fact that she couldn't see very well canceled her chances. I had a clean bill & had only been a member for two years, so I could have gone, but I sure elected to stay with Mom. So I declined & I quit the choir.

It was about this time that Sister Wallace's husband, Walter

Wallace, was getting up a couple of girl's choruses in the ward. Walter Wallace was a very good leader. He was also a counselor in the bishopric for a time. He got a bunch of us teen-age girls, & another group of a few years older, & both groups would go to different wards singing & taking programs there. We sang for many different occasions other than sacrament meeting, too. Marcia Crosby was a wonderful accompanist, & she was a wonderful alto, too. She could also sing tenor. She is the one that started you kids on the piano. I guess we kept these choruses up for over five years. The senior group chorus included Afton (my brother Will's wife), & Hazel (Uncle Wilford's second wife).

Now, go back a few years. I don't know how we came by the house on the north of us. I guess Ada & Wilford must have bought it -- maybe with a little help from Dad -- I don't know. Anyway, they moved there in about the summer of 1930. I was coming from Ada's place next door, & I'll be darned if Will didn't go up to our front door at 21 'I' at the same time. He didn't know me because I had grown up & changed while he was gone on his mission. Mom was overjoyed to see him, but slightly disappointed, because she had always dreamed of going up to the northwest to meet him & come home with him. Anyway, we were very glad to have him home. Before he went on his mission, he had been going steady with a lovely girl named Reba Cooper. (I think that was her last name. I know Reba was her first name.) But she went up to see him while he was on his mission, & he had told her not to, & so he didn't like that, & it cooled their friendship considerably. She was a great girl. We all liked her.

It took Will just a little while to get his feet on the ground, & he went into the grocery business & worked for a grocer on Almond Street. Later, he bought the man out. He met Afton Richards & they were married in May 1931. She was his second cousin. When Will was just a little older than two years, Mom & Dad took him to Nora Richard's home to see this little new baby that was Afton, & Will gave her a little baby ring. (It was the custom in those days to give a ring to a little baby.) I don't know whether they ever remembered that happening or not, but my parents & Afton's parents did. Well, to get on with it, they were offered the apartment at 249 West North Temple, which they accepted. After a year or so, Dad sold the property & Will & Afton moved to the Jewel Apartments. I think they were on Fifth or Sixth East between First & Second South.

I loved to roller-skate. I wore more shoes out clamping roller skates to them, as that was the only way we had to put on the skates -- either tying them on, which wasn't very safe because of the tie slipping, or clamping them on, which eventually ruined your shoes. I was in the habit of always trying to tell Mom where I was going or where I would be if she wanted anything. This one day I was roller-skating & on 'I' Street, the pavement was made of flagstones, which were quite unevenly put in. Now, on 'J' Street, it was cement, & was quite a lot smoother, besides sloping a little more. So I had been skating on 'I' Street with my friends, & they wanted to go to 'J' Street, so I went across 'I' Street to tell Mom I was going to 'J' Street. Oh, I didn't tell you that I had on silk hose at this time. I don't know why I chose to wear them this day. I had darned several pair for Ada & Mom, & they let me wear one pair. Anyway, that was pretty special. I went to cross 'I' Street to tell Mom, & I fell in the gutter. All I could see was a big hole in my precious silk hose, right on my knee. My knee was skinned, of course, but that didn't matter; all that mattered was my silk hose. I didn't even notice quite a bit of blood coming from somewhere. Come to find out, it was my hand that was cut. I had fallen on a broken milk bottle that was lying in the gutter. It was a deep gash, so Mom called Dr. Curtis, & he came over & sewed up my hand.

I went to Bryant Junior High School for the eighth & ninth grades. I met a girl there who was from Fillmore, Utah. She was staying with her aunt & uncle at the Swallow Apartments on First South, which they owned. Her name was Hilda Smith. She was my best friend for the two years we were in Bryant, & then we corresponded for years after. We had a cafeteria of a sort at Bryant, & I took my lunch most of the time. But when I could buy my lunch, I could hardly wait for noon to come to get a bowl of chili for 10 cents.

Grandma Asper lived in the Kensington Apartments there on North Main Street, just across the street from the School of Music or the McCune Mansion. Uncle Frank Asper & his wife, Florence, lived in the apartment above Grandma. Uncle Frank taught at the School of Music. Grandma's was a basement apartment. She used to invite my cousin, Ethel May James (Larsen, now) & I down to her place to spend a few days [or] up to a week, for our summer vacation. I think the reason for doing this was because my little sister, Thelma, who would have been Ethel's age, died of the measles

complications, & Ethel's little sister, who would have been my age, died at birth, along with Ethel's mother. Grandma cared for her daughter's children, Parley, Elmer, & Ethel, until Uncle Parley married again (to Aunt Naomi, [becoming] Ethel's step-mother). So Grandma thought Ethel & I ought to get together as much as we could, so she provided the opportunity. We had great times together. I guess we were about 10 at this time. We would let the water out of the bathtub, & then soap it real good, adding water as we needed it, & it sure provided us with an exciting slide -- not a long one, but very fast. Then we would also borrow Grandma's table leaves & put them on the stairs in the hallway & slide down them. We couldn't make as much noise in the hall. Then sometimes, we would catch grasshoppers & put them in peoples' mailboxes, so they would be surprised when they went to get their mail. Grandma would take us to Uncle Frank's concerts in the Tabernacle. At times, we would go to the museums or the Capitol Building. We would also have picnics on the spacious lawn of the Capitol. One thing that was neat about Grandma's apartment, was her big kitchen window. It was so big we could climb up in it & play house in it. I'd say it was three feet wide & two feet deep & had linoleum on the floor of it, too. We had picnics there, too.

I don't know if Grandma always approved of all the things we did, but she was very patient & let us know when it was out of order. She was a very sedate person & liked things in order, & neat. We used to ask for some soda crackers, & she gave them to us, & we used to blindfold each other & sit on the floor or [on] chairs & try to feed each other the cracker crumbs with a spoon. We learned to sweep the floor after. One day we thought we would have a real neat party for Uncle Frank & Aunt Florence, & Grandma, of course. We practiced the program & then went down to the corner store & bought a quart of ice cream with our own money & came back & put the ice cream in the ice-box refrigerator. Then we all went upstairs to have our program & party. I don't remember what program we had; I guess Ethel sang a song, & I recited, & we played a game or two. Then we went down to get the special dessert. We got out Grandma's sherbet glasses to put the ice cream in -- & we didn't have ice cream anymore -- all we had was milk -- sweet milk. We were very disappointed. Anyway, we all drank our surprise & were happy.

I remember the summer after Billy was born to Ada & Wilford. They

were still living with us & Billy had eczema on his face; it was the wet kind. It was very irritating. He would put his little hands to his face & off would come skin, & then he would bleed or weep, & that produced scabs on his cheeks. We would tie his hands down so he couldn't scratch while sleeping. We tried mittens. One time we tried little aluminum pot-like mitts. Nothing seemed to keep him from scratching. He was too little to realize what he was doing. This made him very nervous, & when you got him to sleep, if you tried to lay him down, he would wake right up. Ada & Mom were wore [worn] out with this situation. When school ended I would take Billy on my lap at nap time & sit on the couch. He would go to sleep if you kind of bounced up & down on the couch. Then when he was asleep, I would gently lower his head to a pre-arranged pillow, & then I had both hands free, & I would darn socks while he slept. I guess I darned over 100 pair that summer. This was when people sewed up the runs in their socks & darned or patched the men's socks.

In 1931 I moved on to East High. They had just closed the L.D.S. High School that Ada & Will went to. Boy, I was disappointed. I knew their school songs all by heart, & really had my heart set on going there to school. Then they had just completed the South High, so I thought that was my second choice. I went down & got all registered, & then they districited that off -- I guess because so many wanted to go there -- & I was out of that district. I heard they had a swimming pool, & I was crazy about swimming. Ada took swimming (against her will) at the L.D.S. [High School] & I always wanted to. So I went to East High, but my enthusiasm for school was quite a bit bedraggled. My closest friend at East, I guess, was Emma Armstrong. She lived on Third Avenue, & we went to the 21st Ward together, too. Sometimes in the summer or spring, Emma & I would go on hikes. She lived across the street from Afton Richards' family (Will's wife), & there was Helen, Vera, Pat, & Diet, & sometimes they would join us. We liked to climb up to Ensign Peak, or climb up to the 'U' on the mountain. I enjoyed my classes at the East. I had taken Algebra at Bryant, & so I went on to take Geometry at East. I didn't do too bad in Algebra, but in Geometry, it was C's & even an occasional D. Mr. Bone, my teacher, said, "I would never flunk a girl in Geometry. I might have her in class the rest of my life. Geometry is not for girls." I took French for two years at the Bryant. My teacher was a real French lady, Mme. Beau. I took one half-year cooking, & one half-year sewing. I worked with my sewing teacher

later in life in Emigration Stake positions. I took gym every years, of course. My gym instructor at East happened to be a Miss Monson. She was quite young (maybe 25 or 30). I had been absent for a while because of the flu or a cold, & had just gotten back to school that day, & the class was doing tumbling stunts. I told her that I didn't feel up to tumbling that day, & she said, "You'll tumble, or else! Go ahead." I went ahead & keeled over & heard something crack, & it stung me. "Miss Monson," I said, "I've broken something." "No, you haven't; just sit there for a while." she said. I sat because I couldn't get up. Finally I told her again. "Go to the restroom, then, she said. I'll be down after class." OK. I finally got to my feet & went down to the locker room. There was a bed in there, but I couldn't lie down. The window was high, & it was open. It was cold. I couldn't pull a blanket around me, even while I was sitting. I was cold. I waited at least a half an hour before she finally came. "I've arranged for someone to take you home," she said. I went with the girl she mentioned, & got home. Mom took me down to Dr. Skidmore, & sure enough, my collar bone was broken good. He taped me up & I went home. My parents were mad enough to sue the school. They didn't though, but I think the school paid part of the doctor's expense. She was nicer to me after that. (I mean Miss Monson.)

I remember Mom having a little trouble with Ada & Will doing dishes. One day while they were quarreling about doing them, Mom took me by the hand & told Ada & Will, "We'll come back when you have the dishes done." They were both crying when we left, I remember. Mom & I went down by the railroad tracks to see an old couple & then we came back after a while, & I never heard any more about the dishes. Ada was so good to always help. Will was, too, but maybe he didn't do it like Ada wanted.

Mom went with Minnie Deardoff to the Cousins' Club meetings. But Mom stopped going after a while because the jokes turned bad (poor taste).

Mom cured Will of any desire to gamble. Once she let him try over & over at some gambling game, & he got tired of it on the third try.

Mom was sick a lot of the time, & Ada really had to take over. She sure was a neat housekeeper. I don't remember that my parents

used any incentive programs to make us help out.

Dad, early in his mission in New Zealand, had in his hand a pill that would cure a native man. The man was sick, but able to walk & talk. When Dad presented the man with the pill, he told him in Maori to swallow it & it would do him good. But Dad inadvertently used not the word for "swallow", but for "chew". Of course, the pill was bitter. The man was outraged, & got his tomahawk out to get even with Dad.

Later during his mission in New Zealand, Dad was alone & destitute. He got sick. He found a small hut to stay in & was there for two (?) months with sores (boils or blisters) on his legs. He had a small sack of oatmeal with him, & he subsisted on that for the two (?) months. At last some one from the mission came for him, & provided a horse for him to ride -- he was not fully over the leg sores. But the jostling of the horse ride made the swelling of one sore go to the ankle on that leg, & ever after -- throughout his entire life -- he had a red, soft (depressible) spot, or sore, on his ankle. It was the size of a fifty-cent piece. He often would find some new treatment, such as an elastic bandage, to help it, but the sore never went away.

In 1927, [Uncle] Will befriended a boy he attended the L.D.S. High School with. The boy was boarding with his Aunt Olga, but disliked the food & was losing weight. So he brought the boy home, & arrangements (through pity -- they had decided not to take any more boarders) were made for the Aspers to board him. He was attracted to my older sister, Ada, & when school came to an end, they married. The next boy to come to Salt Lake for high school was Raymond. He stayed at Wilford & Ada's home, next door to us. He had no intention of courting anyone, even though Wilford had mentioned that there was an eligible girl next door. The rest of this story is in Ray's book.

I had dated only a few times before this. When we visited in California, a boy named Oscar would show us around. One time when he & I were alone, he tried to steal a kiss. But I had been taught that you should not kiss until you were engaged, so I slapped him. It broke his glasses. Around home, I went with Irene Gould on a double date. We were in a car, & they were in the front. My date, Fred Pusey, & I were in the back seat. Those in the front seat started necking. Fred wanted to, also, but I

refused. Consequently, he dropped me. There was one time when the class at school was to visit a newspaper after school one night to see the process involved there. Norval Gallagher, a nice boy, had offered to be my companion, & I looked forward to the evening. But Daddy & Momma said, No. That was my only chance to get to know Norval, & I would have liked to get to know him. Also, a good boy from a nice family, Layne Jones, proposed to me, but I told him: No; you must fill a mission first. His mission was to California. But in that time, my commitment to Ray came along.

Really, though, I never looked for any lavish dates. There was never any money around, & I never expected more than a simple date.

Now, the more recent happenings are chronicled by her children:

Momma was an able home-maker. She knew what to do (We thought she did.) when Bobbie tumbled head-over-heels down the basement stairs in his walker -- she walked around the block with him in her arms, loving him. There was a clinic on the block, but it was Sunday.

She knew what to do when Ronnie, at age 18, split open his hand on a steel tape measure -- call a taxi & go to the doctor. (That was the only time we ever called a taxi.)

Then Carol, at age four, had a very severe earache. The doctor's office, or clinic, was four blocks away. She just dumped Carol in the buggy, even though Carol had mostly outgrown it, & got the help needed.

She became a great friend & confidant of her children. She never objected to typing their school reports, even at the eleventh hour. She was Primary President a few times, (mainly 1963-1964) all in the same ward; she was PTA president for the 1961-1962 school year, too. Momma was in her ward's Relief Society Presidency in 1968. She was faithful in the 'Singing Mothers', the Relief Society chorus of the 40's. She accepted a call (when Raymond did, before the children came) as a stake missionary, even though she had never read the scriptures much. In those days, husband & wife served with companions, as if they were single. Her companion was Ida Oliphant, & they taught a few lessons & visited some members in the area that needed help. However, Momma

was not overjoyed with her performance as a missionary, lacking knowledge.

She found work, & helped the family finances from 1958 on. She says that was a good move, for it let our Father share in the parenting; and he did fine at it, too. Her job was evenings, so she was really a mother at home, but working, also. About the time most people retire, her friend Ruth suggested she apply at the Primary Children's Hospital. Before she could complete an application, they said, "Come & start Monday." She retired from that job, & then went back to it (She says, "It was fun."), finally retiring a second time. That was after fifteen years there. And until age 83, she would visit the old-folk's homes to cheer up the "old" (younger than her) people. She didn't mind walking a mile or two, either.

At the time of her 86th birthday, she read in 1 Samuel 5 and 6, about the loss of the Ark of God to the Philistines, & that those people were stricken with emerods in their secret parts. The Bible Dictionary clarified for her that emerods were the same hemorrhoids with which she had suffered for over sixty years. But she laughed aloud, thinking of how the Philistines would make images of their hemorrhoids in their secret parts.

At her birthday party where all her children attended (Carol was telephoned), she was presented a certificate stating that she was a mother who has ALL five of her children be college graduates (since Carol finished her degree the same month). All five children signed it. Bob then reminded her that she, herself, had received a college degree from L.D.S Business College -- she had attended convocation for Heather, & had gone up & received Heather's diploma for Heather, who had died in 1998.

She said that her sister, Ada, drove a car -- & in 1954, her husband, Wilford, bought her a "new" sea-green Chevrolet with automatic transmission -- primarily to drive her youngest son, Douglas, to & from Jr. High School, since the distance was about a mile, & he had asthma.

She forgot to add that before she had the job at Farr's bakery counter (Mr. Ludwig, boss), she was a "Do-nut Mother". That is, she acted as a mini-distribution place for young girls (about age 10) to pick up & go sell do-nuts.

[On 6 May 2002 as we were returning from a visit to Cedar City, she related the following:]

In 1939, Raymond & I were block teachers to an elderly European woman who had no one to care for her. Ray usually bought her groceries for her, since she had a hard time getting out. On one occasion, I went to her house with him. The lady was feeling particularly bad that day. During our conversation, she wanted to get to the bathroom, so I helped her. Reassembling for more conversation, she lay with her head in my lap; and she died there in my lap.

My mother, Mayme, had nice looking legs. (No varicose veins, nice shape.)

The monthly payment on the house at 640 1st Ave. was \$42.50.

As an example, to help in understanding finances in the '30's, here is a 1931 Form 1040, gleaned from the Church Archives in 2002: (Actually, it was a newspaper clipping -- the tax was so simple it could be presented in a two-inch long newspaper column.)

You get \$1000 exemption for yourself, \$1000 more for your wife, & \$400 for each child. Then on the remainder, the tax is:

1st	\$1000	1.00%
2nd	\$1000	1.25%
3rd	\$1000	1.50%
4th	\$1000	1.75%
5th	\$1000	2.00%
6th	\$1000	2.25%
7th	\$1000	3.00%
8th	\$1000	3.50%
9th	\$1000 & over	4.00%

Also from Archives: the weather for the honeymoon week:

Date	High Conditions		
	Temp	Sky	
Tue Aug 29	90	Clear	
Wed Aug 30	88	Clear	
Thu Aug 31	92	Clear	
Fri Sep 1	93	Clear	
Sat Sep 2	78	Ptly Cldy	

Sun Sep 3 75 Clear
Mon Sep 4 78 Showers, Cldy

About 1959, I [Momma Dorothy] bought small stuffed monkey dolls for the girls for Christmas. (You generally had to get things in two's for them, so they could be equal.) Their preferences showed clearly in this. Carol frowned but accepted it. (Carol had given mixed signals to Momma as Christmas approached; Momma bought the monkies at a time when Carol seemed to favor such. Later, Carol decided she favored a doll.) Sheri was happy. Now, in 2002, it is still evident: Carol likes her grandkids, & Sheri delights in her dogs.

[Uncle] Matthew Asper was thin & tall (6' 3").

Mom & Dad (Asper) did not at first take to Wilford, but as he constantly searched for, & did obtain, work, their hearts were turned.

I (Momma Dorothy) counseled Carol to wait until she was nineteen to marry. At the time, Carol (age 17/18) had a slight attraction to Danny Hill, whom Ron had known at school, & who at times would stop by our house on his motorcycle & chat with Ron (& once play piano with him). Ray & I were quite astonished when Carol openly took a liking for a fellow that liked motorcycles (Legrand Lyman).

Sabra went for an interview to see about going on a mission. Her bishop, contrary to her expectations, said instead: "You're not going on a mission; you'll be married within four months." Probably about that time, Bob was pondering an experience of his grandfather, Samuel C. Young, about someone who didn't get sealed in the temple. And the thought was: "Don't let that happen to you!" Shortly after this, he met Sabra. Once married, Sabra always seemed to want to look after, or be with, Bob -- even when he went in another room to nap.

Happenings:

14 Jan. 2002:

Momma, who regularly visits Dorothy Brady (who has lost both legs above the knee), had an idea. Dorothy often desired to leave a type of journal, but she can't write, since she lies in bed all day. So Momma had me take her (on my weekly Monday evening visit) to a store (Fredmeyer was near) where she bought a good tape

recorder that acted on voice input, for about \$35. Then we delivered it to Dorothy Brady (with batteries & a tape). "Fun is helping others."

17 June 2002:

Momma changed a few things around in her room June 16th, the day after Mike & Kris & Anna left for San Diego for a week. Her clock radio, which she uses only to see the time, fell, & she picked it up & put it back in place.

Monday, June 17th, she watched the TV until most of the noon news was over. She had other things to do, so she turned off the TV. The picture obediently went dark, but the sound continued. "Well, something stuck," she told herself, & she turned the TV back on, & then off again. Still the sound continued. So she unplugged the TV. That had no effect, so she unplugged the remaining cords from the extension cord that fed the TV. Still no effect. She worried that whatever was wrong might damage something. Her only hope was to phone Sheri at work -- a rare phone call. Sheri was there, & listened to the explanation & to the sound in the background. But she had no further ideas. She promised to stop by after work. However, after the call, she thought of her husband, Dave. She phoned him. Yes, he would be willing to take a motorcycle ride up to Momma's & see if he could help. Momma, meanwhile, went about her tasks. Dave's arrival found her taking the garbage can back in from the street, since the garbage man comes on Mondays. When Dave offered to help, she brushed him off; no stranger was going to help her! Only when he followed her inside the gate & removed his helmet & sunglasses did she recognize him. Why, yes; she would appreciate his help with the TV. So they went to her room, & Dave walked over & touched the clock radio, & the sound stopped.

Advice(s):

1. If something makes you nervous, correct it!
2. From age 60 to age 75 is the time to enjoy life.
3. Fun is helping others.

Dreams:

15 Jun 2002:

Dreampt that Joyce Johnson (a North 21st Warder) invited her to go swimming that day (Saturday) with her family. Momma arose in the dark hours & went to her closet & planned what to wear on the way

there. (Because the dream was so real.)

Note:

Legrand Richards was the real-estate agent who first showed Mayme Asper the 21 "I" St. property, & she bought it through him. Alfred Asper did not feel a move was necessary, but gradually came around to it. Mayme liked the east-facing porch at 21 "I" St. -- the North Temple porch was a north one, & she didn't prefer that. Uncle Will sold the "I" St. property to the Alcoholics Anonymous about 1965.

From Alice Gardner, Helen Richards Gardner's daughter, July 2002: Her grandfather, John William (or was it John Alexander) Gardner served in New Zealand 1900-1903, so he may have known Alfred Asper there. John reported having attended a conference in Wellington.

Note:

The first phone number the Young (Ray & Dorothy) had was: WAsatch 3-178. That became 3-2943 (later EMpire 3-2943). Dorothy & Ted Brady's first phone number was HYland 6-260, changed later to 4-4098 due to crank calls to a daughter.

MISCELLANEOUS REMEMBRANCES of DOROTHY ASPER YOUNG, transcribed 22 May 1983.

(some are duplicated elsewhere; some are not)

It certainly makes me nervous not to have things picked up at night. I have a feeling that I have to clear the kitchen table at night especially, too. When I was in my teens, Ada, my sister, told me that she woke up one night and had to go to the bathroom. She went there, and then went into the kitchen to get a drink (I guess) and felt very faint. She reached the kitchen table, and laid on it until she felt better. I always think of that, when I am tempted to leave dishes overnight.

Also, when we were first married, we had company for dinner, and we had watermelon. We were both working, and I felt it wouldn't hurt to leave the dishes. So I did, and the next morning, we had ANTS on them. ICKY!! So that taught me a lesson, too.

Added thoughts (after 2003):

One evening at home with her parents in 1939, the subject of marrying Ray came up. During the conversation, Mother Mayme commented to Dorothy: You will have trouble with him because of his food. At the time, there was no indication or inclination in Dorothy's or Ray's minds that this might be so, but it turned out to be true. The story of the courtship is in Ray's story.

Soon after marrying, Ray and Dorothy got called to be stake missionaries. One reason for their interest was that Ray had not served a mission in his youth. This mission began in 1939, two months after the marriage. Dorothy had her companion and Ray had one of his own. That complicated things, but it was customary. One of the contacts Dorothy had was Gennette, a plural wife - under cover, of course - of an apostate group. This relation of friendship continued into the late 1950s.

Dorothy got the job in 1954 at Farr's at the dough-nut counter because our family income was low at the time. (Ray had been laid off from Eimac, and the available in-town jobs did not pay as much as Eimac had. This was also the time when Ray envisioned a more healthy life by adhering to special diets, which in time, weakened him, affecting his work.) She made sure her work schedule let her be at home during the day for her kids. She worked from 5 p.m. To 11 p.m. most days. (Since she was away at suppertime, Ray took the opportunity to teach the children a little about cooking.)

Dorothy got along famously with those who worked the other counter at Farr's. It was Farr's Ice Cream, just east of Harmony Court on the south side of South Temple. (Harmony Court was straight across South Temple from "J" St.) When Ray was re-hired at Eimac, her job was no longer needed for the family.

Yet, she liked being busy. By the 1960s, the kids could take care of themselves. She volunteered at the Bryant Jr. High School cafeteria. After a time (in 1975), she found herself helping (and being paid to help) at the cafeteria - cooking - at the Primary Children's Hospital on 11th Ave. And she walked to and from work, even in the snow. Ray would drive up and bring her home when she asked. She continued there until 1988, just for the friendship and association. She was considerate of everyone; people around her loved her and called her, indispensable. During her work years, she was able to finance a house, even though her work was

only part-time.

Those beyond her own children may not realize that Dorothy never drove a car; she didn't see a need for it. She was happy to have others drive.

Dorothy Fought City Hall:

At 640 1st Ave., the lot was small. Oh, it was a corner lot so it had nice space in front, but the rear was tight. Our garage was on top of a plateau, and its sides were only a foot or so from the property line. This didn't bother us at all, as kids. It was fun to sneak along "behind" the garage. But in the 1960s, it was dilapidated. It had taken to leaning southward, toward Mr. Taylor's property, which was six feet lower. There was a retaining wall which defined the elevation difference. The garage had never been painted. It needed replacing. Dorothy and Ray found that a replacement cost too much; a carport would be better.

Well, to do that (build something) you need a permit from the city. Since Ray worked during the day, Dorothy was the one to interface with the city. No trouble; she took the bus downtown. The city said they needed to see the plans of what we intended to build. A sketch was made at home. The city then said, "Oh, no. You can't build it there. There has to be a setback of two feet from the property line on all sides. There's a power pole at the corner, too. You need permission from the power company to encroach on their right-of-way." Dorothy told them, "There isn't a foot to spare. If the garage is there, why can't an open garage - carport - be there?" No, the city was stubborn. Dorothy used arguments such as the beautification of the property, danger of the present structure collapsing, etc. After two such iterations, Dorothy just stayed home and swore at the city.

The situation was resolved in this way:

In the time that Bob was away on his mission in England, the Woodbury Company was still on its project of buying up all the houses on the block. They had been at it for years; they had to wait until people had a reason to sell. By 1965, Woodbury had all the houses except for Kaufmann and Young. On one of their visits to yet sell the idea to these two remaining hold-outs, they showed listings of houses. Our family went so far as to look at one in Sugarhouse. It was okay, but moving didn't quite make sense.

Then the Woodbury people showed a listing on "J" St. - 227 "J" St. - which was the old fire chief's house. Of course, Dorothy knew the lady, now a widow; the husband had died. The house was "larger" than our present one. It was priced a bit higher than the valuation of our house. But to entice us to "move", Woodbury adjusted the price, so that it was an even trade (no debt incurred). And, yes, it had a viable garage.

In the late 1990s, Dorothy volunteered to live in the upstairs apartment of 227 "J" St. while Mike & Krissy lived on the main floor. Dorothy was still quite active; she went to church socials and visited "the old folks in rest homes, to cheer them up".

As age caught up with her, she took over a bedroom on the main floor. That is where she died in May of 2004.