

LaRue KIDD Life Story - 1978

I, LaRue Kidd, was born September 1, 1914, in Bruneau, Idaho, to Drucilla Pearl Judd and Hyrum Alexander Kidd. I was the second of five children born there. I spent my first 8 years there. It was in these younger years that I got pneumonia, which I received an abscess on my arm, causing me to almost lose my right arm. But through prayer and Mother working with it by rubbing it with oil to keep it from going stiff, I still have it, although it is a little crooked, and I find it hard to do some things. At one time, the doctor set a day to cut my arm off above the elbow. I was around three years old at this time. LaRue once got a sore on her lip (left side, upper lip) from falling off a moving cultivator machine when she was almost three.

Her mother tells some details of this:

She was my first girl. When she was 3 years old, she had typhoid pneumonia. And for 8 long weeks, she laid, so that she just didn't understand anything, & the last few days we had the doctor (many times) -- but the last few days he came he looked at her & said she couldn't possibly live the night through. I had an old antique clock that my aunt gave me in 1903. At Upton Utah. He told me that, at midnight, there would be a change -- she would either die, or she would get better. But that he didn't think that she would. So I sat right beside the bed & watched the clock as it ticked on & on & on. And just 3 minutes before 12 o'clock, her eyes set, & she looked up at the sky, & they just looked like panes of glass. And I knew my girl was dying. I got down on my knees, & I prayed more than I had ever prayed in my life. I told Heavenly Father that I just felt like I couldn't let her go. I said, "Please let us keep her." And before I said 'Amen', she looked up & she said, "Momma, Daddy, I want a drink of water." And from that time on, she started to improve, & I told her (I missed saying: I asked God, "If He would only give me her I would give Him anything we had; I said, take anything, but leave her".) We had plenty then. We had a lot of sheep, we had a lot of lambs, & we had money -- we could have bought almost anything. But I felt like I'd rather have her than anything else then. I said, "If You let us have her, We'll give you all that we have." And then I said 'Amen', & then she spoke to me. And then we went to bed with her, & she wanted to drink. So, my husband, he got up & he got her a drink. And she had a little broth. And we went to sleep. I'd sat with her so many times, we never woke up until broad daylight. But when I woke up & found it was broad daylight & the chores hadn't been done or anything, he went out to do the chores. And when he came in the house, I could tell there was something wrong. I looked through our window, & our sheep that we had, there was so many of them there, & they laid that they were dead. & from then on, they just kept on dying. He'd haul them up, in what we called a kind of a gully, it was kind of a valley that was in there, more of a canyon, & we buried

them up there. & from then on, seems like everything, no matter what it was, they just kept on dying. And the grasshoppers came. & the rabbits came. & they were so thick, the fields were just covered with them. They ate all our nice crop. They even chewed up my nice little trees that looked really nice. They chewed up all the bark off of them. No matter what we did, things kept on, but our girl kept on getting better & better, until she was well again & could walk. She had been so she couldn't walk. & as the years went by, she grew to womanhood.

Now, about LaRue, after she began to get better, It settled in her little arm, & she had an abcess in the elbow, & we had the doctor there, & he said that he'd have to take her arm off. & I said that we'd wait for just a little while, so I told my husband (his name was Alec), & I said, "Alec, let's bless a bottle of oil." And he put his hand on my shoulder, & I held the oil with his hand, & he blessed the oil, & these were the words he said: he said we were to rub -- that we were to pray, to rub the oil on our girl's arm, & it will help it, so that she won't have to have it removed. I rubbed the oil on it, as he told me to, & as I rubbed it on, hair grew on that arm, just thick, & it just kept on growing on. But the arm was stiff, & it was stiff so that she couldn't use it; she couldn't even feed her little self with it. She couldn't even pick her nose, or put her little hand up to her head. But I just kept on rubbing it. Day after day, I rubbed it. I rubbed it sometimes five or six times, & each time I prayed that she would be so she could use her arm, & that it would not have to be taken off. When the time came for us to go over to have it taken off, to the doctor, he was going to take it off, she laughed & said, "See what I can do! I can pick my nose!" & she held her little hand up & picked her nose, & he asked me, "What have you done for that, that she can move it?" She could put her little hand up, back of her head, & around to her back, & he asked me what I had done with it. And I said, "I rubbed it." He said, "You did more than that to it! He said, "There's something that you did to it, but he didn't understand, he wasn't a Latter-day Saint. And I never told him that we had blessed the oil. He said, "I won't have to cut her arm off; it'll be better now. She'll be alright." And it did. It got better. so that she could use it. She uses it up to today, now. & from that time that she had it, up until now, she can still use it. She can write with it. It's crooked, but it's a good arm, & she can still use it, & I know for a surety, that God did answer our prayers.

When she [LaRue] was age 7 (or 8), she had wanted a "Momma Doll" very badly. Her family had just moved into a new town. Such a doll was expensive. Her mother told her that it just wouldn't happen this Christmas. Santa Claus visited some of the homes during the day on Christmas Eve, to assure everyone that he was coming. Unbeknownst to LaRue, Santa was her uncle in disguise. At her home, Santa asked for the children's Christmas present requests. After that, he spent a

few minutes in simple conversation with the children. He stopped in the middle of a sentence with LaRue, & told her that she could count on a "Momma Doll". So LaRue went to bed with very sweet dreams in her head.

Later that night, her mother, Pearl, went to the various hiding places to get the children's presents that Santa was to leave. She had bought a doll for LaRue some time ago. She had forgotten how it looked, so she peeked at it under its wrapping before putting it under the tree. She was surprised to find that it was a "Momma Doll".

But, how had Santa known?

LaRue continues:

And I was eleven when I had my tonsils out. I should have had them out a year before, as it infected my ears and I have had trouble hearing all my life. Our town was small; we did have a doctor, but my folks took me to Rupert, Idaho, to have my tonsils out. My father's folks lived there, so after I had them out, we stayed with them for a while before going back to Bruneau, a distance of about 125 miles.

My parents farmed there - mostly hay and alfalfa seed. They also raised sheep. My folks had moved to Bruneau in February 1912 along with my dad, his brother, John and wife. Also his sister, Margaret and her husband. So we had cousins to play with, and the summers were nice and hot and we lived close by the Snake River, where we went swimming about every day that it was warm. My brother, Melvin, who was two years older, could swim when he was nine, and the summer I was six, I about drowned. I had rode on my dad's back while he swam several times and this day, just us kids were in the water, and I jumped from the bank on my brother's back, taking us both under. My older cousin, about age 11, grabbed me and pulled me out on the bank. My brother got himself out. That was my last try at a free ride. We also had horses we rode. I was too small to get on myself, but I would lead the horse up to the pigpen and climb up on it, and get on the horse. The horse was good and tame. All that could get on was welcome. Some about rode on its tail and when I got off I would slide off his tail, hanging on it until I hit the ground.

Melvin and I often asked Dad for money. He usually had a pocket full of change, and gave us the ten or fifteen cents we were thinking of having. The 24<sup>th</sup> of July was a big celebration in Bruneau. Dad would give us each 50 cents. A carnival ride, or a hot dog, soda pop, or popcorn each cost 5 cents. We ran in foot races. Dad could take first place in foot races.

Cars were few then; we used mostly mountain hacks or buggies, with

horses in front. The only time we used the car was when we went to a bigger town. The first car I remember was a 1920 or 1921 Page. The folks took the mountain hack, or wagon, when they went to Bruneau. It was about four miles from the ranch. Dad would put straw in the wagon and a quilt over it, so us kids, if we got sleepy, would just sack out. The mountain Hack had two sets of seats, like back and front, and had side curtains you could roll up and down and it was pulled by two horses.

My first day in going to school there was quite a high spot in my early life. The year before I started, my brother had gone to a different school, so this was new to him, too. And our folks, thinking we could fend for ourselves, sent us off to school in a one-seated buggy. We had horses and my brother had rode a horse the year before, but Mother thought it would be better to take the buggy. It was pulled by one horse, and my brother was a good driver. We started off this fine September morning. When we got about half-way to school, we came to a house where the people had moved away for a while, so we stopped to rest the horse, and to look around. There was a henhouse, barn, granary, cellar, along with the house they lived in. After we had looked in each building, forgetting about school at the time, until it was too late, we just spent the day there at the house. There were toys and different things the people had left, that we played with, and entertained ourselves. This went on for about a week or ten days. We would go home each day when we would see some neighbor children going home. [That lasted] until a neighbor went to see Dad and asked him if he knew his children weren't going to school. Dad didn't say anything to us about the neighbor seeing us. He just said he was going to school with us the next morning. I can still remember how scared I was when Daddy asked me which room was mine. My brother had two reading books from the year before, and that is what we were reading. He had been my teacher, but things got straightened out when Dad took us to school, and he told them what we had done.

They had a place to put your horse there at the school, a barn in the winter, and a hitching post when warmer. We would bring oats or grain to feed the horse at noon. There were two rooms and two teachers: one for grades 1-4, and another for grades 5-8.

I went to school two years there before moving to Twin Falls, Idaho. I remember one time my brother, Melvin, and I were helping Dad by packing up some potatoes that he plowed out for our winter use, and I was having trouble keeping the suspender up on my trousers, as the snap was broken and I started crying. I figured if I went home to have Mother fix it, she might not let me come back. But Dad fixed it by using a nail instead of a button or snap. I thought he was pretty wise to think to do that.

We also had two long rows of poplar trees, a row on each side of a lane. And in the fall we would sure have fun in the leaves.

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

My dad and his brother, John, would cut ice in big blocks from the Snake River in the wintertime, and store them in sawdust and straw in a block house for our summer use. We would have get-togethers about every Sunday and holiday and make ice cream. I remember once when they were making ice cream. After the ice cream got about half hard, they would open up the freezer and add some cream, and then freeze it some more. But turning the handle this time, they had left a big granite spoon in it and it was ground up in the ice cream, which we had to throw away. It looked like we had put in blue pepper. Us kids were jumping around with our dishes, wanting ice cream. The folks had to make another batch. We had most of the get-togethers to our place, as we had a nice lawn and tree that Mother had planted and took care of, hauling lots of water from a ditch for the tree. We also had some fruit trees. She planted those, too.

I remember going fishing in the Snake River for sturgeons with my Dad, Mother, and brother. You catch them with set lines - by stringing a line out so long, with hooks every so far on it. And one time we got one [a sturgeon] which weighed about 75 pounds. They strung it up in a tree by our house, and boy! I thought it was big.

Once when I was riding my horse, Speed, with a big doll, my dad bought me one time for staying home when Mother and he went to Mountain Home - a place about 20 miles from Bruneau. And as I was going around the house by our kitchen window, I went under a cloth line, catching the doll and pulling her off the horse. Mother was looking out the window, and she thought I had my baby brother on the horse, and it was he that went off the horse, so she about had a heart attack. I was only about six then.

At some of the get-togethers when we had ice cream, the men would run races and play horseshoes. My dad was a good runner. I was, too. I won several races in my younger life.

My father's younger brother moved down to Bruneau after Father and Mother had been there eight years so he joined in the get-togethers, too. They had one boy at the time they came.

My folks had a fellow by the name of John Munger build us a cistern - a well and a cave as a cellar. The cave was 8 feet deep and round, like a jug, or bottle. It was all made of cement. The only thing else was a top made of bricks and cement joined together - not a board or a nail was used. The cupboards were round with wooden shelves. It had a 4-inch floor, all cement, and 12 steps of cement. In the top was placed between the bricks, three large hooks to hang meat. It had one small hole in the top. It was extra cool and would last for years. There were only two in the Bruneau Valley. After it was all finished, my dad covered it with dirt. He used a large scraper and drove an extra large team of horses to do the job.

Mother planted a nice lot of grass on top, which made it look real pretty. The other cave, Mother said, was built about five miles from our place. It was built on top of the ground, but [was] a lot like ours. His name was Edd Halverson. He lived just above the town in a big two-story house. Each cave John made was called an echo cave because it did echo. Mr. Munger just put the plaster on the bare walls without any frame of any kind, and it stuck to the walls like a hard smoke finish, and was as slick as glass. He charged my dad \$75.00, and Daddy furnished everything. The cistern was made round also. It was six feet wide and about 20 feet deep. The cistern was filled with water from the ditch. It was run through a thick cotton filter and two inches of charcoal, which purified it. It was cleaned out and refilled about once a month during the summer. The pump had little cups on a round chain. When you turned the handle, the cups would go down in the water empty, on the one side of the pump, and come up on the other side full - and dump in your bucket. The water was nice and cool. We also had lots of sheep sheds. My daddy had sheep, quite a few at one time. They had four bands with 1,000 to a band. Mother had one band given her when her mother died - before her and Daddy were married. Daddy had the Indians shear the sheep. They did a good job. I can remember the Indian ladies coming and some had little babies. They had them on a cradleboard, and would just stand the board up along the side of the shed when they were working. The women sheared too. They also carried those cradleboards on their backs when walking. Bruneau was close to an Indian reservation, so I saw a good many of them. Daddy also had them work in the hay fields.

When my family went to town, they either took the wagon, or a bigger buggy. In the wagon, Dad would put straw and then on top, a big heavy quilt Mother made up. If we were late getting home, or it was cold, we had another quilt to put on top of us.

We had a car in 1918, but we only used it when we went to a bigger town.

We had sheep and we had a ranch. All the ranching was done with

horses and men pulling up the hay. It took four to six men using a wagon. One guy loaded and drove, while two pitched the hay up to him. One guy stacked the hay. There were five guys to a wagon; one drove and loaded, while the other four pitched the hay up on the wagon. (Two on a side) The hay was cut and piled and then left to dry before being hauled. They would bring the wagon in from the fields to a stack yard, where the hay was removed from the wagon by a derrick and a Jackson Fork was raised up by a cable pulled by a horse while [it] was driven by a young guy or girl. When the fork with the hay was high enough, they would then pull a rake and the hay would fall and the guy on top of the stack would straighten it out level.

The grain was cut and tied and then stacked four to six bundles standing upright to dry more. Then [it was] hauled in where the thresher came around. Not many had a thresher. There was about 12 with the thresher. The thresher was run by a large engine and long belts.

Ditches were dug by horses pulling small scraper shovels held up by men and dumped by another man.

A few years later we moved to a larger town where they had school. [The] wagon that we went to school in had side curtains - no glass - and two rows of seats. About 30 children rode in it, and it used two horses for power. The city streets every morning early by water tank on a wagon drawn by horses. The same with an ice cream buggy --- this was the children's delight, to see it coming down the street, ringing a bell. Things change, every year to bigger and modern things. You think they couldn't change much more, but there seems to be no end.

We had no electricity; we used candles, lamps, and then gas lights. Then electricity came.

Water was put in a round hand-dug well boarded up with boards and cement. And the water was hauled in and run through a filter and pulled up with a bucket, or a hand pump.

There was no washing machine, just a washing board and tub for a while. Then we had a machine run by a gasoline motor.

#### HOW LEE MET LARUE

LaRue had to move from the family's farm in Declo to a larger town to go to high school for her senior year. She made friends; one was Melba Dana. On a Friday, the girls had a "hen's meeting", where you just talk. LaRue was included. After some hours of talking, there was a knock on the door. It was Melba's big brother, Lee, come to fetch her home to the farm. He was an hour early. To pass the time, he volunteered to walk girls home who lived nearby, in town. LaRue and Dorothy lived on the same street; he walked them home. Dorothy's home came first. LaRue's place was always off, at the end of the street. Lee asked if he could call the next

day. The answer was no, it was Saturday, washday.

Undauntable Lee was at LaRue's early the next morning -- to help with the wash. That caught LaRue off guard; her hair wasn't combed. The wash was soon done, and Lee departed.

LaRue's personality was similar. She began taking the early bus to help Melba fix breakfast for the bean-pickers. (Melba liked to lie back and watch.) LaRue could be around when Lee came for breakfast.

After harvest, Lee asked LaRue's big brother, Melvin, if he might take her to Utah for a week at his family's home. There had to be an escort; Melba went along.

They got serious that fall, and got married on the 5th of August 1933. Lee's father gave him 24 hours off. Melvin and he hauled the beans out after they were picked, and they had to be hauled.

Melvin got drunk on our wedding night. The folks moved to Ogden. LaRue and Lee moved out to "five-points", one mile out of the city limits on the north of Ogden. Lee's sister, Gertrude, and her husband had a big house they rented from his dad for \$30 a month. The new couple took half of it, and six acres of ground, for \$15 a month. They were on WPA, and couldn't even pay the rent. They lived there at least one year, and paid the rent later on, in vegetables, to Mr. Burton. The next year, they moved to Dinsdales, on West 17th Street, and stayed there for two years, farming.

That was when LouDean joined the family.

Then Freda was born almost three years later. One morning it was kind of stormy & it rained, & Freda was about to be born, & we was up at the top end in our little '28 Chev. LaRue let Lee off at the top end, & he trapped all the streams & canals down through there & she met him on the other end. She got off the road a little ways & got stuck. When she got stuck, she got out & kept getting nervous, you know, & it was about time for the baby anyway. Well, Lee got there at dark. He tried to put boards under the wheels; I don't know if we had a shovel or not, but there we were, & I started getting pains. So that was quite an experience. It was 2-1/2 miles to home, & we lived 10 miles from anybody. We lived out in no-man's land. We was the next-to-last house down toward Promontory Point. Out there at the lake, yeah. They called that West Warren. We were the next-to-last house. We walked that road, & it was slippery. So she fell alot of the time, so I carried LouDean. We got home at 1 o'clock. And the pains quit, so I thought, maybe we'll get a little sleep, but I'd just got in bed about an hour, & bang, the pains started coming. And I'd never met my neighbor down there. We'd lived there, I guess, six months or more. Anyway, Lee had to run down there in the night & the man had a vicious dog. And Lee had to wake him up; he come out, & he took his time, & Lee told him the situation. He had a car just like ours -- a '28 Chev -- & he cranked it up, & went up & got LouDean and me, and he headed for town. He never went over 20 miles an hour. More like 15. Took us 'til daylight to get there. And then, once I got up there, the pains stopped, see. And Freda wasn't born until 11 o'clock. But Lee had to turn around & go back with the guy, but I had left my medic with the baby, \$100, and my purse out in the flat. So Lee went home, & got a couple hours' sleep & got a horse -- put a harness on him; he was going to pull the car off. Then I had to go back to the hospital. Freda was born then, but she hemorrhaged from my falling so much; she had a rough time. So then, we never had any kids for 4 or 5 years, until Marva was born. Slowed down a little bit. This was in Ogden -- West Warren. We left LouDean at Gertrude's -- that's Leland's sister, while I went up to the hospital to have Freda. She took care of her there.

One reason that I had a hard time having Freda was, that I was -- when we moved up

here to this mining company, where Lee (my husband) worked in building some houses, there was no doctor there, so we needed the miner's doctor. And I just didn't want to go to a miner's doctor, so I waited until we got back down to Ogden, to go to a family doctor there, where I'd had my first child. And he said that I had something -- some kind of a disease or something that was brown. I didn't understand at the time, but when I had her, I found out that my afterbirth had stuck to my ribs & I was too far along, when I went to see him, for him to do anything for me. So they had a worse time getting that loose & for me passing that, than it did of having the baby. So that way, it started me to hemorrhage. After a while, they thought they'd have to pack me, but they didn't. I had to have a private nurse for the first night & day. They gave me -- I lost so much blood that they had me on a liquid diet, I just -- poured orange juice down me, it was liquified, so that it would make more blood. And my milk started to come in on the third day, a good lot of the blood went to milk, & I almost had milk fever. I had breasts that stuck out there, that was three times the normal size & Freda was a good little nurser, & she stretch right out there & kept with it, like she was an old hand at it. My first one didn't; I thought that LouDean was going to starve. Seemed like my nipples were bigger, & her mouth was so small, well, she just couldn't get ahold of it. Freda was good; & the first time they brought her in there, she went pop, & just hopped right onto it, & went to town. & even with that, & her nursing good, you saw the babies gain their weight back, at 10 days. And she had gained her birth weight back plus a pound, so she had that much to get from my breasts. And her taking that much milk, it still came in twice a day, & I pumped a half a pint out of each breast. And even then, they had to put kurt-packs on. And I tell you that -- I just really was miserable. For four days, I couldn't even turn. I just laid with my arms out level, like this. So it was really a wonder that I made it off there. I stayed there ten days. And in those days, that was your time; you just stayed ten days. And I wanted to mention to my doctor, one time, that I that, couldn't I come home on my 9th day, & he told me if I got up again, he'd make me stay there 14 days. He said, "Your bones don't really go back in place, he says, until your 14th day," & he said, "Any patient who's had a baby should stay in bed." And it cost us \$25 for my first girl, & \$25 for my second girl, & \$25 for each one of the doctors. And I had four children after that, with each one of them going up from \$35, to \$55, to \$70 & \$150. \$150 for Calvin. Yes, there was yet to come: Marva (after a pause) in 1944, Layne in 1946, Guy in 1949, and Calvin in 1953.

On a summer lake outing, little Freda got sunstroke. Lee's work, or keeping in work, led us to live in many places. For a time Lee was at Geneva Steel. And I had Layne then, in American Fork. But on Marva's third birthday, the house burned down. We figured an electrical short caused the fire. But there went everything we had. So that summer, Lee got a job with his truck in Wyoming. He had us take the bus there after he had started working. We lived in a tent, a few miles out from Gillette, Wyoming. That's when we were caught in the blizzard. The next year, Lee's work changed; we moved to Coalville. That's where I had Guy. Freda was baptized there. It was nice; we had relatives nearby. I had gotten used to moving every year or so, and it was nice to rest awhile in Coalville.

In 1951, the Canyon Ferry Dam project began. Dump trucks, like Lee and his brothers had, were needed. We moved to East Helena, right near the Dam. The project looked like it might last a few years, so Lee built us a house in Helena, and the girls and Layne went to regular school. This was a pleasant change from living in a trailer house. Calvin joined us.

The Dam project was completed in 1955, and Lee sought other work. We again went traveling. Our trailer house ended up near Glasgow, Montana for a few years. The branch leaders discovered us. We had neglected church for most of our married life, and here, they wanted me in the Relief Society presidency. They also wanted Lee to be Sunday School superintendent. Lee reformed very quickly; I appreciated

the chance to be a leader in the church. LouDean got to serve a mission. In eighteen months, we were able to go to the temple and be sealed as a family. We chose the Salt Lake Temple; a certain number of relatives were near that area. That was January 8<sup>th</sup> of 1958. About this time, the girls tried college life. Beside the education, college presented an expanded social life. They tried BYU one year and then Ricks the next. It worked well for LouDean; Freda and Marva had no promises.

But Lee's work ran out again, and we ended our time in Glasgow. We were next in Cutbank, Montana, still in a trailer house. Shortly, LouDean married a tall fellow. He happened to join us in Lee's work, putting LouDean next to us in the trailer park. And Freda left on her mission in May of 1961. Marva took hold of Freda's old boy friend, a rancher's son, named Richard Cook. They married in July of 1961, and Richard came to help Lee.

The year 1962 came. February 3<sup>rd</sup> there was an urgent phone call. Freda had been almost killed in an automobile accident. Full of worry, we hastily made the long trip to Marysville, California, to be at her bedside. Travel wasn't good, but we made it. After a week, I returned to Cutbank by bus. After all, I was also worried about my father. His heart was bad, and he was fading fast. Lee stayed on in California. Freda came out of the coma and by mid-March, she was home with us, trying to recuperate.

In mid-April, an urgent phone call told us that my father had passed away. I had to hurry and arrange to borrow a car and drive over to Burley for the funeral. Why did things have to come in two's?

Time passed.

Freda got married in February of 1967. We all went down to Salt Lake for that. Our first boy, Layne, married Phyllis that September.

Since Lee knew trapping, we went to Blythe, California, a couple of winters in a row (1968-1971), to trap beaver and muskrat in the irrigation canals there. Calvin came with us one time. Lee's brother, Kenneth, was with us there one winter.

Layne got a divorce from Phyllis in 1977. He then married Becky in 1978.

We were at almost every reunion for the descendants of Edward S. Dana.

The 1980 Edward S. Dana reunion was held in Ogden on July 4th. We made that a vacation trip, and spent time with relatives in Utah. We went back home July 14<sup>th</sup>. But a phone call alarmed us. Freda's little daughter, Becky, had suffocated on a toy. She was on life support. I had Lee take me down. I would be a support to Freda. Lee went back home after dropping me off at the Young's in Salt Lake. I went with Freda and family to California, where they lived. After spending more than a month there, I flew back to Montana. My first airplane ride.

Since we were both over age 65, we put a trailer in Loma, and lived there on Social Security. I got a raspberry patch going to get a little extra money. That was an enjoyable time. At odd times we made trips south to Utah and California.

Calvin, our last, married Patti in 1987.

In 1989, Lee had a stroke. I tried to care for him at home; it worked for a week. Then LouDean and I got him into a rest home. He died there three days later.

Being alone in Loma was OK, but I had breathing problems; I needed oxygen. I went to Fort Benton, and lived in an apartment near the chapel there, to be near LouDean

and a doctor. As time passed, I got weaker. I moved in with LouDean. LaRue Kidd Dana passed away just outside LouDean's home on March 21<sup>st</sup> of 2003.