

## I REMEMBER

I don't recall this, but I am told that this is how it happened and why I am here today. On December 15 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 Evans replied, "Oh, you have a new little sister." Just then Dr. Woodroff came out of the west bedroom and 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?" ----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 and my birth. Ada, was ten years my senior--Will, my brother, was seven years my senior, Lucille, five years my senior died when she was about 7 months old. She was, as they said then, a "blue baby", meaning that the valves of her heart malfunctioned. Thelma, about two and half years my senior died at about ten months of age. She was a beautiful baby, I was told and 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 and 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 alright and got pneumonia and 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 and 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 and also the stairs that led to the upstairs and Mom said, "Let's see what you are using, whatever it is

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it sure makes the steps look beautiful." The maid handed the bottle of the liquid she was using and 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 to bacon by the piece and this was called a 'slab' which is mostly fat like bacon is and of course a roast is lean. The bacon just rendered itself to nothing in the oven.)

Mom and Dad wanted Grandma Evans to be happy and as comfortable as she could be while she was ill so one day Mom went uptown to Daynes Music Store and rented a 'player' piano so that anyone of us could play music for Grandma and keep her spirits up. On this piano you could put a 'roll' in the place provided for it and 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 and told them that we had enjoyed and appreciated the loan of the piano very much, but that they could come and pick it up now as we couldn't afford it anymore. "We can't come and 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 and 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, and 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 and Dad paid that debt off, with Grandma Evans being sick and all and 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 and 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 twenty years before her death. Therefore I

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never had the privilege of knowing my Grandpas as Grandpa Asper died when my brother Will was two years old.

Grandma Asper lived with her son, youngest son, Frank. They must have lived in Grandma Asper's home on Quince Street, where Dad lived until he married Mom. Frank had always shown a great interest in music and at the age of eight he was organist in his Ward (either the 15 or 19th ward), so when he was old enough he went to Boston to study music. Grandma Asper went with him and kept house for him. I'm not wure whether they sold or rented the house on Quince Street while they were gone. Anyway they came back after a couple of years and Uncle Frank went on a mission to Germany, and while he was over there he stayed after his mission and studied music. Grandma rented an apartment in the Summerhays Apartments just across the street from us. Dad and 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 and brother and 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 and evidently spoke with good diction because I was on a good many programs of different kinds. I memorized long poems (one was thirteen verses) and stories and told them to an audience and 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 farewell, (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 'elecution'. Esther Husbands had a studio on the third or fourth floor of the old Zion's Bank building on the southeast corner of Main Street and 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. and a Dr Stevens, physician, I think. I mention these Doctors because I had always been bothered with the "croup". Many a night, Mom especially and 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 and then you wheez to try to get air and 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 and our dog thought it was another dog and started answering my by barking. Boy--I would cough just once and 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 and scarfs and 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 bet 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 and was stuffed with straw and shavings 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 and I think they numbered 15. We used to have, I guess it belonged to Will, a wooden wagon and I used to fill it with empty milk bottles and take them to the corner store (I wasn't allowed to cross any street) and Mr. Leary, the grocery man would give me a 'broom sucker'. It was in the shape of a broom on a stick and tasted like mard marshmallow. I returned home very happy and feeling important.

Our neighbors on the west of us at 249 West North Temple, were Italian. DeCaro was their name, They had three children--Francis was about three or four years older than I and Mary about two or three years older than I and 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 and would leave me over there. Mrs. D'Caro didn't speak English very much but she seemed to be a happy person and was always very nice to me. I remember once they had french bread and that holey cheese and they gave me some. Oh, how good it tasted. One time when we were playing together--I don't remember where my folks were and I'm not sure where Mrs,

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DeCaro was either. Anyway, a big storm came up and it lighteninged and thundered and really did it and it got so close that the lightning hit a transformer that was hitched to our house and broke it--then of course the lights were out. It was still day time but seemed very dark. About this time in DeCaro'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 and if we ask Him to protect us He will do it. I meant to mention that they were Catholics and I was L.D.S. At a time like this it didn't matter one bit. The storm blew over and we went out to play again.

Our neighbor on the East of us was a Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. I don't know why I always called Mrs. Taylor--Mrs. Taylor and 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 and used powder and perfume a lot and had silk dresses and 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 and 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 and then when she got enough she would put the boiler on a fire, most of the time outside and melt it and then add lye and whatever else, then pour it into bar molds and let it get hard and that was her washing soap. She did a lot of washing on the washboard in a wash tub (washers were operated by hand in those days and were expensive besides) She had about three or four children--all married at this time. Her daughter, Lenessa Bridwell and her husband, Harry and their son Jack would come and visit often. Her son, Lee, lost his wife somehow and so he and his two children Gertrude and Ralph came to live with her. I guess that is why she did more washing than Grandma Pratt, she only had one daughter, and 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

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yourself but sheets pillow cases handkerchiefs were all ironed and the 'rough dry we had in the winter time because that was when they dried the clothes and you could iron them, but the flat pieces would still be mangled.

It must have been the winter of 1918 on a very 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 and State Streets. It was rebuilt and still stands in this year 1984. It is no longer used as a school and hasn't been for years. The L.D.S. Church purchased it and used it for a mission home for the outgoing missionaries, now I'm not quite sure of what it is used for.

Our home was only about three blocks from the Lafayette (west) and Will and Ada went to school there and 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 and hit his arm and broke it--This was the Noall Brothers Lumber Mill just a block from our home (east) Anyway, Dad put me on our little sled and pulled me up to see part of the fire of the Lafayette School. It was very cold and I don't remember where the kids had to go to school until the school was rebuilt. Will and Ada were too old to be going to the Lafayette at that time. So It happened that Dad and 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 and 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 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 and took Grandma Rebecca Asper with us. Grandma had a large racoon fur coat she bot while she was back east with Frank and 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

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to pull Grandma on the sled as she didn't ice skate. She accepted and 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 and was sitting very sedately and 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 1 to 4 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 and 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 and still get paid for them--even when he broke his arm, etc he had to go to work and 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 and 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 and the thickness of the garments and 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 and a nite to get there. We

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went to Los Angeles. We had to have sleeping quarters on the train and they were called "births". Needless to say we didn't use the beds much as Will was 'train sick' and threw up all over and 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 (look for the pix.) 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 and this time it didn't so when I had my voice back and 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 and how thrilled they were and even brought out 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 even 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 and we were independent and could cook our own meals. Will and Ada registered in at the "Santos" School (not sure of spelling) They were short on room so they put Ada ahead one half a grade and 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 and 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 and Alice Lamp and their teen age daughter Jean. They were very nice to us. Dan must have made knives and 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 and we always called it 'Dan Lamp'. It is very reduced in size now however because of constant use. Dan Lamp figured that Mom would have something to protect herself and her family with as there were robberies and kidnappings going on even then. There has been all through history.

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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 and 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 and 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 and Will to the store for something and it was or had been raining and mud was on the streets. Ada and Will were crossing the street car tracks and Ada fell--her lovely pink dress was all mud and little old skinny Will was trying to pull her up without any success which made Ada all the unhappier. She got to her feet and ran to the grocery store and jumped on the scales and the pointer went up to 200 pounds. I don't think she waited a minute to calm down and let the pointer calm down too and besides she couldn't see too well through her tears. anyway, when she got home she layed on her bed and cried and cried because she was so fat. She was very self conscious and very beautiful.

In the pictures I am aiming to put in with this history I am putting in a pix 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) and scarf, etc. The little boy beside me is building a boat and 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 and there was 1 kindly, little old lady living in one of the apartments that used to come around every night to each apartment -- knock on the door -- and 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 and Uncle Dave Pratt had marked a face on it and 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 and in doing so touched it and 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

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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, and no one would associate with her, but I couldn't see any difference and thought she was real nice. We lived just a block away from President Joseph F. Smith's home and also the Church Historian Andrew Jensen. I went to school with Amelia Smith (I think she was President Smith's granddaughter and she later married Bruce W. McKonkie) and 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 and ran to the back porch just in time to see Helen in a man's arms. He dropped her in the garden and ran away. Helen was safe, but that was scary for the rest of us. There was a Ruth Morris and 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, and they could too. Sometimes I would walk home from school with a good friend, Naomi Christjensen. My folks and hers were good friends, too. One day we were walking home together and 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 and carried her. She didn't like that too much and said, "If you don't put me down I'll scratch you". I paid her no heed and I'll be darned if she didn't scratch me, just above the wrist. I let her down then and ran home to Mom because the wound was bleeding quite badly and instead of telling Mom the truth I lied! (Mom had cautioned me about carrying people and things that were too heavy. I was strong and I guess I liked to 'show off'. Anyway I told Mom I got scratched while playing "cross tag". Mom seemed to swallow my story and bound up my wound. I spent a very nervous evening and 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 and was making a pin cusion out of me, I knew I had done wrong. It is much harder to admit you have lied than taking the punishment for doing wrong in the first p

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place. Your conscience punished you far more than your parents would and then when you admit you have lied your parents punish you too so you have two punishments whereas if you had told the truth in the first place you would only have your parents punishment and at least you would have their respect for telling the truth. I finally got up out of my bed and went into Mom's bedroom and woke her up and told her the truth. After that I sure felt better and want 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 restaurent. 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 and came home in about a week or ten days later. Ada and Will took care of the house and were very good to me although I was lonesome for Mom. After she got home (It must have been around May 1 because her birthday was on the 5th of May), we kids decided to surprize 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' and surprize 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 and gave him fifty cents and asked him to go get her a rosebud for her birthday because no one has even mentioned my birthday to me today." She was feeling a little bit down. Will of course obeyed and brought back the rose bud and put it in a vase and 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 and maybe nuts but no eggs or milk in it. but it is sure good and it came to be a tradition. Ada did such a good job on it and frosted it and wrote 'Happy Birthday Mom' on it and then went to put it on the back porch to cool and set and it slipped off the plate and fell upside down on the

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porch floor. Poor Ada felt so bad. Anyway, we scrapped the icing off and put more on and 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 and they took me to see her in her room and I noticed a little black button looking thing laying on her arm. I was scared anyway and I thought this little black thing was hurting my Mom and I got very sick and started to vomit. What I should have done is to ask someone about that little black button and 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--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 and pulled her hair thinking to strengthen her scalp and 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 and in style and 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 and Will were dead set against it. Ada 'bided her time. Then one day she up and cut it and curled. She looked very cute to me, but I think she wore her hat for two whole days so Dad and Will wouldn't find out all at once anyway. They really couldn't do anything but frown and 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 and 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

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her hair. "Oh, 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 quirped. "He don't like to see you suffer". Mom was still firm, but Ada and I devised a plan I would sit on Mom's lap while Ada took the shears and 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 and 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 and they both loved the convenience of the short hair and the free feeling it gave them. Dad and Will learned to love it too, because Mom and Ada never let their hair grow long again.

Guess I'll go back a few years and 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 and 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 thin and weak and worn out. They used to have a train go up Emigration Canyon and 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.

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The fresh canyon air and 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, and a big screened in porch that went clear across the length of the cabin. We had a big long table out there and a bench on both sides of it and 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 and the hotel or inn was built. The creek was very handy for cooling watermelons, cooling butter and keeping milk sweet and cool. We had no refrigerators. Didn't need any. Ada, Will, and Grandma Asper enjoyed many sunners 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 and Will and had to come down to the city with Mom and 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 danyon 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 and I had fun catching grasshoppers and digging them a hole in the side of the dirt hill and 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 and 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.

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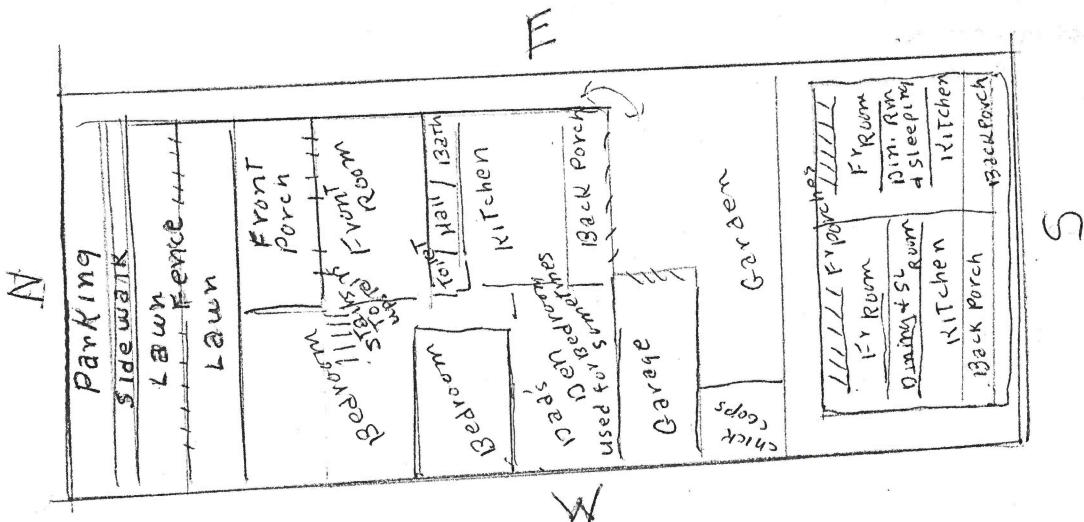
We liked to go over there and find different rocks and see lots of little squirrels and chipmunks running around. Will sold the cabins up there after he was married. Neither of us could keep them up, and we didn't go up there that much.

One day we all went for a ride in our 1915 Studebaker. By the time we had finished our ride, big clouds had formed and 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. Afterwhile we heard that they had had a big flood in Farmington and that 2 lives were lost in it. Big huge boulders traveled down the mountain side spurred on by the rushing stream of water and 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 and 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 and had picked up her watch on his toes. They found each other later and were very happy and relieved.

I guess the house at 249 West North Temple seemed very dark and gloomy to Mom. I will tell you a little about it. When Dad and 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 it. After a while he built a four-plex apartment house at the very back of our yard. This supplementd my parents income as they charged fifteen dollars a month rent for the downstairs and ten dollars a month rent for the up-stairs apartments. They were very nice, compact apartments, too. of course, all of them had a coal cooking stove and a heater stove in the front room. (the cooking stove was in the kitchen). The renters stored their own coal and 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 and we'd go to church and then go for a ride. Well, anyway we heard the

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the fire engine sirens and wondered where the fire was. We came up Second West I think it was and 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 and set them on the porch which of course had a wooden floor. That sure is a surprize when you look to see where the fire is and here it is on your own property. Here is sort of a diagram of the property at 249 West North Temple.



Dad would sure laugh at this diagram. Anyway 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 a driveway or alley between us.

Mom used to leave me with Dad once in a while while she and Ada went out. (they belonged to the Ward choir and once in a while they would go to the Wilkes Theater which is now the Promised Valley Playhouse. Ada used to play the organ and piano a lot too. She was very good at it and 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 and we would drive up to some imaginary spot in a canyon and before we got very far Dad would go to sleep and start snoring and I would get scared. He would start with a Z-Z-Z-Z and then go to a Zuck--Zuck very loudly. Now I knew that Dad was real tired so generally I

(turn over for a note)

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wouldn't disturb him until I couldn't stand it or couldn't take my mind off of it then I would wake him and he'd say "Oh, did I drop off?"" Sorry". Then we'd go up the same imaginary hill and he'd drop off again. Sometimes I would try to make an orcestra out of his snoring, but there were to 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 or sweater--no breakfast and be hungry--no shirt sometimes and someone else would have to share clothing and food to keep them comfortable. Well, Dr Woodruff is the on that we would call at 2 or 3 A M to come and help me get over a spell of the "croup". (Yes, doctors really made house calls at 3 a m 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 and little. I don't know how many shots I had but I never have had the 'croup' since.

I was about seven and 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 and 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) and was going to spank him. So I said the piece well and ran to my teacher Mrs. Husbands who was seated in the audience. I stayed there for a while and then asked if I could go to Mom and Dad on the other side of the room. She said, "Yess, go quietly." Which I did. Dad took me on his lap and that is all I can remember. I guess I must have fainted because the first thing I remember is Dr. Woodruff bending over me and 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

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breakdown' and had to quit reciting so much--and I did. I was nealy eight years old at this time and 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 Utah now) When I recited on the Pantages Theater, Babe Ruth was there and I recited "The White Sox" for him and he gave me an autographed baseball. (Bob has it now). I recited over K S L 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 and he listened at home to me and said I sounded like an adult. I also recited in many chapels, etc. My brother will and Sister Ada was once on the Salt Lake Theater Stage. Ada was in a dance and Will was a policeman in a play I think.

My Dad went on his mission in 1900. He had been courting Mom and 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 and refreshments afterwards. Anyway the missionary had to depend on the Lord 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 and the good people being afraid to take in anyone they didn't know, so the Church decided it would be better for the missionary to be able to pay his way to have 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 and he was in this little hut way out from civilization. All he had to eat was a 25¢ sack of oatmeal. He would catch the rain water to drink and cook the oatmeal in, so therefore he got very run down and 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

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a month or two. They didn't have the communication those days like they have now. I guess someone finally located him and brought him a horse or he rode with them on a horse and 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 and for the rest of his life he had a soft place in his ankle with skin covering it that looked and 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 and when the elastic stockings came out that was a lot quicker to put on and just as efective. 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 Brothers Lumber Mill. He did all the wood work himself. The mill was just 1 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 and down summer and 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 5x5 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. 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 and was brick and nice and warm. Here is were his Uncles kept the books and took orders. Dad did a lot of work for the Cresent Ice Cream Company and sometimes they would bring him some ice cream novelties in the shape of watermelon slices which was strawberry ice cream with chocolate pieces in 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. Beaches, pears grapes and all were delicious. Mom had them for one of her special dinners one time. They cost a whole 25¢ apiece though. The Eskimo bars were 5¢. Sometimes Mom would forget her key to get into our house and Dad would be working at the mill overtime

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and the gates to the mill would be locked or Mom would want to get a message to Dad and I was the only one small enough to crawl under the big gate at the mill and 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 2 years old with Mom went to visit Dad or I mean just to take a message to him and 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 and I found myself climbing, climbing up the stairs. They were pretty big but I could make it. Wouldn't Mom and Dad be surprised!. I was about three fourths of the way up and 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 and get you"--"Just Stand still."---- "Yes, Mom" and 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) 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 O K 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 and the train that went to Saltair went over a wooden trussel to the resort. Black Rock was nearly covered. The dining pavilion and 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 and cigar counter at Saltair. It was famous for having a two story construction, having the dance floor on top and the dining or lunch pavilion below it. It had electric lights outlining the whole building and being two story construction you could see it for miles and miles away.

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Some of the lights reflected in the water. It was a beautiful sight. They had popular bands come and 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 and a lot of 'chance' stands, like breaking the balloon for a prize, etc. and 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 and 2 or 3 or 4 open air cars. The ride in itself was exhilarating. When I was little I enjoyed myself at the resort and 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 and then take the train. We were very surprised to see Saltair getting dryer and dryer and wondered what was going to happen. By 1940 the lake had receded until Salt air 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 and 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 and smell the fresh saltair. Now in 1982 -3-4- it is coming back to its original depth and 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 and we'd go along Second West which is now Third West and 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 and boy did they taste good. Just split them open right there and eat. Mmmmm

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Sometimes we'd all get in the car and go out west a few miles in the sagebrush and hunt rabbits. So Mom went and purchased a portable phonograph for fifty dollars so that we could take it with us and 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 and it is still in working condition.

We had an apricot tree, a peach tree, a pear tree, and plum tree in our yard. We didn't raise any berries. Strawberries were a very good fruit in Dad's opinion and so were melons which we didn't raise. We often had bread, milk, and 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 and 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 and 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 and Dad and I got back home in due time and 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 and his bicycle demolished. So Dad said O K we'll get in the car and go to Billy Main's and see if he knows where Will is or has seen him. So we rode over there. At this time it was getting dusk and it would soon be dark. Dad got out of the car to talk to Billy. They talked together for a little while and then as they walked toward our car Mom heard Billy say, "Well, Fred, (my Dad) Will has been gone from here for over an hour." Doom swept over Mom! Her tongue went like a piece of wood in her mouth she explained afterwards. Dad drove us home and we got Mom's feet in hot water (that has always been our method of relaxing one), we got her a warm drink. Then all of a sudden she got to her feet and went out in the alley way and shouted "Will", just as loud as she could. "What do you want, Mom?" came the answer from over the fence in the next yard.

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"I didn't know you were home yet," said Will, "I got home early and put my bike away and came over here to play with Ralph and 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 and she also had her mother to care for besides her family of Mom and 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 and 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 and it split his nose open and or 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 and help him breathe better and the machine broke off in his head or nose and 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 and naturally throw his hands up and if he hit the wire it would split his nose clear open again, so they 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 and so on. Then Mom lost Lucille, who was a 'blue baby and Thelma, who was a beautiful baby and took the measles at about 8 months and 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 and Ada and Will for a ride in our Studebaker touring car. There were no windows in cars at that time but

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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 and Mom looked first at Will who was seated on her left side in the back seat and then at Ada who was seated on her right side. The rain got heavier as they went along and Mom kept swishing back and forth looking first at Will and then at Ada. "You're cold, aren't you" she would say to Will and 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 and he turned around and the kids were really blue, but not from cold--just from the plumes of Mom's hat. Even Mom got a kick out of that.

I guess the house at 249 West North Temple seemed very dark and 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 and 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) and the house north of the property was owned by a little old couple by the name of Atkinson and 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, "O K." and 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 and 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 and a gardner. North of Atkinson's was a hose and a store, owned by people named Mudge. Mr. and Mrs. Mudge and

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their son, Jeff lived there and operated the store. Across the street and on the northeast corner of South Temple was Senator King's home. It was quite large and had kind of a tower like a castle in one corner of it. Senator King didn't live there, it was his daughter and her husband and their four children lived there. Their name was Milner. Stanley was a little older than I and then King his brother was younger and then there was Ramola and a littler sister. Going East on South Temple was the home of Llewellyn Thomas, an attorney, (the house is still standing, but used for commercial purposes) Next east was Governor Dern's home. He and his family lived there for awhile and then they moved. It was a large impressive lumber building. The carriage house is preserved and 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 forget her maiden name, because her mother really owned the home. Next door north was the Brown's then the Blacks, and then Kings again. This was a different family than on the south corner and no relation even. The Kings had two daughters, Dana and Ruth. I thought that was wierd--Kings on each corner and 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 and 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 and fall we used to get our little wooden wagon and go with Mom to 'Fisher's Market' to get fruit or vegetables to eat and preserve. There was no refrigeration at this time and the corner markets couldn't keep produce fresh very long. For this reason we were content with canned or I mean bottled fruit and vegetables all winter, but when spring time 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 Gardlow House. They are trying to restore it now. It is a beautiful house, but when we went there after fruit

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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 and either sell it to us themselves or sell it to Fishler and 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 and 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 and the kids had saved up what they could to come to America and 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 shie store. She bought the shoes for John and 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 and see what hurts." Grandma examined the shoes carefull and inside the shoe lining was something hard and round. She carefull worked it out of the lining and 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 and 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 and 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 affected their hair and got into their heads and 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 and 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

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a small stream of water my Aunt decided she had had enough and she didn't care what became of her so she lay down by the stream and 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 and had her wash her hands and face in the little stream and then gently said, "Put your hand on my arm and we will catch up to your company." How they got there she doesn't remember, but they did catch up to her Company and she was able to come to Salt Lake and 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 and Willard Brown from Scipio Utah and 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 and Ada were going. They boarded with us for a while and then they rented the upstairs rooms in our house and 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 and the kitchen, (stove, sink, etc.) was in a cupboard that was waist high. You just reached into the cupboard and 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 and a sleeping porch. Grandma Asper lived in the two apartments for some years. The boys lived up there and did their own washing and cooking. We have a pix of Loren Hershey doing the washing on the roof of DeCaro's house. For one reason the kitchen wasn't very big and Loren knew he could get DeCaro's roof wet and it wouldn't be so bad as to flood

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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 with Will, my 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 it 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 and 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 and Will took the bus out to some address on Browning Avenue and 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) and 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 airdale?) to that he learned to open the back door and let himself in the house. He would stand on his hind feet and twist the knob with his fore feet until it clicked and opened, Then he would turn around and take his paws and shut the door. Mickey was a good dog and we all loved him. Grandma Asper would say, "Nice doggie, but stay away". He would let himself in our big kitchen though and 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 and great effort to clean that big kitchen floor. There was no wax or anything to put on it to keep it clean either. Mickey

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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 and 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 and it scared Mickey. I don't know which incident scared Mickey but he went away and 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 and trotted off again. He looked very healthy and 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 and fishing. He never took a vacation from work to do these things, however, he would get up at 4:00 a m and drive out to the Rudy Gun Club, of which he was a member, go to his 'blind' and get the limit of ducks (at that time I think it was 25) and get back to work by 7:30 a m. 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 and baked them just right. Even people saying they didn't like duck would eat them and say how good they were. We once had a dinner for twenty or twenty four people and she had stuffed a whole teal (small duck) for each one. Mom was sure expert in this line. Roasting ducks and 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 like to go deer hunting. He might have taken one day off for deer hunting but most often he didn't. He would go week ends. Sometimes he would go up Parley's Canyon (in those days it was o K to hunt there) and 'bag' his deer and get home with it and go to work. I don't ever remember us salting the deer down to keep it. We didn't have freezers, Mom didn't can it either. I don't know how they kept it for a while. Later on we were so glad when we could rent a freezer and fill it with venison. Dad would also spear carp at the Gun Club. Ada

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sure liked carp, I can't say I did. Dad made many boats for the Club members. and some that didn't. 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 and set on a stool or just the bottom of the blind with gun in hand and wait for a flock of ducks to come over and get close enough so you could shoot them. Dad also made the decoys. Some were cut out of metal and put on metal or wire stakes, which they would stick in the mud or ground and that would leave the silhouette, but Dad made such good wooden ones and painted them just like the real ducks. They had a weight on the bottom so they would swim upright and 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 and he would walk out to Becks Hot Springs to shoot ducks and be home by 8:00 a.m. 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 and seven miles back and 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 and had our Thanksgiving dinner on planks put on saw horses. The first time I met our neighbor Mrs. King I was sleigh riding (belly gutting it was called) when you run and slam your sled down and jump on it at the same time. Well, I slammed down my sled by our driveway and slammed my face past my sled because my face hit the ice and it skinned my face up. I came up with a bloody nose, etc. and said "hello" weakly as she passed by. "She said "Oh, too bad". and 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 Atkinsons didn't live next door for too long. I guess one died and 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 liked to play "Rook". My Mom did too and I think at this time Wilford was boarding with us and of course he and Ada liked to play too. I never knew Will to play cards

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very much though. Dad didn't play though. He went to bed at 9:00 p.m. every nite. Joe and I liked them to get together because then we would get together and 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 and turn on the light in the basement kitchen and 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 and we used to act out movies and 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 nites, because there was a scarey 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 and she tried a lot of diets, but she didn't lose weight. She starved herself one time and 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 and 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 so 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 and 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 and 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 2 or 3 years Mrs. Bulmer married again This time to a Mr. Fulmer. They had moved from 'H' Street to a little white house between Fifth and 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 and I got married. Of course, Joe had grown up by this time too.

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He was trying his hand at a restaurant on Third South between West Temple and Main Street. I don't know where they went from there.

Ada got married to Wilford June 6, 1928 and Will got his Mission Call and left for the Northwest mission June 18, 1928. With two vacancies in the family all at once, Mom was disdraught. I was 12 when Ada got married. We still owned 249 W. N. T. and so Dad said Ada and Wilford could stay there in one of the apartments. Dad had been renting it to a Mr. Hyler I think it was and he died and his wife moved out. Well, Ada and Wilford lived down there for about three weeks and Ada took sick and 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 and just stay in bed. She couldn't eat and 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 and 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 and on Christmas Eve and Day I guess really for a week--Ada was so sick and Mom kept having these bad breathing attacks. I remember Ada couldn't get out of the house so she and 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 and 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 and 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 and she went very stiff. We got her laid on the floor and called the doctor and Mom told me to get her feet in hot water. Well, I got 2 saucepans and got hot water in them but as far as getting her feet in them that was a different story. For one thing the

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the saucepans were too little for her feet to go into and 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 and 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 O K. After the baby came, Bill, or (William Samuel Young) Ada and 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 and Ada came out the front door to get the mail I guess and the door blew shut and it was locked. The back door was locked too so she couldn't get back into the house. ~~be the best~~ she could do was to stand at the front window and 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 Seventeenth Ward, (Alvin Olsen, he was Andrew Jensen's, son-in-law) came by. He was a salesman and was going from house to house selling things. He saw frantic Ada and cold Ada, because it was November I guess and she explained the trouble and he climbed in a bedroom or bathroom window and opened the front door for her so she could get into 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 and Tan' and as a pup could fit in a teacup. When she was full grown she wan't over eight inches long and about four inches tall. She was a darling little puppy and I loved her. Dad didn't like her though and 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 in the kitchen mostly. Dad didn't ever like dogs in the front room, but when he wasn't home Mom and I played with her in there. We had her for three years and then one day the U of U had a parade on South Temple and Mom went across the street to watch it. I came out of the house to watch it

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and 'Trixie' went to go across South Temple to Mom and a car hit her in the head and she was dead. Mom loved dogs and all animals. I had three ducks, too and 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 and 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 and he used to crow and stretch his neck out to the fullest. We brought a small collapsable coop from 249 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 chickend went. I guess we had them for dinner ocassionally, but those two pet ducks stayed on and it was getting colder and on to Thanksgiving and Christmas. I still worried about them being cold. I would feel their little feet and they were cold and they had to have water to swim in. (I finally put a wash tub 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) and every week there was one, but around December I guess it got too cold and 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 fifteen by this time and I really didn't want any more pets. They really take a lot of time to take care of properly and I guess I wanted my attention to turn to other things, but Mom did, 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 and 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).

I really think I liked more boys up to the Fourth Grade at Lafayette than I did in the fourth to seventh at Longfellow. There was Raymond (not your Dad), he was sure good looking. We were in the first grade and Charles and Percival. In the

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Fourth Grade at Longfellow there was Willard Christopherson, he was the son of a dactor and he used to forget his eraser, so he would put his paper on the floor and 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 but she was younger than I was. I didn't go to Primary in the Seventeenth Ward, I went to Religion Class. Religion Class was held on Monday after school and Primary was held on Tuesday after school. I went to Primary in the Twenty first 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 Twenty first Ward Primary. I can see her now walking up and down the rows of seats encouraging everyone to sing. She noticed I had a fairly strong voice and so 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 Seventeenth 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 and said, "Keep your Dorothy reading, will you". So that was the extent of my singing career. Sister Wallace got different groups of singers up and I was in a few of them. When I was fourteen years old, Mom was singing in the Tabernacle Choir. She had been singing in it for a couple of years before I was fourteen. Anthony Lund was the director of the choir at this time. Mom had sung for the 'Pasion Play', etc. so when I was about fourteen and a half she asked if I could join and it seemed to be alright with everyone so I joined the Tabernacle Choir. We had a good time. We would go out to Saltair for an outing, and once we went to the 'Jensen Mansion' out on Highland Drive for a dance and entertainment. This was right at the time they were starting the Sunday Morning Broadcast and 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

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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 and of course although Mom had been a member for well over four years the fact that she couldn't see very well cancelled her chances. I had a clean bill and had only been a member for two years, so I could have gone, but I sure elected to stay with Mom. So I declined and 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 counselor in the bishopric for a time. He got a bunch of us teen age girls and another group of a few years older and both groups would go to different Wards singing and taking programs there. We sang for many different occasions other than Sacrament Meeting, too. Marcia Crosby was a wonderful accompanist and 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 and Hazel, Uncle Wilfor's 2nd 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 and 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) and 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 and 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 and 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

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to see him while he was on his mission and he had told her not to and so he didn't like that and 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 and he went into the grocery business and worked for a grocer on Almond Street. Later he bought the man out. . He met Afton Richards and they were married in May 1931. She was his second cousin. When Will was just a little older than two years Mom and Dad took him to Nora Richards home to see this little new baby, that was Afton and 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 and Afton's parents did. Well, to get on with it, they were offered the apartment at 249 W. N. T. which they accepted. After a year or so Dad sold the property and Will and Afton moved to the Jewel Apartments, I think they were on 5th or 6th East between 1 and 2 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 and on 'I' Street the pavement was made of flag stones which were quite unevenly put in. Now on 'J' Street it was cement and was quite a lot smoother besides sloping a little more. So I had been skating on 'I' Street with my friends and 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 and Mom and they let me wear one pair. Anyway that was pretty special. I went to cross 'I' Street to tell Mom and 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

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had fallen on a broken milk bottle that was lying in the gutter. It was a deep gash so Mom called Dr. Curtis and he came over and sewed up my hand.

I went to Bryant Junior High School for the Eighth and Ninth Grades. I met a girl there who was from Fillmore, Utah. She was staying with her Aunt and 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 and then we corresponded for years after. We had a cafeteria of a sort at Bryant and 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¢.

Grandma Asper, lived in the Kensington apartments there on North Main Street. Just across the street from the School of Music or the McGuin Mansion. Uncle Frank Asper and 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) and I down to her place to spend a few days 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 and 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, and Ethel, until Uncle Parley married again to Aunt Naomi, Ethel's step mother. So Grandma thought Ethel and 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 and then soap it real good adding water as we needed it and it sure provided us with an exciting slide, not a long one but very fast. Then we would also borrow Grandma's table leaves and put them on the stairs in the hallway and slide down them. We couldn't make as much noise in the hall. Then sometimes we would catch grasshoppers and 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

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thing that was neat about Grandma's apartment was her big kitchen window. It was so big we could climb up in it and play house in it. I'd say it was three feet wide and 2 feet deep and 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 and let us know when it was out of order. She was a very sedate person and liked things in order and neat. We used to ask for some soda crackers and she gave them to us and we used to blindfold each other and sit on the floor or chairs and 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 and Aunt Florence and Grandma of course. We practiced the program and then went down to the corner store and bought a quart of ice cream with our own money and came back and put the ice cream in the ice box refrigerator. Then we all went upstairs to have our program and party. I don't remember what program we had--I guess Ethel sang a song and I recited and 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 --- and we didn't have ice cream anymore---all we had was milk--sweet milk. We were very disappointed, anyway we all drank our surprize and were happy.

I remember the summer after Billy was born to Ada and Wilford. They were still living with us and Billy had eczema on his face--it was the wet kind. It was very irritating. He would put his little hands to his face and off would come skin and then he would bleed or weep and 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 mits. Nothing seemed to keep him from scratching. He was too little to realize what he was doing. This made him very nervous and when you got him to sleep, if you tried to lay him down he would wake right up. Ada and Mom were wore out with this situation. When school ended I would take Billy on my lap at nap time and sit on the couch. He would go to sleep if you kind of bounced

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up and down on the couch. Then when he was asleep I would gently lower his head to a prearranged pillow and then I had both hands free and I would darn sox while he slept. I guess I darned over 100 pair that summer. This was when people sewed up the runs in their sox and darned or patched the men's sox.

In 1931 I moved on to East High. They had just closed the L.D.S. High School that Ada and Will went to. Boy, I was disappointed. I knew their school songs all by heart and 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 and got all registered and then they districited that off, I guess because so many wanted to go there, and I was out of that district. I heard they had a swimming pool and I was crazy about swimming. Ada took swimming (against her will) at the L D S and I always wanted to. So I went to East High but my enthusiasm for school was quite a bit bedragled. My closest friend at East I guess was Emma Armstrong. She lived on Third Avenue and we went to the Twenty first Ward together too. Sometimes in the summer or spring Emma and I would go on hikes. She lived across the street from Afton Richards (Will's wife) family and there was Helen, Vera, Pat and Diet and 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 and so I went on to take Geometry at East. I didn't do too bad in Algebra, but in Geometry it was C's and 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 2 years at the Bryant. My teacher was a real French lady, Mme Beau. I took one half year cooking and one half year sewing. I worked with my sewing teacher later in life in Emigration Stake positions. I took gym every year 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 and had just gotten back to school that day and the class was doing tumbling stunts. I told her that I didn't feel up to tumbling that day and she said "You'll tumble or else--go ahead". I went ahead and keeled

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over and heard something crack and 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 rest room then" she said. "I'll be down after class". O K I finally got to my feet and went down to the locker room. There was a bed in there but I couldn't lie down. The window was high and 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 and got home. Mom took me down to Dr. Skidmore and sure enough my collar bone was broken good. He taped me up and 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 doctors' expense. She was nicer to me after that, I mean Miss Monson.

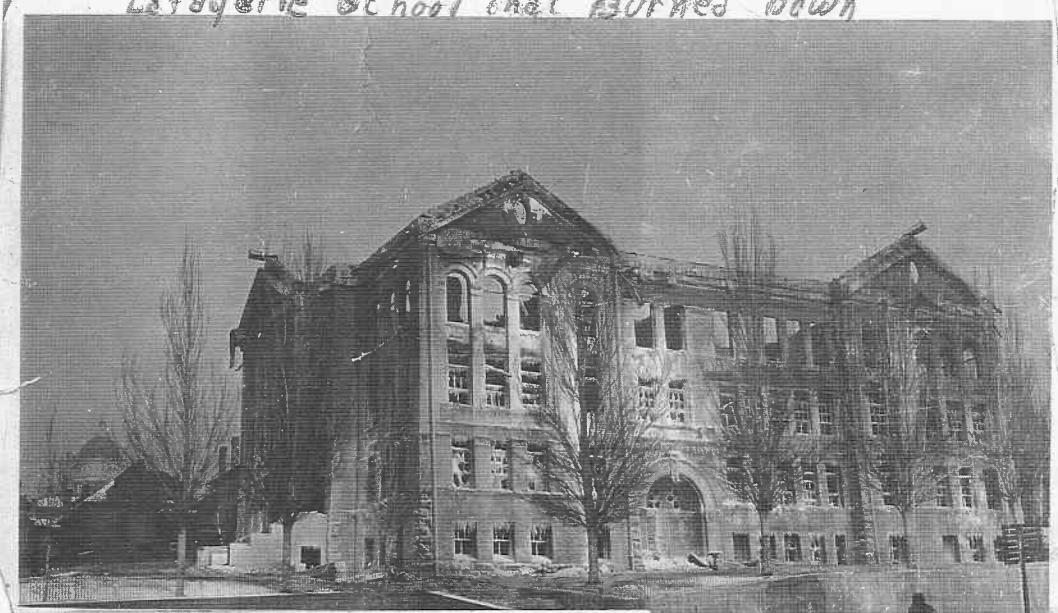
MORE TO COME ANOTHER DAY!

Love

Mom



MY CHORUS 1936



"Mickey" + Dorothy



our cabins were JUST BEYOND



Lorraine & Melvin



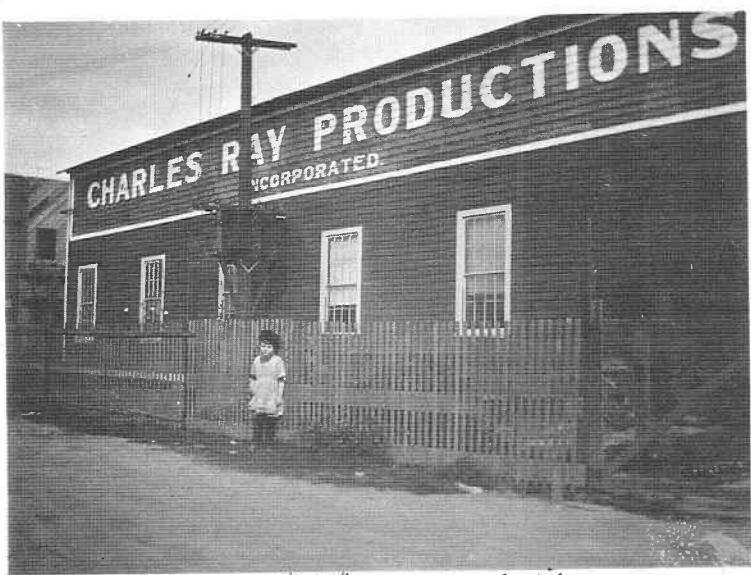
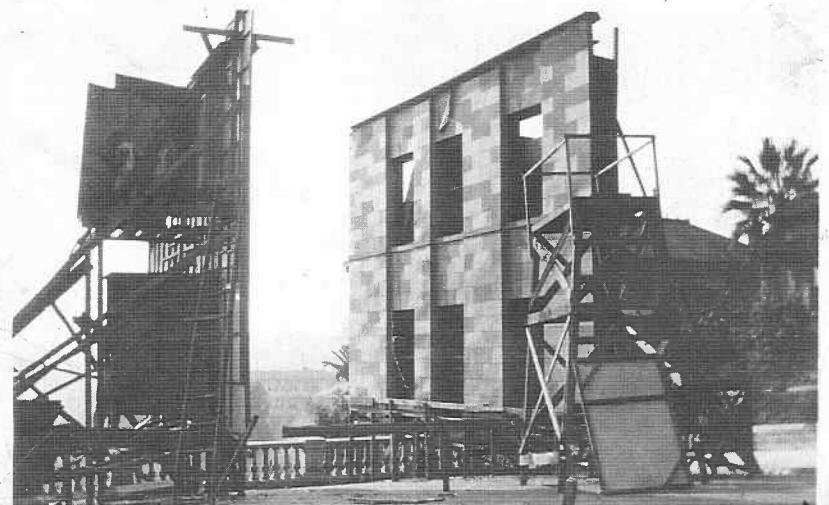
DOROTHY ASHER



Emigration Canyon Quarry



21 & 55





California 1919

Ada Dorothy Mayme + Will Asper



Dorothy Asper in Calif



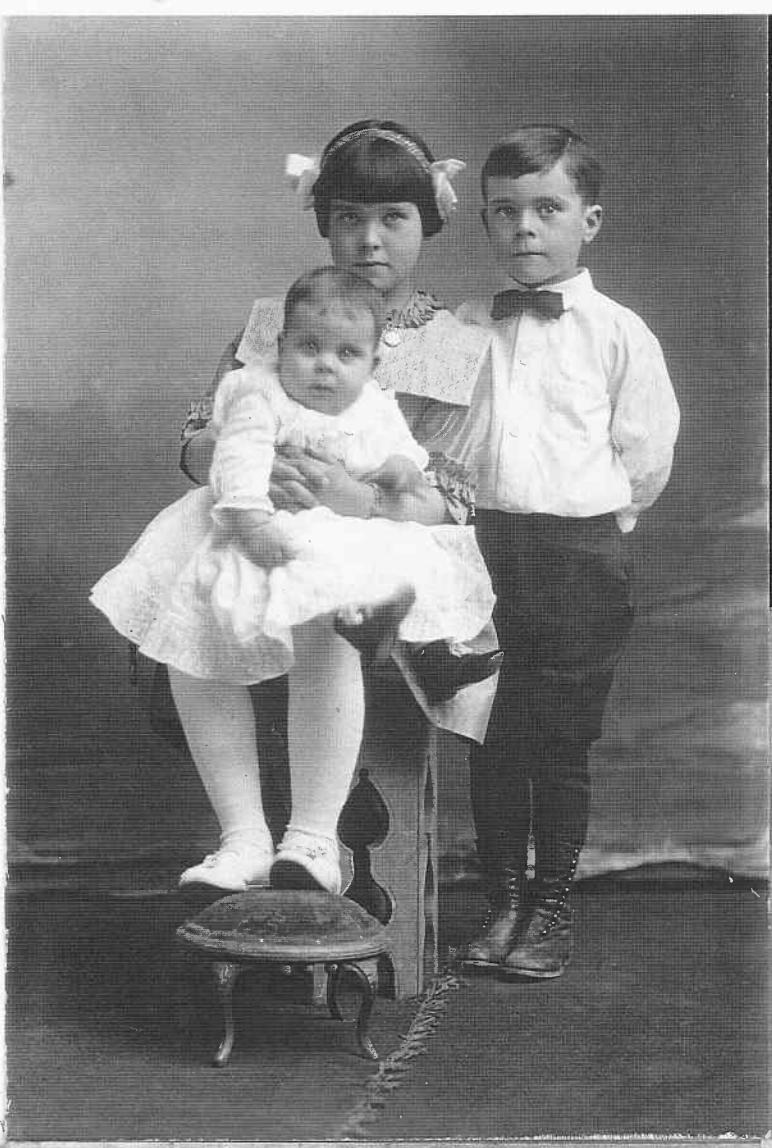
Mayme Dorothy Ada Asper



Ada Asper in California



Ada Dorothy + Will Asper





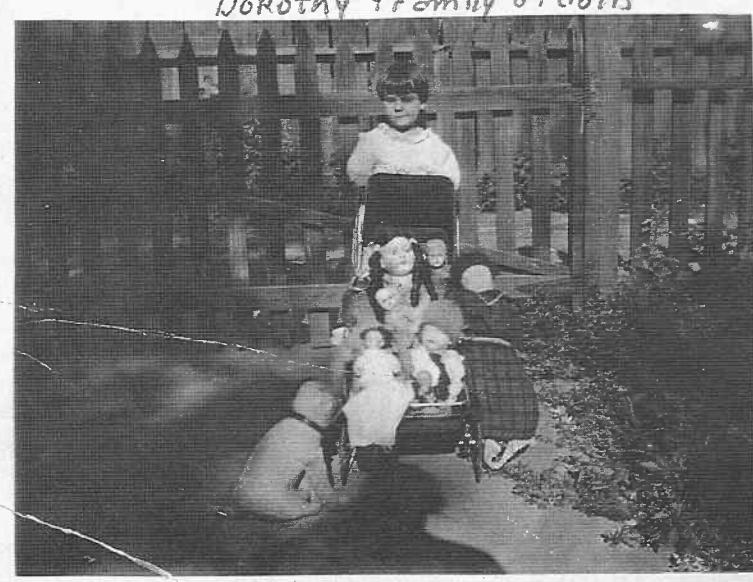
Dorothy + "Bird"



friend + OUR STUDEBAKER WII



21 I under construction



BOATS MADE BY ALFRED WASER